The Bookman



London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

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APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1916.

PRINCIPAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONTRIBUTORS.

A. St. John Adcock.
Dr. William Barry.
F. G. Bettany.
W. A. Lewis Bettany.
Francis Bickley.
S. Butterworth.
J. P. Collins.
Blanche Warre Cornish.
W. S. Crockett.
St. John Ervine.
C. S. Evans.
W. L. George.
F. R. Harris.
John F. Harris.
H. A. Hinkson.
Tighe Hopkins.
Walter Jerrold.
Coulson Kernahan.
C. E. Lawrence.
Robb Lawson.
G. S. Layard.
J. A. T. Lloyd.
Walter de la Mare.
Harold Massingham.
James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt.
Frederick Niven.
T. E. Page.
J. E. Patterson.
Edwin Pugh.
E. Monro Purkis.
R. Ellis Roberts.
Professor George Saintsbury.
George Sampson.
Thomas Seccombe.
Wilkinson Sherren.
Walter Sichel.
Ralph Straus.
Edward Thomas.
Gilbert Thomas.
Katharine Tynan.
Harold Vallings.
A. E. Waite.
Frederick Watson.
Stephen Wheeler.
Wilfred Whitten.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 292. Vol. XLIX. JANUARY, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

News of the death of Mr. Stephen Phillips was received last month with wide-spread regret. He had been ailing for some time past, but latterly his health had somewhat improved, and he had gone to stay at a small villa at Deal with the object of working on a new play on the subject of John the Baptist. He died as the result of a chill, after ten weeks illness. The public are often charged with being indifferent to poetry, but they gave instant and generous recognition to the fine work that is in his earlier books, "Christ in Hades," "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca." The latter, and "Herod" were the best and most successful of the dozen plays of his that were put upon the stage. His last book "Panama, and other Poems" was published by Mr. John Lane a few weeks ago. One would like to see the best of his work gathered into a single volume, for the best of his work will give him an assured place among the few true poets of our time. We hope to return to this subject and deal with it adequately in an early Number.

Messrs. Macmillan have published under the title of "Fringes of the Fleet" (6d. net) the half-dozen vivid, spirited sketches which Mr. Rudyard Kipling contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*, recording his experiences and impressions in the North Sea, where he visited the Grand Fleet and saw as much as anyone has been allowed to see of the Navy at work.

A new novel by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, "The Daughter Pays," will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell. It is a story of modern life, telling how a man was redeemed by the love of a woman. The same firm are publishing this month "The Death Rider," a new romance by a new writer—Mrs. Nina Toye.

"Do the Dead Know?" a new novel by Miss Annesley Kenealy, will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Another of our contributors, Mr. Henry Baerlein, is now away on service at the front. He is a volunteer motor driver with the British Ambulance Committee (Service de Santé Militaire), which works in the Vosges, and has already brought more than a hundred thousand wounded men back from the firing line.



Mr. W. Hope Hodgson.
171st Brigade, R.F.A.

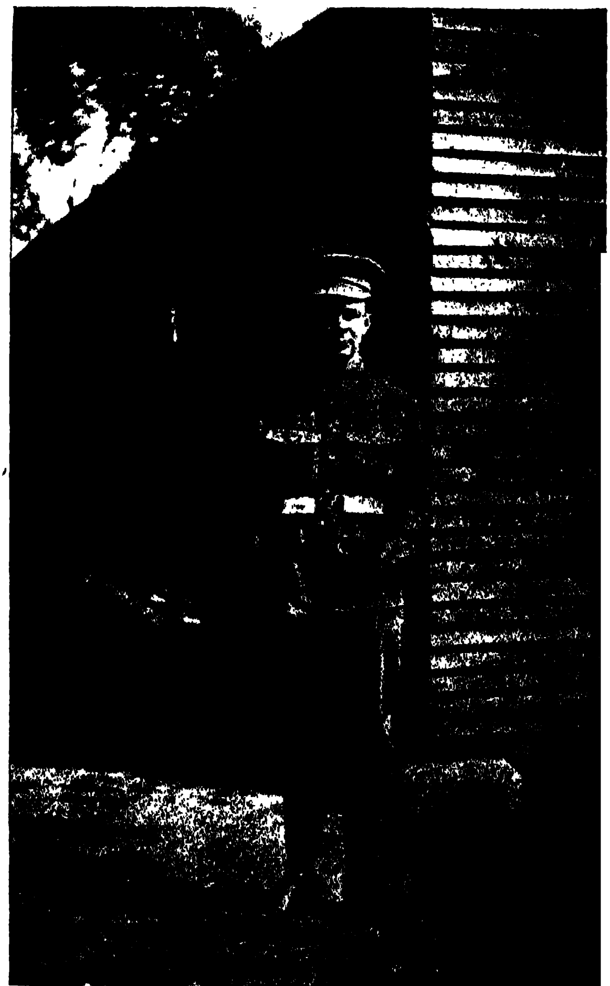
For some time before the war broke out Mr. W. Hope Hodgson, the well-known novelist, was living in France. He came home to answer the call for recruits, and is now serving in the 171st Brigade of the Royal Field Artillery.

Mr. Ward Muir has abandoned the writing of novels for a time, and is serving as a hospital orderly in the 3rd London General Hospital, at Wandsworth, where he is acting in his spare time as editor of "The Gazette," the hospital magazine, which reached its third monthly issue last month with a capital Christmas Number. The contributors to the first two Numbers were all patients or members of the hospital staff. It is the same with the Christmas Number, with two exceptions, these being a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and a lively skit on "My First Day in a Military Hospital," by Bertram Smith. The contents are excellently varied; the magazine has a clever, humorous artist, and three artists of exceptional ability in Private Paul Kirk (who gives a vivid impression of "Sunset from the Men's Lines"), Private W. R. S. Stott (with a masterly little sketch of a "Muster of the Station Party, 1 a.m."—but we knew his work before he became a soldier), and Lance-Corporal George J. Coates (whose group of a wounded soldier reading aloud to two blind comrades "The Light that Failed" is perhaps the most poignant thing in the Number). Mr. Ward Muir is to be congratulated on getting together such a good team of contributors, and on producing what bids fair to be one of the best and best-edited magazines of its kind.

Mr. Otto Rothfeld has written a book on "Women of India" in which he gives a picturesque account of the women of India of all castes and creeds, their home life, manners and customs, daily work and amusements, their mental development, status in society and the influence they exercise on Indian life in general. It is to be illustrated in colour, and will be published by Messrs. D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., of Bombay.

The second Number of "The Poet's Translation Series," published at 4d. net from the office of the *Egoist*, contains a careful and scholarly translation of the poems and new fragments with the more important of the old fragments of "Sappho," by Mr. Edward Storer.

In reviewing the new collected edition of Lionel Johnson's poems, our reviewer remarked on the misspelling of Christina Rossetti's name in Mr. Ezra Pound's preface to the volume. Mr. Elkin Mathews, the publisher, writes to say that this obvious error was discovered by him almost immediately on publication, and that it occurs only in the early copies of the book, many of which had then already been sent out for review and could not be recalled in time for correction. The mistake was duly



Mr. Ward Muir.
R.A.M.C. (Territorial).

put right, and does not appear in the remainder of the edition.

Two of the most attractive of the new year books are "The George Meredith Calendar," containing a quotation from the works of Meredith for every day in the year, compiled by Rachel Wheatcroft, and "The Eden Phillpotts Calendar," the quotations in which are selected by H. Cecil Palmer. Each volume contains a concise and useful introduction and a portrait of the author. They are



Photo by Hollyer. **George Meredith.**
Frontispiece to "The George Meredith Calendar." (Cecil Palmer & Hayward).

published at a shilling net each by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

Dr. T. F. A. Smith's new war book, "What Germany Thinks: or The War as Germany Sees It," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson. He has summarised from German newspapers and books the opinions of Germany's leading men, and reveals the systematic deception and humbug that is still being practised by the German Government to hoodwink their own public and the world at large, and exonerate themselves for the responsibility of causing the war. Dr. Smith was sometime Lecturer in English at the Erlangen University, and is author of one of the ablest and most successful of last year's books, "The Soul of Germany."

Mr. Heinemann is issuing in a cheap and handy series a collection of famous books which have



Miss Olga Lindberg,
whose "Fairies in Flowerland" (Duckworth) was reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN

been dramatised as plays for the cinema. The first is "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, the story from which the successful photo-drama "The Birth of a Nation" is adapted. This will be followed



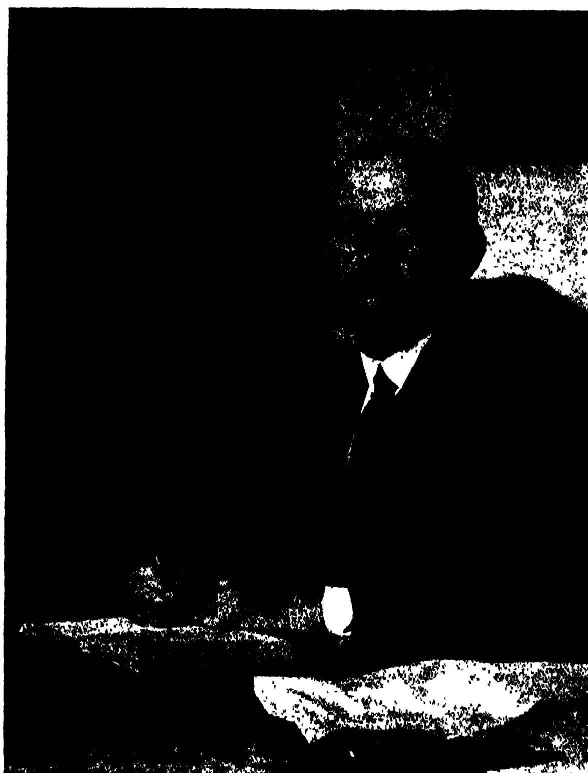
Mrs. Maud Churton Braby,
whose new novel, "The Honey of Romance," is published by Mr. Werner Laurie

shortly by Sir Arthur Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," and Mr. Hall Caine's two novels, "The Eternal City" and "The Christian."

Mr. E. C. Buley, whose admirable book of stories of "Glorious Deeds of the Australasians in the Great War" is well on its way towards a fifth edition, is known as a brilliant Australian journalist. He did a good deal of work on the Sydney *Bulletin*, but for some years past now has lived in London, where he has been associated with the *Daily Mirror*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, the *British Australasian*, and other papers.

In "One of a Company" (Colwyn Bay: Herbert Tomkinson) Miss Jean Talbot has written a very interesting account of the enlistment and training of a young Welsh peasant in one of the Welsh regiments. The booklet, which is excellently illustrated with photographs, is sold at a shilling as "The Colwyn Bay Gift Book," all proceeds from the sale of the first edition being divided between the British Red Cross Auxiliary Military Hospital, Colwyn Bay, and the British Red Cross Society.

An interesting and very significant comparison of German and Anglo-French war methods, as gathered from the war-manuals of the different countries, is given in "Frightfulness in Theory and Practice as compared with Franco-British War Usages," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing this month. The evolution of the German theory is traced from Clausewitz (who died in 1830) down to the present time.



Mr. E. C. Buley,
whose "Glorious Deeds of the Australasians in the Great War" (Andrew Melrose) is already in its fourth edition.

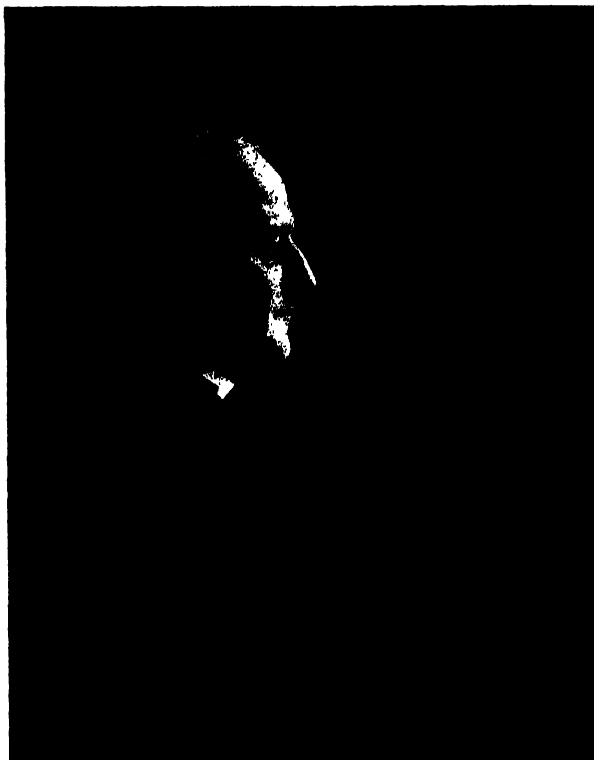


Photo by S. A. Pitcher, Gloucester. **Bishop Frodsham,**
whose new book, 'A Bishop's Pleasaunce," is published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

"Your lightness of touch does not detract from the underlying seriousness" is Lord Haldane's personal tribute to Bishop Frodsham's book "A Bishop's Pleasaunce," just published by Messrs. Smith, Elder. The book is full of graceful humour and gracious writing. Bishop Frodsham was Bishop of North Queensland, which he served during the grievous years of drought, riding for days at a time into the strange hinterland of tropical Australia. He mixed as a man with men, and in the chapter "The Humours in a Colonial Bishop's Life" he tells of many quaint unconventionalities which distinguish a bishop in the bush. He was known throughout Australia as "the citizen's Bishop," because of his broad-minded interest in all social problems. Bishop Frodsham had to leave the tropics because of considerations of health, and is now Canon of Gloucester.

Mr. Herbert Asquith, from whose striking book, "The Volunteer, and Other Poems" (Sidgwick & Jackson), we print an extract on page 114, is the son of the Prime Minister.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

J. D. BERESFORD.

MR. J. D. BERESFORD'S own justification of his existence as a novelist will be found in the third section of "The Invisible Event," where Jacob Stahl is careful to explain that he is a witness and recorder rather than a creator. To repeat that statement is to vouch for Mr. Beresford's modesty. But it does not represent the whole truth. In the school of English realism his work is bound to occupy a high place, if for no other reason than a certain reverence he holds for the inviolate sacredness of the human spirit. To decorate your characters, as is the manner of the romantic school with the *abra cadabra* of religiosity and the worn-out tinsel of picturesque conventions may seem very gallant, but to sentient beings, who have to build up their heaven on the concrete foundations of the commonplace, it is not very convincing. The human phenomena which Mr. Beresford presents in the course of his literary adventures bear the well-defined stigmata of actuality, with an added and sympathetic quality, provided by the artist's penetrative insight. In fine, Mr. Beresford possesses the rare gift of divination.

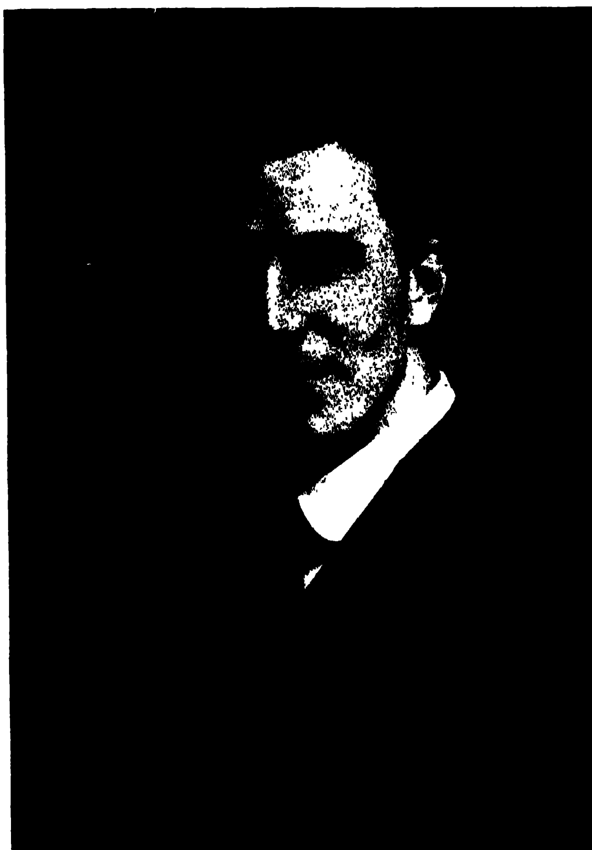


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **J. D. Beresford.**

Because he is tremendously interested in life he approaches it in the Pauline way—to him there is nothing common or unclean. He is almost disconcertingly frank in his disclosure of the weaknesses of his characters—his heroes fail to chalk the true romantic line—if they tried to do so their sense of humour would spoil the crucial situation that led them there.

He loathes the melodramatic. Stahl himself is in a continual state of becoming—but always the author's puritanical sense of artistic fitness whisks him off what might easily become a romantic pedestal, bringing back our badly bruised but always lovable protagonist again to the shelter of our tender hearts. Jasper Thrale in "Goslings" has to go through purgatory before he receives poetic justice. Arthur Grey in "The Mountains of the Moon," is not spared a certain element of the ludicrous in his character, and Martin Bond in that masterly psychological study, "The House in Demetrius Road," is not without his trait of weakness, although his loyalty makes him always lovable.

These facts show how well Mr. Beresford has seized one outstanding truth about the art which he has chosen to practice. The value of a novel lies in the success with which it divines for us the potentiality of the age with which it deals. It should dramatise for us the different phases of thought and feeling which indicate the prevailing mood of its period. The romantic novelist has his formula of well considered rules—and his product can always be guaranteed of standard strength and warranted quality. Not so the realist—he is allowed no stage properties—it is his business to sift reality from the illusions of prosperity and present us with things as they are.

So transparently honest and so sincere is Mr. Beresford in this quest for well-attested reality that he even runs the risk of an accusation of dullness in portions of that famous trilogy "Jacob Stahl," for the sake of telling us the essential autobiographical truth.

Turn to page 343, where Jacob Stahl is reading the *Morning Post* notice of his first novel "John Tristram," and you will find it is an exact repetition of the notice given to "Jacob Stahl," and the notice accorded to Jacob Stahl's second novel simply reproduces that given to "The Hampdenshire Wonder."

And yet there is no dearth of imagination in Mr. Beresford. One charge usually made against the modern English novelist is that he is barren of ideas. It cannot be made against the author of "Goslings," who with great daring conceives an England devastated by a great Plague and practically emptied of its male population. The picture of that bevy of English Bacchantes—graceless civilised savages—dragging along a butcher in a triumphal car, cannot be forgotten—it is a piece of the most vivid imaginative realism, as well as a challenge to our vaunted civilisation.

What strikes one about all the Beresford work is its quality of inevitability and inexorability. You feel that the story could not have turned out otherwise. This has happened because Mr. Beresford has built up his stories on the rock of actual experience. The leading facts in his life can be tracked down in his novels.

J. D. Beresford was born in the rectory of Castor, a few miles from Peterborough, of which Cathedral his father was formerly a minor canon and precentor. He is the younger of two brothers—his father, who was fifty-one when J. D. appeared on the scene, had also been born when his father was comparatively old, and in his turn was grandson of a grandfather who might

have been at school when Dr. Johnson died—and may have seen Fanny Burney, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. His youthful days having been spent in a country parsonage, rather narrow in its outlook, and terribly strict in its Sabbatarian views, as might be expected of one of Mr. Beresford's temperament, his youth had its passages of spiritual unrest and elation. Managing to pick up a little education at Oundle School (where H. G. Wells' two boys now are) in the days when it suffered from the classic tradition; he subsequently wasted his time in a Norfolk private school, passing from these to the King's School, Peterborough. But he does not reckon that he was really educated until he took the task in hand himself at the age of twenty-one.

The carelessness of a nurse left the author with infantile paralysis and only one practicable leg, a fact that invalidated him for the career we spell with a capital C. The details can be supplemented from "Jacob Stahl"—at any rate the experience in the country architect's office, and that in the hospital architect's office are Mr. Beresford's own. The latter architect is still "going strong" and his office may be found in Bedford Square. Getting tired of architecture Mr. Beresford tried life insurance, only to eschew that quickly for a more or less literary post in W. H. Smith & Son's—an experience that has been immortalised in "A Candidate for Truth." The adventures of Stahl as a manager of country travellers are paralleled by their author.

Of all the plays, novels and short stories that Mr. Beresford wrote from the age of sixteen till the year 1904, not a single MS. survives—an evidence of high literary courage, although he has a certain amount of pride in having been the winner of an *Academy* Competition for the "best portrait of a street character." The *Academy* was then under the editorship of Mr. Lewis Hind, and Beresford contributed to the "Things Seen" feature. It is quite easy to understand why it is not easy to "dig out" personal details about him for publication—his name is absent from "Who's Who"—he used to be an advertising expert, but doctors never seem to believe in their own medicine!

It is scarcely five years since Mr. Beresford broke into that enchanted circle of the novelists who have arrived with the first of the famous Stahl trilogy. But before that was a time of preparation. In 1908 he contributed to *Punch*, and through the good offices of Sir Owen Seaman, Mr. J. A. Spender of *The Westminster Gazette* added Mr. Beresford to his staff of reviewers, and he has been reviewing for that journal ever since. It was the leisure afforded by this stand-by that allowed of a gestation period for the production of "Jacob Stahl," which by the way was refused by a leading firm of publishers upon the ground that it was old-fashioned!

In his spare time Mr. Beresford is addicted to carpentering—he makes furniture with a modernised Gothic touch—as he abhors the finicky character of Chippendale and Heppelwhite; and although he plays golf upon provocation, he will tell you that his most serious hobby is watching the Atlantic from the Cornish cliffs. To really indulge that hobby one has to live beside it, which he does!

ROBB LAWSON.

THE WESTERN LINE.

FLANDERS, 1915.

By HERBERT ASQUITH.

THOR draws a chord invisible
  Across the shaking sky:
I hear the tearing of the shell,
  The bullets sing and cry,
As, charging through the flames of hell,
  The batteries go by.

The gunners laugh about the task
  That man to man has given:
Like Titans, now the guns unmask
  And fire the veils of heaven.
Above the clouds what lights are gleaming?
  God's batteries are those,
Or souls of soldiers homeward streaming
  To banquet with their foes?
The floods of battle ebb and flow,
The soldiers to Valhalla go!

. . . . .

Beyond the thunder of the guns,
  Beyond the flaming line,
Far from this sky of echoing bronze,
  The English valleys shine,
The gardens moated in the wolds
  By wind and water kissed,
And dainty girls that England folds
  In sunshine and in mist.
The floods of battle ebb and flow,
The soldiers to Valhalla go! . . .

The fighting men go charging past,
  With the battle in their eyes,
The fighting men go reeling past,
  Like gods in poor disguise:
The glorious men whom none will see,
  No wife or mother more,
Winged with the wings of Victory,
  And helmeted by Thor! . . .

(From "The Volunteer and Other Poems." By Herbert Asquith. 1s. net. Sidgwick & Jackson.)

THE READER.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS AND THE EPIC OF DARTMOOR.

BY C. S. EVANS.

I.

THE last ten years of the nineteenth century saw the beginnings of many new influences in literature. Some of them were strong enough to survive, and to create new traditions ; most were ephemeral as they were bizarre, and have had little but a modifying effect upon the art of our time. It was a period of transition. The old giants were still alive, but their best work had been done. Hardy's " Tess of the D'Urbervilles " had been followed by " Jude the Obscure " ; the genius of Meredith seemed finally to have lost its grip of vital things, and the pen which had given the world " Richard Feverel " thirty years before could produce in the 'nineties only such amazing brilliance as " One of our Conquerors," and " Lord Ormont and his Aminta." In fiction, in poetry, in art alike, new schools arose and crowds of newcomers jostled one another in the artistic arena, most of them impatient of old traditions and eager to travel on new-beaten paths. It was all rather fine, this strenuous, and if truth be told, somewhat vociferous revolt. To many a young man of to-day (or rather, of yesterday) the phrase " the eighteen-nineties " calls up visions of a golden age. But looking back upon it all we can see how little the current sense of artistic values has been affected by the stress and effort of that time. We still hold that an artist shall be master of his form, and we count it a merit in him if that form be beautiful ; but nothing has happened to disturb our consciousness of the important truth that the laws of form are inherent in the artist's vision and are as much his own creation as the vision itself.

I have been led into this preamble by the reflection that Mr. Phillpotts, who was one of those young men of the 'nineties, took fast hold of a grand old tradition and refused to let it go. Instead of bothering about incidentals of form, as so many of his contemporaries did, he took up the tradition of the English novel as it was laid down by George Eliot and modified by Thomas Hardy, and, bringing to it a vision as individual as theirs, succeeded in achieving a beauty that is all his own. It has been Mr. Phillpotts' fate to find nearly every reviewer of each of his new books comparing him with Thomas Hardy. It must be rather irritating ; and it is no more true than the assertion which is equally often repeated, that Thomas Hardy himself derives from George Eliot. All this business of comparison and derivation is almost entirely futile, and I propose to have nothing to do with it. Yet it may be as well to state generally the true position at the outset.

The fact is, of course, that although Eliot, Hardy and Phillpotts each found the material for their art in the English countryside, and particularly in the psychology of the English peasant ; though they each excel in showing men and women in intimate relation with their environment, and although they are alike too in their use of the smaller essentials of their craft—those devices of sub-plot and peasant chorus which give the atmosphere of their work—yet there is a fundamental difference which concerns the very impulse of their art. And that difference may be expressed quite simply in a very few words. George Eliot looked at life from the angle of the moralist ; Hardy from the angle of the philosopher. But Eden Phillpotts is above all things else the humanist, and his interpretation of life, with just as great a justification as theirs, is marked by a greater sympathy, though not by a deeper comprehension. It has become rather a wearisome platitude in these days to show how Hardy brought to the English novel a pessimism which has much in common with that of Schopenhauer. I need not therefore elaborate the point, except to say this—that all the wonderful power of Hardy's art is turned in the direction of a temperamental predisposition. Nature, for him, is an almost malign force, against which



From a drawing by Annie Benthall. **Eden Phillpotts.**
From "The Eden Phillpotts Calendar" (Cecil Palmer & Hayward).



Photo by Barratt, Torquay. **Eden Phillpotts.** Aged 3.

humanity struggles in vain. Man's intelligence is a malady, which is the sufficient cause of all his unhappiness; and the conditions of social life only aggravate the evils of existence. Eden Phillpotts has nothing in common with him except a similarity of material and method. He himself has well summed up his purpose in a phrase from Nietzsche: "I have tried to say 'yea' to life, even in its most difficult problem, and to display a will to life rejoicing at its own vitality in the sacrifice of its highest types." Hardy views humanity under the sway of blind fate, and finds perplexity, confusion and despair. Phillpotts sees man in allegiance to the law, and finds in the inevitable conflict only another aspect of the splendour of life. Egdon Heath is a desolate waste, sombre and ineffably menacing; but there are fertile valleys in Dartmoor.

II.

Having thus cleared this ubiquitous business out of the way, it may be as well to give a few biographical details.

Eden Phillpotts was born in 1862 among the Hindu and Jain ascetics of Mount Abu, Rajputana, his father, Captain Henry Phillpotts, of the 15th Native Infantry, being Political Agent of two districts at that time. Coming to England while still a boy, he went to school in Plymouth, and at the age of seventeen proceeded to London to take up a clerkship in the Sun Fire Office. There he remained nearly ten years, working during the day for his bread and butter, and at night working again (much harder, one suspects) in the attempt to satisfy an impulse towards artistic creation which he had already begun to feel. It was some time before he found his proper medium. At first he was attracted by the stage, but his efforts as an amateur actor led only to disappointment, and he abandoned the idea in favour of art. Here again, he was quick to recognise that the highest peaks were not for him. To literature then he turned, without conscious predisposition, and although it was long before he was rewarded by any encouragement from outside, yet his own very critical judgment was satisfied, and he set himself laboriously to conquer the technique of the writer's craft.

They must have been lonely years, those early years in London, when night after night the young man struggled to mobilise and discipline his forces. But in spite of many disappointments we have his own word for it that they were not unhappy—except of course at those moments, very frequent in the early days, when the double knock of the postman was followed by a dull and disconcerting thud in the letter-box. But he saw himself in print in due time, and published a book or two, the names of which do not matter. Then he joined the editorial staff of *Black and White*, under Oswald Crawfurd, and found leisure to make a beginning upon the ambitious work he had already planned—the human comedy of Dartmoor.

The first book of Mr. Phillpotts to win any sort of popular success was "Lying Prophets," a tale of the Cornish fisher-folk, published in 1896. It is prentice work of course, but it well displays the author's power of relating action to scene, and it is curiously interesting for the manner in which it foreshadows nearly all the tendencies of Mr. Phillpotts' maturer work. Indeed, no better idea of the development of his art can be obtained than by comparing this book with his masterpiece, "The Whirlwind." In both stories the central character is the daughter of a fanatic, and in both stories she yields to the desires of a man who is above her in station and education—a man of atheistic opinions and hedonistic philosophy. The very *dénouement* of the tragedy in both cases is the same, but how differently it is handled. There are few scenes in fiction which for sheer tragic power can compare with that last wonderful chapter in "The Whirlwind," when the deceived husband, having sought out his wife's betrayer only to find that death has forestalled his vengeance, stalks grimly over the moors to where she waits for him.

The first book of the Dartmoor series, "Children of the Mist" was published in 1899, and with it the author took definite place among the few writers of his day whose



Photo by Rose K. Durrant & Son, Torquay. **The Nun's Rock, Mount Abu, Rajputana.**

The birthplace of Eden Phillpotts.


Photo by J. Hawke, Torquay. **Eden Phillpotts.** Age 11.

work was going to count. Now arose that Phillpotts - Hardy—Eliot tradition of criticism which is such an unconscionable time a-dying. But the public took kindly to the work from the first. The book was an immediate success in this country, and an even greater success in America, where it ran through no less than fifteen editions. Fine novel as it is and even after twenty years we must still count it one of the mature expressions of Mr. Phillpotts' genius—I do not quite know why the Americans have always preferred this book to any other of the Dartmoor novels. Perhaps it is because it was the first in its *genre*. Revelations seldom come twice. But it is significant of the soundness of American popular judgment that when the author, spurred by the necessity of boiling the pot, endeavoured to follow up his success by writing a piece of journeyman-work about Americans on Dartmoor specially for American consumption, they would have none of it. And in these days Mr. Phillpotts, with a twinkle in his eye, will tell you that they were profoundly right.

"Sons of the Morning," which followed in 1900, was another inadequate piece of work. It seemed for a time as though the artist-spirit faltered. Then came "The River" and the tide of genius flowed full again.

Somewhere about this time Mr. Phillpotts left *Black and White* to join the staff of the *Idler* magazine, where he came into close connection with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and the late Robert Barr. To the *Idler* he contributed the first series of his "Human Boy" stories. These were afterwards collected in book form, and in obedience to the popular clamour for more, Mr. Phillpotts afterwards produced "The Human Boy Again" and "From the Angle of Seventeen." The thousands of readers who have enjoyed these tales will be glad to hear that the author has just finished yet another series, called "The Human Boy and the War" which will probably appear this year. Without claiming for these tales any undue significance as works of art, most people who have laughed over the exploits of "Nubby" Tomkins and Corky Minor will agree that Mr. Phillpotts gets very near to the essential heart of the boy.


Photo by Porter, Ealing. **Eden Phillpotts.** Age 30.


Eden Phillpotts. Age 23.

I should make this section of my article a mere catalogue if I mentioned the names of all Mr. Phillpotts' novels. But between 1905 and 1910 he attained the very summit of achievement, producing in turn the four books we must account his masterpieces. They are "The Secret Woman," "The Whirlwind," "The Mother" and "The Thief of Virtue." The first-named aroused a storm of comment when it appeared, and later, when a dramatic version of it was prepared by Mr. Granville Barker, the Censor of Plays stepped in and prohibited its performance. We all remember the controversy that ensued. The prohibition was one of the ineptitudes of an institution singularly inept, and a vigorous letter of remonstrance was drawn up and signed by the chief men of letters of the day, including Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, J. M. Barrie, H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. But it had no effect, and Mr. Phillpotts having refused on artistic grounds, to delete the offending passages, the play was produced privately at the Kingsway Theatre, where it ran for about a fortnight. The author, however, was not present at rehearsals, and, owing to serious errors in casting, the play has never been adequately seen.

"The Mother" is perhaps the most sympathetic of Mr. Phillpotts' novels. It came from the heart of a man to whom the maternal instinct has always appealed as the most beautiful of the forces that sway humanity, and it makes its appeal direct to the heart. This book and "Demeter's Daughter," which, rightly considered, is only another part of the same picture, show Mr. Phillpotts at his best in presenting noble types of womanhood. They have both faults of construction, and they are both a little diffuse, but this is more than atoned for by the depth of

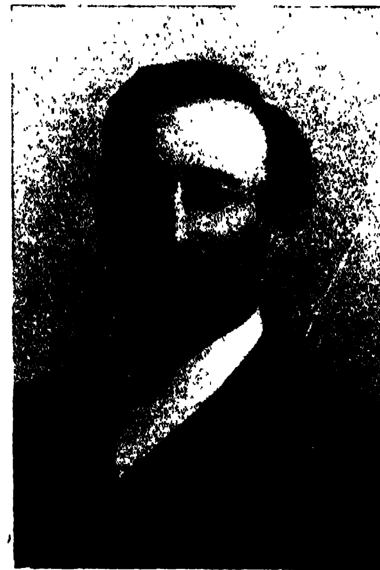

Photo by J. C. Denham, Torquay. **Eden Phillpotts.** Age 35.



Photo by Rose K. Durrant & Son, Torquay.

Eden Phillpotts.
Age 40.

emotional power they display. The mother-love of Avisa Pomeroy stretched out across the years, even when her body was dust, to save the soul of her son, and no one can read of it without being stirred to the heart of him.

"The Thief of Virtue," the last of these four great tragedies, contains, in Philip Ouldsbroom, a character that could only have been limned by the pen of a very great artist, and if Mr. Phillpotts had given us this book alone, he would have been certain of a place among the immortals. It is a slow-moving story, packed with incident and character, but it progresses towards the crisis with the inevitability of fate and it is told with an almost biblical austerity and restraint. Deceived by his wife, disappointed in the very nature of the child he fondly imagines his own, Ouldsbroom is a kind of Lear of the Moor; and there is something of the grandeur of Lear in his tragedy.

The Dartmoor comedy was completed in 1913 with "Widecombe Fair." Since then, Mr. Phillpotts has projected a new series of novels which shall deal with some of the more interesting of the minor industries of this country. Two of this series are already written. The first was a tale of the Devon potteries which was published last March, under the title of "Brunel's Tower." The second is "Old Delabole," which has just been issued by Mr. Heinemann, and was reviewed in the Christmas number of THE BOOKMAN. Its scene is, of course, the famous slate-quarrying village of Cornwall, where men worked before Shakespeare wrote. A third book, dealing with the Kentish hop-gardens is ready for the printer, and will be published this year, and Mr. Phillpotts tells me that he hopes to find inspiration for future stories in the oyster-fisheries of Colchester, and the charcoal-burners of the New Forest. But these ideas are as yet only in the air. Mr. Phillpotts' plan is not to choose arbitrarily a setting for a tale, but rather to live for a time amid surroundings that interest him, and to wait and see if they suggest a story to his mind.

III.

"My readers are asked to consider my work as a whole, and from no fragment," says Mr. Phillpotts in his Foreword to "Widecombe Fair." "They are asked to consider it as a frieze, carved largely and roughly, whereon victors, vanquished, and spectators of the ceaseless struggle play their parts in the great hypæthral theatre of the Western Moors. The workmanship is archaic, yet I venture to claim form and an economy of means so austere that the difficulties have often conquered me. . . ." Let me take the author at his word and attempt to outline one or two of the main characteristics of his art.

What, then, is Mr. Phillpotts' method in this human comedy of Dartmoor? Superficially it may be simply stated: he deals with nature and human nature as they present themselves in one particular district of the Moor, and the whole of the Moor itself is covered by the series in its entirety. If one were topographically inclined one could sketch out an itinerary beginning at Chagford and the surrounding country, which is the scene of "The Children of the Mist," and ending in the central square of Widecombe, underneath the yew-tree where Nicky Glubb used to sit and play his accordion; and one would have seen all of Dartmoor on the way.



A House on Dartmoor,
where some of the scenes in "A Thief of Virtue" are laid.
From a drawing by Eden Phillpotts.



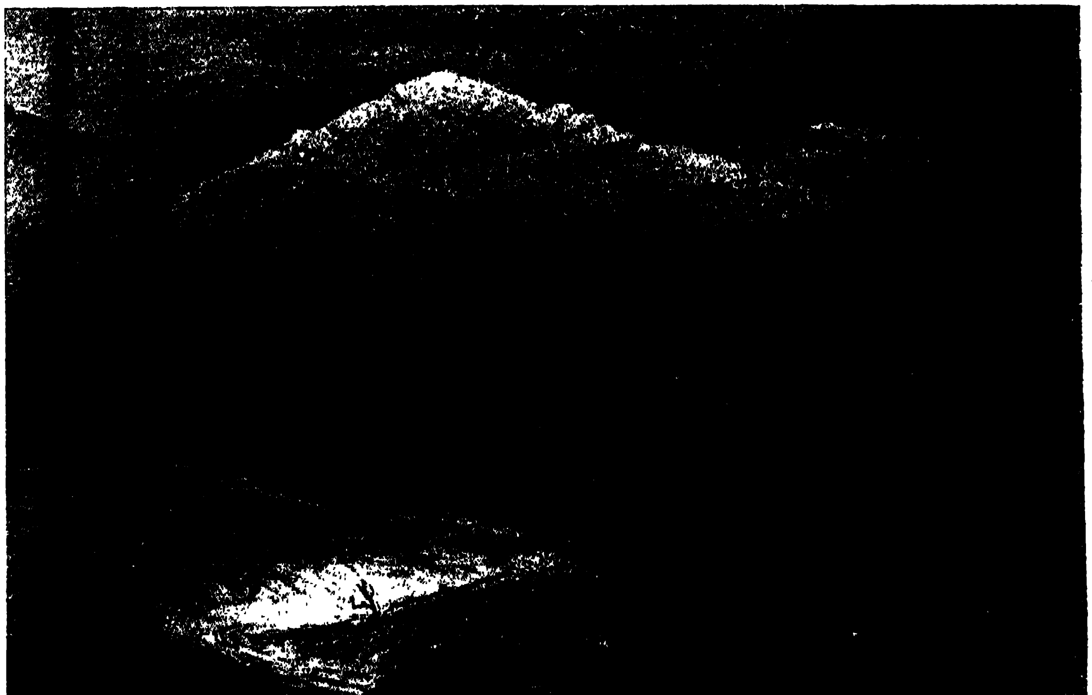
On Dartmoor,
where Will Blanchard, of "Children of the Mist," was born.
From a drawing by Eden Phillpotts.

it "attains to a sublimity and asserts a vastness beyond man's senses to refute, though within the measuring-rod's power to deny." It is, in a real, as well as in a symbolical sense an influence to those who dwell within its shadow, and it plays its part in the tragedy of their lives. This book, "The Beacon" may, I think, be taken as the key by any reader who wishes fully to comprehend Mr. Phillpotts' method in making Nature actually a protagonist in his stories. The lonely tor looms in the background of the drama, a portentous and significant presence, and Lizzie Densham and her two lovers both recognise it sub-consciously as the tangible expression of something that is in their souls. I cannot tell you how this impression is produced upon the mind of the reader. As I say, it depends upon a multitude of subtle strokes; but it is there, and it is one of the finest things in fiction I know. This no mere story-telling; it is the artist's vision and prophecy.

The same thing is true, in a less degree, of "The Forest on the Hill." On a first reading that book repelled me. I found it cold, almost brutal, but when I came to it a second time I found a sympathy I had missed before, a sympathy that depended entirely upon the intimate relation of human action to scene. One by one I might take all the novels in this way; and it would avail nothing. But I want to say that the reader who skips the "descriptions" in Phillpotts will never pluck the heart out of his mystery.

As a matter of fact, this is a journey that Americans often come all the way across the Atlantic to make, and they usually finish up in their thorough way by making a call on Mr. Phillpotts at the end of it.

But the mere topographical interest, great though it be, is not the chief reason for the essential unity of our author's comedy of Dartmoor. To place a story in a setting is obviously of no advantage unless the story grows out of that setting as a plant grows out of its native soil. Mr. Phillpotts' Dartmoor scenes, which he renders so faithfully and with such beauty, are not merely the frame of the picture; they are rather a component part of the picture itself; and though his people would be alive no matter where he placed them, he is able, by showing us their lives in relation to their environment, to do a much greater thing, and that is to show them in their relation to life itself. It is rather difficult to find an illustration to prove the truth of this; although it is perfectly obvious to any one who reads carefully two or three of the novels consecutively, it depends upon a multitude of subtle strokes and effects which cannot be defined. There is, of course, symbolism. Cosdon Beacon is no mere hill towering above the surrounding moor and thrusting its lonely summit grandly to the sky;



Harter Farm,
the farm of "The Secret Woman."
From a drawing by Eden Phillpotts.

Critics have often laid it to the charge of Mr. Phillpotts that he makes the triangular sex-relations of two women and one man, or vice versa, the theme of nearly all his stories. The statement is obviously true, but it is equally true of the work of any artist who deals, as Phillpotts does, with men and women very near to mother-earth, in whose natures the play of those primitive passions that move all humanity is, for the most part, remarkably free and unshackled. After all, the sex relation is one of the great driving-forces of our being, though we wrap it round with convention; and in selecting it as a dominant motive Mr. Phillpotts is true not only to his material, but also to life. The difficulty comes in the handling of the motive, or rather, in that accumulation of motives which we call "free will." Mr. Phillpotts shows us his characters in allegiance to the law, but it is the law of life, and each shapes it his own way, according to his nature. "Nothing is so mystical as everyday life," said W. D. Howells in a very penetrating review of Mr. Phillpotts' work which appeared some years ago in *The North American Review*, "and such greatness as this author convinces us he has lies in his sense of the mystical quality of conduct in everyday life."

A case in point is that perplexing incident of the "fall" of Sarah Ann in "The Whirlwind." Here we have a woman in love with her husband, a good and even noble woman, who, while still continuing to love her husband, yields her body to her master, from a motive that is chiefly compassion. Is it possible to accept this as a true reading of life? Could such a woman act in such a way? The best answer is supplied by the fact that the reader never doubts the artistic truth of the story, while he is under the spell of the author's power. It is only afterwards, on cold reflection, that a philosophical doubt arises. The fact is that the woman did act in this way, and there is the end of it. The motives for her conduct were not simple; they depended upon a thousand circumstances of nature and environment, and the artist's business, which I think you will find he has faithfully performed, was to select those which justified his vision.

While I am on this matter, I may as well deal a little more fully with Mr. Phillpotts' women. His pages are crowded with memorable figures, all of them individuals true to type, but it is not right to take one of these very vivid portraits and present it as his conception of woman in the abstract—a thing many of his critics have done. The utmost one can say with truth is, that for the purposes of his art Mr. Phillpotts finds two types of women potent for good or evil in the world. I cannot better define these two types than by accepting the classification which that crazy genius, Otto Weininger, made years ago in "Sex and Character." According to his theory women fall into two classes—those in whom the maternal instinct, whether active or passive, is paramount, and those whose chief preoccupation is the business of sex-attraction. Upon the essential qualities of these two kinds of women all life's struggle turns, and the clash of the relations they bring about is the very stuff of which human tragedy is made. Of the first class the best exemplars are Avisa Pomeroy in "The Mother" and Alison Cleave in "Demeter's Daughter," in both of which the mother-instinct rises to a tragic height of pure passion. Lizzie Densham in "The Beacon," though she has no children, also belongs to this type, in spite of the fact that in her the creative maternal force is expended upon her husband. To the second class belong Honor Endicott in "Sons of the Morning," Audrey Leaman in "The Forest on the Hill" and perhaps Lavinia Hatch in "Demeter's Daughter." Neither type is ever of course quite pure; to present it so would be to falsify life; and there is a third type—the instinctively celibate—of which Mr. Phillpotts has given us one study and one only in "The Virgin in Judgment." Each type is potent chiefly in the relations of woman to man, and it is notoriously true that, for the most part, man prefers the second.

"There's no eternal, lasting fashion love but a mother's to her own male childer," says one of Mr. Phillpotts' mother-women. "Sweethearts' love is a thing o' the blood—a trick o' Nature to tickle us poor human things into breeding against our better wisdom; but what a mother feels doan't hang on no such broken reed. It's deeper down; it's hell an' heaven both to wance; it's life, an' to lose it is death."

Man to such a woman as this is the father of her children, and the physical relations between man and woman are almost a sacred thing. But to the other class, passion is merely a pleasant incident, a thing to strive after, to long for, but not a thing to which any particular significance is attached. "What is it but to feed 'em?" says Lavinia Hatch, in "Demeter's Daughter," "Do you know what I think? I think 'tis as little a thing as 'twould be for a nursing mother to take her breast from her own sleeping baby and give it to another woman's hungry little one. Be that unfaithful to your own?"

I do not mean, of course, that Mr. Phillpotts has consciously adopted any such theory as that which I have outlined, but I think that subconsciously he is aware of its truth, and the fact colours his outlook upon feminine human nature. In this enlightened age it ought not to be necessary to utter a warning against attempting to extract an author's philosophy from the words of his characters. A philosophy, if it exists, can only be discovered by a study of the general trend of the author's work.

Mr. Phillpotts records human nature as he sees it, and he does so courageously, knowing that there is no subject which is beyond the artist's province. The whole criterion is how the thing is done. There are certain elemental impulses which, whether kept in subordination to moral law or allowed to break loose from it, are yet present in all humanity. And it is usually when one of these impulses does break loose that we get the material for tragedy. The artist's business is to observe and record, and his justification is that he achieves beauty and truth.

"We gather fig from thistle, grape from thorn where art is born;
Then suck your grapes with joy, and leave the stones,
Nor utter silly sanctimonious groans
Because a seed is sown.
Let clocks of men, that only keep good time,
Make their own rhyme,
And tick perfection from the mantelpiece
Of each mean spirit; still art's ancient lease
Is shortened not an hour."

I find that I have left myself very little space to deal with the other general characteristics of Mr. Phillpotts' genius—the austerity of his methods, the admirable artistic restraint he displays in the handling of his great themes, and particularly the sympathy and humour of his rustic sketches. Sometimes his peasants talk a little too much "like naughty boys who have been reading the leaders in the London papers," and he occasionally overdoes the idea of the peasant chorus round the inn-fire. But these are small things, and we can readily forgive them for the sake of the gallery of delightful people he has given us.

For somehow or other Eden Phillpotts contrives to make us interested even in his most unlovable characters. We laugh at the hypocrisy of Aaron Cleave, but we have a sneaking regard for the fellow all the same. We are indignant at the ruin worked by Rhoda Bowden, but it is really at fate we gird, not at her. We would like to kick Martin Ouldsbroom beyond the furthest confines of his parish, but nevertheless we cannot deny some measure of sympathy with his point of view. This comprehension which he has the power to awake in us forms after all the greatest charm of Mr. Phillpotts' work, and we need split no critical hairs to enjoy it. It is as the humanist, as the novelist of loving-kindness, that Eden Phillpotts will be remembered when the work of much more pretentious writers is forgotten.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appreciation of the Special Constable in four or eight lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

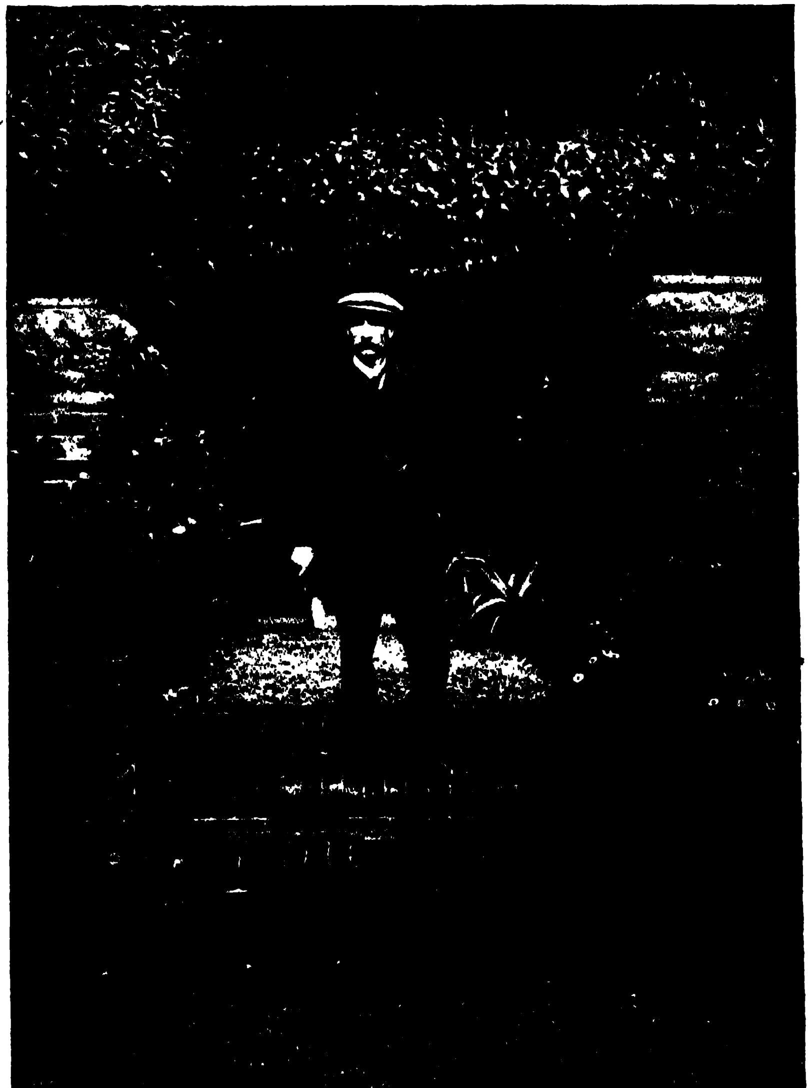


Photo by Rose K. Durrant & Son, Torquay.

Eden Phillpotts,
In his garden at Torquay.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is awarded to Ivan Adair, of 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin, and Private J. Peacock, Princess Patricia's, B.E.F., c/o G.P.O., London, for the following:

PRAYER.

Jesus, when they cannot sleep,
Come Thyself, and vigil keep.

Send their awful dreams of war,
Out into the dark afar.

When they yearn for Home's sweet grace,
Let them find it, in Thy face.

When they crave some voice to hear,
Jesus, whisper in their ear.

Thou hast knowledge fair and good,
Learned of Mary's motherhood.

Thou hast darker knowledge—yea,
Of the dim and pain-paved way.

With these twain, oh! God's dear Son,
Keep and guard each suffering one.

IVAN ADAIR.

FAREWELL.

If we had only met
In youth's glad spring of flowers and sunny skies,
When clouds were purple mists, and Earth as yet
Appeared a Paradise!

If I our paths had seen
Verging to meet, would I in woodland bowers
Dreaming have lingered, or in meadows green
Loitered through golden hours?

But now we meet too late,
Only a week to know thee as thou art,
My soul's desire and dream, my life, my fate,
A week—and we must part!

For now thy form grows dim,
The dark advance of mighty wings is stayed,
And lo! relentless Duty, stern and grim,
Veils thee in gloomy shade.

And the despairing knell
Of every hope—e'en hoping to forget—
Rings in my heart's wild cry—Farewell farewell,
Would we had never met!

PRIVATE J. PEACOCK.

We also select for printing:

LOVE'S SILENCE.

Oh, love! because you are the whole of me,
The mystery of dawn—the dusk—the night;
Because you bring to Life such keen delight,
I cannot find the words to write of thee.

So close thy soul to mine, birds wing to wing
In the still night could not more closely lie;
Perchance, dear love, that is the reason why
I always falter when of thee I sing.

Deep lies my love as jewels hidden rare,
I care not for the world's appraising eye.
So in my secret heart securely lie,
My thoughts of thee, unseen, unsullied, fair.

My pulses leap to music at thy touch,
At the soft thrilling of thy tender hand.
Always you seem to subtly understand
That I am dumb, because I love too much.

Thy kisses are most wonderful to me,
Pure, passionate, yet tender as the night.
The magic of thy voice is sheer delight,
Love of my heart, my being is in thee.

(Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson, Branksome, Middlesborough).

WIND.

She sings, she sings a melody,
A lovely, weary melody,
And floats about each leafy tree,
And combs her wayward hair.

Her dancing shimmers on the grass—
Elusive on the flowery grass
Bending as her footsteps pass,
To feel their pressure there.

All day she wanders waywardly,
Far and near and waywardly
With light, small feet on stream and lea,
And combs her wayward hair.

(P. Whitehouse, Ballynafoy, Horesham.)

HEREAFTER.

Love that is light with laughter, and Love that is dark with tears
Shall meet in the Hereafter, at the ending of the years,
When to-day is as to-morrow, and Time's touch cannot destroy—
There Joy shall smile on Sorrow, and Sorrow weep for joy!
There Grief and Gladness meeting, shall know that they are one,
Touch hands, and kiss in greeting, 'twixt the shadow and the sun,
And their feet shall tread a measure down the great eternal plain,
Crushing crimson wine of Pleasure from the purple grapes of Pain!

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

SPRING BLOSSOM.

The trees are white to-day,
The rivers sing;
From every shaken spray
Comes carolling.

Not only on the trees
Buds break apart—
Love, all as white as these,
Blooms in my heart!

(Mary Carolyn Davies, 9, West 47th Street, New York City.)

From the numerous other lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Miss R. Dobson (Brondesbury), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Kathleen A. Brainbridge (Kidderminster), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), A. Vickridge (Torquay) Lilian Holmes (Charing), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Isobel W. Hutchison (Kirkliston), Doris Dean (Bromley), E. R. L. (Durham), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Thora Stowell (Cairo), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), C. Curryer (Acton), M. C. Lufkin (Parkstone), Cicely Langhorn (London, S. W.), R. Scott Frayn (Silsden), "Margaret" (Birmingham), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Beatrice Brett Miller (Glasgow), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), M. P. Noel (London, S. W.), T. A. King (Birmingham), S. C. Cain (Toronto), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Malcom Humphrey (Aldershot), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), Beatrice Bunting (W. Hartlepool), B. P. Khambatta (Bombay), Joyce F. Powell (Liverpool), Lilla G. McKay (Auckland, N. Z.), G. Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), H. Thompson Rich (New Jersey, U.S.A.), K. Forbes Dunlop (Eastbourne), E. Leslie Gunston (Reading), F. J. Popham (Dumfries), N. Laurie (Finchley), W. A. Sumanasekera (Ceylon), Arthur S. Wilshere (Dalston), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), Emily Buxton (Mansfield), Bella Cooper (California), L. F. R. (Chichester), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Private Sidney S. Wright, of 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following:

ECONOMY IN WAR TIME. BY MRS. EUSTACE MILES. (Methuen.)

"Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor."
SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*

We also select for printing:

TOWARDS A LASTING SETTLEMENT. BY G. L. DICKENSON. (Allen & Unwin.)

"The Landlady after him hurried."
R. H. BARHAM.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE FOREST OF SWORDS. BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER. (Appleton)

"Oh, come along out of it, quick!"
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Just So Stories.*

(Emily Kington, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.)

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN. BY THOMAS DIXON. (Appleton)

"Then the girl in her first youth married a curate."
JEAN INGELOW, *Laurence.*

(Francis Carruthers, Wickford, Essex.)



Eden Phillpotts

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines of verse on War Time Economies is awarded to Ida May, of 5, Trinity Church Road, Castlenau, Barnes, S.W., for the following:

WAR-TIME ECONOMIES.

Though I can't fight, a patriot am I;
Cheerful, I eat the loathed potato pie.

My love for mine own country well is seen
When, loving butter, I eat margarine.

My Motherland! no more prime undercuts!
For thee I dine on cheese and monkey nuts.

I fast and scrape and neither faint nor swerve;
Living on rice, O England, I, too, serve!

We specially commend as the best six of the many other verses sent in those by S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), N. Sheridan (Birkenhead), Hedley V. Storey (Camden Town), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Irene Williams (Pontypridd).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to G. E. Thompson, 24, Stanhope Road, Highgate, N., for the following:

THE RED DAYS Being the Diary of a Prussian Officer as communicated by H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

There is no reason to suppose that this document is not genuine. It seems a very fair picture of the attitude of mind of the educated German to whom Militarism is not a synonym for Culture. There is little description of the fighting: the diarist seeks to analyse elusive impressions and to describe the effect which actual warfare has upon the mind of a man thoroughly impregnated with the theory of it. Most of his conclusions have been reached elsewhere, but seldom so tersely and with such clean probing to the roots of the matter.

We also select for printing:

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SIR EDWARD GREY, 1906–1915. BY GILBERT MURRAY. (Clarendon Press.)

It is seldom that we look to a classical scholar for guidance in social and political affairs, but in the case of Professor Gilbert Murray we have a brilliant exception to the general rule, and Sir Edward Grey could not desire the defence of his foreign policy in better hands. With fairness, tact, and a never-failing courtesy, Professor Murray subjects the course of action pursued by the Foreign Secretary to a thorough and impartial examination, the conclusions of which establish, in a most convincing manner, the ability and integrity of one of the greatest of living statesmen.

(Douglas Harrison, 9, North Street, Bromley, Kent.)

VICTORY. BY JOSEPH CONRAD. (Methuen)

"Victory" is a romance of the unusual laid in a country off the beaten track. The characters of the girl Lena, Heyst, the mono-maniac Schomberg, and the two desperadoes, are strongly drawn. So, too, is the scenery, the utter desolation of Heyst's island; the hot, dusty, asphyxiating dinners beneath the verandah of Schomberg's hotel, where the doll-like Mrs. Schomberg sat installed in dreary state. . . . The book is cleverly written, with here and there flashes of very genuine humour, and yet there runs throughout its length a whimsical undercurrent of freakish pity that intensifies the pathos of its finish.

(D. O. Teale, Worcester Park.)

POINTED ROOFS. BY DOROTHY RICHARDSON. (Duckworth)

It is difficult to convey in words the fascination of this book. The experiences of a pupil teacher in a girl's school in Germany are told in an unusual style, which gives intimately the sense of mystery underlying the everyday realities. In terms of painting it might be described as a "pointilliste" work, each stroke being put upon the canvas separately, making a living, palpitating whole. It is lived on to the pages rather than written. We shall look forward eagerly to the next chapter of Miriam's life promised by the author.

(Bertha C. Priestley, 10, Great Ormond Street, W.C.)

We also specially commend the very good reviews received from Reginald Gray (Darlington), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), Annie M. Birch (Hull), Malcom Humphrey (Aldershot), James A. Richards (Tenby), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), C. A. Sinclair (London, W.), Emily D. Gisby (Newbury), P. R. Krishnandami (Madras), Miss Tucker (Leamington), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), E. Beechey (Pentre), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Roland Hirst (Tockwith), Mary J. F. Bittleston (Telford), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Gilbert Barnett (Farnborough), Hugh W. Strong (Whitley Bay), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Florence Parsons (Altrincham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to A. Welch, 8, Fairfax Road, Bedford Park, W.

RICHARD WHITEING.*

"I WAS born, alas! as far back as 1840," Mr. Whiteing writes on the first page of his memoirs, "and there is still so much to see." Nothing could be more characteristic of him than that little touch of regret. How many men born so far back as 1840 are still so alertly alive, so keenly interested in the world around them and all that is happening and going to happen in it that their one regret is they are not much younger and so might hope to see much more of it? He has had a full and strenuous career; he has warmed both hands at the fire of life, but he is by no means ready to depart. It is no ordinary nature that could come through the wear and tear of seventy-five years and still be so young at heart, so bravely optimistic, so true to the fine ideals of his youth, that could still find the world a right joyous and a kindly place, and be more eagerly interested in everybody and everything in it than he is in himself and his own affairs. He can say with Ulysses:

"Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

and might add with him as truthfully:

"Myself not least, but honoured of them all,"

only that it would not be natural in Mr. Whiteing to make that addition.

Half the charm of his personality, and half the charm of his book, are in this invincible modesty. If you read his pages, knowing nothing of him beforehand, you would gather that he had roamed the earth as a busy journalist and had written two books, and that is about all. When he is picturing his boyhood, his school-days, his early adventures in the Grub Street of London journalism, Mr. Whiteing is delightfully intimate; all this—the sketch of his life with his widowed father

* "My Harvest." By Richard Whiteing. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

in the lodgings down Norfolk Street, Strand, his school experiences, his attendances at the Working Men's College, when Frederic Denison Maurice was its Principal and his colleagues and supporters were such men as Ruskin, Furnivall, Hughes, Kingsley; his apprenticeship to Wyon the great seal engraver; his yearnings towards authorship, and how he found means to realise them—all this is as fascinating as a first reading of parts of "David Copperfield"; perhaps because it takes you back into the Dickens atmosphere and among scenes and characters such as Dickens knew, but chiefly, I think, because Mr. Whiteing has much the same delight in life and the human element of it that Dickens had, and much the same genial humour and large-heartedness. Reticent of himself and his own achievements when he comes to tell of his later years, he seems to have been able to look back on his boyhood and write of himself as a boy and as a young man as freely and sympathetically as he might have written of some other boy he used to know, and now remembers with a certain wistfulness.

When he was out of his apprenticeship as an engraver, he "set up for myself with parental aid, and with varied fortunes, mostly bad." Then, at six-and-twenty, to his father's disappointment, he abandoned this craft, and went to Paris, for two pounds a week, as secretary to the English Committee of a Working Class Exhibition that was to be held there. Returning from that, in due course, he installed himself in a garret off Gray's Inn Road, resolved to live the literary life. "I was so eager for this that I never thought of pleasing myself: so it was a sort of double event of misapplied energy. I turned out stories, essays, these preferred, skits, sketches, anything that came into my mind, as distinct from coming out of it, and, of course, I had nothing but failures to my credit." His first success came with the acceptance by the *Clerkenwell News* of an article on clocks and watches, which was duly published, but not paid for. Just then, James Greenwood's article, "A Night in a Workhouse—by an Amateur Casual," made its sensational appearance in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; it was the first of a series relating the adventures in lower London of a gentleman disguised as a tramp. A friend of Mr. Whiteing's suggested that he should give the other side of the picture—the experiences of one of the lower orders who, suitably disguised, was introduced into the upper circles. The immediate result was "A Night in Belgrave Square—by a Costermonger," which promptly appeared in the *Evening Star*, and was so gloriously successful that the author followed it with more in the same vein, and eventually collected the series into his first book, "Mr. Sprouts—His Opinions."


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Richard Whiteing.**

For the *Star*, Mr. Whiteing went to Paris in 1867; and collogued with some of those fiery spirits who were presently to figure tragically in the story of the Commune; in 1873 he went to Spain for the *New York Tribune*, and saw Spain in the throes of a revolution. Returning to England, he worked for a time on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*; then went back to Paris in the early days of the Republic, saw much of the leading men of that period, and became resident correspondent there for the *New York World*. Thereafter, he was in Berlin; and thence went to Russia for *Scribner's Magazine*; thence to America; then to France again, and at length back to London, where he joined the staff of the *Daily News*; and was for many years one of its principal contributors, he and Herbert Paul and Andrew Lang writing its leading articles. In 1899 he retired from the *Daily News*, turned altogether from journalism, and, carrying out a long cherished purpose, took up his literary career in earnest. In that same year (1899) he stepped into instant popularity as a novelist with "No. 5, John Street." Already, in 1876, he had published "The Democracy," and in 1888 that brilliantly satirical novel, "The Island," but it was "John Street" that gave him his first big success as a writer of fiction.

Wherever his journalistic duties had taken him Mr. Whiteing evidently entered into the life of the place and the hour with the finest gusto. It always interested him, and he interests you in it unfailingly. His pen-portraits of the editors, journalists, authors, politicians, and remarkable personalities he has met, with the shrewdness and understanding of his judgments on them, and his masterly, condensed sketches of the social and political movements of his times throw real and illuminating side-lights on the general history of the last half century. The occasional running commentary on English, French and American literature is acute, independent and admirably suggestive. Mr. Whiteing sat at dinner with Dickens, when Sala and Lord Lytton were present; he has the vividest recollections of Victor Hugo in his old age; of Ouida, and many another; of that literary bohemianism which is almost a thing of the past now; and his account of how Disraeli baulked him of an interview and Gladstone was lured into granting one is among the most entertaining of the many good stories that are scattered up and down his

chapters. Everywhere the book takes its distinctive tone from the vigorous personality of the writer; his opinions of the men he has known, the events he has witnessed, are full of the same ripe philosophy of life, the gracious humour and searching worldly wisdom that enrich not only "No. 5, John Street," but are the salt and savour of that delectable volume of essays, "Little People," and of "The Yellow Van," and those other books of his of which he tells you never a word. Which last is like him, too, and completes the picture of himself while it seems to leave it unfinished.

C. W.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.*

By Dr. William Barry.

PERHAPS from the habit of Oriental studies, where the volume opens at the end, I have not seldom found that I could best lay hold of a man's meaning if I read his composition backwards. It is so beyond peradventure in regard to this very abstruse last will and testament on the subject of which he is a Grand Master, by A. E. Waite. Poet and mystic, but mystic in the highest degree of literature extant among English-speaking peoples, the place which he has won entitles him to sit beside Maeterlinck, whom he surpasses in learning and, after a different manner, equals in expressive style. But where, as the Preface to his chapters tells us, he turns from the initiated to "the man of ordinary thought," I believe such a man will make the better start if he begins by ascertaining the author's spirit and attitude towards established organs of religion, in brief, towards the Churches. That relation is clearly set out in the closing pages, from 294 to 327. It is peculiar but not obscure, and may be shared by others who, in a general sense, are Modernists—by which I mean that they accept the letter of Catholic Tradition while moulding it to a spiritual sense of their own. They go beyond the word rather than against it. They have ceased to be Protestants; but the Roman Church will not be seduced into reckoning them among her children—I am far from hinting that they all desire it—by the loving admiration which they bestow on her Sacraments, Liturgy, Saints, and spiritual teaching. They borrow from her treasures without paying the price of allegiance demanded. They are free mystics, enamoured of the beauty of Catholicism, echoing our language with delight, not however as a mere poetical arbitrary form, but as befitting the Western mind indefinitely more than the terms and images of the Hindu Yogi, the Persian Sufi, or the Jew Cabalist. It is a position quite comprehensible; just as certainly it is not orthodox.

So much I am bound to make plain, how little soever the "man of common thought" may care about orthodoxy. If he scorns dogma, calls ritual mumming, is or was until of late disposed to be agnostic when any rumours from a world beyond sense came floating into his counting-house, I suppose he would agree with his physician that hysteria and mysticism are mother and daughter. On the other hand, there are not a few to whom—the "bankruptcy of science" in regard to man's dearest hopes appearing not less evident than what various popular guides termed the "collapse of theology"—a way of escape seems to offer itself from nescience and despair, as through the very heart of science itself. How do we test any hypothesis? By experience, surely. Let us then test the hypothesis of God by experience. Quitting argument, let us throw ourselves upon life, at all levels, in the deep below deep of which slumber, trance, and even insanity reveal, as psychical research has been affirming, glimpses not vouchsafed to noonday sense or the logic of surface phenomena. Whatever God may be He is not among these shadows and successions; He can play no part in that which our author admirably names the "pageant." Because He is most real—*Ens Realissimum*—therefore He is most hidden.

I take the reasoning in this last sentence to be sound; in which case it justifies the modern application of the word "mysticism," both as doctrine and quest. Though every human creature be invited to seek and to find God, still it would remain true, in the language of this writer, "that it is the most difficult enterprise which can be undertaken by the human mind." We have heard of the "strait gate," the "narrow way," and the few that find it. Revelation embodied in the Church and its ordinances bears testimony by its presence to the darkness on which it sheds light. And if, to quote the sentence with which Plotinus sums up his "Enneades," the divine life here and hereafter must be "the flight of the alone to the alone," what shall we say of a journey so unimaginable? Occult sciences, far outrunning our school psychology, and dealing with man in relation to man, it is not impossible to conceive; but behold we are summoned to practise a science one term of which is, by confession, infinite. The reasoning that goes back to a First Cause will never be overthrown by agnostics. The "way of union" implies that we are moving towards the Final Cause, the end and purpose of our being. To attain it in thought and reality may well be deemed "the most difficult" of enterprises. It is the Divine Adventure.

It need not, or rather it cannot, be anything else. Mr. Waite—and herein he proves himself especially the master—gently but decisively puts aside many forms of pretended or, at least, not verified experiments, with which the pilgrim to this heavenly Zion is not concerned. Magic, for instance, or theurgy, has always tempted practitioners in the occult; the true adept will have none of it. I know from his many travels through rare provinces of learning that the books of magicians, alchemists, Rosicrucians, Freemasons, have drawn the eyes of this life-long student. But except for curious imagery, often very apt, or because of the "correspondences" that exist everywhere in nature

* "The Way of Divine Union." By A. E. Waite. 7s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

and are taken up beyond nature, he lets them alone when the secret of Divine Love is to be sought. Chivalrous tales, above all the "High History of the Holy Graal," speak to his heart. Indeed that History and the stages of mystical dedication are the inner and outer of one supreme thing. "*Est una sola res,*" he quotes from the Hermetic philosophy. To attain it by way of holiness we need not, sometimes we must not, turn into the forest tracks which promise to reward perils with knowledge. Delusive lore of the stars (astrology), cosmic explorations such as Swedenborg narrates, colloquies with dead men and women, lie far away from the simple quest. Its object is not to satisfy curiosity, nor to work wonders, nor to heal by faith, nor to indulge sentiment and emotion to the full. I think it might be given rightly, though not adequately, in the cry of a Latin saint, "*O amare, O ire, O ad Deum pervenire!*" Motive, path, goal, are shadowed in this deeply felt aspiration. But that which is at length to be found exceeds the earth-born dialect created by our meaner wants. Dante sings of it,

"O eternal Light,
Sole in thyself thou dwellest, art of thyself
Sole understood, past, present, or to come."

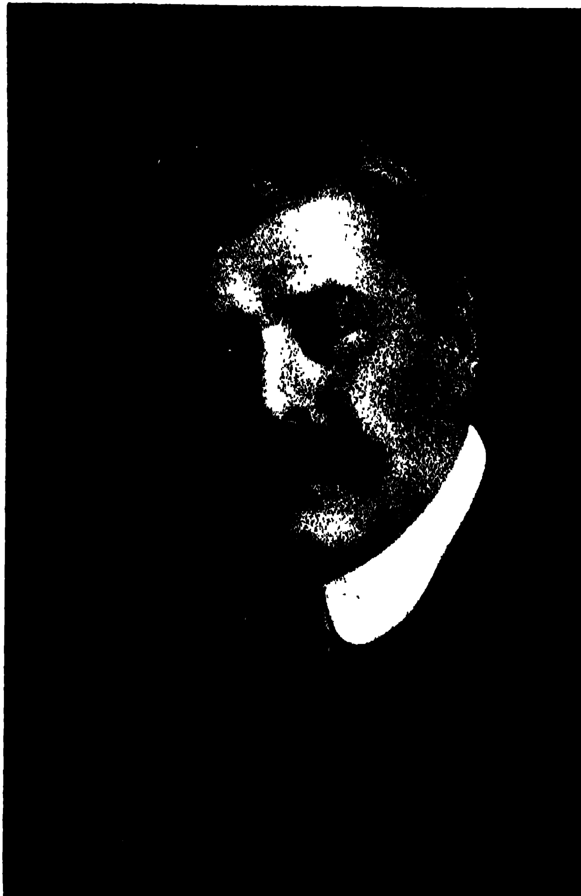


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **A. E. Waite.**

Nevertheless, by metaphor, by analogy, with such a strain of passionate music as Dante sounds in the "Paradiso," memories may be fixed, and their import conveyed, by choice spirits waking from that ineffable moment in which to them God was all in all. Here, now, is a matter for astonishment. The Catholic Church, with its Sacraments and the elaborate ritual moving round its altar, has been judged a formal religion, an art of exciting sentiment and nothing more. Mr. Waite, traversing the ages that he may light upon a pure sanctuary where beyond all forms the union of Divine Love is accomplished, discovers it in Rome. That most visible of Churches turns out to be likewise a secret tabernacle, dwelling of saints and mystics, in possession of a literature that sets up the standard by which we shall determine what is good, what is worthy of imitation by us as pilgrims. Latin mysticism abides, and its writings give the norm, just as Greek is the norm of the Western intellect. I call that wonderful. Is it true? No one, after following the chapters of history and criticism which sum up the evidence collected for many years by this impartial witness, can doubt it. Beginning with Dionysius, the Alexandrian who was thought to be the Areopagite, but who wrote on "Mystical Theology" perhaps about A.D. 531, we pursue a long line of teachers including St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, and others not yet canonised, of whom Ruysbroeck is far the greatest, down to latter-day monastic manuals derived from these classics of the spiritual life. On grounds which in part I apprehend, the most famous of uninspired works, the "Imitation," finds no place in my author's catalogue. But Thomas à Kempis wins the hearts of thousands to whom Thomas Aquinas is unknown. He keeps along the path of devout experience; he intimates the hidden joys of being one with Christ. In humbler style than the soaring Areopagite, nor pretending to system like St. John of the Cross, he tells his readers how to reach the goal. Every page he has left marks a stage or a station upwards. But I refer to à Kempis now by way of proof that the Roman Communion has been instructing her children in the mystic lore from times long past.

Mr. Waite endeavours to sketch the general outline, which he says never has been hitherto done, while estimating the contribution to his problem of each several writer. His judgments will repay study. I do not often dissent from them, even where they reverse or qualify widespread opinions, as in the case of Fénelon and Madame Guyon, lesser lights than has been deemed by literary commentators. I could wish for an ampler reference to the Carmelite, Philippus a SS. Trinitate, whose volumes the late Bishop Ullathorne (a sound authority) held to be the best grammar of mysticism. Another name worth adding, but not in the volume, is Angelus Silesius, otherwise Johann Scheffler (1624–1677), whose "Cherubinischer Wandersmann" reminds us of Eckhart, and took some colouring from Jacob Behmen, but is Catholic as was its author, a Franciscan Minorite. Students of Schopenhauer will not have forgotten with how keen a delight he quotes Angelus. But I must hasten on.

We come now, regretfully, to Mr. Waite's paradoxes, which I take leave to view as a form of Modernism applied to Catholic doctrine and practice. In a quiet fashion, courteously but with hard words, the writer who confesses that he owes ten thousand talents to Rome, assails monasticism, vows of celibacy, ideas of self-mortification, though fully aware of the deep which he thus opens between himself and all Saints. It is Modernism to treat Catholic dogmas like empty grooves into which we may run any burning matter that we please. It is not less to grant that whether we hold the life of Christ to be a fact or a myth, we can still attain to spiritual perfection by means of it.

To talk of "the virus of celibacy," when we bear in mind certain Gospel utterances which no Higher Criticism has thought of questioning, is Modernism and something more. There was no need of all this. The Church teaches that in every permitted state of life the Divine Quest may be followed. By her blessings and consecrations, as by the whole Sacramental system dear to my author, she transfigures Nature exactly as he would have her do. Let us be frank. Where the Church has eyes wide open, and gentle persons of Mr. Waite's temperament give only a side-glance, lies the field of the world's wickedness. By revulsion, as I suspect, from the Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards, the opposite pole is reached. American bright beams play over the abyss. Did not Emerson inspire some of these sentences which make the better life so easy? In the abstract we may adapt St. Paul and say, "Neither to be married signifies anything nor to be unmarried, but to love God." And yet St. Paul praises the state of virgins as giving scope for divine worship more than wedlock. If the Church does no more than put the New Testament in practice, where will this quarrel lead us?

But I am not minded to quarrel with a writer in whose high thought and nobly-adequate expression I find so much that is beautiful and strong. With a little patience, and some distrust of private judgment, to the ravages of which he is not blind, Mr. Waite could have given us a far more orthodox account of the mystic pilgrimage, not losing but gaining by the harmonies of old and new. He is justly severe on extravagances which beset this subject in our day. He warns the unwise against plunging into hypnotism and ecstasy. That is well. But why could he not have allowed, on the authority of the Church he reveres, to such as desire to flee from the world their cloister, with its contemplation drawn far within of the Holy Graal? "God fulfils Himself in many ways." Yes, in infinite ways. And he that calls Nature a parable and a Sacrament has already seen through it; his foot is on the *Via Sacra* which goes beyond it.

New Books.

THE GREEK TRADITION.*

It has of late become, perhaps, too much the fashion for authors to add to their works a sort of "commendatory epistle" written by some one of reputation. Frequently this is called "A Foreword"—and of such books the sensible reader will beware—but in the present case the writer is content to accept what, in more unaffected language, is called "A Preface." Yet assuredly all such things, no matter what their name, are wholly undesirable. "Good wine needs no bush," and a good book should need no puff preliminary. An author should be like a confident host who lets us taste what is set before us and then pass judgment for ourselves. One cannot imagine Herodotus or Thucydides, about whom Mr. Thomson has many wise words to say, taking a patron for their works. "Thucydides the Athenian wrote the history" is how the one begins; *Ἡροδότου Ἁλικαρνασῆος ἱστορίης ἀπόδειξις ἥδε* is the commencement of the other, and Mr. Thomson might well adopt a like independence. But some critics, it seems, fell foul of his former work, "Studies in the Odyssey," because he deviated from the traditions of the schoolmen and from their "favourite orthodoxies," so that he apparently thought it needful to take shelter under the redoubtable ægis of Professor Gilbert Murray, although the weapons he himself wields are of the best, and the cause which he upholds is of the strongest.

Mr. Thomson, in fact, belongs to that class of "scholars" for which alone this busy world can to-day find room. He does not care much for what is technical and formal; probably he has never read "Hermann *De Particula ἄν*" or deeply studied the Greek dialects, but he tries hard to get at the very heart of a writer, to enter into his very thought and purpose, to live with him, as it were, in close touch and an intimate familiarity. And to do that, if any one will consider even for a moment, is indeed the most difficult of tasks. It is not easy, for instance, to step back for more than two thousand years and to feel exactly as Thucydides felt. The gap that yawns between us and him is almost beyond bridging, and to write such a history as his would to-day be impossible. Think of a war which lasted "thrice nine years," and which left a ruin where there had been an Empire. Then think of the history of it as written by one who, having been cashiered for failure as a general, had spent twenty years in the bitterness of exile, but following every step with closest interest, and imagine what a modern writer would have made of the theme. There would have been twenty volumes instead of one; fact would have been piled upon fact, and criticism upon criticism; while there would, one fancies, have been abundance of those "personal explanations" in which the fretful self-consciousness of our day too impatiently indulges. But with Thucydides it was different. He does, indeed, tell us that "it happened to me to be in exile from my own country for twenty years after being in command at Amphipolis," but it is only to emphasise the fact that he had thus been enabled to learn much of "matters on both sides," and he deals with his subject as a great whole. Precise indeed he can be—witness his description of the plague—but it is with judgment, and he never wearies us with details that are superfluous. The patient years have brought with them "the larger mind" which overlooks irrelevancies and sees only what is "a possession for all time," with the result that we seem to be present at a drama which may have its minor episodes but where the great scenes tell greatly. And on this drama the author looks, it might seem, with intellectual aloofness. He appears to some "coldly objective" in his treatment, a pure "realist," or "the very embodiment of dispassionate reason." But Mr. Thomson judges otherwise. "Under words superficially unemotional is hidden a profound emotion; we feel it, although we cannot say exactly how it is communicated; its communication is one of the secrets of genius, and this secret Thucydides possesses." How dear indeed Athens was to him may be estimated from the Funeral Oration of Pericles—the finest, perhaps, and the most feeling eulogy that was ever penned. He loved it with a great love, as Dante, to use Mr. Thomson's apt comparison, may have loved Florence, but if, unlike the banished poet, he does not "rage" against it, his restraint and "reticence" must not mislead. Rage and fury are never consonant with Greek art, and least of all with the temper of Thucydides, who was not only a supreme artist but one of those master intellects which no gusts of passion can oversway. He is not to be moved from his secure judgment by regrets, by anger, or by disapproval. He records almost as if his book were that of the recording angel, and if he "nothing extenuates," he "sets down naught in malice." Self-controlled, reserved,

* "The Greek Tradition." By J. A. K. Thomson. With Preface by Prof. Gilbert Murray. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

severe, he disdains cheap appeals to the emotions. Yet, none the less, his heart is broken, and if you would understand him you must learn to feel all the passion and all the pity which underlie his words and, along with his intellectual strength, make him almost the greatest of historians.

Nor is Herodotus, that shrewdest of simpletons, about whom Mr. Thomson has much to tell, any less easy to understand, while with the poets the difficulty is even greater—especially with the tragedians. For Greek tragedy is everywhere bound by conventions which are unknown to-day. Not only did the Greeks dislike eccentricity, so that every branch of poetry had its traditional form, from which it was heresy to deviate, but with the drama this was particularly so. A Greek play - even a Greek comedy —was always something of a religious performance. It had its origin in religious ritual, and was always enacted at religious festivals. The chant and dance of a Greek chorus were in their beginnings part of a solemn ceremony and, even in their later developments, never ceased to be so. The actor's mask and buskins were visible signs that he was not of the common world and could not speak as if he belonged to the common folk. "Contrast the stately, almost ritualistic, curses of Œdipus with the cursing of Timon or Lear," or with that outburst of Othello which begins "Whip me, ye devils," and the difference between an ancient and a modern play at once starts into the light. And the difference is often not one of mere form but radical. Who, for instance, has got the real clue to what has been called "The Riddle of the *Bacchæ*"? Think of a play in which a monarch comes in drunk and "seeing double," a god is put in fetters, and a queen brandishes the head of her son whom she has herself slain. Or look at the "Alcestis," that strange medley of tragedy and farce, where death and rioting, gibes and lamentations, alternate so queerly. Assuredly to grasp its meaning is no light business, and there can be no truer scholarship than that of men like Mr. Thomson, who do endeavour to get a grip of it, who do not worry about grammar or text, but aim at making this old-world piece something which for us too is packed with emotion, reality, and truth. Whether his particular explanation is wrong or right, whether Alcestis is or is not the Corn-Maiden, the daughter of Mother Earth, whom Death carries off in winter but gives back in spring—this is not the question which concerns us here. For those weird cults, full of obscenities and seeming absurdities - the "gluttonous" Hercules of the "Alcestis" is exercising "a charm for the multiplying of food and wine"—which have to do with death and resurrection, with the burying of the grain and its coming to life again, are, as readers of "The Golden Bough" know, not matters to be treated in a trivial review; and possibly Mr. Thomson, like Professor Murray, makes too much of them. Indeed, when he urges that Homeric poetry has developed from some such ritual or magic *carmen* "by a process of secularisation" he positively astounds. But no mistake or aberration counts for anything when set against his earnest desire to understand, to feel, to share the very thoughts of the great writers. To him they are not dead but alive, they speak to him with a voice which may be hard to interpret but is, above all, a living voice, and it is only when they do so that their message can have any true value for our modern world.

It only remains to add that Mr. Thomson's book suffers, perhaps, from his essays being too varied in their nature. Such subjects as "An Old Map," "Thucydides," "Greek Simplicity," "Lucretius"—what has he to do with "Greek Tradition"?—and "Thoughts on Translation" may be bound up in one volume but can scarcely form a connected book. For all that they have each a separate charm. None of them disappoints; and that which deals with "Greek Country Life," though it presents a picture which is neither "idyllic" nor "Arcadian," yet presents one which is drawn with such truth and such fidelity that it may be read again and again with ever new enlightenment and delight.

T. E. PAGE.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.*

It is good, and time well spent, to read again Watts-Dunton's reminiscences of some of his famous friends which he contributed to *The Athenæum* either in the form of obituary memoirs or reviews of books dealing with these particular friends and their life's work; and for those who knew him personally, this book has a special, if sad, interest, for it brings back to memory many pleasant visits to "The Pines," Putney, when Watts-Dunton, in his latter years, was ever ready to talk—a *sympathetic* listener being, of course, essential—of his great contemporaries who had loved him and valued his friendship pre-eminently. He was indeed "the friend of friends," and few men have had such a unique and intimate acquaintanceship with the most potential literary and artistic forces of their era. Meredith, Swinburne, Tennyson, the Rossettis, Borrow, William Morris - to mention these names from a long list is to recall how supremely interesting was Watts-Dunton when discoursing of them. Much of what he was wont to say is fortunately preserved in these published recollections, but it is matter for regret that he never wrote similar papers in memory of Meredith and Swinburne.

I often expressed to him the hope that he would write the biography of Swinburne, he being the only man in a position to present both an authoritative and literary picture of the poet: but he stated his objections to the work very cogently, his views being much the same as those he enunciated on the subject of biography which will be found in the articles on Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the volume under review. However, he did at one time contemplate recording his personal reminiscences of Swinburne, but was dissuaded from executing the project by the advice of one whose opinion he valued very highly. I recall one little fact he told me concerning Swinburne and Meredith, which may be mentioned here. There was, in their last years, a coolness in the once warm friendship that had bound the two together for over forty years, and the cause was that Swinburne did not appreciate the later Meredith novels. He frankly said he could not get through I think—"Lord Ormont and his Aminta." This Meredith resented, but it did not affect his underlying and long-seated regard for Swinburne; the poet's

* "Old Familiar Faces." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. With Portraits. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

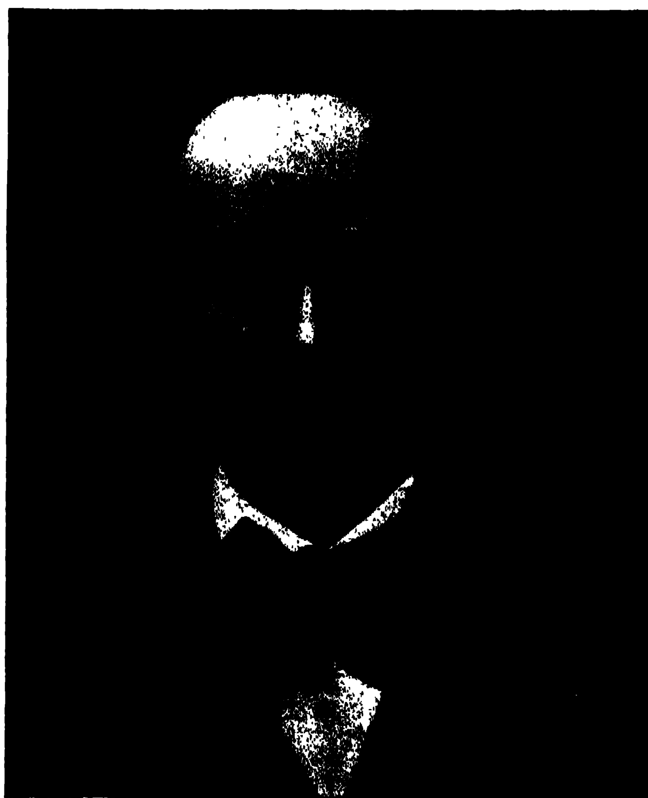


Photo by Poole, Putney. **Theodore Watts-Dunton.**
From a painting by Miss Norris.

death—his junior by nine years—came as a great shock, as is so finely evidenced in Meredith's letter—the last he ever wrote—to Watts-Dunton on April 13th, 1909: a month later he lay dead at Box Hill. Watts-Dunton was full of anecdote about Meredith, and would lay stress on his friend's astonishing, aristocratic beauty of face and head and hair. Meredith was his ideal of manly beauty, whilst he regarded Mrs. Morris as the perfection of female loveliness.

To pass to the contents of this book, the reminiscences of Borrow are the most valuable contribution, for as Watts-Dunton himself says he was probably the man who best understood him, owing to reasons of temperament and mutual experiences. Borrow, that wayward personality who combined with almost a giant's strength the heart of a child and the superfine qualities of a rare romancist with those of the most bombastic and ridiculous of poseurs, does not as a rule make a favourable impression in biography, for his gaucheries and rudenesses were appalling. But Watts-Dunton, having penetrated the hard and prickly shell of the outer man and found the fine soul within, was able to present the Romany Rye in his most favourable aspect, and though a little kind to his friend's faults, he does not seek to palliate them. His interest in Borrow was deep and abiding, and to the end of his life one of his alas! unfulfilled projects was to write a romance, on the lines of "Aylwin," in which Borrow was to appear in scenes laid at Dunwich. He was led to speak much of this to me owing to our mutual interest in Dunwich, which, indeed, was the link that first made me acquainted with him. Watts-Dunton had an extraordinary affection for that lonely spot on the shelving cliffs of Suffolk "where over the grave of a city the ghost of it stands," and not only because it inspired Swinburne's magnificent "By the North Sea." Before leaving Watts-Dunton's published records of Borrow, let us remember that herein are enshrined that wonderful description of a sunset seen from Waterloo Bridge, and that fine definition of a poet—"a man who, while acutely feeling the ineffable pathos of human life, can also feel how sweet a thing it is to live, having so great and rich a queen as Nature for his mother, and for companions any number of such amusing creatures as men and women."

The papers on Dante Gabriel Rossetti are the least satisfactory in the book, and consequently disappointing, for it was about Rossetti that Watts-Dunton would talk most freely and relate many anecdotes. He certainly, in later years, modified the views here expressed as to certain aspects of "popular" biography, and the tone of rather sharp sarcasm he uses towards the reading Public in the Rossetti and Tennyson articles now seems foreign to his kindly nature and genial outlook upon all mankind. And further, although he advocated in *The Athenæum* the wisdom of destroying the letters and private papers of a man of genius, to prevent them from feeding the insatiable gorge of this same reading Public, he did not practise the precept, for he treasured every fragment of Swinburne's holograph; and, I fancy, many letters from other friends and correspondents were preserved One must also take exception to the statement that Dickens wrote colourless, commonplace letters: surely his correspondence was often amusingly suggestive of his literary style, as witness his letter to Edmund Yates elaborating Mrs. Gamp's poignant description of how Mr. Harris's "'owls was organs."

Far finer is the admirable appreciation of Christina Rossetti, that most lyrical singer whose life of dreams—dreams of human love, religious ideals, and scenic beauty—was passed in sombre quarters of London instead of some convent in a picturesque setting amid the Apennines, which would suggest itself as her natural environment. Watts-Dunton's impressions are of infinite value in forming an estimate of Christina Rossetti's idealistic personality.

Watts-Dunton had a very high regard and appraisement for Tennyson's work—higher, it is to be feared, than a more modern school of criticism, which does not suffer gladly genre pieces of "The Gardener's Daughter" and "Enoch Arden" style, would tolerate, though probably "In Memoriam" and some of the beautiful lyrics will pass the test of the ages.

Excellent is the sketch of William Morris, whose varied and volcanic energies in the service of Art wore him out before his span had run its course. "I have enjoyed my life—few men more so—and death in any case is sure," he told his friend shortly before the end. Yet for one so keenly sensitive to earthly beauty and the glories and romance of this mundane world, Morris's death still brings a sense of peculiar regret, for he had more to lose than most men in their passing. But those who live to be old have to endure the grief of mourning the friends of their prime. That was Watts-Dunton's sad experience. He outlived all his great friends—great in all senses of the word. And how much friendship meant to him is seen in what he said of his meeting with Lord de Tabley: "In a word, I felt that I had discovered a richer gold-mine than the richest in the world, a new friend." His memories of the past, however, were never allowed to sadden unduly his last years. To the end he thoroughly enjoyed life, and was keenly interested in all the questions of the day and the work of the new generation of literary and artistic men. Watts-Dunton was a kindly critic and a kind friend.

S. M. ELLIS.

IS THERE A SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM? *

There is a curious fascination in problems and puzzles of all sorts. Perhaps you are old enough to remember how we all went happily mad some years ago over Diabolo and Pigs-in-Clover. In the one case you threw a ball and caught it in a cup—if you could; in the other you had several small balls in a box and had to twist the box about and, if you could, smartly jerk all the balls into a series of small holes. The Shakespeare problem has affinities with both these games, only it is more ingenious and more of an intellectual exercise. Some people throw up Bacon and try to catch him in the Shakespeare cup; Mr. Greenwood is more impartial—he throws up Bacon, an unidentified man who might—you never know—have used the name of Shakespeare as a pseudonym, and occasionally he even throws up Shakespeare himself, and tries to catch whichever one of them can fit into his cup, but always with an obvious and strong bias towards his favourite—the mysterious scholar who, unknown apparently to everybody, wrote great plays and attached to them the name of the ignorant play-actor, Will Shakespeare. Mr. Greenwood ruins his own case by insisting too much on Shakespeare's ignorance—he was so unlettered, according to Mr. Greenwood, that he could scarcely sign his own name. Well, Shakespeare the actor was very well known to contemporary actors and dramatists—how did he persuade them to believe that such a mere country clown could be the author of such dramas? They would have doubted him, and some talk of the mystery would have appeared (not in cryptograms or veiled allusions, but in plain language) in contemporary writings. But one remembers the testimony to Shakespeare's superiority in argument with the learned Ben Jonson and gives more weight to that than to Mr. Greenwood's purely arbitrary surmises. In the main, this book is a reply to two of Mr. Greenwood's doughty opponents, Andrew Lang and Mr. J. M. Robertson, and of course it leaves the whole problem exactly where it was before anyone began to write about it. There is no evidence—all Mr. Greenwood can offer are ingenious deductions, suspicions and perverse beliefs. It is interesting and clever, in its way, but nothing is proved, and yet this is the fourth book from this author on the same theme, and it runs to six hundred closely-printed pages. Surely it is time to give such a subject a long rest. It may displease some of us to feel that Shakespeare with only a tithe of the genteel and formal schooling we ourselves received was able to do work quite beyond our own capacities, but we really must let it go at that, in the absence of proof to the contrary, and bear up as well as we can.

* "Is there a Shakespeare Problem?" By G. G. Greenwood M.P. 16s. net. (Lane.)

THE CITIES OF EUTOPIA.*

It is as a worker rather than as a writer that Professor Patrick Geddes excels. And he is one who can inspire others to give of their best; for was it not through his vivifying personality that a dark corner of Edinburgh was re-created and infused with sweetness and light?

As a publicist it is a pity that his prose is not more lucid. Perhaps it is from too much delving in the rugged quarries of Carlyle, or in the ponderous tomes of German literature on Town Planning, that he has evolved a style which is inadequate to express the beauty of his ideals. But probably this is inevitable in formulating a new science. Was it not Meredith who likened Carlyle's style unto "wind in the orchard"? Well, in Mr. Geddes' orchard it is a gentler wind that blows; and one must admit the fruit is always worth picking up. He has a fatal facility for coining new words, but that is surely his right as the chief pioneer in a new science—the science of Town Planning which reaches beyond, and is more compelling than that Act for which the author gives Mr. Burns due honour.

Out of the mad welter of blackened mining villages, sprawling into bloated manufacturing towns by an endless maze of cinder-stricken ways, cities of sane and beautiful design must be wrought; and these regional metropolises, these conglomerations of towns, Mr. Geddes has christened with the name of "conurbations." "We evolve from the 'paleotechnic' to the 'neotechnic,'" if you please. He treats us to "megalopitan," and many a strange noun with the prefix eu—the favourite one of which is Eutopia, evolved from the older Utopia.

His passion is to draw everyone into *civic service* rather than into "civil service" (which is quite another thing), with the object of producing "better crops of human beings."

On reading the author's qualified praise of the splendour of the buildings in some of the newly planned German towns—Düsseldorf for instance—one cannot help being reminded of Mr. Hueffer's phrase in "When Blood is their Argument": "And modern Germany, up against which we happen for the moment to be, is to old Germany as a ha'penny periodical to a volume of Grimm's fairy tales. That is a precise and exact image." And it was of Düsseldorf that Mr. Hueffer was writing! Yet in this town of Heine's, evidently Mr. Geddes too felt the rebel spirit of its most distinguished citizen working within him, for does he not suggest that over the doors of that great vulgar temple-palace of the Discount Company, Limited, should be a mosaic in red and gold of Watt's "Mammon upon his Throne"?

We can learn something fine, even from an enemy with whom we are at war, especially from the town planning scheme of Frankfort, where "place, work, and folk—environment, function, and organism—are thus no longer viewed apart, but as the elements of a single process—that of healthy life for the community and the individual." (There, in this phrase you get the pith of the book.) "Learn from Germany? Certainly yes! Imitate Germany? Certainly no!" emphatically states our author, who shows us that Germany has nothing comparable to our garden cities.

Mr. Geddes has made of Town Planning a science, or art, greater than that of architecture, for that is only one of the many crafts and sciences which go to the making of a Town Planning, in which history, language, local individuality, and even music, all play their various yet co-ordinated parts! The painfully restricted boundaries resulting from war are evinced in the town planning of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as we see from an interesting map of Mons.

The great work of Mr. Geddes' life is surely yet to come. That will be when the tramp of war-worn feet is no longer heard amid the ruined cities of Europe, and the revivifying work of civic creation begins anew. No longer hampered by the barricades of either old parochial or military obstructions, now destroyed by shell fire, on these tragic sites Mr. Geddes should be set to work to plan the beautiful cities of Eutopia!

F. E. GREEN.

* "Cities in Evolution." By Patrick Geddes. With 59 Illustrations and Plans. 7s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

"J. B." **

The initials "J. B." mean only one thing for the reader of Dickens; they call up the stout, emphatic figure of Major Joseph Bagstock, who loved to use his initials in conversation as a sort of familiar shorthand. "J. B., sir, is tough." The "J. B." of this biography was not tough; he was not a military man; but a wide circle of readers knew him by this pen-name, from his articles in the *Christian World*. In the pages of this journal he found his pulpit, after he had been obliged to give up the Congregational ministry owing to ill-health. In his boyhood he seems to have been vigorous and healthy, fond of fighting and practical jokes. His father was an ardent Wesleyan, a local preacher, and a man evidently of strong opinions. Young Jonathan broke away from the rather repellent atmosphere of religion and theology in which he had been trained, and "shook the dust of Methodism off his feet with a deep breath of satisfaction and a sense of escaping into a larger, freer and more invigorating air." This meant a fight with the authorities of his own household, but the young man won, and, after studying under Dr. J. B. Paton in Nottingham and at New College, Hampstead, he was minister of Congregational churches in North Devon for five years, and at Leytonstone for four. It was during the latter period that his health began to break down under the nervous strain. He resumed work at Balham, but had to give it up in 1887, and at the age of forty-three found himself adrift. Luckily, he had always been fond of books, and as a contributor to the *Christian World*, especially in the weekly articles signed "J. B.," he discovered a means of ministering to others the buoyant, thoughtful faith which he had won for his own soul. He died quite suddenly in the beginning of 1914.

Mr. Brierley was no hypochondriac. The story of his life shows how he fought against physical disabilities with a plucky spirit. A consuming love for books helped him, but this, of itself, would not have kept the flame of his vitality alive. He possessed a genuine interest in human nature, which drew him out of himself, prevented him from brooding, and opened up life on many sides. Journalism suited him because it made a demand upon this twofold interest, the literary and the human. The religious journalist, who can write freshly and unconventionally upon Christianity with a personal note of experience, becomes in Protestantism what a confessor becomes in the Roman Church. This ministerial function suited Mr. Brierley, and he was one of the two or three leading English writers in this department. Many of those who read his articles in the *Christian World* or in book form, will be glad to know more about his inner life and struggles, as they are depicted in the pages of Mr. Jeffs' biography. It is an exhilarating story, and discloses a playful, thoughtful personality, a man who stood where faith and scepticism meet in modern life and sought to point wayfarers to the right path. Copious quotations from his letters and articles are given, with specimens of his sermons and lectures, and new pages from his note-books. (On page 147, I observe, Augustin is credited with the saying, "Virtutes ethnicorum splendida vitia." This is the ordinary opinion. But is it not the case that Descartes first said it?) He quoted freely, very freely in his articles. But the theme was always his own, and the quotations did not parade his width of reading. Mrs. Humphry Ward once wrote to him: "There is a delicate truth and fragrance, a note of real experience in the essays, that make them delightful reading. I trust that they may give to many people the same stimulating and yet restful pleasure that they gave to me." This impression has been

** "'J. B.'—J. Brierley: His Life and Work." By H. Jeffs. 3s. 6d. net. (Clarke.)

felt by a large number of his readers. The articles showed where Mr. Brierley had been in the world of books, but they also revealed where he had been in the world of experience, and it was the expression of this personal wayfaring which made them so attractive and influential.

JAMES MOFFATT.

IN MEMORIAM.*

This poem, "In Honour," is an elegy written by a father in memory of his soldier-son who was killed in action near Ypres on the 9th February last. The author is a well-known man of letters but prefers to remain anonymous; he dedicates his book to the Mothers of England, thinking it may afford them some comfort in the similar bereavements that, in these days, have befallen so many of them. The poem shows great metrical skill; its metres vary with the changing moods of the poet, and the lyrics with which it is interspersed flower out of it naturally, and continue its main current of thought and feeling, following every phase of the war, its ideals, its sorrows, its splendours, and its agonies; it is the heart-cry of one who gropes darkly through doubts and vain longings and regret, but its prevailing note is of faith in the final good; it takes you down into the valley of the shadow, yet brings you back, haltingly at times, but surely, to the heights and the hope of a new day.

How many stricken hearts have cried, when the blow has fallen:

"We *cannot* lose him. Not for *us*
That aching void, yon vacant chair . . ."

and how many, looking back then, have remembered the fear that chilled them at the moment of the last parting?

"A pang of omen. Ne'er methought,
Oh, nevermore should we two meet.
Against this wraith of ill I wrought.
The carriage glided up the street.
Good-bye, good-bye: to meet again.
He stood and looked. We went our ways.
Quick townward hissed the ruthless train;
I could not tear me from his gaze.
I hoped, but still my bosom bore
That icy touch of Nevermore."

Better than any technical finish is the poem's poignancy of feeling and utterance; its simple touching upon those homely, everyday joys and household events that make up so large a part of all lives, and mean so much in remembrance of those who are lost to us; the sad submission with which it takes comfort at last in the thought that:

"God's arms are round the undying dead";

and the courage with which it puts grief aside, and bravely realises that:

"Life's cause outweighs a million deaths.
This day hath only room for deeds."

There is much of beauty, much of high and inspiring reflection in this elegy; in voicing the bitterness of his own sorrow the writer has voiced very movingly the sorrow of thousands who mourn to-day such a loss as he mourns; but he does not sorrow without hope, and his book should help to waken in those others the thoughts that renewed his own soul and cleared his own sight until he could have said:

"Even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering."

* "In Honour: An Elegy." By a Father. (Constable.)

A MAN WHO "CAME THROUGH."*

It would not be easy to decide whether Mr. J. E. Patterson is more successful in gripping us with autobiographical reminiscences of sea life, or with novels presenting fictional characters. He has that art, which is itself nature, by which he can render fact with the vague glamour of romance, and fiction with such a sense of actuality that it is seen to be essentially real.

Coming fresh from the vivid personal experiences, the picturesque adventures and varied stories of real life afloat and ashore in that volume of "Epistles from Deep Seas" (Simpkin, Marshall), which worthily companions "Sea Pie" and "My Vagabondage," I find myself absorbed in a novel yet more engrossing than "His Father's Wife," and puzzling over the problem as to which of the two forms in which Mr. Patterson chiefly makes use of his exceptional literary gift is the more successful; that he is a master of an unconventional biographical manner is evidenced in the "Epistles" and companion volumes, and the ease with which he can write of his own experiences thus has doubtless guided him to the rendering of Hillary Marrtyn's story in the first person.

Hillary who thus tells his own story, is a muscial genius, son of a small landowner in Essex. The elder Marrtyn is convinced that Hillary is a genius, and centres all his interests in getting him a proper chance, even to the extent of so crippling his property as to defeat his own ends and lead to his own suicide. Thus the youthful musician is left with an only sister, and an inadequate income, and is compelled by circumstances to take a clerkship in a city office. For a while it seems that he lacks the strength of character to give his genius a chance; but a sudden resolve to make good in the art for which he is gifted is followed by the making of a sterling friend. It may be said, by the way, that Hillary Marrtyn is as happy in his friends as he is, generally speaking, unhappy in his relations, even though the nobility of the greatest of them leads to his unhappy marriage.

It is a rich characterful story that Mr. Patterson gives us, the hero of which reveals something of his own genius without ever proving a prig, and much of his own foolishness without any evidence of his being a fool; one too which deals with the artistic temperament without ever utilising that much over-worked phrase. Hillary's father, his sister, his aunts, his cousins, his friends, and certain other people with whom he is brought into contact, are wonderfully drawn—they are as it were real people, moving us as we meet them on the printed page much as they would move us if we met them in the flesh.

Despite his struggles—for, leaving to his sister the whole of their small patrimony and throwing up his uncongenial clerkship, Hillary Marrtyn has a hard struggle to live in the cheapest Pentonville lodgings—the young musician comes to realise that the life which he was compelled to lead was, in the long run, better for his art, than if his fond and feckless father had succeeded in sending him to study in Italy. Nor was his period of poverty the worst part of his life. There was the romantic rush into a marriage that should never have been, and there was that publishing agreement into which he was jockeyed by family pressure—an agreement such as might have crippled and destroyed one whose character had been less strongly developed by will and circumstance, did indeed nearly destroy Hillary but for the timely intervention of fate. It is a very powerful and convincing story of modern life that Mr. Patterson has given us here, and one that should give him an assured place among those novelists who take their art seriously, and practise it finely. Most readers will wish that they had seen more of the fascinating elusive Eloise.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "Epistles from Deep Seas." By J. E. Patterson. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall).—"Hillary Marrtyn: Being the Records of a Personality and some Happenings." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Jarrold.)

THE RUSSIAN GARLAND.*

There is a family likeness between the old fairy tales of most countries; probably because the heart and imagination of childhood is much of a piece all the world over. Very often you find the same tales are common to two or three different countries, and their origins are so lost in antiquity that it is impossible to say with any certainty which was the land of their birth.

"The special interest of this volume of Russian Folk Tales," as Mr. Steele says in his foreword, "is that it is a translation from a collection of peasant Chap-books of all sorts, made in Moscow about 1830, long before the Censorship had, in great measure, stopped the growth of popular literature." They are just such tales of fantasy and wonder and magic as all children have always loved. They are almost crudely impossible in some of their imaginings, as the one of "The Seven Brothers Simeon," one of whom is able to build a towering pillar that another may climb and, standing on the top, see all about the world and tell the Czar what is happening in far countries; whilst the rest of the brothers take part in a wild adventure which has for its object the kidnapping of the beautiful Princess whom the Czar wishes to marry. But their very crudity and quaintness are part of their peculiar charm. They are the sort of stories children invent and tell each other; they belong to dreamland, and no dream is impossible until after you are awake and begin to criticise it. Children who will read them in the right simple spirit will be delighted with these stories, with their strangeness, their freshness, their bizarre and barbaric *naïveté*.

One must add a word of special praise for the illustrations. Mr. de Rosciszewski is a Russian Pole who has been living in England for some while past, and has made a considerable reputation here as a caricaturist under the name of "Tom Tit." Here he shows himself an equally gifted artist in another mood; his illustrations interpret the fancy and simple romanticism of the tales with a sensitive feeling for the beauty and fancifulness of them, and with a grace of line and delicacy of colour that are wholly admirable.



"The horse grew restive, reared higher than the waving forest."
From "The Russian Garland" (McBride, Nast.)

ETON, HARROW—AND MANCHESTER.†

Into all matters that concern the Church and the School, the Dean of Manchester has a most sympathetic insight; and with regard to Manchester he has expressed in a most telling fashion his feeling of the gradual alienation of the North of England from the South. In his treatment of India he is, perhaps, less satisfactory, and we are reminded at times of the Rev. Mr. Bennett of "Kim"; his description of India and Indian life is sombre in the extreme, though perhaps none the less true on that account. But later he seems to become more hopeful and to find more sympathy with his subject. His chapters on "Formative Influences and Education" may seem a trifle academic, but they are pregnant with common sense and good citizenship, and the chapters in which he contrasts Eton and Harrow will be widely appreciated. He helps out his most academic parts with many good stories, and we have seldom seen so accurate an interpretation of the spirit of the northern counties of England.

Dean Welldon has the greatest admiration for the public school master of the present day, and he is at no pains to conceal his respect for our educational habit of paying more regard to character than to intellect.

"When I was travelling in Japan, I was requested, through the kind offices of a Japanese friend, to call upon the Minister of Education in Tokio. He invited me to deliver a lecture upon English education before the students of the University. I told him I would gladly respond to his invitation, but I added: 'I think I ought, perhaps, to say that the English Universities and Public Schools have probably been more successful in the cultivation of the character than of the intellect among their students.' I remember how he looked me in the face, as he quietly replied, 'Perhaps, then, you will kindly lecture upon Character. I think we can take care of the intellect.'"

The influence of the school chapel is mentioned, and no one can read without sympathy his account of a boy's last service:

"How often have I seen boys, who were leaving the school, trying hard, but without success, to stay their tears at the singing of the final verse of that hymn, with which the last Sunday service of every school term was brought to its close."

On the question of Latin pronunciation he sums up the objections to the new pronunciations in an authoritative fashion.

"Nor is it possible to conceal my opinion that the difficulty of retaining Latin as a common educational subject will be greatly augmented if the pronunciation of Latin, instead of being, as it has been, accommodated to the English language,

* "The Russian Garland." Being Russian Folk Tales. Translated from a Collection of Chap-Books made in Moscow. Edited by Robert Steele, and Pictured by J. R. De Rosciszewski. 3s. 6d. net. (McBride, Nast.)

† "Recollections and Reflections." By the Right Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, Dean of Manchester. 12s. net. (Cassell.)

is made pedantically conformable to the real or imagined practice of Roman antiquity. Probably, no one can pronounce Latin now as the Romans of Cicero's time pronounced it. Nor, indeed, does it greatly matter how Latin is pronounced. Latin is not now a medium of oral communication even amongst scholars. The important point is that Latin should be studied by as many boys and girls as possible; and the study of Latin will less and less commend itself to parents and possibly to schoolmasters themselves, if the Latin words are, by an unnatural usage etymologically severed in sound from all the corresponding English words, and are pronounced in a way which must render every Latin quotation or allusion a difficulty, if not a positive pain and offence, to English ears."

As Canon of Westminster, he gives us some interesting but rather gruesome details about people buried in the Abbey. Mr. Wright, late Clerk of the Works, told him that often in digging new graves, he came across the bones of great men already buried there. Thus Chaucer was "a short stout man," Spenser a "big man with a backbone like a bull's."

He seems to have understood the Northern character better than most South country men, and describes how the people of the Northern counties now look upon Manchester as their metropolis. He was attracted by their straightforwardness and outspoken ways, and quotes two examples of criticisms addressed to himself. "Sir, I say you're 'omely," and "Dean, I tell you what it is—you spout too much."

It is much to be regretted that Dean Welldon was obliged to cut down his interesting recollections, for it is not often that one of his experience deals with the common questions of education and the wider problems of the Empire.

ELTHAM HOUSE.*

In a very charming introductory note Mrs. Ward tells us of the origin of this book. "In the spring of 1914—the last spring of the old world" she was examining some books about Holland House and its circle, when it occurred to her to wonder what would have happened to Lord and Lady Holland if they had walked in with their story upon the London world of to-day. So there arose in her imagination the figure of Caroline Wing, a woman who should be portrayed as having committed the same sin against society as her prototype Lady Holland. Mrs. Ward has reset the old situation in modern circumstances. We have the married woman who runs away with another man to marry him upon the ensuing divorce. We have the politician of talent anxious to make a name for himself, but handicapped by his romantic adventure. It is an old plot, an old problem, but none the worse for that. In a miniature way it is the plot of more than one great tragedy, only for the boundlessness of fate the artificiality of "society" is exchanged.

The novel gains and suffers from its intimate association with an idea or thesis. It becomes firmer in form but also a little limited in development. After all, society as it exists to-day is far from being a final court, nor are its judgments and decrees so very real to its members. It is perhaps rather an artificial "fate" against which Mrs. Ward has cast in opposition her personæ.

But "Eltham House" is above all a gracious novel, full of a sense of ease and culture, of repose and elegance. Caroline Wing is a character upon whom much love and care have been expended, and throughout the whole book we are made conscious of a sense of wealth and beauty which is very alluring. As to whether Mrs. Ward gives us the correct answer to her self-suggested problem opinions will differ. But that after all is not the essential point of the tale.

A PAGEANT OF LITERATURE.†

Here is the newest volume in the series called "Short Histories," dealing with the Literatures of the World, under the general editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse; and supposing by possibility that each work in the sequence is comparable with that of Mr. Dimsdale, then the whole is a treasury of the blessed in literature. It would be good to make the long intellectual pilgrimage which begins in Ancient Greece, passes through France, Italy, Spain, Russia, onward to China and Japan, then crosses the ocean to survey something undemonstrable which is termed American literature, takes flight thence to Hungary, and now pauses for a period at the world-centre of Rome. There is not a dull page and there is not an ill-turned sentence in Mr. Dimsdale's study, which—short or otherwise—extends to 550 pages, and has all the charm of a romance. It shall be obvious that I speak of it in nowise as a classical scholar, in no sense as critic. I have read it as a pageant of literature, content to recognise that the author has that happy kind of learning which informs and does not overweigh. He has written a living story, and not a mere learned treatise. He may be less or more learned than I know, or certainly care. That is for the chorus of reviewers who are scholars in classical literature and perhaps skilful debaters in fields of criticism. To them and their judgment I leave the debatable points—some and possibly many. Meanwhile, I have had the joy of the book and have followed the Latin pageant from its beginnings in the "ceremonial utterance" of the *Carmen*, the *Vaticinia*, and the song of *Fratres Arvales* to "African Latinity and the end of National Literature" in the *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius and the *Pervigilium Veneris*.

Classical Latin literature is a story of the quest and attainment of perfect form. It is of course more than this, but here is its note and here also its character. The tragic side of the story is that we—chiefly or only—are the witnesses of attainment. There was no release then as there is none now from the purgatory of the life of letters —no sense of wearing the crown. I wonder whether Horace was satisfied. At least Vergil left Rome on a journey to Greece and Asia, charging his friend Varino "to burn the Æneid if anything happened to him." There were yet three years to spend on it, after which he looked to escape from his purgatory by abandoning the life of letters and assuming that of philosophy. But Vergil died suddenly. Now, the word philosophy is a key-note. Philosophy was Greece and was Asia, but neither then nor ever was it Latium in any classical period. Something must open the gates of eternity, but they did not open in Rome. A philosophy of sorts was indeed taught Vergil in his youth, but it was that of the Epicurean Siro, while Lucretius was one of his models. The gates might open in Asia, but not there. So also, within his measures, Vergil was a man of religion. Mr. Dimsdale reminds us that the religious speculation "which pervades the poem" is profound but vague, and "actively apart from the Olympic machinery which ostensibly directs events." But, he says also, and truly, that "the importance and antiquity of the State religion" are insisted upon in the poem; that Roman liturgical language and Roman religious observances receive "an added sanction" therein, by connection with the founder of the race. No gate opens here, and the Latin classical cycle is imperishable as literature, but has no seal of the eternal.

It came about, however, that "Latin literature suffered an eclipse"—the Augustan age, the Flavian age, African Latinity, and then the end. Then all gates and doors opened after a period. There followed the barbarous ages, with the hand of God behind all the barbarism, guiding and shaping towards the great true ends of all. Then arose mediæval Europe and its universal medium of communication, the Latinity of the schools, which did not cease wholly at the end of the seventeenth century. Therein the Word of Christ passed over mediæval and abode in later Europe. The gates of eternity opened in the "City of God," and God spoke with man when the Angel of the Schools proclaimed that contemplation is perfect love. And Heaven sent down its angels, the hierarchy of Victorines, the Bernards, Peters, Abelards—all the cloud of witnesses. Because of their witnessing, I dare to say that the Latin

* "Eltham House." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Cassell.)

† "A History of Latin Literature." By Marcus Southwell Dimsdale. ("Short Histories of the Literatures of the World.") 6s. (Heinemann.)

of eternity is written in my own heart, that I have no use for another, that for me it shall be ever the *Pange lingua* and the *Lauda Sion*, while if I remember *Arma virumque cano*, it is in the sense of those weapons which are not of this world, and the "man" is Christ. It is admitted, however, that, were this a last testament, it would be one of final impenitence for all classical scholars. "And Catullus makes mouths at our speech."

A. E. WAITE.

PAST AND PRESENT.

The republication at a moderate price, half-a-guinea the two volumes, of Thayer's standard "Life and Times of Cavour,"[1] is a real benefit to the cause of recent history. The upheaval of Europe cannot fail to stimulate such studies as these. The lapse of time only reveals more and more clearly the disastrous results of the ignorance of modern history—the blind clinging by politicians to the old insular clap-trap of the Palmerstonian era—the fatal adoption by our most plausible journalists of an Utopian theory of universal brotherhood and peace which neither history nor human nature, not to speak of common sense, have never done anything to warrant. Cavour and Bismarck between them, with some help from Napoleon III., upset the old equilibrium of 1814–15, and we are laboriously engaged now in finding a new equipoise. Macbeth's Porter knocked at the door again and again; it was a terrific rattle in 1908; but those who ought to have been the watch-dogs were running about with opiates. A little knowledge of history is a dangerous thing.

The portrait of Cavour is reminiscent of Old Morality. To expect to see a Lord High Admiral and then to be introduced to Mr. W. H. Smith would not be more of a shock than to look for an ideal heroic liberator of modern Italy and then to be shown—Cavour. Yet he fills the central panel in the picture between Napoleon and Mazzini on the one hand, and Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel on the other. His decision that the "Sardines" should participate in the Crimean War was the turning point in the struggle for liberty. When that decision was made the cause seemed as good as lost. But by that coup the Italians recovered their *amour propre*. They acquired the nucleus of a tried military force, they acquired a hearing from the potentates of Europe, and a claim, in spite of the rage of Austria, to a voice in the settlement that ensued upon the peace. Cavour alone plucking the flower Safety from the nettle Danger is the hero to-day of the Crimean conflict. He could not have achieved this result but for his previous preparation. He got a Pisgah sight of united Italy. It was virtually one when he died but for Venetia and the Patrimonio. Had he lived and outlived 1870 like Bismarck! Would he have derogated from his ideals? "I am the son of Liberty. To her I owe all that I am." "Better the worst of Chambers than the best of ante-chambers."

William Roscoe Thayer has done his work notably well. By consent it is accurate, thorough, well balanced, essentially lucid. The author is of the Brahmin caste of American, with a strong sense of social duty, a Harvard man to the core, with a powerful determination, kept under a stern self-control for the most part, to moral sententiousness. Well written, solid yet inspiring, admirably produced for the money, with a model index, such a work is a credit to the book industry from every point of view.

Italy has certainly been well represented in the historical output of the last few months. Here is a cheap edition, which is a marvel at half-a-crown, of the "Invasioni Barbariche"[2] of Pasquale Villari. In thirty-eight chapters this well-packed volume takes the story of the West from the Italian point of view, roughly, from Theodosius to the coronation of Charlemagne. Alongside of Gibbon, Gregorovius, and Hodgkin, it must be regarded almost as a standard book. Villari, who has made the age of Macchiavelli so fascinating, has a more difficult task here. But he achieves the art of threading some of the most impenetrable mazes of history with a genuine talent for unencumbered narrative. There is a simplicity about his methods of solving character problems and cutting constitutional knots which disarms the critical reader, and ends by putting him on good terms with himself. He is decidedly optimistic in his estimate of Charlemagne's character and talents. It would be difficult to deduce from these pages the doubts that exist as to the language that Charles habitually conversed in or his ability to write more than his own name (and that in miniature).

Another interesting and desirable book on "Medieval Italy"[3] during a thousand years (305 1313) is the book with that title, by H. B. Cotterill, a worthy contribution to Harrap's "Great Nations" series. This extends, in near six hundred pages, from Theodosius to the growth of the Vernacular Literature, and contains some beautiful illustrations of early Italian medieval architecture and sculpture. This is a welcome change from narrative history. The book is divided into compartments, each prefaced by an historical outline. We have the period of Theodosius and Attila and their story. Then Theoderic, St. Benedict, Justinian, a very good account of Bœthius, so beloved by Alfred and our early English writers, and of Cassiodorus, beloved by George Gissing, who derived from this writer the atmosphere of his most cherished work "Veranilda." Then we have the age of Gregory the Great, illustrated by its architecture and mosaics, and the rise of Venice. Then the Normans in Italy, the rise of the Republics, and Romanesque architecture. The struggle between Innocent III. and Frederick II. ushers in the last book. As a whole it is well written, admirably illustrated, ends up most prosperously with a description of the nascent glories of the quattro-cento, and is altogether a most welcome introduction to the serious study of Italian History, Art and Archæology of the most interesting period. If there be any suggestion of book-making about such a volume we can only say that author and publisher are to be congratulated upon their success in co-operating to such excellent purpose.

It is rather interesting to have in English the material of the vast generalisations of Gobineau[4]; they furnished the stock-in-trade of Nietzsche and the champions of the superman. They express the belief arrived at already in 1853 by the author that Race and Aristocracy are the prime conditions of civilisation. Already he distrusted the influence of environment, and the efficacy of religion and morality. The great thing was to be an Indo-European or Aryan. The Aryan, or Nordic, stock was the sole guarantee of progress, and the good of mankind needed that it should rule and annihilate "slave-values." The great human types are fixed, hereditary and permanent. Climate and lapse of time cannot fundamentally alter these distinctions. Each race is shut up in its own individuality, and can issue from its idiosyncrasy only, and that with difficulty, by a mixture of blood. Of the multitude of peoples which live, or have lived, on the earth, ten alone have risen to the position of complete societies: the Indo-Aryans, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Chinese, the Roman, the Germanic, the Alleghanic, the Mexican, and the Peruvian. The remainder gravitate round these more or less independently, like planets round their suns. If there is any element of life in these ten civilisations that is not due to the impulse of the white races, any seed of death that does not come from the inferior stocks that mingled with them, then the whole theory of this book is false. The central doctrine is that there is no true civilisation possible among European peoples where the Aryan type is not predominant. No

[1] "The Life and Times of Cavour." By William Roscoe Thayer. 2 Vols. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

[2] "The Barbarian Invasions of Italy." By Pasquale Villari. ("Popular" Edition.) 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

[3] "Medieval Italy." By H. B. Cotterill. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

[4] "The Inequality of Human Races." By Arthur de Gobineau. Translated by Adrian Collins. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

spontaneous civilisation can be found among black or yellow races. When the Aryan blood is exhausted stagnation supervenes. Historical generalisation of this frantic kind reminds us of Buckle and Disraeli. He resembles Buckle in his profound and persistent religious scepticism, Disraeli in his rejection of Darwinism. Gobineau appeals to one of the strongest prejudices of the modern world—the prejudice of race. Such an appeal strikes us as an extremely dismal one, unconvincing, grossly exaggerated, opposed to the highest interests of humanity. It represents, no doubt, the German point of view as to the exploitation of the world by the ablest and fiercest, the iron organisation of a supreme pack of whippers-in, and the devil take the hindmost. It is the negation of Christianity. If the Germans succeed we shall have a much clearer exposition of the doctrine. It is implicit here, but not very clear.

Sir Lees Knowles ejaculates at the beginning of his Preface to the "Luytens Letters"[5]: "What! another book on Napoleon at St. Helena!" and at the end: "Let us hope that the 'Letters' will prove of deep interest to the readers of this volume," or words to that effect. We can only echo these pious sentiments. That people should be interested in every hour of Napoleon's existence in exile, how he walked, shot bottles, talked to Mme. Bertrand, or suffered from stomach-ache is remarkable enough. Napoleon cared little for such sympathy, except as matter of politique, but he has a surfeit of it. It seems a pity that people should be led by misplaced pity for this champion war lord, protector of Islam and neo-Charlemagne to extenuate his crimes. But the vogue provides the world with handsome books, wonderful views of the most lonely of islands, and the most marvellous assortment of miniatures and bric-a-brac.

The war is directly responsible for the most part for the rapid conclusion of Professor Sanford Terry's volume on "Modern Europe, from 1806 to the Coming of the Great War,"[6] an ingenious and comprehensive compilation, too brief in outline to be quite veracious in perspective, but a desirable and trustworthy work of suggestion and reference. The two Oxford books on "The Balkans," and "The Evolution of Prussia"[7] are opportune selections of Extension Lectures, timely, well documented, thorough, and most fit to be read and digested by all who aspire to criticise the diplomacy of the near future, and to express an opinion as to how the stable equilibrium of Europe is to be assured for the next generation.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

THE S.S. GLORY. By Frederick Niven. Illustrated by Fred Holmes. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The more or less fortuitous concourse of human atoms that make up the "Push" from which are selected the men who are to attend to the beasts on a cattle boat crossing the Atlantic, is the interesting subject of which Mr. Frederick Niven has made capital use in his latest book. He takes his group of men as they gather on the wharf at Montreal, he leaves them at the moment of their dispersal after arriving at Liverpool, and he gives but the vaguest hints of the before and after of any of their number. The result is perhaps something like a keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope of those who expect a "story." It is rather a descriptive narrative of a cattle boat crossing from the point of view of men who for one reason or another have undertaken to look after the cattle for their passage and a sum as near as they can get to a pound. They are a queer, rough lot who form the s.s. *Glory's* crowd, and their fightings, their quarrellings, their aggressive reticence, afford the author many opportunities of giving evidence of his skill in realistic description. It is an interesting, impressive book—and one which will make sensitive readers fervently hope that whatever fate may have in store for them they may never be reduced to joining the ranks of the cattlemen.

ZEPPELIN NIGHTS. By Violet Hunt and Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

"Zeppelin Nights"—this must surely be the most inspired title of the year, and the most coveted. Authors who publish collections of short stories know the difficulty of finding a title at once comprehensive and attractive. Yet here, marvellous reflection, is a title applicable to any and every assortment of tales, provided they be sufficiently arresting to catch and hold the attention of those cautious people who must needs sit up o' nights until all fear of the menace from the air has passed. The stories in the present volume are told, or rather read, by a Mr. Serapion Hunter, to provide a series of Zeppelin nights' entertainments for a select party of friends, who are thereby enabled to escape for a while from the obsession of those "silken reservoirs filled with hate." The reader perhaps never quite gets into that select circle of Serapion's friends—it is not easy to get attuned to their highstrung nerves or their highbrow comments—but he never fails to appreciate the sumptuous fare that Serapion provides for his audience—a fare consisting of a choice collection of historical cutlets, served up in a most novel, appetising and tasteful manner, and presenting a blend of flavours new and old that does credit to a skilful pair of chefs. Serapion's stories range from the market-place of Athens in B.C. 490 to the gallery of Drury Lane theatre on the eve of the Boer War, and the latest coronation in the Abbey. Joan of Arc at the stake, Caxton at work on "The Golden Legend," Sir Robert Brock advocating his process for the fabrication of leaden pipes—these are sample cutlets from a very generous bill of fare. They are all vivid little historical pictures seen from a novel standpoint, and the various periods are illuminated as if by lightning flashes, so well have the authors accomplished their difficult task.

THE EXTRA DAY. By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Blackwood succeeds better when he conceives of "grown-ups" as essential children in a wonder-stricken world of which but part can be known to the senses, than when he treats of children with "grown-up" intelligence. Not that they have not that kind of intelligence and curiosity; but it is hardly able to sustain the disquisitions with which "The Extra Day" is full. It is the fault of Mr. Blackwood's distinctive work that the legends of each of his books are not always easily moulded into their fables; but the fineness of the legend has generally atoned for the lack of cohesion between it and the fable into which it was cast. In the present book the discrepancy is bridged over by some rather laboured conversations between the children Judy, Tim and Maria and Uncle Felix. That is a misfortune. For the Wonder in children's minds is a simple, direct and accepting thing; and even when it labels the world with questions it is still a direct acceptance rather than a research. It is, unfortunately, "grown-ups" who too often need research. That is only to say that Mr. Blackwood has written a book rather for "grown-ups" than for children. We believe children would see through him as quickly as his children saw through "Come-Back Stumper." And this particular "grown-up," who has always read Mr. Blackwood with inspiration and joy, is therefore left with the wish that he had found some fable for his Legend of Wonder more particularly adapted to an older mind. Nevertheless, whatever Mr. Blackwood writes is well worth reading. His tale-telling is an exhibition of the inner beauty of the world; and this book is no exception.

[5] "Letters of Captain Engelbert Luytens, Orderly Officer at Longwood." Edited by Sir Lees Knowles. 10s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
[6] "A Short History of Europe, 1806–1914" By Charles Sanford Terry. 6s. net. (Routledge.) [7] "The Evolution of Prussia." By J. A. R. Marriott.—"The Balkans: A History of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey." 5s. net each. (Clarendon Press.)

DEAR ENEMY. By Jean Webster. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a great deal of wisdom, sympathy, and common sense under the frivolous, irresponsible surface of this story, which is told by means of Sallie McBride's letters to her friends. Sallie is a vivacious writer, and the story rattles along in a gay, entertaining manner. Sallie, who is a society girl, is invited by an old friend to do a surprising thing, namely, to take up the position of superintendent of the John Grier Orphan Home, U.S.A. At first she refuses the thing as a huge joke, then she changes her mind. "I plunged into this thing lightly enough," she writes, "partly because you were too persuasive, and mostly, I honestly think, because that scurrilous Gordon Hallock laughed so uproariously at the idea of my being able to manage an asylum. . . . But now I'm aghast at finding myself here . . . and when I saw those rows and rows of pale, listless, blue-uniformed children, the whole dismal business suddenly struck me with such a shock that I almost collapsed." But Sallie McBride's sympathy and organising ability are awakened, and she puts her back into her work, with successful results. Many of her revolutions are decidedly novel and startling—too much so for the trustees, at first. This book ought to be in the hands of all trustees and superintendents of Orphan Asylums; it would be highly interesting to have a symposium of their views on it.

GOOD OLD ANNA. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A dramatic and romantic story of the early days of the Great War. "What are you going to do about your good old Anna?" is the question put by a friend to two English ladies a few days after war between England and Germany had been declared. Anna is an old, highly-valued German servant in their household, and it seems absurd to them to do anything in connection with getting rid of Anna as she has been so long in their service and they have a great affection for her. How Anna gets mixed up in a mystery, and how condemning evidence is found in a cupboard in her room, makes thrilling and interesting reading. There are two charming love stories running through the book, which contains many skilful and realistic character studies.

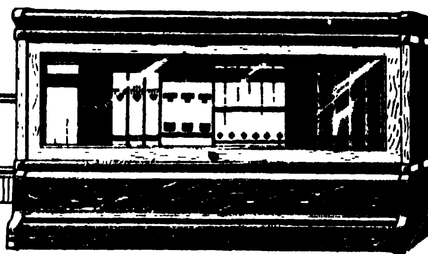
CLEOPATRA, A GIPSY. By Arthur F. Wallis. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

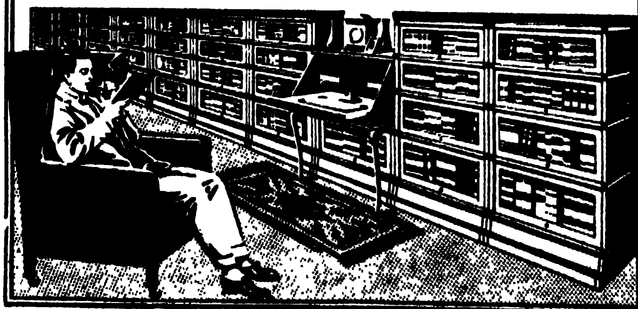
"Cleopatra, A Gipsy" is a fine romance of the days of King James I. The story is arresting, and skilfully presented, and there are many passages in the book that one reads and re-reads for sheer delight in their beauty and rhythm. The book opens with "The Editor" of the story finding some old letters between the pages of a volume in a second-hand book shop: these letters lead to the purchase of an old parchment-bound manuscript book, in which is recorded the subsequent story concerning Cleopatra, a gipsy. The parchment-bound book contains the autobiography of one Michael Abington, and is written in the quaint, picturesque style of his day; it is full of delicious humour, crisp word pictures, realistic characters and stirring events. Mr. Wallis is to be warmly congratulated on conceiving and executing so attractive a story. It deserves a big success.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ROAD OF LIFE. By Ianthe Jerrold. 1s. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Mr. Erskine Macdonald's "Little Books of Georgian Verse," under the able editorship of Miss Gertrude Ford, are maintaining their excellent standard, and the poems in Miss Ianthe Jerrold's volume, "The Road of Life," number some of the best that have been included in the series. Although only a school-girl of seventeen, she shows a real feeling for poetry, a sense of form and the magic of words,





and "a tender thoughtfulness rare in one of her years." The following poem gives some idea of the authentic quality of her work:

"EVENING PRIMROSES."

"The sweet, dim flowers of twilight, they dream beneath the sky;
A pale, wet sky there is to-night—a gentle rain is falling,
Like the kisses of a child, half-hesitant and shy;
Hushed is the garden, and not a bird is calling.

Hushed are the poppies and all the morning's roses,
Hushed the flame-bright marigolds that blazed beneath the noon—
These are children of the sun, whom the twilight closes,
But the evening primroses are daughters of the moon.

Like a crowd of fairy stars fallen on the green,
Fallen from a fairy sky, elfin-pale, and gleaming,
Fragrance-haunted, magical, the brave green spears between,
The dim, sweet flowers of twilight beneath the rain are dreaming."

There is music, as well as thoughtfulness, something of high imagination as well as a dainty fancifulness in her verses. Remembering the age of the writer they are more than promising—they indicate a natural and very remarkable gift, and justify one in looking expectantly for the fruit that shall succeed this charming blossoming.

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND. By Ian Hay ("The Junior Sub.") 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is the book we have all been waiting for. Kitchener's army is articulate here, at last. Shoals of chatty and informative books have flooded the country, but we have read no book quite like this, none so faithful, so splendidly illuminating, so humorous withal, none so full of human revelation, so impregnated with the essential stuff and spirit of the new armies. It is far more than a series of entertaining military sketches, this unofficial chronicle of a unit of "K(1)"; it is a masterly record of the birth-pangs, the growing pains, the consummation of a regiment. We see a Scottish regiment in the making, at home and at the front; and "the making" means more than drilling, shooting, marching, digging. These arduous parts of an infantryman's training "The Junior Sub." describes with that characteristic humour of his which springs from genuine sympathy and understanding. But he is concerned also with the *morale* of the regiment; he traces the beginning of *esprit de corps*, the steady growth of the soul of the regiment, until, at the front of the front, on the battle-field of Loos, it bursts forth into proud sacrificial flame. No words here can convey a just idea of the fine spirit of these chapters. You meet everybody that matters, from Private M'Slattery to the Prince of Wales, from the strawberry-jam pinchers of the A.S.C. to the Practical Joke Department of the War Office. And, lastly, you see the Battle of the Slag-Heaps fought before your eyes, or rather you take part in it, and the memory is ineffaceable. "In and around those trenches will be found the earthly remains of men—the Jocks and Jimmies, and Sandies and Andies—clad in the uniform of almost every Scottish regiment. That assemblage of mute, glorious witnesses marks the point reached, during the first few hours of the first day's fighting, by the Scottish Division of 'K(1)' *Molliter ossa cubent.*" The Germans are apparently at a loss to understand why we do not sue for peace. The answer, formidable enough, is to be found in "The First Hundred Thousand."

THE LIFE OF LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL. By Beckles Wilson. 25s. (Cassell.)

In the late Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal we have a typical example of a British empire-builder in the modern phase of Imperialism. The age of gallant Drakes or Frobishers, and the swaggering Elizabethan figures who present perhaps more romantic personalities than do the plain captains of industry of our own age, is now long over. Yet it is men like the late Lord Strathcona who carry on the work and tradition of our forbears, turning, as this hard Scotchman did, barren continents into great reservoirs of life and power. Lord Strathcona or Donald Smith, as he was then, was born in the Scotch Highlands at Forres in Morayshire. As a youth he came to London where an uncle of his, an old trader in the Canadian North-West, gave him some letters of introduction to the chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to other important men in Canada. It was to a rough and wretched enough land that young Smith set out in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. Canada then was of course not a Dominion, but consisted of a number of trading states or colonies attached to England with no very secure lien. The fur trade was the principal if not the only thing for which the country existed, and it was as a very junior official in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company that the future High Commissioner began his trans-Atlantic career. It was a hard and desperate life to which he had given himself. Beyond the smell of the "peltries" and the sight of the snow there was little else in it for the young man. The Governor, Sir George Simpson, proved a hard master. He was an autocrat—a regular trading king, and for a slight technical failure in duty he sent young Smith to the Labrador field of the Company's operations. Smith did not mind. He had determined to succeed in the Company's service, and succeed he did. It was not very many years before he was Chief Factor for the Company, and had saved a nice little sum of money. Mr. Beckles Wilson takes us at length through the various events in the great Imperialist's career—the part he played in the Red River Rebellion, his share in the political development of Canada, his raising of Strathcona's Horse for service in South Africa in 1898–1900, his peerage, his High Commissionership, his meeting with Herr Ballin of the Hamburg-Amerika line to discuss the emigration question. Lord Strathcona's efforts to provide Canada with the right type of emigrant were unceasing, and are bearing fruit now in the splendid military response of the Dominion. It was in a great measure due to Lord Strathcona's initiative that the healthy peasant type of emigrant was induced to enter Canada in place of the stunted pale-faced townsman who proved quite unequal to the rigours of a pioneer's life. Mr. Wilson's book in addition to giving us the life of a man of great character and determination, is a record of more than half a century of Imperial growth.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW & CO.

Sergeant Frank S. Brown, of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, is another of our soldier-poets who has been killed in action, and **Contingent Ditties, and Other Soldier Songs of the Great War** (1s. net) is his first and last book. The poems, which are full of life and vigour, are spiritedly patriotic. They have been collected since the writer's death, and are edited by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, who tells in a sympathetic preface of his personal acquaintance with Sergeant Brown, gives a brief biographical sketch, and prints some recollections of the man by those who have known him. His poems are "good honest stuff," as Mr. Jackson remarks. "They have the spontaneity of folk-song, and should make a similar appeal to that made by the simple ballads, marching songs and chanties of men who have lived strenuously in the open air and mixed freely and lovingly with their kind."

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH.

It is curious to note the development of Miss Maude Annesley's new novel, **A Blind Understanding** (6s.) It begins in one key and ends in quite another. Wilfrid Sellingen, when we are first introduced to him, is a cynical, flippant young man-about-town, who takes it into his head to write down in a diary an "honest" account of his daily doings. The end of the story finds Sellingen a rather melodramatic person suffering all the tortures of a great passion, and behaving with corresponding emphasis. The authoress has allowed herself to be carried away by her characters. There is really no relation between the Sellingen of the early part of the story, and the Sellingen of the close. The tale is bright and amusing enough. The diarist saves a man from committing suicide on the Thames Embankment, takes him home, washes and feeds him, and returns him to society. Several entertaining chapters follow, wherein we see Sellingen dodging his creditors, and engaged in the laughable sport of keeping up appearances in the accustomed manner. "A Blind Understanding" is most readable, and on a superior level to the average novel of amusement.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 293. Vol. XLIX. FEBRUARY, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2 6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The March Bookman will contain a special article on Stephen Phillips by Sir Sidney Colvin; articles on "The Peace of the Augustans," by Thomas Seccombe; "Delane," by Walter Sichel, etc.

Mr. Stephen Wheeler is preparing for publication a new edition of Landor's "Letters of Calvus," of which he possesses a unique copy. He has for long past been an enthusiastic admirer of the poet and his work, and some few years ago Lady Graves-Sawle (who is a descendant of Rose Aylmer) presented him with what was practically the whole of Landor's effects, including this copy of the "Letters of Calvus," which is revised in Landor's hand and filled with valuable and hitherto unpublished commentary and notes. These "Letters" thunderously denounce, in Landor's characteristic vein, the despotism that in his day was devastating Europe, and much that he wrote has become curiously applicable again to current events. The book met with such a lukewarm reception that Landor seems to have suppressed it, in his irascible fashion, and so far as Mr. Wheeler can discover there is only one copy, besides his own, in existence, and that is in the British Museum.

Messrs. Longmans have just issued "The Spirit of Man," an anthology in French and English made by Mr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate. It is an anthology of a new kind, the prose and verse quotations being mixed together and so arranged in context as to exhibit the aspects of life on a spiritual basis.

"The Half Priest," a new novel by Hamilton Drummond, will be published immediately by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Mr. W. L. George, whose new novel, "The Strangers' Wedding," Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing, has been working since October last as an Assistant Section Officer in the Ministry of Munitions. He superintends the filling with explosives of fuses and detonators, and finds that his duties take up nearly sixty hours a week.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Reginald R. Nye, a promising young novelist recently discovered by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. They published his novel, "Marthe," a little over two years ago; it

met with immediate success, and was last month reissued in a cheaper edition. Mr. Nye joined the Public Schools Battalion at the outbreak of the war and had been for some time at the front, where he obtained the rank of Captain.

The Oxford Press is publishing shortly a volume of poems by Robert Sterling, a Lieutenant in the Royal Scots Fusiliers who was killed in action on St. George's Day, 1915. Before entering Pembroke College, in 1912, Mr. Sterling had been at school at Glasgow Academy, and later at Sedbergh. At Oxford he won the Newdigate Prize of 1914 with a poem entitled "The Burial of Sophocles." The forthcoming book, which will be prefaced with a memoir, will contain "The Burial of Sophocles" and several other and hitherto unpublished poems, some of them written during Mr. Sterling's schooldays at Sedbergh, and some whilst he was at Oxford.

The eleventh volume of that unique and always interesting magazine *The Dickensian*, edited by Mr. B. W. Matz, is as fresh and as rich in varied Dickens lore as ever. There is an article in which Mr. Edwin Pugh confesses to the shocking heresy of loathing the Cherryble brothers; and capital articles on "The Original of John Browdie," by E. T. Jacques; "Dickens on Animals," by Peggy Webling; "The Coffee House on Ludgate Hill," by O. Sack; "Dickens and Some Modern Authors," by Willoughby Matchett; "Charles Dickens and Love," by Arthur Hood; and many another. The editor's notes are crisp and full of interest, and, as usual, there are numerous portraits and Dickensian pictures. Any lover of Dickens who is unfortunate enough not to take in the magazine, will be well advised to spend four shillings and possess himself of this bound volume of the 1915 numbers of it.



Kate Douglas Wiggin
(Mrs. Riggs).
A new portrait.

Mr. John Murray has just published a new edition of the manual on "Machine Gun Training" which was one of the later additions to his invaluable Imperial Army series.

In three attractive little volumes Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward have published collections of the National Proverbs of Belgium, of Serbia, and of Holland. Belgium supplies an appropriate proverb for herself in "To fall but stand up again is no shame"; and one equally appropriate for the Kaiser in "Who raises himself gets humbled." The same vein of homely common sense runs through the proverbial wisdom of all peoples, yet each has characteristic differences of both matter and manner.

Mr. James Milne's poignant sketches of the war at home and abroad, "News from Somewhere," published last autumn by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has met with a very gratifying reception, and has just been issued in the United States by Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing a series of "Soldiers' Tales of the Great War," each volume being a record of personal experiences. The first, "With my Regiment from the Aisne to La Bassée," is already out. The second, "The Epic of Dixmude," is in preparation.

"A Frenchwoman's Notes on the War," by Mlle. Claire de Pratz, who was in Brittany when the war started, has just been published by Messrs. Constable.

MRS. R. L. STEVENSON'S FUNERAL IN SAMOA.

By W. Roberts.

Very little public notice has been directed to a ceremony of special interest to lovers of R. L. Stevenson. This was the transference last autumn of the cremated remains of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson from Santa Barbara to Samoa, and the solemn rites attending the depositing of the casket containing them in the tomb of her husband, the famous novelist. It was Mrs. Stevenson's own wish to be so buried, but various circumstances prevented the realisation of that wish until some eighteen months after her death. To the tomb has been added a tablet, inscribed with the beautiful speech of Ruth to Naomi, taken from the Samoan Bible : " Whither thou goest I will go ; and where thou lodgest I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God ; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." Stevenson died in 1894, his widow surviving him twenty years, dying on February 20th, 1914.

The casket was taken from California to Samoa by Mrs. Salisbury Field (better-known, perhaps, to Stevensonians as Mrs. Isobel Strong, the novelist's stepdaughter) and her husband, Mr. Field, the author of " Twin Beds " and other successful plays. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Field recently in New York, and of gleaning some particulars of her recent visit to Samoa. Mrs. Field found little material change in the islands. The affection with which the memory of the novelist is held by the chiefs has developed almost into a religion. Nearly all the chiefs with whom Stevenson had been associated twenty and more years ago attended the last rites of his widow, and these rites were carried out in accordance with the time-honoured customs of the Samoans. The high chiefs, Malietoa Tanu and Tamasese Tupua, were accompanied by a number of others. His Excellency Colonel Logan and Mrs. Logan, who now occupy Vailima as Government House, acted as hosts of the large party, which started from Vailima, the ladies in white dresses, and the men, for the most part, in uniform.

Mr. Salisbury Field headed the procession, carrying the bronze urn containing the ashes of Mrs. Stevenson enveloped in one of the many fine mats (among the most precious possessions of the Samoans) which had been presented to the family at the time of Stevenson's death. Next to him came Mrs. Field and Vaaiga (the wife of Tamasese), each also carrying one of the Samoan mats. On reaching the



Funeral of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson.

The procession on Mount Vaea.

tomb on the plateau of Mount Vaea the company gathered about in a circle; the Governor read the Church of England service for the dead, and Filemoni, the native pastor delivered an impressive address in the Samoan language. A small space had already been cut into the base of the tomb and filled with fine mats and flowers; these were removed and the ashes of Mrs. Stevenson interred, the natives singing a hymn in Samoan.

After the service the party descended the hill, and in the middle of the Road of the Loving Hearts ("Ala o le Lotoalofa"), in the making of which most of the chiefs present had, in the novelist's time, taken a practical part, a long table had been spread composed of leaves and palm branches, and here a solemn Kava ceremony was held in the ancient Samoan fashion. Colonel Logan delivered a brief address, expressing his conviction that it would have been a great pleasure to the great chief who is buried on the hill to know that the British flag is flying over his old home; and, although "the occasion is a sad one in one respect, it is pleasant in another, for Stevenson and his wife are together again." The High Chief Tamasese also spoke, as did others; and then the party adjourned to a Samoan feast (Taumafataga) which was laid out in the Ala o le Lotoalofa. Before the party dispersed, Mrs. Field, in bidding farewell, thanked the members for honouring the memory of her dear mother, and stated that "it will be very hard for us to leave Samoa, but we know that our dear ones on Mount Vaea are resting on the most beautiful land in the world, among the kindest and tenderest people."

It may be added that Mrs. Salisbury Field has founded at Apia a scholarship for three girls, each to have "Fani" (the Samoan form of Mrs. Stevenson's name) added to her own name, and each to take every year, on March 10th, a bunch of flowers and place it on the Stevenson tomb.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

Special Notice.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—We offer a Prize of Three New Books for the best war-time prayer in four lines of original verse.

IV.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of The Bookman will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for The Bookman Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The Prize of One Guinea for the best original lyric is divided and Half a Guinea each is awarded to Vivien Ford, of 12, Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol, and Ivan Adair, of 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin, for the following:

FATE THE JESTER.

Not in the golden flame of the ideal,
  Like moths, we burned our wings;
Ours was the hearthstone radiance of real
  And tender, homely things.

Is it not then the irony of Fate
  That we are torn apart
By hazards all too manifestly great,
  For which we have no heart?

Without the lust of gambling, we must stake
  Our all upon the dice;
Supremely unheroic, we must make
  A splendid sacrifice.

We are the tragic actors of the piece
  In motley dressed, to lend
Some merriment (at destiny's caprice)
  To our ignoble end.

And so we have no palace built of dreams
  To fall in rainbow shards;
And yet—how doubly pitiful it seems,
  Our shattered house of cards!

Vivien Ford.

COMMUNION.

I trim my lamp of Faith and wait,
Oh! Saviour, near to Mercy's Gate.
So dim the flame, that canst Thou see
The longing eyes that watch for Thee?
'Mid many prayers, oh! canst thou hear
The wordless sigh that seeks Thine ear?

Oh! Christ, I see no diadem,
But only touch Thy vesture hem.
It is enough, if Thou dost mark
My fingers groping in the dark.
If Thou wilt lay Thine hand on mine,
I pass, contented with the sign.

Ivan Adair.



Photo by Norman, Ipswich. **Miss Evelyn R. Garratt,**
whose new novel, "Betty of Rushmore," will be published this spring by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

We also select for printing:

WIND BEFORE RAIN.

The wind across the marshes is blowing full and free,
Coming as a benison o'er leagues of foam-flecked sea;
And the short burnt grass is sighing, "I am withering, I am dying!"
But the wind sweeps low to whisper, "Rain is following after me."

The wind across the marshes is blowing cheerily,
His breath is heavy laden with the salt tang of the sea;
In the west dark clouds are showing, sheep are bleating, kine are lowing,
And the Herald Wind is crying, "Rain is following after me!"

(Ruby Lynn, Burnham Norton, Lynn, Norfolk.)

THE GOLDEN STAIR.

I built a golden stairway
To lead to Happiness,
A pleasant way, a fair way
Of Pleasure and Success.

I left the crowded highway
Of those who fought and failed,
For their way was not my way—
My stair was golden-railed!

But when I reached the gateway
That crowned my gilded stair,
I looked below—and straightway
My Happiness lay there!

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

TO ——

O would your heart a mirror were,
That so my heart could see
The love I give reflected there
And given back to me.
So could you love no more than I,
And I no less than you:
Thus might I guard your constancy
And keep the balance true.

O would your heart an echo were,
That to my heart alone
The wind your tenderness might bear,
Dear echo of my own.
But these are dreams, and dreams are vain;
Your heart no mirror seems—
Yet must my poor heart sleep again,
And dream its useless dreams.

(Margaret Tragett, 63, Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington, W.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics sent by Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Lady Sybil Smith (Chigwell), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), Private Reginald Gray (London, W.C.), Ida May (Barnes), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Charles Dimond (Nottingham), Lilian Holmes (Charing), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), Rev. T. Gilbert (Walsall), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), Arthur Thrush (London, W.C.), G. Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Winifred A. Cook (Birkenhead), Rose Francis (Lynn), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Mary F. Lawson (York), Private Cecil H. Rolfe (Richmond), Caroline Coxham (New Malden), A. G. St. Fillan (Edinburgh), Blanche Byrom (Hampstead), Irene L. Watts (Streatham), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), Mrs. A. G. Guthrie (Edinburgh), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), J. Livingstone Duncan (Rothesay), A. C. Wells (Beverley), Kathleen A. Brainbridge (Kidderminster), J. Drummond C. Honfries (Kensington), E. Cornell (Bromley), Rex (Greenock), F. M. S. (Bournemouth), Winifred Barrows (Glasgow), A. E. M. Bayliss (Stroud), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Constance Ursula Kerr (West Hartlepool), Pax (Sheffield), Lilian Dixon (Bletchley), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), G. M. Hort (Harlesden), Mrs. J.



Miss Carine Cadby,
author and part-illustrator of the charming book for children, "A Doll's Day," published recently by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

Ford (Oxford), John E. Rose (Bristol), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), Dorothy C. Jones (Stourbridge), T. A. King (Birmingham), E. M. Schonberg (Northwood), A. Elton Paterson (Finsbury Park), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Doris Dean (Burnley), W. C. Reedy (Forest Gate), Adele Anderson (Maidenhead), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), Honor Yeomans (Hereford), S. M. Northcott (Colwyn Bay), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), E. R. Faraday (Orleton), Frank A. Hellawell (Newbiggin), Y. W. Rogan (Aberystwyth), Eileen Newton (Whitby), R. Scott Frayon (Silsden), Octavia Gregory (Parkstone), Lilian Daly (Ceylon), Henry Thorley (Stockport)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. Monk, of Pendrea, Truro, Cornwall, for the following:

THE SOUL OF GERMANY. BY DR. T. F. A. SMITH. (Hutchinson.)

"How I wonder what you are!"
JANE TAYLOR.

We also select for printing:

WHAT GERMANY THINKS. BY DR. T. F. A. SMITH. (Hutchinson.)

"I am monarch of all I survey."
COWPER, *Alexander Selkirk.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

ONE OF A COMPANY. BY MISS J. TALBOT. (Herbert Tomkinson.)

"In dismal dumps he lived to own
The folly of trying to swarm alone."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Independent Bee.*

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

ZEPPELIN NIGHTS. BY VIOLET HUNT AND FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (The Bodley Head.)

"In the cellarage."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet, I., v.*

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S. E.)

"Put out the light."
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello.*

(B. Swift, 34, Ferme Park Road, Stroud Green, N.)

"Shall I draw the curtain?"
SHAKESPEARE, *The Winter's Tale, V., iii.*

(E. A. Scrutton, "Ivinghoe," Wellington Street, Slough.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best appreciation of the Special Constable in four or eight lines of original verse is awarded to Edith Rutter-Leatham, of The White House, Durham, for the following:

THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

**His shoulders are a trifle bent, his head a little grey;
For over forty years he's borne the burden of the day;**



Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mrs. Baillie Reynolds,**
whose new novel, "The Daughter Pays" Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

**So whilst the cosy slippers wait, and the children chirp and twit,
He reaches down his overcoat, to do his "little bit!"
Into the darkened street he looks—into a night of stars—
With but one wish within his soul, that middle-age debars!
His shoulders are a trifle bent, but his heart is not as they—
Ah, mother, clasp the armlet-pin, and kiss the years away!**

The six best of the many other appreciations received are by George A. Vann (Sheffield), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), George B. Parks (London, W.C.), Frank Rhodes (Scarborough), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Norman Birkett (Birmingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to G. E. Wakerley, of 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts, for the following:

MY HARVEST. BY RICHARD WHITEING. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

At a time when many people have degenerated into their "anecdotage" Mr. Whiteing serenely garners the harvest of past years in these pleasant recollections of journalistic experiences in London, the provinces, and the chief capitals of Europe. Great figures flit across the pages, and genial impressions abound of men, women and movements of the last half-century. Paris Monarchal, Paris Republican—with Hugo the uncrowned King, Spain in revolution, Russia and America with their varied problems, a glimpse of Verestchagin, an interview with Gladstone, studies of Mrs. Besant and Bernard Shaw, with notes on clubs and salons make fascinating reading.

We also select for printing:

THE PROMISE. BY JAMES B. HENDRYX. (Putnam.)

This is a book that it does one good to read at any time—it is permeated with fresh air and with the consciousness of great things in the doing! A big man in the making is one of the grandest things to be seen in this world, and in "The Promise" this sight is for the seeing! "Grit" tells wherever it may be found, and its toughness is acknowledged by all who come up against one who possesses it! There is a splendour about the sheer simplicity of the folk therein portrayed that should not be missed! *Verbum sap!*

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool)

FIGHTING FRANCE. BY EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan.)

This little book presents a simple, straightforward account of things seen and opinions formed from first-hand knowledge, together with vivid anecdotes of incidental happenings. Miss Wharton is one of the few women who had frequent opportunity for visiting various parts of the actual war area, and has even been in the firing line. She handles her subject in a fresh and skilful manner, and tales of tragedy, humour and heroism abound. Fearless must have been the investigator, and great her power of description, to have given us such a faithful record of the great world war.

(Constance U. Kerr, 72, Milton Road, West Hartlepool.)

We also select for special commendation the twelve reviews sent in by Rev. R. H. A. Cotton (Ealing), Miss N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham), Marjorie Gibbon (Clapton), L. H. Cook (Stockport), L. M. Haime (Cardiff), L. Cobbold (Cambs.), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), M. H. Menzies (Hampstead), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Margaret Tragett (London, W.), Halcyon (Wandsworth), Edith Longson (Acton).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to the Rev. J. Napier Milne, of 2, Beech Grove, Newland, Hull.



Photo by Gene Stratton-Porter.

THE READER.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

An Appreciation

I WAS never of those who persuade themselves that a book is to be judged by its sales, and that a small circulation is usually a sure sign of peculiar merit. Limited editions are of no use, as a rule, except for authors of pronounced limitations. It is not difficult to condescend to the general public and talk of popularity as if it were something so accessible to everybody that even superior persons can only by prayer and fasting escape being afflicted with it; but, after all, Tennyson, Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, were as popular in their own day as they are in ours. Of course, there were novelists, poets, miscellaneous writers among their contemporaries who enjoyed much smaller circulations, but nobody pretends now that those unpopular ones were the real great authors of the Victorian era. Let us be reasonable in such matters and concede that there must needs be some more than ordinary virtue in books that triumphantly appeal to all sorts and conditions of men and women, to the lettered as well as to the comparatively unlettered, and that popularity and unpopularity are, in themselves, criticism of a most practical kind.

So when I am told that Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter has over two million readers I conclude that her books must be well worth reading; for I am no freak that I should fail to be interested in what interests so powerfully two million and more of my fellow men and women. Yet, I confess, I turned to them with a certain prejudice, for I am an incorrigible town-dweller, taking a far keener delight in the vagaries of human life and character than in birds and moths and the furry populace of the fields and woods, and I had heard that some of Mrs. Porter's books were nature studies, and that even her novels were steeped in a wonderful lore of flowers, insects, birds, fishes, four-footed creatures—of all those little brothers of humanity that live in country places.

If I opened "The Song of the Cardinal" with any dim notion that its hero was an ecclesiastical dignitary, I was promptly undeceived by the first lines of the first chapter: "He darted through the orange orchard searching for slugs for his breakfast, and between whiles he rocked on the branches and sang over his message of encouragement to men. The song of the cardinal was overflowing with joy." And, let me say at once, the books of Gene Stratton-Porter are, in that respect, like the song of the cardinal. They are full of the joy of life and the beauty of it, the happiness that you gain by giving it to others, the goodness and the kindliness of all nature, even including the human portion thereof. The spell of these nature books lays such a hold upon you—they did upon me, townsman as I am—that you grow as delightedly absorbed in that story of the exquisite red cardinal and his mate and their small brood; in the ways and habits of the animals and birds that make up "The Music of the Wild"; and in the miraculous insect world that is revealed in "The Moths of the Limberlost," as in any tale of the loves and sorrows, the passions and follies of your own species. Yet they are nature studies pure and simple—the studies of a patient and a loving observer who has kept watch over the creatures of field and forest, has lived among them and given her heart to them, and so learning their most intimate secrets has had the skill to make them known to us in a fashion so subtly pleasing as to make instruction enjoyable for the student and enjoyment instructive for the general reader. They strike a new note; there is nothing quite like them to be found between the covers of any other author. The



Gene Stratton-Porter.

fascination of them lies as much in the exactness and easy intimacy of the knowledge they convey as in the freshness of style and the infectious enthusiasm with which they convey it. I am not surprised that they are being largely used now as text-books in high schools and universities. They do not administer knowledge as if it were a sort of medicine, but lightly, entertainingly, as if it were what it really is—the greatest and finest source of amusement. At the end of "Moths of the Limberlost" Mrs. Porter says that she had loved the work of making it; certainly she has the art of making what pleased her pleasing to others, and, judging by results, I should say, therefore, that she must have loved making every book she has written.

She has written two other books in this kind: "Birds of the Bible," and "What I Have Done with Birds"; and six novels in which her nature studies play a secondary part. Many readers rank "Freckles" and "At the Foot of the Rainbow," which is a sort of continuation of "Freckles," as the best of her novels; some give "Laddie" this pride of place. I do not question their judgment, but merely as a personal preference I incline to give first place to "The Girl of the Limberlost," and second, perhaps, to "The Harvester." There is a curiously haunting quality about the pitifully tragic figure of Mrs. Comstock, whose heart had been so frozen with grief that she had grown habitually harsh in her treatment of Elnora, her daughter, and almost incapable of showing the deep love she actually had for her. Two of the most dramatic moments in "The Girl of the Limberlost" come when Mrs. Comstock learns that she has for years cherished a grief that she need not have felt, and when she is shocked into a poignant realisation of her unkindness towards her child. She forms the darker thread in a story which takes its light from the finely simple, large-hearted Wesley Sinton and his wife, Margaret; from the quaint youngster, Billy; from the friendly, helpful "Bird Woman"; and above all from Elnora, who is just such another brave, indomitable spirit as Freckles, of the book that is named after him. The pathos and homely heroism of the resolute struggle she makes to get herself educated, despite her mother's insensate opposition, grips and moves the reader irresistibly.

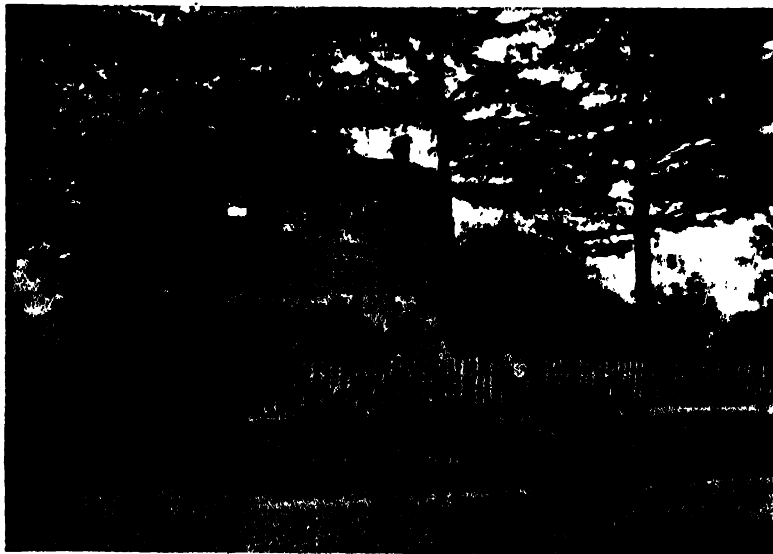


Mark Stratton
Father of Gene Stratton-Porter.

"Michael O'Halloran" is a story of town life, but the flowers and birds and woodland creatures find their way into it and help to give it the atmosphere and unique charm that belong to all Mrs. Porter's work; and the rest of her books have the swamps and streams and green wilderness of the Limberlost for their setting and environment. Instead of scouring the earth for material Mrs. Porter has wisely stayed at home and discovered a whole magical world in the Limberlost, as Mr. Hardy has found one of a very different order within the boundaries of Wessex. "D'you ever stop to think how full this world is o' things to love, if your heart's just big enough to let 'em in?" asks old Abram, in "The Song of the Cardinal"; and it is because her heart is big enough for this that her books have gathered into themselves so much of the world's beauty and the things in it that are worth knowing and loving. They are not unmindful of the darker, sadder side of life, but they probe to the soul of goodness in things evil, and they teach the old eternal truths that there is always more sunshine than shadow, and that our days are longer than our nights.

It is no small achievement to have written books that are genuine contributions to natural science and to have so written them that they are not only invaluable to the scientist but have become the favourite reading of the million who have hitherto had no taste in that direction; and to have written novels that are phenomenally popular with the crowd and yet win the suffrages of those who do not usually count themselves among the readers of fiction. "Whatever anybody succeeds in," says old Abram again, "it's success 'cos they so love it that they put the best o' theirselves into it"; and that is the success that has come to Gene Stratton-Porter, and the reason why it has come to her.

C. W.



Hopewell Farm,
where Gene Stratton-Porter was born. Catalpa showing on the left is the one Little Sister climbed to watch for Laddie.

MY WORK AND MY CRITICS.

By Gene Stratton-Porter.

It is difficult for me to write of the work I have done or yet hope to do, as I have had no previous experience, never having penned a line on the subject for any home periodical. It always had appeared to me that my books showed their plan and voiced their purpose so plainly that they required no explanation; yet a few criticisms sent to me recently prove that what I am striving to do is not always understood; so in coming before a new audience with eleven books at one time, it is, perhaps, the part of discretion to attempt to establish my plans and purposes clearly. It is now quite plain to me that had I taken time and pains to do this at home in America, from the beginning of my work, I might have escaped some recent most unjust criticism, for which I was poorly prepared, after twelve years of practically unqualified praise.

Primarily, I must have been born for a field worker; since all my life I have made everything else subserve this, it seems to me that it must be "the thing I was born to do."

I came into the world at a time when the womanhood of our land was in fierce recoil against the hardships of pioneer life as it steadily edged its way westward. It was a common thing in my childhood to hear a mother fiercely declare that her children should not be permitted to endure the hardships that had fallen to her lot. Every effort was strained to make a merchant or a professional man of her son, some mysterious thing constantly referred to as a "lady" of her daughter. The boy usually "arrived," because fine opportunity for his career lay everywhere; but the fate of the "lady" was sad indeed.

Her grandmother had sat on a log clutching her baby and a few possessions, watching the forest with fear-strained eyes for a glimpse of savage faces, while her man felled trees for their cabin; frequently she was forced to help at this rough work herself. Her mother had started married life in a frame house with rag carpets, patchwork quilts and coal stoves; but the acquirement of these grandeurs had so worn the flesh, she was in revolt against the same for her children. Hence the unhappy fate of the lady, in her turn doomed to structures of stone and brick, furnaces, Brussels carpets and pianos, be-stayed figures, stilt-heeled shoes, and iron-crimped hair. In conformity to this high estate it was a frequent habit with mothers to boast that their daughters "never had had their hands in dish-water." The story of the thoughtful girl who so loved her mother that she made a constant practice of playing "Home, sweet home," to her on the piano while she cleansed the family linen was veriest truth, so true that the practice prevails in many homes I know to-day.

The poor "lady," lacking blood, birth, tradition and training, did not know how poor she was, and so kept religiously to the limit set for her. She might dance, ride, or "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam"; if she had weeded a garden, scrubbed a floor, tramped a highway, or cast a bait until the sun burned her face, she would have been for ever disqualified. In fact, she could not have bended to the weeding, or walked on earth with her shoes, while she would have shrieked at a caterpillar as her grandmother never had dreamed of doing at a bear; and died heroically before she would have impaired her complexion. This revolt against the forest resulted in delicate women, narrowed minds, puny children, extravagant living, not of course in total, but in such alarming proportion as to require combat, lest it weaken the entire fibre and morale of the nation.

Just here I arrived, equipped, from a toddler, in woodlore, schooled from birth to outdoor life by a father who clung tenaciously to inherited British traditions, and forced them upon his children. When I was twenty years of age I and a daughter of Carter Harrison, Sr., of Chicago, were the only two women of a big northern summer resort who could row a boat. One other would search the forest for orchids if accompanied by a man, the remainder kept to the verandah or lawn and read or embroidered while their men folk hunted and fished, and every one played cards or danced at night. I was considered an outcast and half-demented because I fished in the rain one night when I might have attended a ball. One woman blasted me with scorn when I had the hardihood to offer to her a timothy straw strung with luscious big, wild red raspberries; but her husband begged for and ate them with much relish.

For many reasons I came in time to believe that there might be a lifework for one woman in leading these other women back to the forest, and on account of my inclinations, education and rearing I felt in a degree equipped to be their Moses. There was no need for many of them to wrest a living from it, they from the



Gene Stratton-Porter
at the age of sixteen.

work of three generations were frequently prepared to spend a fortune upon it; but in the course of accumulating that fortune, the forest had receded until it was sometimes difficult to find, while wild life had been wantonly sacrificed until deer were scarce, buffalo and wood pigeons exterminated, and many other birds rare.

So the task I set myself was to lead every human being I could influence afield; but with such reverence instilled into their touch that devastation would not be ultimately complete. After a few years spent in finding myself, I began my first book. I had picked a scrap of red from the highway, which proved to be the body of a cardinal grosbeak, an all the year resident with us, a bird that flits and flames during summer and cuts the winter whiteness with his brilliant colour and penetrant whistle, a feeder on wild seeds and insects, a blessing, a sight and sound to rejoice in, yet it had been used for a target, shot merely to prove to some man that his aim was true.

It appealed to me that the high crime of civilisation was the taking of human life. From years of work around the nests of these birds in field photography I knew how their courting, mating, building, brooding and feeding paralleled human life processes; so I outlined "The Song of the Cardinal," with that little bleeding body before me; deliberately, purposely instilling human likeness wherever possible, to the last degree consistent with life processes among the wild. I have been accused of carrying this too far, but that becomes a question of whether I—who lived with these birds until I was able to bring from the forest the set of illustrations that book contains, the most complete and intimate pictorial life history of a pair of birds I have ever seen—know best, or whether my critics are better informed concerning the woods and the wild. I will stand by the natural history of that book as true to the lives of these birds as my illustrations prove they lived it.

I was fearful that in my effort to make the story of the lives of these birds human to a degree that would serve as a protection to them, I *would* incur this criticism, so I wrote to Mr. John Burroughs, our premier natural historian, explaining the plan and purpose of the book and asking his opinion. His reply is one of my cherished possessions. He wrote: "I should not bother myself about what the critics say. They must say something, and they are pretty sure to say many foolish things. A story is not to be tried in the same court as a work on natural history." So I published the book as I thought best for the protection of the birds; but prominent on the title page of each of the ten different bindings in which it has been issued is the announcement that it is a story.

It never has been exploited as a work on natural history. It is now in the hands of the public in a British shilling edition, and from that it ranges up through buckram and half-tone, to leather with water colours, and so on to morocco de luxe. Probably more copies of it have been sold than of any bird story ever published. It has been adopted by State reading societies, put into public and private libraries, used as a text book in schools and colleges, delivered thousands of times in parts from public platforms, and was being translated into French when the war intervened. It has been published in London and sold around the English reading world. It has had the unqualified approval of all our organisations for bird protection and been indorsed by our greatest natural historians and many of our most learned men. Concerning it, Dr. Oren Root, Dean of Mathematics of Hamilton College, an utter stranger to myself, wrote what Mr. Robert Cochrane of the staff of *Chambers' Journal* pronounces: "The most scholarly and informing book review I ever have read." No book published in this country ever had more charming and commendatory criticism. Out of hundreds there were not half a dozen containing any adverse comment. One nature lover of Indianapolis came into print with the statement that



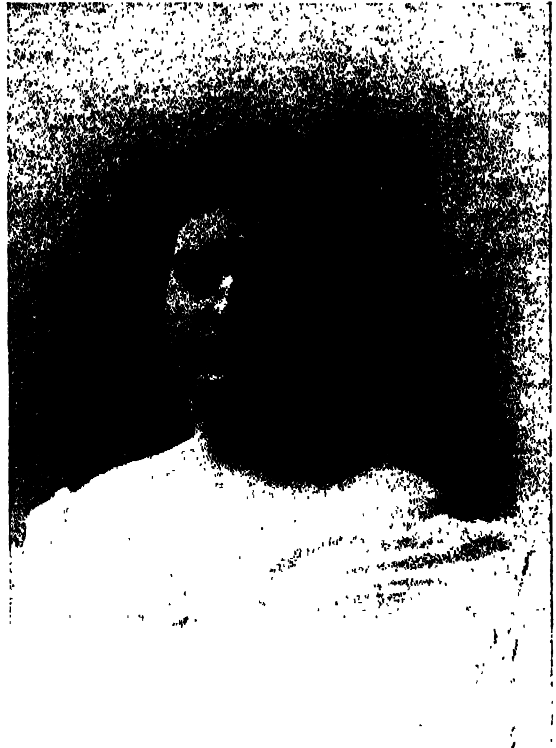
Charles Darwin Porter,
Husband of Gene Stratton-Porter. He began life as a chemist, and later founded the Bank of which he is now president.

cardinals "were strictly seed eaters." As the one lure effective above all others in coaxing this pair of birds into focus, before cameras hidden in blinds, had been bright red scraped beefsteak, this was amusing. He afterwards apologised—to me, not to the public to whom he made the statement. A critic with an array of alphabetic symbols of collegiate degrees following his name, in a San Francisco paper, objected to Abram. There were no farmers like him. A farmer was a clod, like the soil he tilled. I wrote him a brief note citing John Muir, Enos Mills, David Thoreau, John Burroughs, and many others of our most loved field workers, and he subsided. Two or three thought the human comparison carried too far; but I felt and yet feel that the person familiar enough with the birds to write that book and secure its illustrations may be the best judge on that point.

I am sure anyone will grant that if I had the wit to write any kind of a book and secure its publication by our leading publisher, I must have known that a story

based on human love would stand ten times the chance of bringing me an audience and a living that a bird story would, yet I elected to make my initial appearance with this book, because I was a born nature worker and the cause the "Cardinal" champions is nearer to my heart than fame or financial returns. The book started so slowly that soon I came to the realisation that if I could not reach people faster, so far as my work was concerned, the cardinals might all go as had the pigeons. So I tried another book of woodlore, straight nature stuff, through which I ran a slight romance as a sugar coating, in my effort to entice the housebound afield. I named it "The Falling Feather," and it ended where the tree fell and crushed "Freckles." So published, I always have felt sure that it would have won me a place on the shelf where the classics are kept; but the year had seen the publication of "The Three Feathers," "The White Feather," and "The Little White Bird," so all publishers were dubious about another book with birds and feathers in the title, and for economic reasons no one touched a nature book then with the assurance they do now. My problem resolved itself to this: three of our best houses would publish my book if I would change my title, and add the conventional happy ending.

I walked the floor two days and a night before I gave in, and I wish now that I had not; but at the time I thought I was forced, and I rather think so still. I had no audience and no funds to publish and exploit my own work. If I would not conform sufficiently to the judgment of the publishers so that they would bring out my books I could reach the people with no part of my message, and a lifetime of work spent in equipping myself for the work I was eager to do would be wasted to all save myself. The true flavour of the book was spoiled for me; but many have liked it as it stands, and there is a possibility that it will still reach the coveted shelf, even with its handicap. It, of necessity, started slowly, then began a steady process of passing from hand to hand that soon made itself felt, and gradually it gathered its audience and began taking them afield, exactly as I had designed. Each publisher who saw it before production assured me that the nature stuff it contained would kill any chance it might have otherwise of becoming a popular book, and felt sure that if I would cut that out, it would bring me fame and money. I replied that



Jeanette Porter Munro,
Gene Stratton-Porter's only child. She was the original of the Swamp Angel in "Freckles." Mrs. Porter's pet name for her has always been "Molly-Cotton."

the sole purpose of the book was to put the nature stuff it contained before the people, I had no desire for fame, or more than a very plain living; if I changed the title and amplified the text that was all the concession I could possibly make. The result stands a piece of unique history in the book world, where it has fairly well run the gamut of honours that can be paid a book, its last achievement being that of an edition in Braille point for the blind of the National Lending Society, under the management of the Duchess of Argyll and Princess Patricia. I still mourn for my little classic that might have been.

With the circulation of "Freckles" beginning to grow, instead of writing another story, I again proved my devotion to field work by spending my time, strength and the returns from the two books on the market, on a third, "What I Have Done With Birds." Following that I wrote "At the Foot of the Rainbow," a hunting and fishing story I had been asked for by the editor of *Outing*, at that time our leading sportsman's magazine, on the staff of which I had done nature work for several years. In this I might revel in nature as I pleased. It had the highest grade of commendatory criticism of any book I ever have written, and if what I have done is ever arranged according to true literary value, based on fidelity to nature and human nature, it will go up head.

Then I began assembling material I had been collecting for years for a book on the "Birds of the Bible," and the same year published another nature story, "A Girl of the Limberlost." At this point I entered into an agreement with my publisher to



Gene Stratton-Porter
and her husband, daughter and grandchildren, on the walk to the dock at Limberlost Cabin.

alternate work. One year I would write a nature story, for which my audience had now grown to paying proportions, the next I would write any kind of a nature book I chose, brought out as I designed it. So " Music of the Wild " followed, then a story, " The Harvester," then " Moths of the Limberlost," then another story, " Laddie," after which I broke the routine myself by spending two years in building a new cabin at the head of the swamp region of my State, as my working territory below had been devastated by lumbermen, oilmen and farmers until nothing from which to make a picture was left. The beginning of this destruction was foretold in " Freckles," almost consummated by the time " A Girl of the Limberlost " was written, and quite, on the the appearance of my moth book, On account of moving farther north, I had no illustration ready for a nature book, but I did have a story, so we published " Michael O'Halloran," and I am now working on my next nature book which will be a revision and amplification of "What I Have Done With Birds," as I have withdrawn that book from the market until I can put it in shape more satisfactory to me.

All these books are now published in London with one exception, " Birds of the Bible." Recently I revised " The Song of the Cardinal," and " Freckles," and they now stand in the form I am willing to leave them. Following this I shall take each book in turn and put it into permanent form. In presenting to the British reading public these eleven books at one time, by a writer comparatively new to you, I should be glad if I could make clear my veiwpoint concerning them, and secure for them a reading from the standpoint from which they were conceived and produced. This may not be in my power, but I find great joy in making the effort.

The " Song of the Cardinal," is a bird's romance as I watched it develop while hidden in blinds making the illustration of the book, which tells the most beautiful and convincing half of the story. The remainder of the nature books are absolutely true to the location in which they were written as to scientific values, as good literature as is in my power to write, and illustrated with perfect fidelity.



Limberlost Cabin.
The home of Gene Stratton-Porter, showing her library window.

The nature stories are the slenderest possible threads of romance on which I have strung every gem from nature their strength will bear. That the natural history of these books is true to my working grounds in northern Indiana, I will guarantee. The characters are men and women I have known intimately enough for faithful portrayal; in one instance, " Laddie," homefolk; and a few composites of the good in a dozen people rolled into one character of pure idealism, as " The Harvester," or " Michael O'Halloran," although each had his original, and the book presentment did not overdraw so very much. *I elect to write only of moral men and women who work for the betterment of the world. My characters portray life as it is lived in homes of refinement and culture, where each man and woman does his level best. They represent life as it is lived in many homes all of us know, and as it might be lived in all homes, if men and women would live up to the " mark of their high calling " ; do their best instead of their worst.* To deny that the world contains the simple, kindly, moral folk such as I put into books is insanity; all of us are acquainted with the gentle, kindly, courteous men and women I describe. That their life picture is a true picture of all life, I never intended anyone to think, and I seriously doubt if anyone ever did. I know the folly, the fraud, the intrigue, the immorality of life. The daily papers reach even Wildflower Woods; sometimes I wish they did not, and sometimes I read the big books of realism written with tears tinctured with blood and shame. I know their strength and truth to life. What I do not know is whether they accomplish any great work for the betterment of the world; while in their second- and third-rate form of immediate discourse of lust, fraud and snobbishness, I do know that they are a horrible source of corruption and evil. I will not grant that such books, either in their best or worst form are any *truer pictures of life in its entirety*, than are my own. All of life is not lived in cities. The country, even the woods has its population these days. All men and women do not fall. There is an inborn refinement in some too deep for low forms of sin, and a fibre in others too stern to stoop to it.

A thing utterly baffling to me is why the life history of the sins and shortcomings of a man should constitute a book of *realism*, and the life history of a just and incorruptible man should constitute a book of *idealism*. Is not a moral man as *real* as an immoral one? Is not the struggle of a man to keep clean as noteworthy and heroic as that of a man to come back after he has fallen? To me, given two men of equal physical strength and brain capacity, present them with the same temptation—to me the man who stands must always and for ever be a *bigger man* than the one who falls; the man most worthy, from every point of view the real man. Surely the history of a strong man is better to put into the hands of a boy than the detailed self-indulgence of a weak one. I count any boy safer with " The Harvester " in his fingers than with " The Picture of Dorian Gray."

I never wanted my stories called novels. I never tried to make them more, or other than I have described. I never hoped for them in their modest beginning to reach more than a few nature lovers or those so constituted there was hope of transformation. Recently a man from the far South sent me a poem of Le Gallienne's beginning

"Oh take away these books that tell
The hideous so-called truth of things,
These little documents of hell—
Bring us the book that dreams and sings
And whispers 'All is well!'"

He wrote that it was the most perfect review of my books he ever had read.

The one fact that my critics purposely ignore, or do not know, is that the audience for my books is a *personal thing*, built up by the books themselves. The men and women who run a book of mine to a large edition are a band of home-loving, home-keeping people, striving to make something of life better for themselves and their children than café living with tangoing between courses. Inquiries extending over ten years, made from numerous book dealers, prove that my audience is *not the same people* who read and make popular many other books. My work was deliberately planned and written as it is in the growing and continued belief that it would carry more people afield than the writings of the combined scientists of the world. On the turf, in the sunshine, under the blue dome is a precious good place to be;

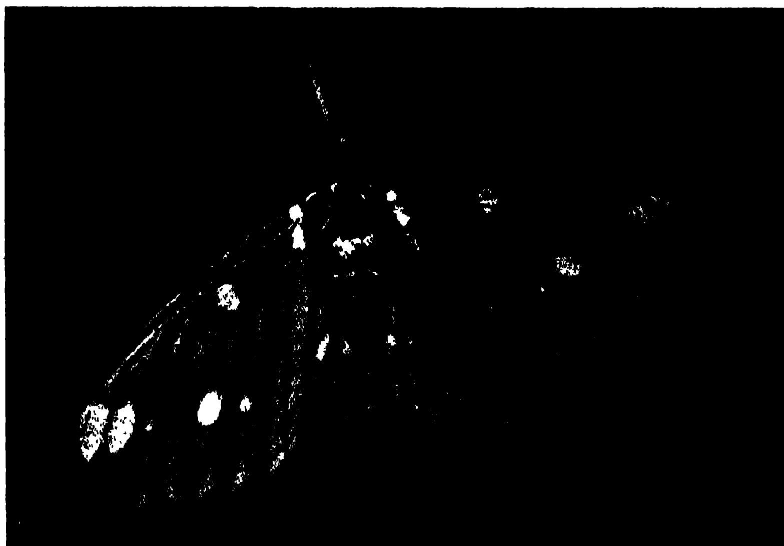


Photo by Gene Stratton-Porter. **The rarest Moth of North America.**



"Come Here! Come Here!" entreated the Cardinal.

Reduced reproduction of one of Mrs. Porter's water-colour illustrations from a new and revised edition of "The Song of the Cardinal."

while that my work helps men and women, boys and girls by the thousand from Nome, Alaska to Stellenbosch, South Africa, my mail bag each day bears eloquent testimony.

No one could have been more surprised than I when these simple efforts to depict wholesome homing in outdoor environs began to creep toward large popular favour. I was glad to have the message they bore carried widely, I was dismayed at the inevitable comparison into which they would be forced. They were intended for truth, not fiction; they had no plot, they were anchored in the only location I knew well enough to describe faithfully; but like Mr. Finney's turnip, "they grew and they grew," until it really seemed they could "grow no longer," and now the poor critic who attempts to conform them to the conventional fictional standard is having a sad time, and I am having a sadder. I am sorry for some of my critics who are wasting ink on criticisms so far from the point, and the truth.

There is the woman who recently brushed aside in contempt all the work I have done as unworthy of any consideration, because it was designed and executed by me *solely to make money*. Fancy writing and making photographic illustrations for five nature books as a financial proposition! Think of tramping the woods for years lugging heavy cameras, making thousands of natural history reproductions as a money-making venture, or dawdling hours over painting a moth wing with a brush trimmed to three hairs! And will this woman tell me why, when my nature stories had grown to a point where they became a financial consideration, if I were working for money, I did not drop the nature books, and write three stories in the time consumed in making one natural history volume? When I showed this criticism to my publisher he groaned. He groaned in body and spirit over uncounted thousands he had lost, because I would not consent to serials, even when he offered as high as $20,000 for one, or allowed me to set my own price. He groaned over countless refusals to have my work dragged through dramatisations, and moving pictures, and many other money-making schemes. At the present minute, when my latest book has run to a sale of over 300,000 copies in three months, the mercenary creature that I am is calmly revising a bird book, slopping in the dark room preparing half-tone illustrations, and painting

water-colour studies for it, instead of writing several more stories, as I easily could do. Surely my course and the nature books I issue do prove me a grasping, mercenary creature!

One recent critic wrote that I "sat in a modern mansion, writing pleasing platitudes." I live three miles from a railroad station, in a log cabin, in primal woods, in the very simplest way possible consistent with leaving me free to devote my time to my books; and very frequently I am forced into the kitchen to attend to the needs of my family in person. I am making a frantic effort to establish in my woods each species of our native wild flowers that will endure my climate, before the swamps are drained and the rarest exterminated, as many are very nearly extinct now. The night I read that criticism I was dressed in a suit of green khaki blouse, bloomers and rubber boots, similar to the one worn in the swamp picture among the illustrations to this article, and it, or one like it, had constituted my wearing apparel for three months, during which time I had brought in with my car, and set for the most part with my own fingers, the roots of over 5,000 trees, shrubs, vines, flowers and ferns. I was sunburned, scratched and that day blistered with sumac poison which put me to bed with chills and eyes swollen shut for two days, and the torture endured for a month, because so soon as I was a little better I persisted in going on with my work of collecting wild flowers, and so reinfected myself. At the present minute my ears, hands and arms are still discoloured from the burns. But when in the Spring its owner drains that swamp, most of its orchids will have their toes safely tucked in the moss of my bog garden. The comment I made to my family when I read that was to stretch out my scratched and blistered hands and ask: "What *would* the man who wrote that say, if he could see me now?"

His criticism contained as much truth, and came quite as close to the point as do many of them, for which reason I am writing these lines. I might add that I never have kept any record of what I have earned with my books. Beyond trying to lay aside enough for the plainest kind of living, what I earn is educating a fine band of boys and girls, paying indebtednesses I never incurred, lifting mortgages, and doing what is in my power to make my friends comfortable and happy.

Nothing could better prove my contention that some of my critics shoot their bolts wide of the mark, than a recent effort by a man who does not deserve the prominence the mention of his name would give him. He attempts in the beginning to bolster his article by the ambiguous statement that "serious critical opinion is fairly well agreed on the merits of the work," done by me. This would seem to indicate that he desires his criticism to be taken "seriously" and I will so take it. His first statement to which I "seriously" object is that "the scientific value of her labours is largely discounted by the open and unabashed self-satisfaction of her style"; which proves that my critic had not read my books, for I was not writing about myself, but the miracles of natural evolution with which I admit I am amply satisfied, for I believe with Whitman that "a mouse is miracle enough to stagger a sextillion infidels."

This critic classes "The Song of the Cardinal" as fiction, and then immediately turns and attacks it as "nature-faking." He says I "constantly allowed her imagination to translate the actions of the birds into human emotions," which I grant; not "unconsciously," as he takes the liberty to assert, but deliberately and to the last degree permissible. That my critic feels I carried this too far can be seen from his statement: "At times her imagery is unconsciously grotesque, as when she tells us that the female bird 'blushed with embarrassment to a colour even brighter than her natural red.'" "Grotesque," I will concede, if it were a true quotation; but the "faking" applies to my critic, not to my work. William Sharp wrote that the work of a critic was a thing rare and fine: "the marriage of science which knows, and of spirit that discerns."

Now if my critic had been possessed of "the science which knows," he would have known that a hen cardinal is grey; and had he been endowed with even a glimmering of "the spirit that discerns," he would have seen that the poorest naturalist alive would not have attributed a "blush," to a feathered creature. Not in "The Song of the Cardinal," or in any line I ever wrote, can any one find the statement by me that any feathered or furred creature "blushed with embarrassment." If "serious critical opinion is agreed" concerning me, where does it stand concerning a critic who will pronounce the work of a nature writer "grotesque" and "faking," and then himself fakes an entire quotation in an attempt to prove his point?

He goes on to state that I have "a single talent of rather limited range." And here I had been thinking that when I went afield and brought in the first-hand material for five nature books, illustrated them with half-tone from life, and water-colour paintings; wrote stories containing thousands of natural history references none of which have as yet been authoritatively contradicted, designed my covers and front matter, and furnished the bird work for the New International Standard Biblical Encyclopædia, that I was doing several things well enough for some of the world's best editors to accept them.

He writes that my "plot sense has remained in a rudimentary state." This cuts me out of all volition in the matter of writing my books. It makes my work what I *can* do, *not* what I *design and deliberately plan to do.* I am not wholly devoid of conception and imagination. I could weave an intricate plot of rankest realism, an I chose; I merely decline to set my name to work of that sort, and stick to the thing I set out to do in the beginning. Again, had he been possessed of "the spirit that discerns," he would have seen that he broke every canon of the true critic's art when he pronounced "The Girl of the Limberlost" the poorest work I had done, and then selected it for review, in an article devoted to setting me in my proper literary place.

Had he been writing of the work of either of two men of my State, will anyone believe that he would have passed over "A Hoosier Chronicle," and "The Poet," and made an estimate of the literary values of Nicholson based on a former indiscretion, "The Siege of Seven Suitors?" Or would he have ignored "Beaucaire" and "The Turmoil," and judged Tarkington by "Cherry" or "The Two Van Revels?"

Now for the *justice* of his review of this book. He champions realism, yet he disavows that any mother

would treat her daughter in the manner described, for the reasons adduced. I was familiar with the Comstock incident, under another name, and will vouch for it. When we read this review my daughter and I sat down and counted up six instances we could recall among our immediate acquaintances, where parents and children were farther estranged than this book recounts, for much less reason. At this instant among my girl acquaintances there is one whose father treated her with such vindictive cruelty for years, merely because she was not a son. She so craved his love and appreciation that she took a course of training in his profession, and when she proved that she understood and could be of great assistance to him in his business, she won him completely, and now she is the subject of prideful boasting on his part, not in melo-drama, but in my nearest city.

Of " A Girl of the Limberlost," this critic makes the statement that no fairy god-mother appeared on the scene yet " penniless and without friends she accomplishes a miracle of clothing and educating herself." To anyone who has read the book this is even a more flagrant breach of the ethics of true criticism, than that of making up a quotation to suit his convenience. To those who have not, I will explain that the first chapter introduces a man who had loved and fended for the " Girl " all her life, the second brings in the man's wife who buys and makes the clothing the girl needs; at almost the same time appears a professor who helps her to books; and shortly after she comes into contact with the " Bird Woman," which is where I come in; while throughout the book almost each day brings her some new helper, just as life brings such a girl as I described the thing she bravely and persistently sets out to win. Further, the " miracle of clothing " was some country made gingham dresses, and of " education," graduation in a small town high school.



Gene Stratton-Porter
collecting pitcher plants and orchids for her bog garden at Wildflower Woods, surrounding Limberlost Cabin. In field work Mrs. Porter wears a suit of green khaki and binds her head in blood red chiffon after the custom of the Indians as a precaution against hunters.

The next accusation against me by this critic is that I " see life through convex mirrors and distorted lenses"; which leads me to the strictly feminine comment that this is exactly the way he sees my books. He calls me a "nature faker," then himself fakes a quotation to prove it; which leaves my natural history of a brand acceptable to the doctors of science, compiling the Encyclopædia I mentioned—and they had the ornithologists of the world from whom to make a choice to do the work. As for my stories, they do not contain what I know to be true of all life, but what I do know to be true of a much larger part of life than any critic I have ever known will admit. It is exactly what could be true of all life if all men would put up the fight for clean morals that "The Harvester" did. Fifty years of such life on the part of every man would empty our feeble-minded homes, alms-houses, and prisons, and, barring accidents, would practically do away with hospitals and sanatoriums. This is no Utopian dream: ask any responsible physician.

To the charge that I am over sentimental — perhaps! I prefer too much rather than too little; and there is more in the world than any of us will admit, while it is



A Family Group

On front seat: Mrs. Porter, her name-sake Gene, and her son-in-law, Mr. G. B. Monroe. Middle seat: Her daughter, Mrs. Muntoe, and her daughter's Jeanette. Back seat: A little neighbour, with Miss Mary Grimes and Roberta Murray.

rampant among my kind of people. I believe in love, in kindness, in morality, in lending a helping hand in this world. All the religion I profess, practice, or put into a book is "All things whatsoever——" Just how a combination of accurate wood lore, this precept, and sentiment, should result in a harmful book I cannot imagine, yet another of my critics this side says "only the meanest man alive" will read my latest book, and one of yours that it is "horrible!"

If this "horror" lies in the case of the nurse abusing her charge, it happened in Central Park, New York, and I can produce the woman who saw it, followed to the residence and told the mother, with exactly the results described in the book. That there are dreadful women caring for little children in homes all over the world cannot be disputed. That mothers are more and more turning over the care of their children to nurses and devoting themselves to society, civic improvement, clubs and politics, no one will deny. I knew this incident was "horrible," but I also knew it was true. I used it in the hope that just one mother would be brought to realise what might be happening to her children at the hands of Employment Agency nurses, while she danced or improved the world.

Several critics said "Mickey," would not have taken care of the little sick girl. They did not know Mickey. He was a New York newsboy, his environment was in a big central State city; but in the slums of any city no sight is more familiar than that of the boys and girls caring for younger children, while the parents are at work. Some of this is cruel, careless care; but much of it is also protective, loving care, as I know by personal investigation.

Lastly, one bewildered critic vents his displeasure in a cry that rises above the "paper he eats and the ink he drinks," if I may quote Nathaniel, in the impatient exclamation "Why all this beauty!" concerning the make-up of my books. It is because I live in a wonderland; in a county said to have three hundred lakes, over one hundred of which are large enough to be named and charted. The highways wind between and around these, through hundreds of acres of primal swamp and marshland, and quite a bit of original forest. Here is the natural home of every bird, flower, moth and butterfly native to our climate and country. Here in two seasons I have found almost every flower listed in our botanies, and some that are not. In Wildflower Woods, surrounding Limberlost Cabin, I have in the past two seasons set, mostly with my own fingers, the roots of over ten thousand wild trees, flowers and ferns. I have trailing arbutus, starry champion, cardinal flower, purple gerardia and painters' cup, grow fringed gentians from seed, and in my bog garden are twenty of our rarest orchids, including whorled pogonia, golden slippers, mocassins, showy orchids and showy slippers. Among these, and my trees, I live and work, almost never going into the world. Daily I see and handle the rarest flowers, moths and birds native with us, feed them, photograph them, and paint them in water colours. I live in a world of light, fragrance, beauty and song. No wonder it overflows in my books.

I put the birds into "Freckles," the moths into "A Girl of the Limberlost," the flowers and herbs into "The Harvester," and the tamarack swamp into "Michael O'Halloran." As I work on each of these books, weaving my little romance in these beauty spots I love, scenes, colour schemes and flower faces are sub-consciously impressed on my mind, so when I finish the text, with it there goes to my publisher a cover design, a colour scheme, and sketches for front matter. I am responsible for the "beauty" in my home editions; and the reason "why" is that "beauty is its own excuse for being."

These are all the criticisms against my work worthy of note that I can think of, and some of these are scarcely

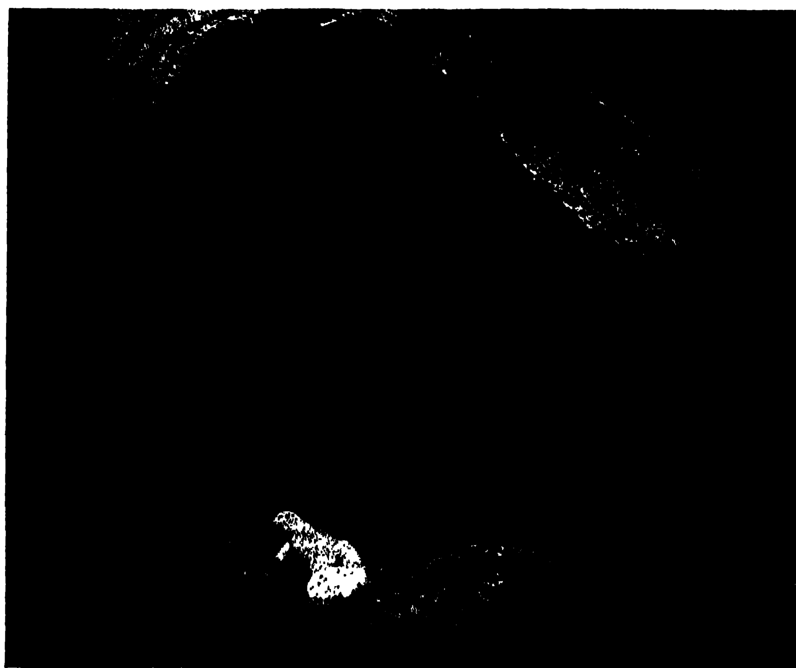


Photo by Gene Stratton-Porter.

"Freckles'" Little Chicken in the monster hollow tree in the Limberlost.

that; against them I can measure more commendatory criticism than any writer among us has had in the length of time I have been writing; and because I have this background at home, so far I have made no word of reply or explanation to anything anyone has elected to write of me. In coming before a new audience, and presenting eleven books at one time, with no volition as to which shall be first read, and being personally unknown, it is no more than fair to me, to my publishers, and to my audience, that I explain and acquaint myself with you as far as possible; certainly it is not unfair to my critics, of some of whom I am very fond.

My veins run more than half British blood, the remainder Dutch, and as I feel at home in England, naturally I desire to be judged fairly, on the basis of all the work I have done, and the results it has accomplished in going unheralded around the world, in being translated into four foreign tongues, and in sending more of our people out of doors than all other causes combined, as is now generally conceded in the western and middle States.



Photo by Gene Stratton-Porter.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

TWO SIDES OF HIS MANY-SIDEDNESS.

THE one thing of all others upon which Watts-Dunton set store was good fellowship. Admittedly one of the foremost critics of his time, and by some high authorities accounted one of the greatest critics of any time, a man to whom criticism was second nature, he accounted good fellowship as of greater worth even than genius. If ever he went critically astray, if ever intellectually he over-rated his man, it was because he allowed his heart to outride his head. Once convince him that this or that young writer was a good fellow, and born critic though he was, even criticism went by the board in Watts-Dunton's intellectual estimate of him. If I illustrate this by a personal experience it is not to speak of myself, but because though I have personal knowledge of many similar instances, in this instance I have the "documents" in the case before me. It concerns the circumstances by which I first came to know Watts-Dunton.

In the New Year of 1885 there appeared the first number of a weekly (afterwards a monthly) magazine with the somewhat infelicitous if not feeble title of *Home Chimes*. It was edited and owned by F. W. Robinson, then a popular novelist. To the first number Swinburne and Theodore Watts contributed poems, and in that now dead and forgotten venture the early work of many men and women who thereafter became famous is to be found. For instance, Jerome K. Jerome's "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," as well as his "Three Men and a Boat," first saw the light there. There much of Sir J. M. Barrie's early work appeared, for I once heard the author of "A Window in Thrums" say, though I do not suppose he meant to be taken too seriously, that there was a time when to him "London" meant the place where *Home Chimes* was published. There, early work by Eden Phillpotts, Israel Zangwill, G. B. Burgin, and a host of others who have since "come into their own" was printed, and there I may say incidentally part of my own first little book appeared.

"Yes" Robinson once said to me reminiscently, "It is true that Jerome, Barrie, Phillpotts, Zangwill, Burgin, and yourself all more or less 'came out' in *Home Chimes*, but I have my doubts sometimes whether the whole of you ever raised the sale of the magazine by so much as a number."

"On the contrary," I replied, "my own opinion is that some of us killed it."

Be that as it may, Robinson lost heavily upon *Home Chimes*, and was hit even harder by the death of the "three-decker"—I mean by the ousting of novels in three volumes at thirty shillings, in favour of novels in one volume at six shillings. The change indeed caused such a drop in his income that he decided to look about him for another means of livelihood, outside literature, and when, soon after, an Inspectorship of H.M. Prisons became vacant, he applied for the appointment. For this he had special qualifications as he had for years closely and critically studied our Prison System and had, in fact, written and published much upon the subject. Knowing how eager he was for pecuniary reasons to secure the appointment, and being anxious to do what I could to assist his candidature (I plead guilty to 'log-rolling' in this most justifiable instance) I asked the late Mr. Passmore Edwards, proprietor and editor of the *Echo*, the only halfpenny evening paper in those days, to let me write a sketch of Robinson in the "*Echo* Portrait Gallery" to which I was a contributor. In this sketch—it was signed "C. K." merely—I touched (purposely) upon Robinson's close study and special

knowledge of the workings and defects of our Prison System. My article was seen by Theodore Watts who wrote Robinson a letter which the latter sent on to me. It was as follows:

"My Dear Robinson,—I have been delighted by a notice of you, in the *Echo* which I am told is by Coulson Kernahan. That must be a charming fellow who wrote it, why don't you collect your loyal supporters around you (there are only two of us, Kernahan and Watts) over a little dinner at your Club,

"Yours ever,
"Theodore Watts."

"Robinson, if you had not been the most modest and delicate-minded man in contemporary literature, you would have trebled your fame and trebled your income. That is what 'C. K.' says of you, but I have said it for a quarter of a century."

This was the beginning of my long friendship with Watts-Dunton, and I enter thus fully into a merely trivial and personal matter for the reason that the letter I have quoted is very characteristic of the writer. "Good fellowship" was, I repeat, the first article in Watts-Dunton's creed. His very religion was based upon it. He said once to me that were it not that some good men and women would see irreverence where he meant none and of which he was by temperament and by his very sense of wonder incapable, he should like to write an article "The Goodfellowship of God," taking as his text the lines of Omar Khayyám, in which the old tent-maker speaks of "those who picture a 'surly' God:

"And daub His Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict testing of us—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow and 'twill all be well."

"To word it thus may sound profanely to some ears," commented Watts-Dunton, "but old Khayyám was only trying to express in his pagan way—though I suspect there is as much of FitzGerald as of Omar in the rendering—his belief in the loving Fatherhood of God which is held by every Christian. In fact 'good fellowship' stands to Shakespeare's 'cakes-and-ale'-loving, and jolly fraternity, for the 'Human Brotherhood' of which the stricter church and chapel-going folk speak, and I suspect that there is sometimes less acrimony and a broader human outlook over cakes and ale in an inn than there is over urn-stewed tea, bread-and-butter and buns in some of the church or chapel tea-meetings that went on when I was a boy."

My article about Robinson was merely an attempt to set out his qualifications for the post of Inspector of Prisons. Those qualifications were many and my space was limited. Hence the article was as dull and stodgy a recital of facts as ever was written. There was as much in it from which to infer that the writer was a "charming fellow" as there is in a rice pudding by which to prove that the cook can sing divinely. But Robinson was a "good fellow." My article among other things made that at least clear. According to the gospel of good fellowship, as held by Watts-Dunton, a good fellow could be appreciated only by a good fellow, just as he once wrote to me, "My theory always is that a winsome style in prose comes from a man whose heart is good." I had shown appreciation of his friend; and, partisan and hero of friendship that he was, he was willing to take the rest on trust. Rightly to appreciate his friend was to win Watts-Dunton's heart at the start.

One sometimes hears or sees it stated that Watts-Dunton was indifferent alike to literary fame and to criticism, adverse or favourable. No one who knew him other than very slightly could think this. Watts-Dunton was, in scriptural phrase, "a man in whom was no guile." He was transparently ingenuous of thought and purpose and did not attempt to conceal his gratification at the success of "Aylwin," or the pleasure which a discriminating and sympathetic appreciation afforded him. This only added to the respect and affection of his friends. It would have wounded us to think that the man we bore intellectually in such profound reverence, personally in such deep affection, could play the poseur and affect to despise the deserved success and recognition which his work had won. W. E. Henley is said to have thanked God that he had "never suffered the indignity of a popular success." Henley deserved success, popular or otherwise, if ever writer did, for he never stooped to do less than his best, nor sought to achieve by shoddy means the success which, thus attained, is indeed to be despised. But a success deservedly won, even if a so-called popular success, every writer in his heart desires. To pretend otherwise is mere insincerity. It is not "playing the game," for even the pursuit of letters is none the worse, for a touch of the English sporting spirit. It is indeed the chief reproach of those of us who follow the craft of letters that we are "artists" rather than sportsmen. Englishmen fight the better and write the better, for seeing alike in writing and in fighting something of a "game." Literature is a race in which every competitor hopes, and rightly, to come in first. If he be fairly beaten on his merits, he will admit and ungrudgingly, if a sportsman as well as a writer, that the better man has won. This does not mean he is content tamely to sit down under defeat. It means, on the contrary, harder work and severer training so that on other occasions, by redoubling his exertions, himself may be the man who wins on his merits. And if he fail again and yet again, instead of sneering at the prize as worthless, he will, if he ever heard it, recall the story of the two artists. A very young painter, who afterwards became great, stood in his obscure and struggling days, when no one had heard his name or would look at his pictures, before the greatest canvas of the greatest painter of the time. The grandeur of the work, alike in conception and in execution, staggered him. Possibly there was despair at his heart, as he asked himself how could he, too poor for proper opportunity of study, too poor even to afford a model or to buy oils, ever hope to emulate such a masterpiece as this? But at least there was at his heart no meanness, and envy; no disposition to belittle or to grudge the other his high place. Throwing back his head, with flashing eyes and a throb in his voice he exclaimed proudly, radiantly, "And I, too, am an artist!"

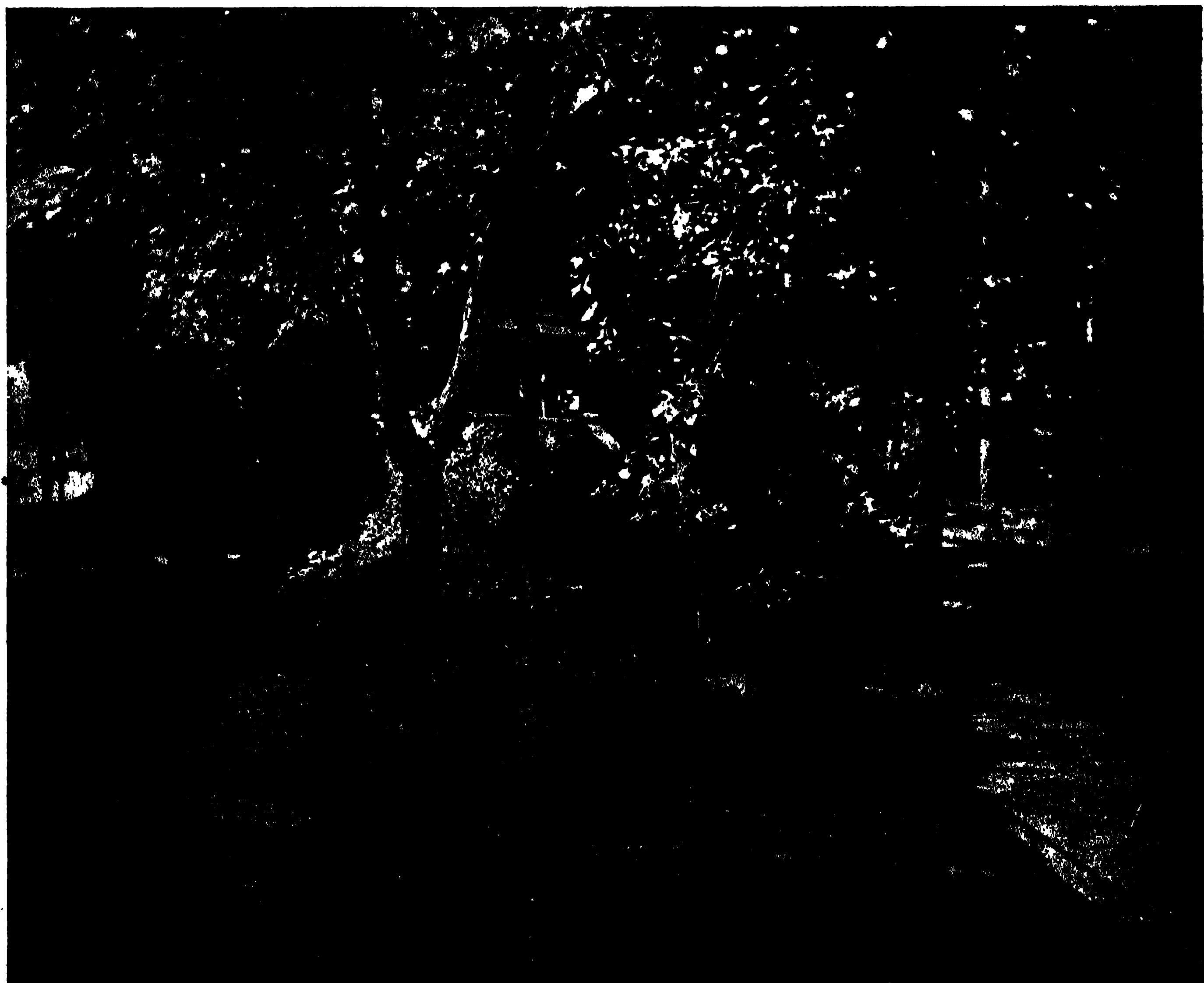
But when Henley who strained and strained splendidly to carry off the first prize—and missed—belittles its value, and would have us to believe that he is better pleased to carry off "the last event"—the "Consolation

Prize" of "never having suffered the indignity of a popular success," we distrust his sportsmanship and his sincerity. Watts-Dunton never posed after that manner. He was glad of his success and proud of it. It was because success instead of increasing his literary stature in his own eyes, as not infrequently happens, only made him increasingly modest and diffident that he was sometimes supposed to care nothing for his literary laurels. In one respect his success was something of a disappointment to him, not so much because it illustrated the truth of Goethe's saying—nearer seventy than sixty as Watts-Dunton was when he achieved that success—"the wished-for come too late," but because it was not the success he expected and to which he believed himself most to be entitled.

Mr. Douglas calls his book on Watts-Dunton "Theodore Watts-Dunton, Poet, Novelist and Critic," and the description and the order in which those descriptions appear were of Watts-Dunton's own choosing. It was first as a poet, secondly as a novelist, and only thirdly, if at all, as a critic that he wished and hoped to be remembered. Those who hold the balance of values in letters seem at the present moment inclined to reverse that order and to place the critic first and the poet last. My own opinion is that a hundred years hence it will be by the inclusion of certain of his poems, especially his Nature poems, in the anthologies, that Watts-Dunton will most be known to the general reader; but be that as it may, the fact remains that his success as a novelist rather than as a poet, came as something of a disappointment as well as a surprise.

Watts-Dunton was—I would emphasise this point strongly—an amateur in letters to the last, never the professional "literary man." It is because he was by temperament the amateur, not the professional, that he took his success so seriously and did not conceal a certain almost child-like gratification (which was not vanity) that it afforded him. Your shrewd professional writer would have spent less time in contemplation of his success, and more in seeking how best to exploit and advertise that success to his professional advantage.

Watts-Dunton, on the contrary, took the success of "Aylwin" very much as a young mother takes her firstling. He dandled it, toyed with it, hugged it, not altogether without something of the wonder and awe with which the fond mother regards her child. An amateur as I say and to the last, he could hardly believe his own ears, his own eyes, at finding that his work had a high "market" value and that one publisher was ready to bid against another for his next book Truth to tell he was not a little flustered by it all. "Hostages



The New Limberlost Cabin

surrounded by Wildflower Woods, on the lake shore in Northern Indiana. The wood contains fifteen acres, most of it in primeval forest, and runs from Mucky Lake shore up a high hill, affording localities for every variety of wild flowers. Here in big beds of an acre each Mrs. Porter is collecting all the wild flowers of her State and grouping them according to colour in a unique botanical garden. This cabin is her permanent residence.

to posterity" of his sort carried responsibilities with them not the least of which was the expectation that he would follow up "Aylwin" with other books. I remember the portentous, almost troubled knitting of his brows when perhaps a little maliciously I hinted that it was no use his bringing out new editions of "Aylwin," or brooding over new prefaces for new editions of the same novel. "What your public and your publishers demand from you," I said, "is 'Aylwin's' successor, not new editions but a new book."

"Ah!" he said with deep meaning (no one could put so much into an "ah" as he)—and figuratively collapsed. For in spite of the innumerable literary projects on which he loved to dwell and to talk over with his friends, he knew well that "Aylwin" was his one novel and was likely to be his last. He had all the amateur's doubt, diffidence and hesitation, none of the professional's cocksureness and business sense; and I say again that if ever there was a man—his half-century and more of association with literature notwithstanding—who was surprised to wake up one morning, as has been said of another poet, to find himself famous, that man was the most truly modest and unassuming man of letters of his time, Theodore Watts-Dunton.

A. E.*

By Laurence Binyon.

There are few more remarkable men surely among the inhabitants of these islands now living than the poet, painter, mystic, economic and agricultural reformer, who is known to his friends as George Russell and in the world of books as A. E. To begin with a trivial matter, it is odd to note that while Mr. Russell writes "A. E.," Mr. Figgis, who writes about him, makes the two letters into a dipthong. Many must have wondered what the letters meant and surmised a mystical significance. According to Mr. Figgis, the poet chose the name "Æon" to sign an article with, and the printer, boggling at it, deciphered no more than the first syllable, which the poet contentedly accepted. Like W. B. Yeats, Mr. Russell left school to become an art student; and it was at the Dublin School of Art that these two, afterwards to become associated in fame, first met. Mr. Yeats, though he has made occasional pastels that will be treasured later on, deserted painting for poetry. A. E., on the contrary, always cherished his art, and though for periods the painter in him has lain in abeyance, he has, especially in more recent years, painted pictures that have won him a distinguished place. At its best, his painting has a peculiar charm. But as a young man he was destined to walk in other and harder ways. If his spirit needed an astringent, he found it at his desk in the draper's in Dublin where he toiled as a cashier. It was this practical experience which backed Mr. Yeats' recommendation of his friend to Sir Horace Plunkett, who in 1897 was looking for men to help him in his work of regenerating rural Ireland by organising co-operative societies and agricultural banks; and the poet, freed from his mechanic monotony of labour, went forth into the Irish counties on a bicycle, persuading, exhorting, assembling, teaching, organising the tillers of the land. That poets and visionaries are often the most practical of men, is no new discovery; but it has not been given to many poets to be challenged with so great an opportunity. Some may recall the story of Arthur Rimbaud, who was working in the Soudan, the most enthusiastic and tireless of French consuls, while in Paris his youthful poetry was being acclaimed and he himself had become a legend. But Rimbaud had turned his back on poetry, had forgotten it. A. E. has not done that: the poet in him lives and sustains his vision through all the details and disappointments of experience; it is his imagination which gives him both inspiration and grasp, it is the secret of his success.

In his youth this poet turned from the drudgery of the ledger to cultivate the more ardently in his evenings his bent to mysticism. He pondered over the ancient books of wisdom that India has bequeathed to the world; and he gathered about him a company of young followers to whom he taught the secret of contemplation. His poems, all lyrical, are saturated with this cast of thought. It is this mood of rapt contemplation, seeing "the universe in a grain of sand," this passion for the infinite, which gives the poems their beauty of character, rather than any subtle art of words or inspiration of rhythm. Few or none of them have the concentrated strangeness of beauty that is crystallised in the best of Mr. Yeats' songs. A. E. is perhaps too facile to reach that perfected mastery of lyric language; and, maybe, he is of those who think that Mr. Yeats would do his genius better justice by letting it flow more spontaneously, by brooding less anxiously over his endless revisions of his work. Mr. Figgis tells us a remarkable instance of A. E.'s facility. A joint play by Mr. Yeats and Mr. George Moore (worked over with curious labour) was produced in Dublin by Mr. F. R. Benson. This was the "Diarmid and Grania." A. E. went to see it, and "came to the conclusion that if this was drama, then drama was an exceedingly easy thing to do. When he reached home that night he straightway wrote the first act of a play dealing with Deirdre." The brothers Fay, then trying to reform the drama in Dublin, heard of this first act, and persuaded the poet to write two more. "This was very easily done"; and the play was produced. "Deirdre" is included in A. E.'s volume of "Imaginations and Reveries." It is tantalising work; for it seems the mere sketch of something that should have had grandeur and the capacity for creating a world of profound emotion. As Mr. Figgis says, it lacks "some tragic weighting of the tale in the mind of the writer." He goes on to complain that there is not enough of A. E. in the play; the drama, he rather perversely contends, is more personal than the lyric; but certainly in the result what we miss is lack of substance and vitality in the figures of the drama and still more the pressing out of dramatic beauty from

* "Imaginations and Reveries." By A. E.—"Æ." (George W. Russell). By Darrell Figgis. 2s. 6d. net each. (Maunsel).



Gene Stratton-Porter.

circumstances so rich in the possibilities of that beauty. The prose dialogue, too, is inadequate. If the poet had wrestled with his theme, and exhausted his utmost powers in doing so, it would not have been more than the subject demanded. Too great a fluency both here and in the lyrics is A. E.'s weakness.

But to leave Mr. Figgis—to whom we are grateful for such facts as he tells us of Mr. Russell's career, though we could wish that he deigned to use a plainer, a less self-conscious and less wordy style—the volume of collected essays and papers before us will be welcome to many as an expression of A. E.'s gifts at their best. True poet though he is, it may be that A. E. will be remembered longest by his impassioned prose. Many of us remember that memorable piece on the present war, "The Spiritual Conflict," which appeared in *The Times* and is here reprinted. The thought so suggestively here put forth is this, "Material victories are often spiritual defeats." Nations embodying an idea are conquered, but the idea is left behind "as a glory in the air," and is incarnated afresh in the minds of their conquerors. The French idea of a century and more ago, the democratic idea, invaded men's minds everywhere, though France was dominated materially by a Cæsar from within, by allied Europe from without. Will the German idea, that of the State organised to supreme efficiency, conquer our minds, even if Germany be materially overthrown? Whether this suggested prophecy come true or not, how right is A. E. in reminding us that our political ideals are symbols of "spiritual destines!" Above all, he sets us thinking, and not merely thinking in a reverie, but thinking with a light shining before us. That is the constant quality of his writing. In view of that prophetic suggestion about the "German idea," it interests us to note how profoundly A. E. has imbued his mind with the old legends, the old faiths of his race. For though commercial and military efficiency has been the material aspect of Germany's stride to power, behind all that a long brooding on the legendary Teutonic past has fermented in cravings for a fierce nationalism; the old Gods have been waked from their sleep in the twilight, and Odin is invoked afresh. A. E. too is for nationality as against cosmopolitanism; and he has striven to revive into reality the old gods and goddesses and the heroes of Ireland, to make them share again in the life and religious feelings of his countrymen. How much the doctrinaire ferocity of the modern German is inspired by the resurgence of old savage ideals, the dream of Valhalla, working like an incongruous yeast in heavily-thinking brains, deeply vulgarised by commercial successes, would be a speculation interesting to follow up. Here we have but space to note the contrast of A. E.'s thoughts about the old heroic life of his own race. For what to him is the appeal in legendary Ireland is not only the beauty and splendour of passionate lives and deaths, the religion of courage and chivalry, but the nearness of touch with elemental life which breathes from those ancient legends; as, for instance, in the legend of the three great waves of the sea that rose in response to the great deeds of the heroes. This is what the modern mind has lost, with its "withdrawal of thought from nature," and its fatal division of the spiritual from the secular. This is the inspiration which is always at the heart of A. E.'s writing, whether he writes on Irish poets and artists, or "Nationality," or the "Hero in Man," or "Love and Religion." He does not spare the Irish or flatter their vanity; he says hard things to them, by the way; yet when a stranger attacks them, how his eloquence is on fire for their defence, as in the letter of deep and honest indignation addressed to Rudyard Kipling! It is more faith that he requires of his countrymen, more of that faith which burns in himself, and which gives him, above all, the titles that so various gifts may claim, the title of a prophet.

New Books.

A KIPLING COMMONPLACE BOOK.*

Of the present volume several questionable things may be said, and one certain thing, namely, that its distinguished subject will not greatly admire it. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's passion for technical efficiency in the mechanical arts can be found writ large in many a tale and ballad. His passion for high craftsmanship in literature is no less real, though, being the dearest article of his literary faith, it is less openly avowed. The present volume, creditable enough to the author's zeal, is not equally creditable to his skill. It is technically a poor production, badly put together. Like Mr. Mantalini's countesses, it has no outline, or, at the best, like the same gentleman's dowager, a dem'd outline. Now, whatever Mr. Kipling may lack, outline he certainly has, and I am sure he will find it hard to forgive Mr. Hopkins for suggesting that he "writes as the fancy takes him, and it is difficult to imagine that he ever corrects or prunes his prodigal luxuriance."

The chief interest of the volume lies in the notes and cuttings enthusiastically assembled by the author. His own discursive criticism is less valuable, chiefly because it seems to have no foundation. Mr. Hopkins has no convictions about Mr. Kipling. Indeed, it can hardly be said that he has any consistent opinions; for his pages, with their many repetitions, include some contradictions. Thus, he asserts that "the critics for the last few years seem to have been unanimous in denouncing him—which fact, of course, recommends him to us"; a statement preposterous in more ways than one, and disproved by the general tenor of the whole volume. The concluding lists of portraits, magazine articles, and musical settings show some omissions. For instance, no mention is made of the brilliant article in the Christmas BOOKMAN for 1912 by Dixon Scott, that original and stimulating essayist, untimely slain in the country's service. Mr. Hoppé's portrait is not given; and such musical items as Walter Damrosch's grimly thrilling "Danny Deever," and Percy Grainger's series, including fine choral settings of "Tiger, Tiger," the "Morning Song in the Jungle," and "We have fed our Seas" are not named.

One other point, perhaps a little professional, needs some comment. Mr. Hopkins falls foul of teachers for not making use of Mr. Kipling's work in schools.

"It is unlikely, of course, that this advice will be taken," he writes, "as it takes a long time to make schoolmasters or

* "Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation." By R. Thurston Hopkins. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkins.)

those who have the selection of young people's school books step aside from the old and familiar tracks. Such a thing as making a school book attractive is not thought of, and if it ever has been, was certainly rejected as foolishness."

Instead of discussing this nonsense, I venture (with much apprehension) to offer a startling, revolutionary, and totally unheard-of proposal, namely, that people who feel impelled to launch into wholesale criticism of school methods and curricula should first make an acquaintance with the inside of a school. "It is unlikely, of course, that this advice will be taken," but should Mr. Hopkins be moved to educational research he may not improbably discover that the "Jungle Books" are in the school libraries, that "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Rewards and Fairies," and the "Just So Stories" are constantly read to the younger classes, and that, among the verses memorised by children, the best of Mr. Kipling's hold a prominent place—the "Children's Song" being actually prescribed by some Education Authorities as an Empire Day hymn. It may be added, by the way, that Mr. Kipling and his publishers show no inclination to produce any of these books at a price suitable for school use, and that they can hardly be said to welcome with enthusiasm any attempts of teachers to make school books attractive by the inclusion of Kipling selections.

It will be gathered that Mr. Hopkins' volume is in no sense critical. However, it has its merits. Those who have no objection to the protracted and discursive method of writing will find much to interest them, especially in the mass of collected information and opinions. Many of the notes, jottings, quotations, etc., would be hard to come at elsewhere. Indeed, the volume may be called a Kipling commonplace book.

Mr. Hopkins is not always acquiescent. He is right when he suggests that Mr. St. John Adcock's "In the Firing Line" gives a truer view of the modern Tommy than Mr. Kipling implies in the illiteracy of his "Soldiers Three"; but he is less happy when he gravely suggests that the line "An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China crost the Bay" is invalidated as poetry by its use of "such ugly colloquialisms" as "outer" and "crost." Shades of Burns and Barnes, as if that mattered! You cannot asperse Mr. Kipling's parts of speech. His writing, as such, is almost impeccable. Like Browning he writes Dramatic Lyrics, and his colloquialisms always fit the speaker and the occasion. What is wrong with Mr. Kipling is not that he is sometimes common in expression, but that he is sometimes common in appeal. Too often the spirit of his work is exactly that of the music hall patriotic ditty or the pantomime topical song. It is indeed a glorious thing to be a patriotic poet, almost as glorious as to be a pirate king; and there is evidence that the two occupations have been sometimes confused. True patriotism calls man to the height of his nobility. Does Mr. Kipling always voice this call? Can it be claimed for him, as Wordsworth claimed for Milton, that he gives us "manners, virtue, freedom, power?" Mr. Kipling has often sung the demands of law and obedience; but his obedience is the obedience of compulsion, not of choice. He conceives man with a weapon, obeying someone's orders, not with a tool, obeying his own creative impulses. He knows not the patriotism that rebels; the State of his dreams is ominously like a state of slavery.

Fortunately this is not the whole of Mr. Kipling. There is another Kipling, a man of genius, a seer of visions, a loving craftsman in words, a maker of clean strong prose and noble verse. His gifts are so excellent that no one would wish to dwell upon his defects, were it not that these defects are so constantly thrust upon us as his virtues. We are expected to admire him for his opinions when we want to admire him for his art. We are asked to admire his rowdyness when we want to admire his delicacy. A whole diameter of art separates the wistful evocations of "They" from the sedulous abominations of "Stalky," and we must insist on the difference if we want to find the Kipling of whom we may proudly boast. It is so fatally easy to praise him for the wrong things—to be caught by his early violence, to consent to his not infrequent commonness of mind, to think of him as if he were nothing but a leader writer for the *Daily Jingo*. There is, indeed, a great deal of the blatant journalist in him, but that is precisely what we must forgive, not admire. In the end of all, Mr. Kipling's Imperialist, Chauvinist, Conscriptionist, Protectionist, and Ulsterian predilections will neither save him nor slay him. Already the war has antiquated many of his doctrines. Literature has a way of ignoring politics. Alison is dead in spite of his Toryism; Macaulay is alive in spite of his Whiggism.

With the growth of years Mr. Kipling has lost much of the cocksureness that was the unpleasant corollary of his acutely observant nature. He knew something of many things, and (again the journalist!) he made the most of his knowledge, not to say advertised it. Mark Twain, in that inimitable way of his, summed up the youthful Kipling for all time:

"He spent a couple of hours with me, and at the end of that time I had surprised him as much as he had surprised me—and the honours were easy. I believed that he knew more than any person I had met before, and I knew that he knew that I knew less than any person he had met before. . . . Between us we cover all knowledge; he knows all that can be known, and I know the rest."

Excellent criticism—as humour often is!

Time, too, has turned Mr. Kipling from a kind of giddy harumfrodite, Hindu and Yankee too, into the reverent interpreter of England's shy, intimate beauty. To measure his advance you need only compare the brassy journalism of "From Sea to Sea" with the poems and stories that have Sussex for their background. In discovering England he has discovered the best of himself. His early blend of the far East and the wild West was not guiltless of vulgarity. Imperialist as he thinks himself, Mr. Kipling is greatest when he is a little Englander. It is when he writes of "They" that he has our heart. May the lost child's kiss never fail to brush his hand in the darkness and the silence!

George Sampson.

CHRIST AT CARNIVAL.*

This new poet, already memorable through the welcome accorded to her title-poem on its publication in the "English Review," is so indubitably fine that even to quarrel with her may be called a pleasant exercise in a world where trite versification seems far commoner than brave individuality such as hers. The melody and passion of her work are indissoluble, and only the authentic fire could light such flame, burning in language fierce, economical, visualising, and almost always making music, even when its bitter scorn shows something altogether hideous, as in one poem which, if set side by side with the finished and delicate bit of portraiture which adorns the last page of the book, would suggest the kind of contrast to be found between some brilliant sketch of *Chicot* by Whistler, and a realistic presentment by some modern Hogarth of a blood-stained corpse in the *morgue* labelled "Fools"—terrible in its sordid realism and the grin upon its forsaken features, yet through all its sardonic humour suggesting something of the high solemnity of a painter so far apart from Hogarth as Albert Dürer.

It may still further indicate the width of the poet's range to compare the title poem with that masterly lyric, "The Chalice of Circe," in which Chopin and Swinburne might almost have mingled their powers—a poem of subtle executive skill and didactic emotional force—for, although both deal symbolically with eternal things, the one is dignified drama, the other a whirlpool of intricate rhyme and rhythm, giving proof, if such were needed, that the unfettered simplicity and grace of other measures used by Muriel Stuart imply no lack of ease in handling the regularised stanzas of a recurrent form.

* "Christ at Carnival, and Other Poems." By Muriel Stuart. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

But there are poems in this volume which despite sympathetic admiration, nevertheless arouse resentment by the ethical attitude which repeatedly dwells on the corruption of death and the brevity of passion, as though these summed up human life, rather than on the eternity of essential Beauty, and the immortality of essential Love. It is true that the almost insolent power and plain speaking of such a poem as "Fools" is worth many sermons, and that lyrics such as "Wild Geese Across the Moon," are obviously intended as dramatic studies of other people's moods and not at all as personal confessions. But there remains the fact that one who could write such a poem as "Christ at Carnival," in which the magic of the poet's phrase is forgotten in the moving sincerity of the spiritual appeal, should never have seemed to set the seal of verity on the belief that the chief treasure of life can be buried in the grave or rot away in earthiness, though "The Dead Moment"—one of the poems in which this false notion is used with telling effect as an image—is one of the most haunting and beautiful in the volume.

The book can be read from end to end for sheer lyrical ecstasy and impassioned tenderness, of which one random snatch may here be given from the stanzas "To a Gipsy":

"Then I shall have no need of song to sing you
No word to speak that day –
My laugh the spirit of the wild shall fling you,
My kiss the fresh lips of the gale shall bring you,
The stream my name shall say:
As, from the ditch, some hedge-wraith dartling out,
Shall prick the horse's ear,
Your heart, astir, whose word you shall not doubt,
Shall whisper I am near,
And with the old sweet tang of tears shall sting you."

ANNIE MATHESON.

THE SAILORMAN IN LETTERS.*

This is just such a book as the late Frank T. Bullen was fond of putting together—witness his "Idylls of the Sea," "Sea Spray," "A Bundle of Shakings," and others. But Mr. Bone—or should one write "Captain," or "Commodore," or go back to the older "Master"?—anyhow, this latest sailorman in letters has more of the grip of the thing than Bullen had generally. The book is a literary "sack o' shakings," the odds and ends of nautical life put into sketches and short stories; and the author may not be so choice in his language as Bullen was, yet his material never runs so thin. Truth to tell, some of them, such as "Errors of Judgment" and "The Merchant's Cup," are decidedly "meaty" say "salt horse" at its best. Unlike John Masefield's "Tarpaulin Muster" as they are in treatment and manner, their quality is not inferior to that collection of sea yarns and essays. Mr. Bone has his own "touch," as every distinct individuality must have; yet the "touch" is entirely true. His men are sailors, where he makes "shell-backs" the subject, as in "A Deep Water Critic"; and one is never in doubt about that most difficult of literary presentation of foreign scenes, the atmosphere. In this book we look in at many ports the world around, and nothing could be more truly depicted than "The Scribe," "The 'Real' Cashmiri Shawl," "Old Paoli," "At Bazaar," etc. How easily we catch again the humour of it all! How clearly we see once more the native trader with his small wares and his large, subtle wiles! Again in "Dropping the Pilot," "Unclaimed Rewards," and other sketches of a like cast, there is the deeper note of gale and ocean tragedy, all as well done as the lighter things are. Mr. Bone does not directly philosophise over his subjects. He writes straight on, as Mark Antony speaks; but, all the same, we don't miss the moral. It is there, hull-high and all bold on the skyline of the matter; yet it is never obtrusive, and this is one of Mr. Bone's excellencies—a quality that Bullen lacked even in his best essays. To the superficial mind some of these sketches will be merely good descriptive work, almost photographic in its accuracy, although by no means crowded with detail; but the mind of another make will see in them a quiet depth of moralising and an unparaded strength that are distinctive. Whether it be that these are individual matters arising from personality, or are only natural parts of the subjects chosen, is of no moment here. It is enough to know that Mr. Bone gets them in without effort, without ostentation. And this is one of the high virtues of the literary craft; for the merely descriptive pen would depict the same scenes and events without leaving any other impression on the reader's mind than that he had visualised the happenings. In the one case we should have the skeleton, or, at most, an outline of the living thing; in the other we have both body and soul, and are aware of the latter whilst our attention is all on the former. Another virtue in Mr. Bone's writing is the fact that it is always redolent of deep water; alas! that it is slangy at times and too often near to being so. His shipboard phraseology is truer than the work of any other hand that has forsaken the marling-spike—or the sextant—for the pen. He does, however, at times use slang as though it were good English; and this is the only fault I can see in a book that is as true of salt water and its shore fringe as any book needs to be.

J. E. PATTERSON.

* "Broken Stowage." By David W. Bone. 6s. (Duckworth.)

A CATHOLIC MISFIRE.*

It has been said that you cannot indict a whole people. It is at least as true that a people cannot indict its past. It can regret it, and it can dream of what "might have been." But it has no warrant or standard to judge its preceding generations over a long period, and certainly of all indictments that it can attempt to draw the most dubious will be an indictment of consistent error in one direction pursued from age to age in a world for ever changing, developing, and exploding. Yet it is to this impossible and not very timely task that Mr. Chesterton addresses himself in these pages. He seeks to convict British statesmen of centuries of injurious pro-Germanism.

We were wrong, he tells us, to back up Frederick the Great, wrong to share German and Austrian distrust of the French Revolution, wrong to accept Prussia's aid against Napoleon, wrong to abandon Napoleon III. to Bismarck, wrong to save Turkey, wrong to cede Heligoland, and damnably wrong in that we did all these things

* "The Crimes of England." By G. K. Chesterton. (Palmer & Hayward.)



The Bridge,
described in "A Girl of the Limberlost," under which Phil found Elnora working to remove a cocoon.

under pro-German obsessions. These are vast propositions. If they are to be put forward in all seriousness as a criticism of national acts tending in one direction to one disaster, they call for a much more elaborate and documented treatment than they receive in the ten short chapters of this small book. But I do not see how the indictment could lie, or how it would be possible for Mr. Chesterton or any other philosopher of history to present German influence in England, and our responses to it as a concatenation of errors, each of which ought to have made the next one impossible. But Mr. Chesterton seems to have no forensic misgivings, and he sees this alien strand in our national garment as something that can be traced "back to the beginning of the Hanoverian Succession; and thence back to the quarrel between the King and the lawyers which had issue at Naseby; and thence again to the angry exit of Henry VIII. from the mediæval council of Europe." Nay, he reproaches Freeman and Green for teaching us to be proud of our descent from Hengist and Horsa, and not from King Arthur. Such chases seem to lose themselves in the air. This one loses itself in Mr. Chesterton, who soon convinces us that if England's dealings with Germany in the past have betrayed anything it is his own mediæval ideals and preferences.

We have here, in short, a Catholic tract based on what Mr. Chesterton, no doubt, regards as common ground between himself and his readers—detestation of Prussia. But here he exaggerates. Sensible men condemn Prussia as heartily as Mr. Chesterton, and even more effectually—in that they condemn her for things which can be adjudicated by existing standards. What Prussia is to-day we know, but we shall add nothing to our patriotism or our dignity by seeking to prove that she has never been anything but a moral leper, and that her touch has always contaminated England. Nor need we love to be scourged by Mr. Chesterton with rather mythical whips because, in the same breath, he scourges Prussia with very mythical scorpions. We are mindful of the fact if you denounce an individual or a nation over much, you end by blaspheming our common human nature. But Mr. Chesterton has his own reason for denouncing Germany, not merely for her sins of to-day, but as a poison in our blood. It is that he sees her as the enemy of the old faith and the birthplace of the Reformation.

This is the thesis which gives unity or progression to what Mr. Chesterton calls "the great modern mistakes of England," in connection with Germany. But the unity and progression exist in his own mind, not in the minds of his readers; and they are supported by sweeping generalisations and critical ingenuities which will deceive nobody, not even thinking Catholics. Thus he conceives of the Napoleonic wars as a great spiritual conflict between the new spirit, as represented by France, and the hierarchical faiths, as represented by Holy Russia and the Holy Roman Empire of Austria. He would tell us at this date that neither England nor Prussia had any business to be in arms. "Neither of them had any tincture of Catholic mysticism. Neither of them had any tincture of Jacobin idealism. Neither of them, therefore, had any real moral reason for being in arms at all." And this is true if the issue were what Mr. Chesterton thinks, and if any one could have seen it. But such ideas did not enter Pitt's head nor the heads of the English people when they set themselves to beat Bony abroad and beat him off in Sussex. They conceived that they had the best of all reasons to make war—the preservation of their country as they knew and loved it. No wonder that the strain of such an argument leads Mr. Chesterton into such trivialities as the following:

"The people had no religion to fight for, as in Russia or La Vendée. The parson was no longer a priest, and had long been a small squire. Already that one great blank in our land had made snobbishness the only religion of South England; and turned rich men into a mythology. The effect can be well summed up in that decorous abbreviation by which our rustics speak of 'Lady's Bedstraw,' where they once spoke of 'Our Lady's Bedstraw.' We have dropped the comparatively democratic adjective and kept the aristocratic noun."

Judged by such standards and prepossessions we have indeed committed many crimes, but they are crimes against Mr. Chesterton and not against England.

It is over true that we have committed crimes and blunders against ourselves and others, but it is both more reasonable and more cheerful to believe that these have had other and more various origins than German influence. To say, as Mr. Chesterton does, of one of the greatest of them that "we should hardly have seen such a nightmare as the Anglicising of Ireland if we had not already seen the Germanising of England," is to make an arbitrary pattern of history. But to say of the modern phase of this influence that it is "symbolically marked out by Cartaret, proud of talking German at the beginning of the period, and Lord Haldane, proud of talking German at the end of it" is merely cheap and unworthy.

When all is said, Mr. Chesteron is a patriot and a man of faith. If instead of delivering his peculiar message in a pamphlet founded on crazy analogies and dialectics he had delivered it as a poem in terms of satire and lament it might have carried, not conviction, but many helpful convictions, to our minds. Such a suggestion may seem to exceed a reviewer's privilege, but I think that Mr. Chesterton's theme and courage called for that higher form, so easily his own. On that plane he might have seen as inevitable tragedy much that he presents as a ledger account of crime and blunder. And it is this larger view that will help us when the greatest storm in history shall have rocked itself to rest.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

VIGÉE LEBRUN.*

In the year 1760 a little rustic procession "might have been seen" (as G. P. R. James used to say) approaching the high road from Epernon to Paris; a rough peasant trudging by country ways leading a donkey, and jolting along in a panier on the donkey's back a little girl who was Mademoiselle Vigée. She was being recalled to Paris whither she was to travel in a "cabriolet" that was to meet her at some point on the high road, and take her away for ever from the poor cottage home where she had been nursed for the five years of her infancy. Eighty years later Mademoiselle Vigée was Madame Lebrun looking back on her long and successful life to this rustic journey as her first distinct memory. She had had many friends in those intervening years but none had served her more faithfully than the good peasant woman who was her foster-mother in the far-away cottage among the wooded hills of that pleasant land of France.

From five to the mature age of eleven Mademoiselle Vigée passed the years in a convent, and her education being then completed she came home for good.

Her father was an artist, and as the child developed her extraordinary talent for painting she received every encouragement. He died, indeed, when Elisabeth Vigée was but thirteen years old; but she had a talent for making friends as well as for art, and the painters who came in and out of her father's studio and had been wont to notice her there, continued their good-natured patronage and pushed her on to the success she merited and achieved.

Her mother was of peasant origin, a strict and austere Catholic with a good deal to put up with apparently from an artist husband of lax morals. However, she contracted a second marriage more unfortunate than her first, with a man who turned out to be avaricious, grasping and tyrannical, and who was most obnoxious to his stepdaughter, the young girl artist. Elisabeth Vigée was so uncomfortable that she hailed as a means of escape her mother's plan for her own marriage, and she accepted a scamp who had imposed himself on her mother as a well-to-do tradesman, a dealer in pictures and antiques; but who was in reality burdened with debt, and whose only way of living, henceforth, was to be by exploiting his wife's

* "Vigée Lebrun: Her Life, Works, and Friendships." By W. H. Helm. (Hutchinson.)

talent. Madame Lebrun earned large sums as a portrait painter and her husband appropriated the money; and after they had been separated for many years in their later life, she was still generous to him and paid his debts.

She had one daughter, the Julie who appears in so many of her charming pictures, who was a spoiled child, grew up to be selfish and headstrong, made a marriage of which her mother disapproved and died young.

This was the background of Madame Lebrun's life, and one sufficiently sordid and of sad colour. Yet one remembers how Mrs. Oliphant in her autobiography, when she is looking back over years of anxiety and labour and loss, says, " But I would not say I have had an unhappy life. There are times when my heart jumps up and I am happy. I wonder whether this is want of feeling or mere temperament and elasticity or if it is a special compensation. ' Werena my heart licht I wad dee.' "



Singing Water,
described in "The Harvester."

Madame Lebrun lived in times of whose significance she had no idea. Yet one would think, when she looked back in her prosperous old age to her first remembered journey in life, her thoughts must have lingered around the memory of another journey made in a momentous year: when she escaped from France with her little girl, travelling by *diligence* and " in disguise," and fearing to be stopped as she left Paris. Upon that night, however, when the *diligence* rumbled through the Saint Antoine quarter all was quiet, for the people had walked to Versailles and back that day and were gone to bed " dog tired." It was the night of that October day when the unhappy King and Queen had been brought from Versailles to Paris by a revolutionary mob hounded on by yelling women. If the significance of the times was not to be guessed by Madame Lebrun, so also the gloom cast on her mind by the tragedies of the Revolution never lasted long. In Vienna one day she saw in a gazette " a list of persons who had been guillotined, wherein were the names of nine of her acquaintances " ; and after that she never looked again at newspapers " until those troubled days were over." Hers was one of those buoyant natures, as her biographer says, " which so long as the immediate evidence of anguish and death can be kept away from them are not very deeply affected." She floated lightly and gaily down the stream of life, and even so lightly does her biographer tell her story, readably, cheerfully, and in pleasant vein.

F. E. Phillips.

MOBY LANE.*

There are a good many things that you will not find in " Moby Lane and Thereabouts." You won't find the war there; nor lurid and sensational adventures; nor exciting plots; nor morbid moral problems. The society you will meet there is not high—not as a rule. You get a glimpse of gentility in such stories as " The Squire," " The Last of the Gentry," or " Pucklefield Manor " ; but not enough to worry about. What " Moby Lane " really has to offer you are stories and sketches of the everyday life of ordinary people—that is, of people who seem ordinary until Mr. Lyons picks them up and casually shows you how extraordinary they are.

" The Mobies have lifted the latch of my heart," says he, in the opening story, " and spring has entered in " ; and that is just the effect the book has on the hearts of his readers. It is a book for the spring, for that reason; and especially for a spring in war time. The Mobies comprise a man and wife, seven children and a disreputable perambulator. They tour the country and subsist by traffic in old rags, bones and bottles. They live under hedges in all weathers; their children were born in ditches; and without in the least sentimentalising over them, Mr. Lyons gets them all alive and individualised into half a dozen pages and makes you feel they are a family worth knowing—a family you have to laugh at because he brings you into full sympathy with them, and you like them so well.

It is no use trying to tell you what the stories are about. Some of them are about nothing; but that does not matter in the least. The art with which Mr. Lyons interests you in the people of his book is the thing that matters; that and the quaint, shrewd, kindly humour with which he writes of them. Sometimes it is the humour of incident that takes you most; sometimes the humour of the dialogue—and the dialogue is always delightfully good; usually it is the humour of character. You read the book from start to finish for the sheer joy of reading it, and at the end you emphatically agree with Mr. Blatchford that the man who wrote it is a poet and an artist; a humorist of unique gifts, and " one of the best short story writers in the world."

* " Moby Lane and Thereabouts." By A. Neil Lyons. 6s. (John Lane.)

THE YOUNG POETS.

" Georgian Poetry, 1913–1915 "[1] contains poems by a baker's dozen of the young ones, some of whom must be maturing by this time. Two of the best are dead—Rupert Brooke and James McElroy Flecker. One is very glad that Rupert Brooke lived for the war and to take part in it, since that gave us the noble poetry of the " England " sonnets.

One sees in this collection whither poetry was drifting before the war. Poetry, subject to an eternal law like everything else, rises and falls, waxes and wanes. In a long peace it tends to become luxurious and emasculated by its insistence on sex. When things go too well with us we are travelling towards the *Decadence*. The war must be a bracing, a medicinal tonic, clean fire and sharp cold water and a fresh wind upon this luxuriousness, as of Nineveh and the other Pagan cities.

Gordon Bottomley's remarkable poetic play, " King Lear," though it is full of passionate poetry, is marred by the curious unwholesomeness of much of it. His Goneril is really beautiful and most deeply felt. We feel her like a cold, pure wind in the book. Some of her passages are indeed worthy of the Elizabethans who are the poet's models. She is a glorious wild animal, and the swift rush of words well depicts her. Mr. Bottomley has a beautiful diction. But what purpose do the two

[1] " Georgian Poetry, 1913–1915." 3s. 6d. net. (The Poetry Book Shop.)

horrible old women serve? They are gratuitously ugly, like a patch of rottenness in a beautiful fruit. These horrible night-birds fill one with disgust. And what a pity, for Mr. Bottomley's poetry is noble, clean, plangent. There are so many wonderful passages that one hardly knows which to choose. Goneril speaks, for herself:

"I dreamt that I was swimming shoulders up,
And drave the bed-clothes spreading to the floor:
Coldness awoke me: through the waning darkness
I heard far hounds give shivering aery tongue,
Remote, withdrawing, suddenly faint and near.
I leapt and saw a pack of stretching weasels
Hunt a pale coney in a soundless rush.
Their elfin and thin yelping pierced my heart
As with an unseen beauty long awaited.
Wolfskin and cloak I buckled over this nightgown,
And took my honoured spear from my bed-side
Where none but I may touch its purity—
And sped as lightly down the dewy bank,
As any mothy owl that hunts quick mice.
They went crying, crying, but I lost them
Before I stept, with the first tips of light,
On Raven Crag near by the Druid Stones.
So I paused there, and, stooping, pressed my hands
Against the stony bed of the clear stream.
Then entered I the circle and raised up
My shining hand in stern cold adoration,
Even as the first great gleam went up the sky."

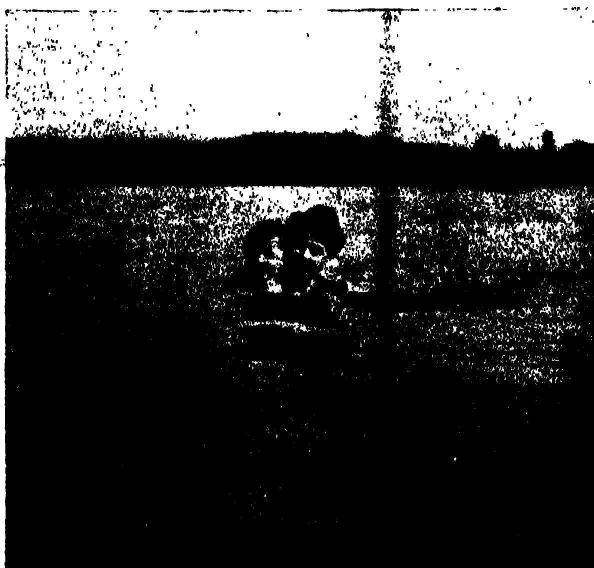
There is real enchantment in this poetry, so that one can forgive Mr. Bottomley for retelling Shakespeare.

There could hardly be a more lovely simplicity than one finds in the poems of W. H. Davies. His songs have all the quips and turns and conceits and the purity of the birds' songs:

"Sweet Chance that led my steps abroad
Beyond the town where wild flowers grow
A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord.
How rich and great the times are now!
Know all, ye sheep
And cows that keep
On staring that I stand so long
In grass that's wet from heavy rain.
A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again."

That is an admirable simplicity, and having it one could very well dispense with "A Fleeting Passion," which strikes a jarring note in these songs of innocence. Must Mr. Davies follow a bad fashion?

The two Irish poets, Stephens and Ledwidge, come oddly between Wilfrid Wilson Gibson and Lascelles Abercrombie. I am far from denying the energy and the force, the positive beauty of these two dramatic poets. The two Irish poets are as innocent as a daisy, whereas the English poets are curiously preoccupied with the life of the English village and its often squalid drama. It is as though the agricultural labourer, having been neglected up to the time of Hardy,



Teaching "Morning Face" to swim.
Gene Stratton-Porter's daughter and one of her children.

or made to serve a charming and insincere convention—witness Marlowe's

> "I am the Mower Damon, known
> By all the meadows I have mown,
> On me the morn her dew distils
> Before her darling daffodils"

—must now have his due, and occupy the close attention of our younger poets.

The poetry of Ralph Hodgson has certainly a Blake-like quality of vision and of expression :

> "The music of a lion strong
> That shakes a hill the whole night long—
> A hill as loud as he.
> The twitter of a mouse among
> Melodious greenery.
> The ruby's and the rainbow's song,
> The nightingale's all three ;
> The song of life that wells and flows,
> From every leopard, lark or rose,
> And everything that gleams or goes
> Lack-lustre in the sea."

All these things Mr. Hodgson hears, and sees as Blake heard and saw them.

When all is said and done, whether one likes or dislikes, there is a wealth of poetry in this Georgian Poetry. No fear of the succession failing.

Here is another anthology, very simple after the Georgians, a handful, a little sheaf of Irish verse, mainly martial, gathered into a little gold-coloured book to be sold for the purpose of providing comforts for the Irish soldiers. In "A Little Book of Irish Verse"[2] Mr. Albert White has given us some very good things. He has had the good luck to net Mr. Yeats among his poets. The book comes from the office of the *Ulster Guardian*, which in itself is of good omen. The editor might have placed on the title page Allingham's lines :

> "We are one, at heart, if you be Ireland's friend,
> Though leagues asunder our opinions tend.
> There are but two great parties in the end."

"Some Verse," by F. S.,[3] is a witty book, full of clever parodies and quips and cranks in the manner of Hood and Calverly and Austin Dobson, with a gay scholasticism, and one or two serious poems to show that it is a poet who dons the cap and bells. "The Lament of the Sailor's Widow" and "A Christmas Legend" are poems of a very beautiful quality. When one has smiled over the deftness and fun of the other poems one is suddenly grave with these. F. S. ought to give us serious poetry well worth the having one of these days.

There is a good deal of quiet and refined beauty in "The Queen's Quest"[4] by E. L. Whitcombe. The religious poems are very deeply felt. The poetry is in the manner of Tennyson, and is restful for those who are satisfied with quiet poetry which does not cause violent emotions either of pleasure or pain.

"Rose of My Life"[5] is a bundle of love-poems which will appeal to all those in love. Otherwise the reader may feel an intruder in the presence of those very intimate raptures. The writer can turn a verse, and has a warm and glowing fancy.

"The Wind in the Temple"[6] has something in it despite its many extravagances which assures one that Mr. Edmund John is a poet. An exuberant fancy, a strong sense of colour and music, a very real feeling for beauty, Mr. John's work needs clarifying—as though the tumult of youth had made his poetry turgid. But he has the root of the matter in him.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[2] "A Little Book of Irish Verse." Edited by Albert C. White. 1s (Heath, Cranton & Ouseley.)

[3] "Some Verse." By F. S. 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[4] "The Queen's Quest." By E. L. Whitcombe. 2s. 6d. (Bell & Sons.)

[5] "Rose of My Life." 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

[6] "The Wind in the Temple." By Edmund John. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Novel Notes.

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK. By F. Tennyson Jesse. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Here are eight stories of the weird, ghastly order, written with undoubted power. Miss Jesse has set herself to make the blood creep, and she has done it nearly every time. But the sheer horror of the tales is redeemed by artistic reticence. The last describes the sudden conversion of a rascally captain who has agreed to scuttle his ship ; it is a fitting climax to the series, in some respects the most impressive and penetrating. In "A Garden Enclosed," Miss Jesse is more subtle, more psychological. We prefer her in the tales where there is more action to set out the ghastliness, as, for example, in the story of how an innocent girl was persuaded to poison her father, or in "The Mask," a Cornish tale which Balzac might have penned. "The Man with Two Mouths" is another Cornish story of wild life, in which the man, not the woman, is punished—a vivid story of treachery and revenge. The title is far-fetched, but Miss Jesse has achieved a true success in these eight pieces of concentrated intensity ; she produces her effect by a combination of realistic detail and psychological suggestion, and this is probably the reason why the two stories which have less of the former, fail to impress the reader so sharply as the other six. The note of weirdness is not caught quite so accurately as the note of terror. But this is practically the only criticism we can pass upon the book, and we pass it almost reluctantly, in view of the singular merit of these studies. A lesser artist would have made gruesome pictures out of such materials as Miss Jesse has chosen to handle ; eeriness, agony, revenge, and hallucinations, are easily spoiled by a coarse touch. It is not so in these pages. They are a sequence of varied, searching studies in life outside the pale, sometimes pitiful, sometimes horrible, but always free from the glaring chromolithograph colours of an inferior artist. The shudder they produce may not be pleasant, but it is legitimate.

"K." By Mary Roberts Reinhart. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Doctor-worship, if some American novelists are to be believed, is the popular cult across the Atlantic at present. Hence "K" is not as the simple English reader might imagine, Lord Kitchener, but a doctor, tall as one of Ouida's guardsmen, good as an apostle, simple as a little child—the super-man of America in fact. Over against him, serving as a foil is a second doctor—very clever, very handsome, not exactly wicked, but "naughty," shall we say. Two hospital nurses—one the angel-child of the wards, the other a demon of jealousy, who risks the lives of innocent patients in order to ruin her rivals, complete the colour-scheme of the book. All four characters are standardised, like the spare parts of a Ford car, and if by any untoward accident the authoress had not been able to complete her work, the missing parts could have been easily supplied. For the rest, the story is interesting, well told and pleasantly written. Miss Reinhart drives her team with the skill of a practised hand, and brings her readers to a happy ending.

BILDAD THE QUILL-DRIVER. By William Caine. 6s. (The Bodley Head).

Here is Mr. William Caine in his maddest motley, jesting away to his heart's content. The scene is the province of Maraudistan, but you may think of it as Bagdad—the Bagdad of a Drury Lane pantomime with the comedians in full patter. Bildad is the last of a long line of leather-dressers, and does not take kindly to his father's trade. So a wise woman is called in, and Bildad's future is decided by a quill plucked from her attendant gander. Allah having decreed that Bildad shall be a Writer, the Scribe-to-be armed with his pen and his wits is forthwith launched upon as ludicrous a career as ever troubled a good man's

dreams. Owing to a passion for secreting his poems about his person, Bildad is mistaken for a "fat boy" and is promptly transferred to a freak museum, where he suffers from the playful attentions of a coquettish giantess nine feet high. This is a typical chapter of Bildad's career. It is difficult to characterise adequately this wholly irresponsible book with its perpetual banter and parody, its epigrams and doggerel and upside-down flights of philosophy. The story is cleverly illustrated by H. M. Bateman.

THE HEART OF A MAN. By Richard Aumerle Maher. 6s. (Pitman.)

"The Heart of a Man," is in every way a "big" book. It is the story of the eternal battle between capital and labour, wherein the poor are for ever crushed between the power of wealth and knowledge on the one hand, and the forces of cold and hunger on the other; a book full of great thoughts and powerful situations, through which breathes life itself. Written very evidently by a member of the Roman Catholic Church, of necessity it presents only one side, although that is a deeply interesting and illuminating side, of many questions; and one must remember while reading Mr. Maher's splendid appeal for the workman, that an employee frequently has not enough restraint to succeed as a capitalist, or the kind of courage required to deal with financial risks. The scene of the story is laid in Milton, " a one-mill town " in the Adirondack foothills, where the townspeople slave day and night in a machine milling plant for the privilege of living, in order to fill the pockets of John Sargent, the owner, " a dynamic power over men and machines." You realise each detail of the strike of the workers whose every claim is ignored, and the famine they suffer in consequence; for the author paints fine descriptions, wherein each word is a vivid bit of colour applied by a sure brush. You feel upon terms of intimate friendship with John Loyd, the leader of the people; and Dean Driscoll the Catholic priest, who is so endearingly human, and yet so great a power for good; and Sargent who, devoid of principle, will ruin or kill whoever hinders his plans, yet in the end—but I will leave you to find out for yourself how wonderful a thing the heart of a man, even of an obviously bad man, may be.

THE BLOWS OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By Beatrice Kelston. 6s. (John Lane.)

Miss Kelston's new novel is the story of a single character. The other people who flit through her pages have only walking parts allotted them. Amalie Gayne is the leading lady. In her the authoress has imagined a character of great possibilities, though it may be questioned whether she has done justice to her own conception. One feels that such a woman as Amalie Gayne, the great actress, should have mastered her fate. As it is, the suggestion of the Tennysonian title is not fulfilled. She failed to "grapple with her evil star" and finally despaired of finding the solution of her life's riddle. It may, however, be that her temperament was in itself the fatal blow of circumstance—that " unspiritual God " as Byron called it, beneath whose bludgeonings so many lives are crushed. Miss Kelston's account of a child's mind in the opening chapters is wonderfully well done. This story can hardly be called inspiriting or seasonable—but it is a strong, sombre, thoughtful book with here and there an X-ray glance in the dark places of life, and those who read it once will probably be drawn to read it again. Perhaps there is no higher test for any book.

ME: A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE. Anonymous. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is remarkable a book, written in so candid a manner that is it almost startlingly realistic; it is a powerful piece of work, the writer's personality being unusually interesting and original. Whether the story is the actual autobiography of a well-known woman novelist, as it claims to be, it is not in our power to say—but it reads true, every line of it. It records the experiences of a year in her youth, when, at the age of seventeen she left home

to conquer life "with ten dollars in her pocket" and no experience of the ways of the world at all. Her ignorance of life, and her temperament, get her into many difficulties in the world of business men, but through it all and in spite of her foolishness (for she is very foolish at times) she wins our sympathy entirely. It is altogether an uncommon book—quite out of the ordinary run of novels.

PETER OF POTOPAH. By Lee Holt (Mrs. L. H. Wethey). 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A rattling good tale of love and adventure is "Peter of Potopah"—a tale of life in a Far-West town among the Rockies. Its heroine is a simple Scotch girl who, with her small brother, goes out to her Uncle Henshy in Potopah, and falls in love with an outlaw, the head of a gang of robbers. The story tells how she is ultimately not only the means of rescuing him from the arms of the law, but also from the crooked path he has chosen to follow. Betty herself is a lovable character, and Peter, the wily crook, by his very audacity and pluck wins the heart and unstinted admiration of the susceptible reader. The plot is an excellent one, well constructed, full of "go" and excitement, and with a note of originality in it that is uncommonly refreshing. It never loses sight of the humorous side of life. The author is an artist in detail; she writes cleverly and tells her tale in a light, vivacious manner. Her characters are skilfully drawn, and every one of them delightfully natural; while the mingling of the Scotch dialect and Western slang add considerably to the realism, as well as to the humour of the book. All who are on the look out for something fresh and cheering in the way of literature, should secure "Peter of Potopah" and read it at once.

The Bookman's Table.

GEOGRAPHY AND WORLD POWER. By James Fairgrieve, M.A., F.R.G.S. 3s. net. (London University Press.)

The influence of geography on the conditions of the races of mankind has never been scientifically dealt with before. It has frequently been alluded to in a vague manner by writers on imperial affairs, but never clearly defined or adequately expressed. And yet it must be of peculiar interest to the reader of the British Empire, whom it naturally concerns in the highest degree; but we, as a race, have hitherto been inclined to take most things for granted, and not to enquire too closely into the cause of things. This, no doubt, has its advantages, but the disadvantages, too, are great, and not least among them has been the loss of that fascinating study which Mr. Fairgrieve has skilfully set forth in the present work. Mr. Fairgrieve's contention is that hitherto we have paid too much attention to the actors and not enough to the setting of the stage, which, he shows, and indeed we all recognise, has profoundly influenced them. The habit of reading (or writing) universal histories has gone out, owing no doubt to the impossibility of acquiring any advantage from them by reason of their diffuseness. It might therefore be recommended that one should read this present work instead; it is brief, lucid, and moreover, as we have said, does justice to unconscious factors hitherto neglected. It is an epitome of the world's history viewed from the standpoint of staging, to keep up the author's metaphor. There are a large number of maps illustrating the author's various points, and an excellent index. When we are all turning our attention to matters of world-politics, Mr. Fairgrieve's work is doubly welcome.

THE BATTLE FIENDS. By E. H. Visiak. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Visiak is no orthodox rhymester, and if you come to him for grace and daintiness and pretty fancies you will be disappointed. He has no drawing-room tricks, but is gloriously at home in those rough places where life and men are picturesque and lawless. He likes human nature raw. Buccaneers and pirates appeal to him prevailingly; roaring seas and the voice of the wild thrill him and set him singing. There is a sturdy forcefulness, a stark, direct simplicity in his manner of thought and utterance that braces you like a shouting north-wind. Better than "The Battle Fiends" are the bizarre snatches of song that he scatters through this little book, such as "Heart-break," "Everyman," "The Convict Pirates," "The Drover," and in particular "Two Loves," a grim ditty of an old sea-captain who loved his ship and his bottle. In these and the ballads of the sea you have the essential Visiak, his distinctive note—a note with which most of us are in harmony in these warring, strenuous days.

AEROPLANES AND AIRSHIPS. SUBMARINES, TORPEDOES AND MINES. By W. E. Dommett. 1s. net each. (Whittaker.)

These little volumes are intended for the general reader as well as for the reader with technical knowledge. They are illustrated with many excellent photographs and diagrams, and present in compact and readable form a survey of the main problems that beset the would-be navigator of the air and the "under-sea," and also of the ingenious devices with which these problems have been successfully met. Special attention is given to the exploits of submarines and aircraft in the present war. The chief types, together with their steering and propelling plant and war equipment, are described with as much detail as is consistent with lucidity and the requirements of the Censor. With books so accessible as these, the man in the street has an excellent opportunity of bringing up-to-date his knowledge of the most modern and terrible of war-engines.

EUROPE IN ARMS. A Concise History of the Great European War. By Everard Wyrall. Vol. I. (Bertram Wright).

"Europe in Arms" is scarcely one of those histories of the War which a man can slip into his pocket to read on the Tube; it is in fact a work of somewhat unwieldy proportions, designed rather for the study than for the tram or train. It has this disadvantage, that is to say, that you cannot easily read it holding it in your hands; you must needs rest it on a table. This objection apart, there is a good deal to be said for Mr. Everard Wyrall's account of the Pan-Great-Power conflict. The illustrations of places, ships, forts, armies, aeroplanes, etc., are admirably novel and clearly reproduced; the maps and plans, which, however, we should have preferred to see placed in a pocket at the end of the volume, are on a sufficiently large scale to be really useful, and have the additional advantage of giving various elevations; while the type in which the text is printed is splendidly bold and clear without being too heavily leaded. As for the letterpress, we can only say that, having read a good many chapters right through and dipped here and there to sample accounts of particular engagements, it strikes us as being as perspicuous as detailed, as intelligible and as correct as the information at the command of the writer could make it.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY.

Hazell's Annual is one of the year books that the professional or business man cannot do without. It is a mine of information on current events and the public life of the time. To the records of Government Offices this year it adds the Ministry of Munitions, with a list of its staff. The war is writ large up and down many of its pages; there is a list of recipients of the Victoria Cross down to December 7th last; and a Roll of Honour, containing the names of many of the fallen. Aviation, Naval operations, International Treaties, the new taxation, war and general finance, trade, shipping, agriculture, railways—all the manifold activities of present-day life are competently and lucidly dealt with. Egypt, the new South-West African Protectorate, the former German Pacific Possessions—all receive due attention; the section concerning the British Colonies and Self-Governing Dominions offers careful, authoritative statistics, and is excellently up-to-date. The usefulness of the book is completed by a full and exact Index.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 294. Vol. XLIX. MARCH, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS : British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

***All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.**

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We would specially urge our readers, in these difficult times, to place a definite order for THE BOOKMAN with their booksellers or newsagents, or to send a year's subscription (the rates are given at the head of this page) to the publishers, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, E.C. Either of these courses would greatly help to systematise and so reduce the work of our publishing department, and would ensure punctual delivery of the Magazine.

The April BOOKMAN will be a Shakespeare Tercentenary Number.

Although the Shakespeare Tercentenary comes in wartime it is to be fittingly honoured. Stratford is making preparations to celebrate it, and practically all the Public Libraries in the kingdom are arranging lectures and exhibitions in connection with it. One of the most interesting books it occasions will be "The England of Shakespeare," which is to be published immediately by the Clarendon Press. This is an elaborate account of the life, society, customs, institutions and recreations of the Elizabethan age by Sir Sidney Lee. Sir Sidney has had the assistance of many collaborators, and the volume has been passed for press under the general editorship of Mr. C. T. Onions.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing shortly "Slings and Arrows," a volume of essays by Mr. Edwin Pugh. This is, we believe, the first collection Mr. Pugh has made of his miscellaneous essays. They have appeared in the *Fortnightly* and other magazines, and cover a wide range of social, literary and general interests.

"Chapel," a novel of Welsh family life by a new author, Mr. Miles Lewis, will be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Lewis is a member of a well-known Welsh family ; he has placed the scenes of his story in Cardiff, in which district most of his life has been spent.

"From Mons to Ypres with French," a personal narrative of the first year of the great war, by Frederic Coleman, will be published immediately by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. Mr. Coleman was attached to Sir John French's Headquarters during the retreat from Mons, and subsequently to the

2nd Cavalry Brigade Headquarters, and to the 1st Cavalry Division Headquarters. He dedicates his book, "In affectionate recollection and unbounded admiration, to the splendid troopers of the Second Cavalry Brigade (9th Lancers, 4th Dragoon Guards and 18th Hussars)," adding, "the world has seen no finer soldiers in all its pageantry of war." It is good to read in his preface "I am an American, and I have believed from the commencement of the war that the Allies' cause was just," and, "an overwhelming majority of my countrymen who know the truth would do what lies in their power to further the success of the Allies and their righteous cause."

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing this spring "The House of War," a new novel by Marmaduke Pickthall. The House of War (*Dâr ul Harb,* in Arabic) was the name formerly given to the Christians in the Turkish Empire, as opposed to the House of Islam (which means Surrender) applied to the Muslims and their converts. Mr. Pickthall has already published (in 1906) "The House of Islam," and his new novel shows the other side of the medal. It is sixteen years since his first book made its appearance. After a prolonged sojourn in Syria and Egypt, at an age when most men are still at the University, he wrote what he himself dismisses as a frivolous and crude novel called "All Fools."

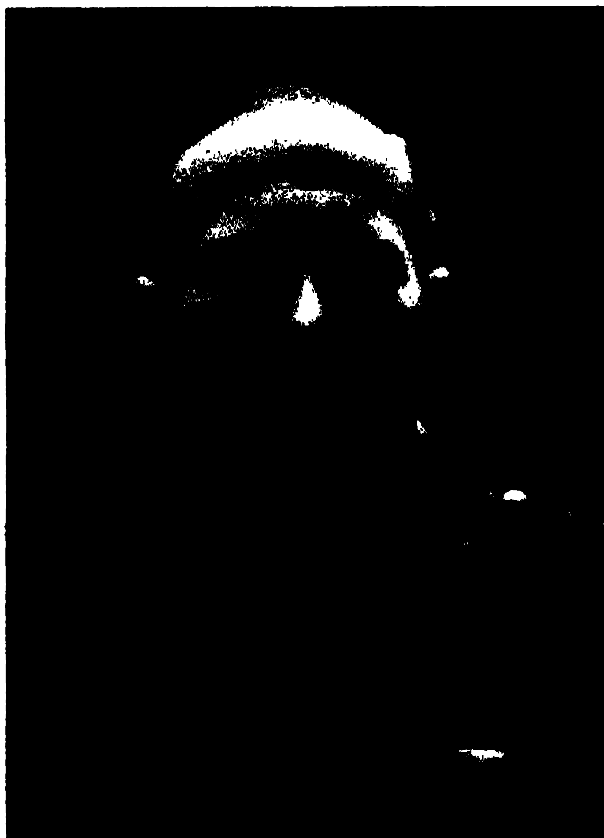


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Dr. J. Johnston Abraham,** author of "The Surgeon's Log." Dr. Abraham has been on active service in Serbia, and is writing his experiences, "The Red Cross in Serbia," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish shortly.
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall.**

It was published three years later (in 1900) when he was twenty-five, but he felt so ashamed of it that he bought up the remainder and suppressed it. His next novel, "Saïd the Fisherman," written when he was twenty-four, was published by Messrs. Methuen in 1903. It had taken his agent three years to find a publisher for it, but when it appeared the critics were almost unanimous in their praises. It went through seven editions, and has recently taken its place in Messrs. Methuen's shilling series of novels. Mr. Pickthall has now about a dozen books to his name, all fiction except "With the Turk in Wartime" (1914), which is a book of travel, and most of them concerned with life in the Near East, a region which he loves and has studied exhaustively.

Mrs. Drower (E. S. Stevens) has lately finished a new book, a farce, a harlequinade, a gay excursion into Bohemia, which she is calling "And What Happened—?" It will be published in the summer by Messrs. Mills & Boon. "The Veil," Mrs. Drower's first book, was the result of several months spent at different times in wandering about Tunisia and Algeria. She had previously travelled in Germany, Italy, Sicily, and had, in fact, been out of England a good deal. She had also had about a year's experience of journalism. After publishing "The Veil" she went to Constantinople for about six weeks, and then lived for half a year in Syria, which produced "The Mountain of God." A second visit to Syria preceded her second Syrian novel, "Sarah

Eden." She lived for a while in Egypt and the Sudan, and made a voyage up the Nile through the Sudd region. Since the war Mrs. Drower has been residing in England, her husband having left the Sudan in order to "join up." He is at present Adjutant of the 13th Hampshires. Her latest novel, "Allward," met with a very considerable success here and in America, but Mrs. Drower says that certain critics were unfair to her in suggesting that the knowledge that book showed of gipsies and gipsy



E. S. Stevens (Mrs. Drower).

life might have been obtained second-hand. From childhood up she has known the New Forest gipsies; has been friendly with four generations of them; and says she has used no word in her story that she has not heard in actual conversation with New Forest half-breeds. She protests against the habit that has grown upon reviewers (and we fully share her objection to it) of assuming that everybody who writes about gipsies must have read Borrow. Most reviewers who know all about Borrow know nothing, at first hand, about gipsies; and it is time somebody told them that plenty of people who know all about gipsies know nothing about Borrow.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing shortly "Caravan Days," a volume of short stories by Mr. George Goodchild, who is known as the editor of several



Lee Holt,
whose new novel, "Peter o Potopah" (Hodder & Stoughton), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

popular anthologies and of "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book." The stories are, as their title suggests, mainly concerned with life in the open air, and most of them were written before the author was twenty. The book will be illustrated by Mr. Claud A. Shepperson.

It is some little time since Mr. Gilbert Frankau gave us that brilliant Byronic satire, "One of Us." He has written a new book on a very different theme, and wrote it under altogether unusual conditions.



From a drawing by W. H. Caffyn.

Mr. George Goodchild.

His new poems, "The Guns," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have published, were commenced during a lull in the fighting at Loos, and completed after the battle, when the brigade to which Mr. Frankau was attached was transferred to Ypres.

An authoritative Life of Watts-Dunton, by Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton Rickett, will be published shortly in two volumes by Messrs. Jack.

The Jest Book is one of the oldest of literary forms, and the fact that it has survived to be so is in itself a strong recommendation. "Jerrold's Jest Book for 1916" (Simpkin, Marshall), compiled and edited by Walter Jerrold, is one of the best of its kind, and contains a very mine of good things for the lecturer and after-dinner speaker. There are a hundred and forty-eight pages, with half-a-dozen laughs on every one of them.



Sylvia Lynd
(Mrs. Robert Lynd),
whose novel, "The Chorus," has been published by Messrs. Constable.

"Songs of the World-War," a new volume of verse by A. St. John Adcock, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. The verses date from the beginning of 1913 to the end of 1915, and form a sort of sequence revealing the evolution of a man of peace into a man of war, an experience that has, in these latter days, been common to most men.

Messrs. Putnam have just published a second impression of Miss Violetta Thurstan's "Field Hospital and Flying Column," the journal of a Nursing Sister in Belgium and Russia. Miss Thurstan, who was recently lecturing in England, has now gone back to the front again.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing "The Hut on the River," a Canadian romance by G. B. Burgin. It is a quiet story of love and sensation, with a mystery in it that is only cleared up by the last words on the last page.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best criticism, in not more than a hundred words, of the Prize Lyric in this Number.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free for twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Miss E. R. Faraday, of Church Croft, Orleton, Herefordshire, for the following:

FAILURE.

I held for you Love's infinite domain,
Unveiled immortal splendours, all in vain:
You have contemned me while I agonised.
Your mind is for the tinsel crowns of earth,
You chose its small delights and shallow mirth,
Love's royalty despised.

Live as you may, for yours is not the wrong;
Not yours the impatient cry that broke the song,
The grasp that crushed the bud before its flower;
But I, Love's chosen, guardian of his shrine,
As one profane importuned for a sign,
And would not wait his hour.

Farewell, cold heart, be happy in your choice;
You never knew the music of Love's voice,
You have betrayed no vision, you are free.
Mine the offence, to whom the light was given,
And mine the darkness by no dawning riven:
Love will not pardon me.

E. R. FARADAY.

We also select for printing:

AUSTRALIAN SLUMBER-SONG.

O little tired love of mine,
Lie still upon my heart!
Outside the sultry moon-rays shine,
And ev'ry lonely watching pine
Stands motionless, apart.

No longer does the south wind blow,
Nor any breath of breeze;
But in the air the dull red glow
Of bush-fire gleams, and thick and low
The smoke hangs in the trees.

Across the night the long-drawn cry
Of some curlew is borne;
Its note re-echoes, weird and high,
And wakes thee, too—O, hush-a-bye,
Sleep softly till the morn!

Upon the far horizon's line
Lights of the city dart.
And art thou weary of their shine?
Then shut those tired eyes of thine,
And sleep, O little love of mine,
Sleep, deep, upon my heart.

(Robert A. Smith, Box 48, Post Office, Toowoomba, Queensland.)

INTERCESSION.

When the Patriots Heavenward throng,
Driven by War's relentless throng,
Passing through Death's open door,
Threshold crossed by Christ before—
Racked with pain and bathed in blood,
As in sunset's crimson flood—
Mother Mary, joyfully owned,
Queen of Martyrs, high enthroned,
Do thou, with thy glorious Son,
Plead for every stricken one!

When the noblest Sacrifice
Opened gates of Paradise,
Thou didst stand beneath the Cross,
Bearing agony of loss,
When thy Son in Death's embrace
Gave thee to the human race.
Mary, with a Mother's heart,
Look on these who played their part!
Mother, in each suppliant one,
See a suffering, wounded son!

(Alice Gill, 7, Mount Beacon, Bath.)

From the unusually large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation the fifty written by Margaret Tragett (London, W.), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesborough), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), E. R. L. (Durham), Herbert J. Hann (Weston-super-Mare), E. Leslie Gunston (Reading), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), Reginald Gray (London, W.C.), Octavia Gregory (Parkstone), Corporal Kent (Barry), Myrtle P. Bunnell (Bristol), E. R. P. (Cork), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. Drummond C. Monfries (Berkhamsted), Mrs. J. Archibald Morrison (West St. John, N.B., Canada), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), John Heys (South Shields), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Maud Cousins (Bournville), Mrs. A. Miller (Cairo), Winifred Hobbs (Hereford), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), E. Wray (Belfast), Eleanor Gray (Whitby), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Pax (Sheffield), Peggie Lawford (Birmingham), Winifred T. H. Bolton (Regents Park), O. H. Whitby (Yeovil), N. Hartley Roberts (Ealing), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Mrs. Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Harry Baxter (East Finchley), Kenneth Spooner (Hednesford), Gladys Berry (Luton), Ruby Lynn (Norfolk), "Margaret" (Birmingham), Doreen Tighe (Great Missenden), Cyril G. Taylor (Bridport), Carp (Cottesloe, W. Australia), Harry Wardale (Altrincham), Ruth Dobson (Brondesbury), O. E. Lindsay (Edinburgh), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), D. H. W. (Bowling), Grace Cracknall (N. Kensington), Percival H. Coke (York), W. V. J. K. (Derby).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Beatrice Craig, of Craigdariagh, Straidarran, Co. Derry, Ireland, for the following:

FIGHTING FRANCE. BY EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan.)

"It's telling on young William, who's reduced to skin and bone."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads*.

We also select for printing:

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK. BY F TENNYSON JESSE. (Heinemann.)

"You don't see such sights every day."

W. A. EATON, *The Fireman's Wedding*.

(Rev. W. J. May, Wesley Manse, Banwell, Weston-super-Mare.)



Photo by Vandyk. **Miss Ruby M. Ayres,**
whose new novel, "The Road that Bends," Messrs. Cassell are publishing. Her last year's novel, "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is achieving great popularity.

HUMAN NATURE. BY M. C. LEIGHTON. (Ward, Lock.)

"Get place and wealth: if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place."
POPE, *Epistle I., Book I.*

(Miss R. Speight, Parkdene, Armley, Leeds.)

BENTLEY'S CONSCIENCE. BY PAUL TRENT. (Ward, Lock.)

"But for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier."
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*

(Miss J. Shaw, 65, King's Road, Harrogate.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best war-time prayer in four lines of original verse is awarded to Mrs. Howell, of Dialgarth, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, for the following:

WAR PRAYER.

(*For the Men at the Front.*)

Lord, when the smoke of battle blinds our way,
And, 'mid the din, we find no power to pray,
Then, in our need, Thy loving aid afford,
Though *we* forget, do *Thou* remember, Lord.

The six best of the numerous other papers received are those by A. W. Mackenzie (Acton), F. Emily Morton (Croydon), William Sutherland (Sunderland), Miss M. Moulder (Bath), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Muriel Pinch (Battle).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss J. A. Jenkins, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, for the following:

THE IMMORTAL GYMNASTS. BY MARIE CHER. (Heinemann.)

This is a prose idyll of the daintiest kind. It deals with plain facts round which it weaves a web of fancy, and this transfigures the harsh, unlovely realities until the reader has time to penetrate them for himself, when he discovers that fancy is reality, and reality fancy! There are three love-stories contained therein, each of which differs intrinsically from the other two. The wholesome daintiness of the idyll makes it inexpressibly refreshing, and the story leaves one with the unalterable conviction that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

We also select for printing:

THE SPIRIT OF MAN. BY ROBERT BRIDGES. (Longmans.)

The late silence of the Poet Laureate is amply atoned for by the publication of this anthology. Compiled with special regard to the spiritual need of the times, it is no less a book of literary delight than a manual of consolation. The selections of prose and verse are drawn from a wide field, and are designed to form one continuous scheme illustrating various aspects of the higher life. A suggestive preface and illuminating notes complete an anthology which not only provides infinite comfort for these dark days, but is clearly destined to survive as a classic of its kind.

(Norman Boothroyd, Holmleigh, Batley, Yorks.)

THE DARK FOREST. BY HUGH WALPOLE. (Martin Secker.)

The author of this book has been for more than a year with the Russian Red Cross, and the scenes and descriptions in his novel must be the result of his own experiences, for they read like faithful records of things seen and felt. But apart from the value of the book as a picture of the Russian campaign, it is worth reading and keeping, because the characters are all real. Trenchard, "the Dreamer," who is the central figure, not hero, and Marie Ivanovna, whom he won but could not hold, are often annoying, but never mere puppets.

(Nellie Hill, The Homend, Ledbury.)

CANADA IN FLANDERS. BY SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The author brings home the significance of Canada's national upbringing, magnificently crowned by her devoted sons in the field. Her Government asked for twenty thousand men. In two months an Expeditionary Force of thirty-three thousand was sent to Europe. That was a fulfilment of the most sanguine dreams of Imperialism! What Agincourt is to English Shakespeare readers, so Ypres will be to the Canadians evermore. Sir Max Aitken vividly tells how they endured and rejoiced, indomitable through very great and pitiless dangers. Ypres is an epic of more than gallantry, for gallantry alone cannot support the brunt of modern warfare.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by Ernest J. Willing (Topsham), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), Rev. Robert H. A. Cotton (Ealing), Annie L. Beal (Barnes), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Marjorie M. Gibbon (Clapton), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Fanny Hoskins (Birmingham), Rolanda Hirst Wexford), Lyall Wood (Kingston Hill), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham), A. E. Gower (Haverhill), Gladys de Jong (Hartlepool), Marjorie Gibbon (Clapton), Matilda Hunt (Eastbourne), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), Doris Dean (Bromley).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. N. Goodman, 47, Francis Road, Watford, Herts.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

I.

"BORN as he was just where the Highlands and the Lowlands touch, he had amalgamated much of the characteristics of the two."

I noted those words in one of Cunninghame Graham's books. They struck me as illuminating, almost like an epitaph of a very elusive personality in modern letters. I clutched them as a marooned sailor might leap upon a water bottle. I saw in a flash that I had been saved weeks of profound meditation, and the risk of a libel action at the end of it. Not, I must admit, that I had not been working towards that conclusion—but the way was perilous.

There are contradictions in the character of Cunninghame Graham that might fret and defeat the southerner. There are pitfalls out of which he might never return. He is, for example, infinitely safer in the serene popularity of launching an attack on Mr. Bernard Shaw, in explaining Mr. Chesterton, in flinging himself prostrate before Mr. Arnold Bennett. There is no element of danger in such exercises.

But the pursuit of Mr. Graham is breathless. The chronicler commences with some cheerful absurdity as—"He is, can we not say, an aristocrat of the old regime standing hand in hand with the people"—and watches with stagnant eyes the hot-headed Socialist handsomely caparisoned in what I am sure he calls a "poncho," and bestride a "broncho" (or something entirely different) in Hyde Park. Further, he has not an air of wanting to stand hand in hand with anyone short of the Spanish Ambassador.

That kind of thing is called "a check" in hunting circles. It grieves the chronicler. He sits by the covert and after regaining his breath breaks away with a panegyric on romance, only to find that Mr. Graham is more realistic in the sunniest places than, shall we say, George Gissing in a London slum.

So he hies to Scotland—the land of lost causes. There he is immediately confronted by the '45 and '43. Cunninghame Graham loves the former because it is so nice and long ago. He loathes and abhors the latter because they wore such terrible clothes then, and were so passionately moral and preposterous.

But he is the child of both.

At which the chronicler purchasing "The Lyon in Mourning," "Disruption Worthies," "Chalmer's Sermons," "Pibroch Music for Beginners," "Down with Capital," "The Highland Chiefs," and "A History of the Argentine," in ten volumes, betakes himself to a lonely place and is heard of no more.

II.

In these progressive days the child is often grandfather to the man. A more sweeping change has, for example, swept over the Highland Line since 1860 than during the preceding two or three hundred years. Old things have not decayed — they have collapsed—as when an axe fells the oak in its prime.

In the days when Cunninghame Graham was a boy galloping his rough sheltie along the broken shores of Monteith, the Highland Line still divided, at least in memory, the old from the near at hand—the mature (if simple) from the raw—the Celt from the Lowland Scot.

There still clung, amongst the aged, ancient prejudices whose roots were buried deep in the past. Those silent hills were still haunted by the dim echo of forgotten feuds. Those were the days when drovers still lay wrapped in their plaids before a smouldering peat fire, when men of eighty spoke of the tales their grandfathers had quavered about Rob Roy, when the railroad was still struggling amongst the Northern hills.

All that is not merely picturesque—it is important. Not that I desire to link Cunninghame Graham with the days of George III.—I merely wish to emphasise the strange old world into which he was born in the year 1852. If he appears to carry with him an ancestral dignity it is not through weight of years. He is old only in memories, venerable only in ideals.

Cunninghame Graham was born a laird, and a laird he will remain even though he were to pass away the President of a South American Republic. He is a laird and a leader of revolt—a traditional pastime upon the Highland Line.

In those far-off days when we were more apprehensive of labour trouble than the German menace, he might be seen, the soul of poetry, shaking his fastidious fist over the sombre democracy of Trafalgar Square, the wonder and perplexity of a thousand genial demonstrators. But he was dreadfully in earnest, and that was "just where the Highlands and the Lowlands touch."

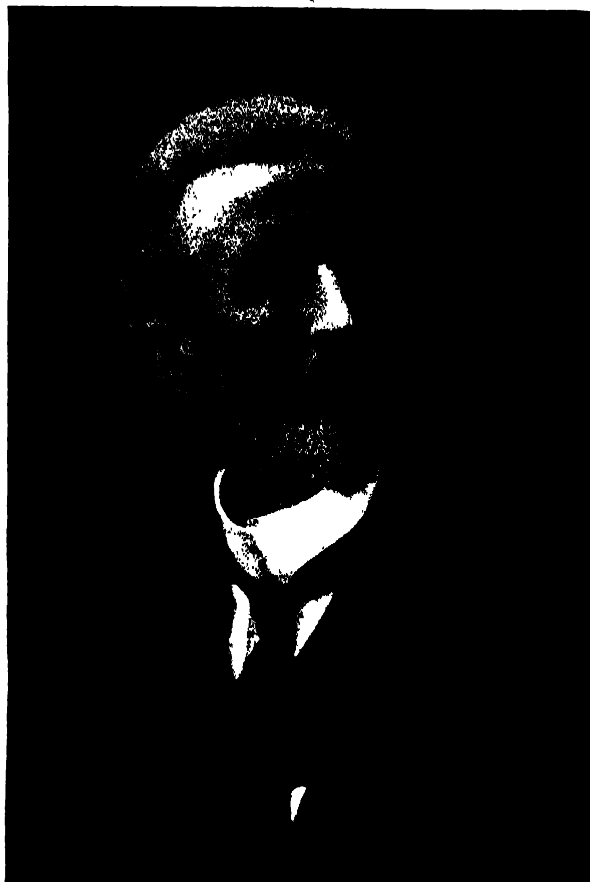


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham.**
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

III.

The work of Cunninghame Graham is familiar to all persons taking the smallest interest in contemporary literature. Under such eloquent titles as "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," "Progress," "Success" and "His People" he has gathered together the imaginative sketches and impressions that readers of the *Nation* in particular have come to regard with eager and personal affection.

These pen pictures, to use the hackneyed phrase I think judiciously, comprise the treasures that he has gathered during many wander years, like the curios a man brings back from far-off shores. And they one and all reflect in several manners, as the mosaics link one with another into some eastern floor—an inherent melancholy, a grim irony, a store of poetic conception and simile, that with the exception of Conrad, are hard to find in contemporary authors. No other writer save Conrad has the same genius for the phrase that bites into the mind, and haunts the memory, and in literature as in life the infinite background of Nature provides to both writers its eternal treasury.

It is always foolhardy to illustrate what is an inherent atmosphere by isolated examples cut out of their context, but I recollect a passage where "Crows winged their way, looking like notes of music on an old page of parchment, across the leaden sky." Another occurs to my mind. An Arab funeral is passing, has passed until the high Eastern chanting became barely audible—the words I have never forgotten—"their chant in the thin air just reached the ear, fine and high-pitched as a mosquito's song."

These travel sketches glow more than they sparkle with powerful impressive metaphor. There is nothing superficial, dazzling or exaggerated in his art. Within the compass of half a dozen books there is the cycle of the things that have no absolute change—the East, the sunset, the horses loping past upon the timeless trail, the figures of human destiny making love or war in their ageless inconsequence.

Let me explain what I mean by that. I will quote a paragraph at random deleting the superfluous words.

"He tramped along slowly and doggedly . . . and yet resentful as an over-driven ox. . . . On his hands great freckles like the blotchings on a trout. . . . His neck scraggy and wrinkled as a vulture's. . . . His teeth all stained and broken, looking like those of an old horse, yellow and long with age."

An ox—a trout—a vulture—a horse. In his mind is always a vision of the desert, or the hills, and as a background some lonely rider (like the emblem of eternal unrest) crossing an eternity of space. Where other men write of children, or dogs, or savages, Cunninghame Graham has ever an eye upon a horse. For the others he cares not a jot. But for the horse he cherishes a tender—more—a passionate love and pity, a curious intermingling of compassion and pride. They are so strong, so meek, so brave and yet so meanly used.

"Hungry and ragged" he writes of them at a bull fight and might so have written of them on that greater slaughter field to-day, "hungry and ragged they had trodden on their entrails, received their wounds without a groan, without a tear, without a murmur, faithful to the end; had borne their riders out of danger, fallen upon the bloody sand at last with quivering tails and, biting their poor, parched and bleeding tongues, had died just as the martyrs died at Lyons or in Rome as dumb and brave as they."

Before I turn to the Scottish stories written by Mr. Graham I would like to pass one remark upon these American sketches in particular. I once asked a well known author why Cunninghame Graham's books did not appear to have won the large success they deserved, and as Mr. Graham has an almost hectic loathing for success, I write this with perfect calmness. My friend replied, "People hate being instructed." I suppose there is a lot in that. Indeed, judging by my friend's enormous sales, especially in America, I am convinced that there is a mountain of wisdom in the remark.

I have suffered from a vague feeling of resentment myself. Sometimes he cannot resist an opening sentence like this: "At intervals you might chance to cross some wandering Coventino, dressed in the poncho, and the bombachas of the Gaucho, journeying towards Asuncion . . ." That kind of thing is a mistake. Although a lover of general knowledge it left me cold. There is something devastating in the word "bombachas."

But the point is that it overwhelms and dismays the reader, who judges a book by the dialogue and by the title. For that excellent reason it is only within the last three or four years that Mr. Conrad, who in sheer imaginative genius stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries, has come to his kingdom.

IV.

I have no intention of criticising the Kailyard school, but I may be permitted this reflection. In the days of reaction when the "House with the Green Shutters" made so deep an impression, Cunninghame Graham could have presented, as no other, the Scot in his dourness and his bleak, sardonic humour, his grotesque "stan' o' blacks," and his profound religious fatalism. He has recalled, here and there, without sentiment, sometimes without pity, but never without restraint, that strange rather incoherent world of the 'seventies. An instance or two of the simplicity with which he gets his effect may not be out of place.

In the following extract the laird is leaving his old house for ever—a scene beloved by the popular novelist for just those triumphs of the obvious that Mr. Graham so conspicuously ignores.

"Just at the cross roads which led into the park, beside the gate, a man stood waiting for them. He carried in his hand a hedge bill, and stood there waiting, as he had waited for the past twenty years for orders for the day. Now, he held out his hand, opened his mouth, but said nothing, and then, looking up with the air of one well learned in weather lore, said, 'Laird it looks like a braw day.'"

He betrays little love for the dour, black-coated elders who have in a mysterious way occupied the glens where the peat reek rose above the remote clachan long ago. He has no sympathy with their forlorn faces, nor their grey lives, nor yet their white, bloodless crofts. It is not rain beating earthwards that gives the following scene its hopeless melancholy. It is the dramatis personæ. The cart carrying the body of a ploughman goes jolting out of sight. The widow stands alone at the door—the hill mist rapidly obscuring the clump of mourners on the weeping brae.

"When the last sound of the cart-wheels, and of the horses' feet amongst the stones had vanished into the thick air, she turned away and sitting down before the fire, began mechanically to smoor the peats and tidy up the hearth."

That is the Scottish way.

V.

But through these stories of the changeless East or of the passing race of the North—there sounds now insistently, sometimes afar off, the mournful inconsolable note of old departed days. It is a heritage of race that few born on the Highland Line ever wholly outlive. Of the kindly winsome personality of Cunninghame Graham I have said nothing. Those who love his work will know the kind of man he is. In the world of to-day, he passes like a kind of Don Quixote or Admirable Crichton, in appearance unmistakable, in conversation unsurpassed, dazzling in wit and the telling of an anecdote, a great horseman, a charming rebel.

But to meet him casually one would not believe that he had written the following—telling of his return to an old cottage near Monteith. It sounds the sustained unending dirge of a coronach.

"The door was shut, shut against me, and shut upon the last of my old friends; so, sitting down upon the step, on which no longer was a pattern laid in chalk, I smoked and meditated, seeing a long procession pass upon the road, all riding ponies which grew larger towards the end, until a man upon a horse brought up the rear. They stopped before the house, which seemed to have turned newer, and in which a fire of peats burned brightly on the hearth. Then, from the door—but—I will return no more (*Ha til mi tuliadh*); he who waits at the ferry long enough will get across some time."

And yet, unless this brief article is wholly and foolishly at sea—that is the real Cunninghame Graham, the man whose feet are set in that land of memories where "the Highlands and the Lowlands touch."

Frederick Watson.

THE READER.

THE POETRY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

By Sir Sidney Colvin.

THE death of Mr. Stephen Phillips, ending a battle against enemies in his own blood and being which he had long lost all hope of winning, cannot be said to have cut off any great promise or likelihood of fine things to come, seeing that, with the exception of a few lyrics, his work of the last seven or eight years has either been but an enfeebled echo and repetition of that of the preceding eight or nine, or else has shown a distinct falling off from it. Indeed, but for a trained and saving sense of English, the many short pieces on subjects of the day which he wrote in the year or two before his death have scarcely been above the average level of occasional newspaper verse. From the "Poems" of 1898 to the "New Poems" of 1908 were his years of power, and during them he made a contribution to English poetry and poetic drama which seemed, while it was fresh, to most of his seniors and contemporaries to be of high, even of splendid, value. We may have overrated it, especially those of us who were his friends and lived much, as I did during his good years, under the impression made by his voice and presence. Cold and impassive with strangers, he was magnetic to the touch of sympathy, and in company where he felt at home the genius in him would often break out with striking power. It was in the reading or recitation of poetry, whether his own or another's, that he was most impressive. I have heard, I think, almost all the poets and actors of my time, and the utterance of none of them was at all comparable to his in quality either of sound or meaning, of elocution or interpretation. The tones of his voice could make even the poetry one had known and loved best all one's life seem to spring from, and appeal to, hitherto unguessed and unplumbed depths of imaginative passion and experience. I shall never lose the thrilling memory of a certain night of inspiration when he went through, to an audience of two, nearly all the scenes in which Othello and Iago, either or both, play their parts. But with Browning's "Prospice," or even with the four lines of Wordsworth's "A slumber did my spirit seal," I have known him produce effects almost as great. Keats's famous account of the way in which both the sensual and spiritual life of verse sprang warm from the lips of Edmund Kean is the only thing in literature which gives some idea of the kind of effect I mean.

Well, having heard nearly all Phillips's work of his best time read by him when it was newly written and unprinted, one may well have been predisposed to overrate and overpraise it. But not nearly so much, I am convinced after re-reading, as it has been underrated and belittled, according to the usual mechanical see-saw of criticism, since. To one critic, for instance, who in the swing of the re-action wrote of him as "quite a minor poet," there is no reply to be made but simply, "Stuff and nonsense." By the gifts of fire, of passion ("the all-in-all in poetry," as Lamb has it), by natural largeness of style, and pomp and melody of rhythm and diction, as well as by intensity of imaginative vision in those fields where his imagination was really awakened, Phillips belonged to the high lineage and great tradition of English poetry.

Of the many and variously gifted younger poets who have claimed public attention in the last dozen or fifteen years, some, perhaps the majority, have preferred to work along new and untraditional lines and to take the risks attendant upon such an adventure. To speak of the dangers run rather than the successes achieved,—one tendency in the new generation has been to discount fire and passion as needful elements in poetry and to cultivate rather the qualities of serenity and restraint, qualities admirable where there is evidence of strength and ardour to be restrained, but only too easy to the cool-blooded. Another risk arises from the tendency to substitute for imaginative vision energies of mere thinking, a subordinate and much commoner faculty which has its own part to play in poetry, but needs control to keep it from plunging into thickets of irrelevance or sloughs of prose. Yet another tendency, concerned with matters of poetic form, has been to write in obedience to new and questionable theories of metre rather than to spontaneous promptings of the musical ear and instinct. Another is to be so shiveringly, I had almost said unmanfully, afraid of prettiness as to run away from and renounce beauty, choosing to dwell among the ugly and squalid things of life, a



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Stephen Phillips.**

dangerous choice except for those who can direct upon them that purging fire of the soul which alone can fuse them into poetry. Part of the recent depreciation of Phillips's work, has been due, I think, to the natural interest taken by the rising or just risen generation in the new poetry experimenting in these directions and exposing itself to these risks; but when the next swing of the critical see-saw occurs (and in these days it swings quickly), matters will be righted, and the author of "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" and the rest will come into his own again.

To say that Phillips belonged to the true lineage and tradition of English poetry is by no means to admit that he was an imitative and not an original writer. On the contrary, both as poet and man he was of a temperament as personal as it was powerful, and it is the temperament and indwelling spirit, not the forms and measures chosen, that make the originality of poetry. Phillips was no great metrical innovator or inventor, though the triple-time longs and shorts of "Midnight—1st December, 1900," and "The Doom of Sails" are, to my mind, among the most successful experiments in unrhymed lyric that have been tried in English. For the rest, he could stamp an indelible individuality on blank verse whether narrative or dramatic; on the closed "heroic" couplet, that form almost disused since the romantic revival; and on such ancient and popular never-to-be-worn-out measures as the familiar alternately rhyming eight-and-six. When one of the ablest of the critics trained and steeped in modernity, "Solomon Eagle," speaks of his blank verse as merely reproducing the cadences now of Milton and now of Tennyson, he surely mistakes absorption, which is one thing, for imitation, which is quite another. It is true that Phillips loved Milton and Tennyson and had taken them into his being as few have done. His lines "To Milton—Blind" are, as Mrs. Meynell has lately pointed out, nobly his own and worthy of the theme; while those in a later volume, headed "Vergil and Tennyson," not so high in aim or in achievement, define the relations of the Victorian to the Roman poet, with complete critical judgment and insight. And he himself can in a sense recall those two master craftsmen in English blank verse, respectively the Michelangelo and the Cellini of the craft, by the volume and variety and subtlety of the effects, majestic or exquisitely chiselled as the case may be, which at his best he is able to produce. I say at his best, for Phillips worked always more by gusts of inspiration than by sustained care in craftsmanship, and was apt to let a weak or even a childishly bad and careless line intrude here and there even into his finest work. As for imitation in any stricter sense, let us take at random any characteristic passages from the dramas, as this of Athene to Telemachus:

"O should Ulysses come again, how long,
How long should strangers glut themselves at ease?
Why, he would send a cry along the halls
That with the roaring all the walls would rock,
And the roof bleed, anticipating blood,
With a hurrying of many ghosts to hell
When he leapt amid them, when he flashed, when he cried,
When he flew on them, when he struck, when he stamped them dead!"

Or this of Agrippina to her son:

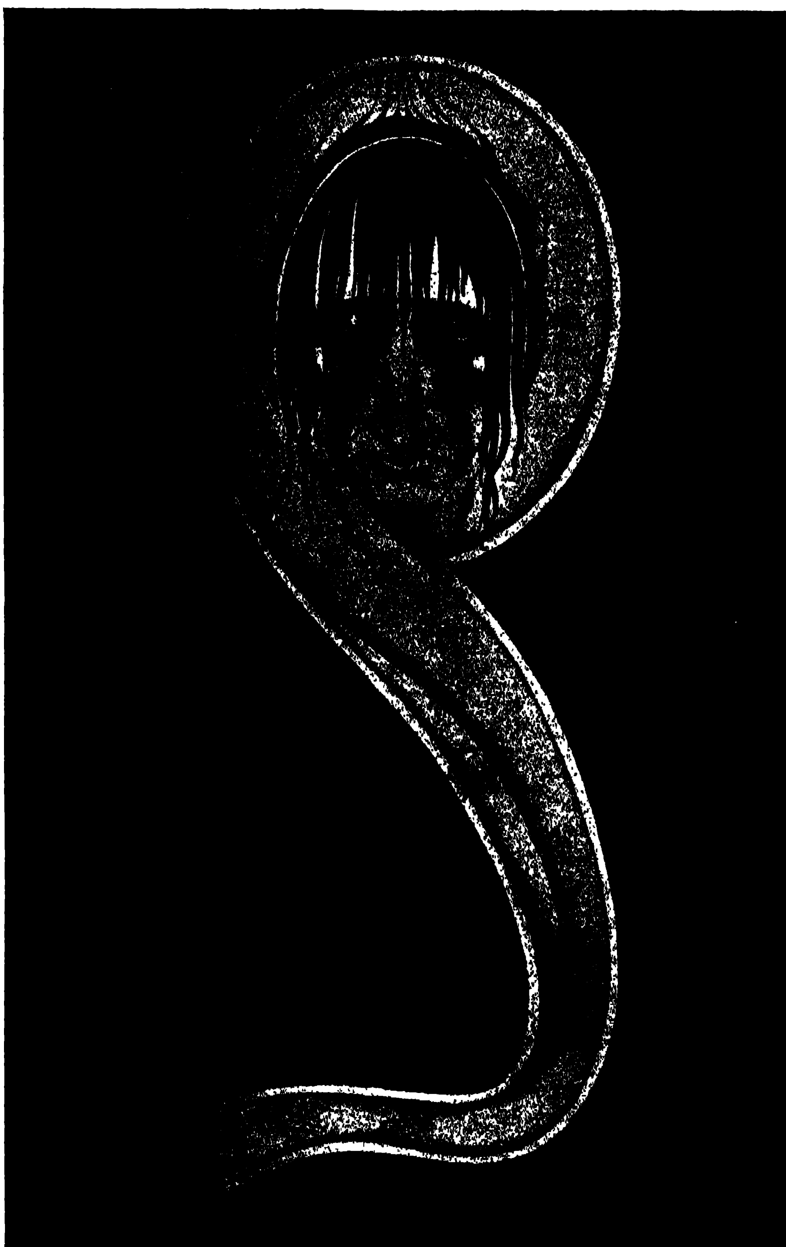
"My age! Am I old then? Look on this face,
Where am I scarred, who have steered the bark of State
As it plunged, as it rose over the waves of change?
I was renewed with salt of such a sea.
Empires and Emperors I have outlived;
A thousand loves and lusts have left no line;
Tremendous fortunes have not touched my hair,
Murder hath left my cheek as the cheek of a babe."

What echoes are to be discerned here, I do not ask of Paradise Lost or of Tithonus or Œnone or the Idylls, but of Samson Agonistes or of Becket or Harold?

Other criticisms directed against Phillips's work have more foundation. Intense as was his faculty of imaginative vision and poetic emotion, its range was limited, and within those limits he was prone to self-repetition. In handling the simple, direct, universal human joys and sorrows, longings and regrets, connected with the sexual and conjugal, the parental and filial relations, his power was great and his touch often new and revealing. For the sense of the past in the present, the mystical stirrings of far-off legendary association, the heightened and vibrating apprehension of cosmic sympathies between the universe and man, aroused in the human spirit in moments of spiritual tension or tragic passion—for these he found forms of utterance which were beautiful and entirely his own. These two strains together contribute almost everything to "Marpessa" and account for the immediate hold which that poem took, and as I believe will recover in spite of its occasional flaws and lapses, on lovers of poetry both trained and untrained. But if now we turn to the "Endymion" of the 1908 volume, we shall find it composed almost entirely of the same two strains of feeling and imagination differently motived and combined. Parenthetically, on the question of his originality in relation to other poets—not to himself—it may be remarked that when Phillips chose for re-handling themes on which predecessors, even the greatest, had already set their mark, he was never imitative, but for better or worse attacked them according to conceptions of his own. The obvious example is of course "Paolo and Francesca": a sacrilege, as some may think, on Dante, but perhaps justified by its own rare beauty and pathos as well as by the example of Dante's countryman Silvio Pellico (Leigh Hunt we had better leave out of account). Another instance is the aforementioned short poem, "Endymion," a thing over-mannered and not first-rate, but in conception and treatment wholly independent of Keats. Good cases in point are the two short pieces, "The Parting of Launcelot and Guinevere," a Tennysonian theme wrought without the fine chasing of Tennyson but with a far intenser passion, and the admirably vivid tragic vision of Beatrice Cenci in the little lyric so named, which might have been written just as it is had Shelley not existed.

In another field altogether Phillips, when I first knew him, promised work of true power and originality, and that was in the field of character and destiny among crushed and suffering city lives. His surface observation both of the crowd and of individuals was intense: his divination and suggestion of histories behind the surface, imaginative and penetrating. "The Wife," "The Woman with the Dead Soul," "The Hospital

Nurse," "The Woman with the Flower," and in the way of vivid instantaneous vision, "Faces at a Fire," "The Revealed Madonna" are instances. I wish he had carried out his purpose of trying much more in this vein. One somewhat similar has been worked by a later poet, Mr. William Wilfrid Gibson, in a vocabulary closer to that of daily life, and in many instances with admirable power and success. In a different vein, that of the simple lyric of human love and loss and wonder and regret—simple in form, but deeply subtle in emotion—the two series from the first volume, "The Apparition" and "Lyrics," can surely not be omitted from future anthologies of the poetry of that day. The latter has again been especially noted as among perfect poems of pure sadness, by Mrs. Meynell. Sadness is indeed the prevailing note of all Phillips's personal and meditative poetry: sometimes, in the case of the cries forced from him by that perpetual sense of enemies within himself stronger than he could resist, a sadness rising to the pitch of agony, yet mixed with a kind of hopeless glorying in his pain. For these cries the old couplet metre, moving with an insistent rush and an energy springing, as it seems to me, from deeper sources than the Byronic, is his chosen form: "A Poet's Prayer," "Grief and God," "Aye, but to die," are chief examples.



Drawn by Vernon Hill.

"And some not guarded by this starry aid
Have by such dark ungovernable souls
Been whirled for ages to and fro the void,
Or prisoned in some glacial, still despair."

From "The New Inferno," by Stephen Phillips. With sixteen drawings by Vernon Hill. (John Lane.)

The face in this drawing is an impressionistic sketch of the poet from a passing glimpse the artist once had of him in Mr. Lane's shop.

So far I have spoken only of Phillips's personal poetry, narrative, lyric, or meditative, leaving aside the dramas which after 1900 absorbed most of his energies and constitute by far the chief bulk of his work. The later attempts in that form, "Iole," "The Adversary," "The King," and the recent "Armageddon" may, I think, be dismissed as the work of exhausted faculties and containing only here and there a phrase or line or two of the old power. "Faust" was a collaboration piece and made small pretension to originality. There remain the five, "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod," "Ulysses," "Nero," and "The Sin of David." All these have been tested on the stage, and in spite of performances in which only one or two parts were in each case adequately sustained, the first three at least had far greater success than any attempts at poetical drama in England made by other hands, including the most famous, within living memory. It is objected that the poet, having been an actor and working with actors, has constructed his plays with too obvious and mechanical a stage-craft; that they are weak in the elements of character creation; that the persons are not made to speak vitally and spontaneously from within, as the great creators made their persons speak, but to describe and expound themselves in speeches put into their mouths from without, as it were decoratively and artificially; that the speeches themselves are too rhetorical, and the rhetoric often too ornate and flowery and sometimes redundant and tautological. There is something in such criticisms, but not nearly as much as some of the critics imagine; and there is very much indeed to be said on the other side. Knowledge of stage construction and instinct for stage effect are virtues rather than vices in a playwright. The infinite genius and resource of Shakespeare as a creator of individual characters, over and above all his other overwhelming powers, has led criticism in this country to forget that the intense individualisation of characters has been no part of the aim, still less of the achievement, of drama, at any rate of tragic drama, in some of the great literatures of the world. It is not a capital element either in the Greek drama or the classical French. Action and passion are the capital elements. Characters are broadly marked. The clash of passions, the workings of destiny and circumstance, are exhibited in persons who are sometimes little more than abstract types of this or

that particular passion. Their utterances are in the main generic rather than minutely individual. The poetry they speak must indeed be appropriate to the action and the occasion, and to their characters as broadly delineated, but for the rest must make its appeal by its own intrinsic beauty and power.



Stephen Phillips.

Phillips's aim in drama was intended to be on Greek lines much rather than on Shakespearian. And in the main I should contend that his endeavour was successful. No one can deny the thrilling power in actual, even though imperfect, representation of many scenes in his plays: the suspense before the climax in the last act of "Paolo and Francesca," the discovery by Mariamne of her brother's murder, and even the long-drawn holding back of the fatal truth from the demented megalomaniac Herod of the last act; the throwing off by Ulysses of his disguise: the murder of Britannicus in "Nero," or the preceding scene of the denunciation of the young tiger-æsthete of an Emperor by his mother. (These two characters, by the way, are surely very much more than types, and go near to be individual creations truly achieved. And let it be remarked that in any future representation of this play the original scene of Agrippina's murder, as printed in the late volume "Lyrics and Dramas," must be reinstated in place of the scene, absurdly foisted in to win sympathy, where Nero is made to express delight at the failure of his first shipwreck plot.) In all these plays much of the poetry is of the writer's best, and of a beauty and power richly varied and standing well the test of re-reading or re-hearing after some lapse of years. Rhetoric in poetical drama there needs must be, and between the right and appropriate rhetoric of a situation, when it is touched with beauty and passion and imagination, as much of it in these plays truly is between such rhetoric and unadulterated poetry the line is difficult to draw, if it can be drawn at all. My belief is that all five of these plays would bear revival, nay, would appeal with more vitality than at first to audiences rendered graver and more sensitive by the tremendous ordeal of the hours now passing. But where are where will be—players competent to conceive and interpret the passions and rightly to speak the lines? At this moment I know of not more than two or three at most. There was a time when I fancied Phillips might himself become a teacher, and train others to the exercise of his own noble gift of poetic and dramatic speech. But with him it was a matter of gift and instinct only, not of a method he could formulate and impart. Those who knew him at his best will always be haunted, not by the thought of the inauspicious stars under which his physical natuie was compounded, but by the memory of those accents which used to bring home to us the innermost heart of the great poets as well as that which was most nearly allied to them in himself.

DELANE THE MAGNIFICENT.*

By Walter Sichel.

THE great nineteenth century editor of *The Times* may be said in many ways to have resembled the famed Florentine magnifico of the Renaissance. He was most distinguished, most eminent, most characteristic, but he was a connoisseur far more than a creator, a discriminator rather than an artist. He sipped, as it were, the fine wine of men. Like Lorenzo de Medici, he knew their vintages and how to decant them. He was at once subtle and solid. He was able to rule and embody a galaxy of Government in a way that more than influenced the larger world. Each of them, too, on occasion recalls Pope's words of Addison:

> ". . . . Like Cato, gives his little senate laws
> And sits attentive to his own applause."

And each was natively independent. Delane could rebuke alike the Lord Palmerston whom he loved and the Gladstone whom he did not. Like Lorenzo also, Delane was at the core an unromantic nature in a romantic setting. He unconsciously exploited even while unconsciously he enriched the roving romance of his generation.

For essentially Delane—in his period and setting—was John Bull at his best, however much he could banter himself as being "a Welsh Irishman domiciled in England, but strongly attached to Scotland." His inherent common sense—his Sancho-Panzaship, so to say—dominated the position and made short and often masterly work of more than one Don Quixote in his generation. And Delane became an institution—indeed, more than an institution. He controlled *The Times*, and *The Times*, especially in those millennial

* "Delane of *The Times*." By Sir Edward Cook. 5s. net.—"Makers of The Nineteenth Century." Edited by Basil Williams. (Constable.)

'fifties and 'sixties, stood for England—Great Britain it was not always, but it was quite ready and worthy to be. Never did it strike the peddling or the puling note. If it did not always aspire, it never grovelled. And if it sometimes blustered, it rarely did so without reason. Nor did it ever hold a precarious or vicarious place. Delane knew exactly what ground he took—what firm ground—and how to remain there or budge—for budging was part of his representative ideal. He reined in the makers of policy and he harnessed them to his quite easy-going car. If it was typically true, as was related (not in this book) by the late Lady Cardwell, that at some great party several dukes rushed to put down the great man's coffee cup, it is also true that this was quite as it should have been. Lorenzo de Medici would not have thought it odd at all. Editors get the dukes and dukes the editors they deserve, and each in certain concentrated eras and areas can do much with the other. It is true that Cobden and Bright—utilitarian reformers—objected—as also did the present Lord Morley—to Delane's penchant for aristocrats. But, then, so did Lord Derby to his "plebeian" policies, and "keyhole" Greville indeed lamented that he "ran a-muck" of aristocracy. We all object to what is beyond our grasp till it is within it, and surely he is the most influential who touches at many vital points the light and leading that lie outside the general contact. If Cobden affected his merchant princes and Bright his rich spinners, why should not Delane have delighted in the dukes (and duchesses) who were indeed vastly useful to him.

The editor of the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series has done well to include Delane, who was as much a type of the Victorian Press as was Arnold of the public school headmaster; as much as Landseer and Millais were the typical painters, Tennyson the typical poet, and "Pam"—Delane's chosen affinity—the typical premier. Sir Edward Cook in condensing this biography from more spacious materials has done his work clearly, thoroughly, and admirably. Here and there we may dissent from his conclusions, or even scent perhaps a bias generously under control; here and there, too—especially as regards Disraeli, we may wish to supplement (even while we remember the strict scope of his work) both the perceptiveness and the range. But, on the whole, he has omitted little that would serve and committed less that could insure a true discernment of his theme, and in rebuking Lord Morley's aspersions he has been manifestly fair. Moreover — and this is important in dealing with a personality like Delane's—there is nothing cloistral about the biographer. Throughout, he shows himself a man of the world without any of those condescensions and pretensions that go to warp the judgments of a "superior person."

Delane was cradled in the purple. Lord Chatham did not rear his son more deliberately for the premiership than Delane the elder—who had a financial post in connection with the great paper—did his for an eventual dictatorship. That elder Delane was a friend and neighbour of John Walter's in Berkshire, helped his canvassing, and reaped the reward. Not that the young son had not many other experiences before he finally settled down. He rubbed shoulders with life at many angles — the university world, the world of sport, of doctors, and, through his brother, of soldiers. But he was an editor born. Not in vain had he walked the hospitals. He was made to feel the pulse and regulate both the diet and the medicine of the public.

Barnes had been his editorial predecessor—once, by the by, of the Lamb *coterie*—a caustic recluse with scant "pushfulness" and none of those fine antennæ whereby (joined to a pertinacity of Hercules) Delane felt his way in the big world of risen reputations and coming events. But it was under Barnes' auspices (though Sir Edward omits this) that the young Disraeli first came into serious contact with *The Times*, writing *inter alia* those "Runnymede Letters" that added Lucian to Junius. Nor has Sir



Drawn by Vernon Hill.

"On passing, to an open space we came
Where flared a raging fire, and one within
Burned, in a flickering flame writhed to and fro.
Around him spirits danced in furious glee."

From "The New Inferno," by Stephen Phillips. With sixteen drawings by Vernon Hill (John Lane.)

Edward noticed how much by creative and constructive opposition during the Crimean War—and in language well fitting to-day—Disraeli forwarded Delane's ends and succeeded in bringing Palmerston in to save the situation. Nor, again, any more than Delane, does he seem to have grasped how the Reform Bill of 1867 was but the climax of a long and far-sighted policy which for fully twenty years Disraeli had prepared, matured, and advocated. Into these details there is no space to enter, yet it is well to recall Delane's *dictum* of the genius-patriot, that he had "the gift of foreknowledge almost beyond the apprehension of mankind."

Delane soon established his mastery not only over details and policy, but over the Olympians who piloted a paper daily watched by all Europe. So astute, so Medicean, in fact, was Delane that many of these were mutually unknown, and could pass one another on the fateful staircase without recognition. There was an imperial flavour about the whole concern. He sent forth his emissaries and war correspondents as if they were ambassadors, and he was much piqued when the French, in 1870, declined to allow the famous Sir William Russell to follow the Staff. Prussia, however, accepted him, and not the least amusing passage in Matthew Arnold's "Friendship's Garland" is the burlesque of him dismounting so grandiosely at Versailles. *The Times'* office became a throne-room, and Delane an uncrowned king, who sometimes dictated even Government appointments.

When ruptures occurred, notably during the chief's absence—as happened in the case of "Pomposo" Reeve—they took the air of dynastic quarrels. Ministers were concerned at them, and not Napoleon himself could have quelled his brothers more authoritatively than Delane quelled his mutineers. The contributors—not all of them celebrated—took their orders and worked his will—or rather, as he ever maintained, the will of *The Times*, a compound of the moment, the proprietor, and, above all, of "Jupiter Tonans." It was Delane who inspired, insisted and kept apart. Seldom did he write—indeed one of the very few articles wholly from his pen was the one which dismissed Gladstone and hailed Disraeli. But always he instructed. He had secret agents and informants in every part of the world: his news was swifter than Downing Street's—and often more correct. And all this was done with a smiling, florid, sportsmanlike countenance, with no trace of any sallow craft or calculating silence. Always he strove to represent what the average Briton would think reasonable—under all the many circumstances divulged exclusively to Delane. And always he stood for much more than this. He surveyed Europe from his eminence. "To talk to him," wrote one of his associates, "was like talking to the great political world itself, and one's mind seemed to move in a larger sphere after a short discussion with him."

Constantly he was right both in diagnosis and forecast, yet—usually through lack of imagination—sometimes he erred, whether from cocksureness or caution. He was palpably right—save in his estimate of the feeble, amphibious Lord Aberdeen, an estimate coloured by friendship—throughout the Crimean War, and he helped much to rectify its recurrent crises and to prepare for saving eventualities. But he was often wrong about Russia, specially as to her infringement of the Black Sea Treaty. He was very insular, too, about the Spanish Marriage; and at first, in 1870, he backed "Casquette against Pumpernickel"; but he was wrong as the struggle proceeded, and—characteristically enough—directly he saw that he was wrong he shifted his course. Unlike the Bourbons, he learned everything and forgot everything. By his sources of omniscience he was often able to anticipate events. He was the first to announce the coming repeal of the Corn Laws, to realise the railway mania, to promulgate the French Revolution in 1848. He communicated Guizot's movements to Aberdeen, events in India and America to Lord Palmerston, all the ramifications of cabal to all who could defend the interests of Britain. Nor did he ever care to receive "confidential" documents from high quarters. That, as he said, only precluded him from knowledge to which he could easily find access without any stipulation of reserve. He formulated policies, and had championed Irish land-reform before it even entered into Mr. Gladstone's head. He would dare anything, and his reproofs of Queen Victoria's segregating grief drew forth a royal and unique reply in his columns. Queen Elizabeth would have loved him, but all the same she might have beheaded him in the end.

Such, however, was not the spirit of his age. In three episodes he figured which touch the colossal conflict of this moment. He supported Palmerston's weak policy in the Schleswig-Holstein affair when Disraeli sounded such an uplifting note. That was not one of Delane's triumphs. But an episode attended it which six years later was to conduce towards a real *coup*. In 1865 the project of a secret treaty was mooted between France and Prussia whereby the latter was to assist the former against any third power if the Emperor of the French "should cause his troops to enter Belgium or to conquer it." In 1870, little more than a week before the outbreak of hostilities between France and Prussia, a certain Baron Krause of the Prussian Embassy called on Delane, "at the express command of Count Bismarck," and disclosed this Benedetti compact. It was published, and then the fat was in the fire. Disraeli took occasion to say that he regarded the extinction of Belgium as "a calamity to Europe and an injury to this country." Gladstone disdained to announce "that we would not in any case stand by with folded arms and see actions done which would amount to a total extinction of public right in Europe." Five years passed by and another stirring secret was revealed. M. de Blowitz—the prodigy of journalistic insight whom Delane had discovered through a miracle of memory—acquainted him with the Kaiser's renewed plot for the destruction of France. Delane carefully tested a disclosure so unexpected and sensational, and then finally he published it. That publication may be said to have kept the peace of Europe. "No greater honour," well wrote Delane, "than to have averted war is within the reach of the journalist."

On his relations to Lord Clarendon and many other less and more illustrious influencers of history there is no room to dilate. Delane rose on the high tide of *The Times* pre-eminence. He never relaxed his genial vigilance. He held his public by knowing them. He was a supreme manager of men.



From a drawing by Vernon Hill
Kindly lent by Mr. John Lane.

Stephen Phillips.

BELGIAN PROSE AND VERSE.*

By Francis Bickley.

THE literary movement which began about 1880 in Belgium, and was still vigorous down to July of 1914, has an intrinsic interest apart from that which everything Belgian at present arouses. Not only are many of its individual manifestations of great value from the purely artistic point of view, but in its sharp duality, Flemish and Walloon, it reflects a very important aspect of national life. Mr. Bithell's book, therefore, should have a more permanent appeal than the topical one which no doubt accounts for the date of its publication, especially as it is the first one of its kind which has been produced in England.

It is not a book for those who know, or propose to know, the subject of which it treats, but rather for those who will be satisfied with such extracts as may be found in anthologies or with Mr. Bithell's own translations, the casual curious reader who, paraphrasing the hackneyed, might say: "Maeterlinck we know; Verhaeren we have heard of; but who is Rodenbach?" There is a fair proportion of mere anecdote in his pages, and Mr. Bithell is not the subtlest of critics.

He devotes a chapter to the beginnings, the literature which flourished between 1830 and 1850, paying special attention to Charles de Coster, whose "Legend of Ulenspiegel," the epic of the Flemings, is certainly the most notable work of that prehistoric period; and another to the days of awakening which saw the foundation of *La Jeune Belgique*, *L'Art Moderne*, *La Wallonie*, and the other organs of revolution, and the publication of the *Parnasse de la Jeune Belgique*, in which many men who have since risen to fame made their début. It is a good story of enthusiasm and extravagance and rivalry such as occurs now and again in the history of every literature. Of those who emerged from the first ferment, who had come to stay, Camille Lemonnier, Georges Eekhoud, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and Eugène Demolder get chapters to themselves, while the rest and their successors are appropriately grouped under generic headings. Mr. Bithell does not confine his attention to "*la littérature belge d'expression française*," but devotes two chapters to the novelists and poets who have written in Flemish. Of the former, Stijn Streuvels, the baker novelist, is by far the most important. Mr. Bithell's account of him is admirable, but he does not mention the recently published volume of translations of his stories by Mr. Texeira de Mattos in his rather sketchy bibliography. The chapter on the Flemish poets is largely made up of quotations, no doubt from the anthology of "Contemporary Flemish Poetry," by Mr. Bithell himself, which is announced as in preparation for the "Canterbury Poets" series.

Mr. Bithell's shortcomings as a critic are due, in part at least, not to his failure to appreciate, but to his inability to express. Again and again his writing reminds one of a rather second-rate translation, and often, though one sees that what is in his mind is sound enough, he uses a totally inappropriate epithet; for instance, "risky" is the adjective which he applies to the frank and clean paganism of Charles van Lerberghe's comedy, "Pan." This verbal ineptitude accounts, no doubt, for the flavour of vulgarity which is not infrequently present in his pages; but, on the other hand, one cannot altogether acquit him of a certain cheapness in some of his interpretations; as when he describes Maeterlinck's "Serres Chaudes" as "a most dismal display of dirges by a man who, perhaps, never felt ill in his life, but who had great business ability and the knack of supplying the demand." "Serres Chaudes" are certainly vulnerable to criticism; a case might even be made for denying them any literary value whatever; but the suggestion that they were written as pot-boilers is grotesque. But then, anything written in "*deprimirter Stimmung*" is suspect to Mr. Bithell. Even Verhaeren, whom he once held to be "the greatest of all French poets, past and present," but now considers to "run the risk of being over-estimated," is accused of pandering to fashion in the black pessimism of his middle period; and the German critic, Stefan Zweig, whom, a fortnight before the outbreak of war, Mr. Bithell introduced to England with every sign of enthusiasm, is sneered at for taking Verhaeren's "pathological" poems seriously. On the other hand, Mr. Bithell champions "Les Flamandes," that crude piece of juvenile realism, against the critics, and even against the poet himself. He likes his art strong, and in Belgian literature he finds much to his taste.

* "Contemporary Belgian Literature." By Jethro Bithell. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

New Books.

"THE RED HORIZON."*

"The Red Horizon" is one more page torn from nature's book, by the hand of Patrick MacGill. Lovers of his fine, lately-found art of prose narrative, emanating from the soil of his birth, will not be disappointed in his picture of the artillery-held lines of Artois and French Flanders. We enter the fight with the simple fortunes and abundant humours of six or seven young riflemen who have just been "turned into soldiers" in an English cathedral town. The soil of France, its farms, its familiar barns, its rank field flowers whose roots flourish in a blood-drenched ground, its village priest, its ruined churches—furnish the scene of their struggle. It may be said that the soil of France is the heroine of "The Red Horizon"—there is not a woman in the story.

The vivacities of a section of a platoon in a company of the London Irish attend us from trench to rest camp and

* "The Red Horizon." By Patrick MacGill.

rest camp to dug out. There are originals among Section 3. "Patrick" of the book, the narrator, is the senior; Pryor is a pessimist of nineteen, fastidious in women; Goliath is a massive Cockney in glasses; Feelan has a brogue and a love of song; Bill Sykes—so nicknamed apparently for his narrow chest and good nature—has cockney humours which enliven hardships, with sometimes an alarming tendency "to give the show away." Mervin is "my mate" in the narration, he has travelled and is mysterious about his former experiences, also about a sweetheart in Ireland, but his secrets die with him when he is killed at the shelling of a keep where he is on guard. More humour than sentiment is expended upon this group. The pathos is in their youth. They are most wonderfully simple. "Patrick" of the story makes a speech in a dug-out, over a banquet, on the eve of an advance. Not a trace of thought or learning—of which, however, he is suspected—escapes him. Nor is there any attempt to make history with Goliath or Bill Sykes. They are evanescent figures, disappearing into the din and smoke and intricacy of the defence. They were all early volunteers in the war and in spite of much grousing, they know they are holding the line between Givenchy and La Bassée. Long waiting and inaction without sight of the enemy brings down the cloud over hardship. But the joy of the sortie comes at last. Section 3 forms a covering party for the Engineers.

"'They're out to-night, repairing the wire entanglements,' said the platoon sergeant.

"'Any more of the Section going out?' I asked. . . . In one point our wires had been cut clean through by a concussion shell, and the entanglement looked as if it had been frozen into immobility in the midst of a riot of broken wires and shattered posts. We passed through the lane made by the shell, and flopped flat to earth on the other side, when a German star-shell came across to inspect us. The world between the trenches was lit up for a moment. The wires stood out clear in one glittering distortion, the spinney, full of dark racing shadows, wailed mournfully to the breeze that passed through its shrapnel-scarred branches, white as bone where their bark had been peeled away. In the mysteries of light and shade, in the threat that hangs for ever over men in the trenches there was a wild fascination. I was for a moment tempted to rise up and shout across to the German trenches, 'I am here!' No defiance would be in the shout. It was merely a momentary impulse born of adventure that intoxicates. Bill sprang to his feet suddenly, rubbing his face with a violent hand; this in full view of the enemy's trench in a light that illumined the place like a sun.

"'Bill, Bill!' we muttered hoarsely.

"'Well, blimey, that's a go,' he said, coughing and spitting. 'What 'ave I done, splunk on a dead 'un I flopped, a stinking corpse. Oh! nark the game, ole stiff 'un,' said Bill, addressing the ground where I could perceive a bundle of dark clothes, striped with red, and deep in the grass. 'Talk about rotten eggs burstin' on your jor; they're not in it!'

"The light of the star-shell waned and died away; the Corporal spoke to Bill.

"'Next time a light goes up you be flat; you're giving the whole damned show away,' the Corporal said. 'If you're spotted, it's all up with us.'"

We have said that there is no woman in the story of "The Red Horizon"—a regrettable absence from the pen that created Norah.* But the vignettes of French women abound, slightly sketched on the road-side. The "café lady," the farm girl who sells wine and holds her head so high in the shelled farm kitchen, remain in the memory. There is a chapter to be laid to heart—"The Women of France." They work more silently those women of Picardy than the men. They toil unremittingly, whether in the half-ruined farm or near the firing line. We echo Bill Sykes' remarks, "They are great women. the women of France."

"The Red Horizon" carries us as far as August, 1915. We leave the combatants in sight of the hills of Lorette, Souchez and the Labyrinth. The great adventure of Loos is hinted at ahead. We hope it will be the theme of Mr. MacGill's next novel, and that it will be no fragmentary reflective idyll of the war, but the drama of a man or a woman brought close to the stupendous events. We had looked for the Irish novel of the future from Mr. MacGill, but we think he is well fitted to mature a great novel of war. He is unsparingly realistic in his descriptions, but his art is free of the pessimist's scepticism which would diminish our idea of a soldier. Patrick, at times a prey to sad reflection, is conscious of a soul that calls out, "I am here," in the face of the enemy. The greatness and littleness of military service appear interwoven in a story of the ranks. Even Bill the Cockney, without self-control beneath the star-shell, has plenty of resistance in the fight, and boasts of it afterwards—in, however Falstaffian fashion, with at least a sense of pride in his company. The insignificance of death to the outward eye, which troubled the mind of the contemplative author of "The Children of the Dead End" when chronicling accidents to obscure navvies, becomes part of a whole heroic struggle when the Brigadier in the present chronicle, interrupted in glorious action, passes out of the battle and life, only saying "I think I must be wounded." The moral is the same at the unimpressive passing of the navvy, the private, or the gallant General. But the author leaves us to draw it with a better notion of human worth and human fellowship than in his first book. It is no perverted art of the Émile Zola school which prints these on the mind whilst depicting all the ghastly realities of war. It must be owned, however, that the final word of the poetic chronicler is Rest.

"When the feet are sore and swollen, and when the pack-straps cut the shoulder like a knife, the journey may be tiring, but the glorious rest in a musty old barn, with creaking stairs and cobwebbed rafters, amply compensates for all the strain of getting there. Lazily we drop into the straw, loosen our puttees and shoes, and light a soothing cigarette from our little candles. The whole barn is a chamber of mysterious light and shade and strange rustlings. The flames of the candles dance on the walls, the stars peep through the roof. Eyes, strangely brilliant under the shadow of the brows, meet one another inquiringly. 'Is this not a night?' they seem to ask. 'The night of all the world?' Apart from that, everybody is quiet; we lie still resting, resting. Probably we shall fall asleep as we drop down, only to wake again when the cigarettes burn to the fingers. We can take full advantage of a rest, as a rest is known to the gloriously weary. There is romance, there is joy in the life of a soldier."

In his abundant sense of the worth of life and in the progress of his philosophy we look to the author, in the future, for another expanded picture—another fuller valuation—of the life of the soldier.



Mr. Patrick MacGill.

* In "The Children of the Dead End." Its sequel should have been named "Norah," for its subject is her life. This moving narrative is called "The Ratpit."

ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

It is more than a year since the publication of the preceding volume of this important and scholarly work, and over eight years from the appearance of the first volume. Of the contributors to the present instalment, Professor Saintsbury has been the most frequent one, his work being found in every volume except Nos. IV. and VI. Mr. Harold Child, formerly sub-editor of the *Academy*, makes a good second, having contributed to six out of the twelve volumes now published. With the appearance of two more, which are to be published simultaneously, the History will be completed. In compliance with the wishes of several subscribers, two additional volumes will be issued supplementary to the History proper, consisting of extracts in prose and verse illustrative of its text. This piece of news will be very acceptable to those students whose bookshelves are slenderly stocked with the works of the various authors dealt with, and to whom access to a well-equipped public library is precluded. To many, the present volume will be as interesting nearly as any of its predecessors; to some, perhaps, the interest will be greater. The authors whose work is passed under survey are Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Landor, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey and Jane Austen. Other chapters are devoted to Lesser Poets, Reviews and Magazines in the Early Years of the Nineteenth Century, Lesser Novelists, the Oxford Movement, the growth of Liberal Theology, Historians and Scholars, Antiquaries and Bibliographers. In addition there are Bibliographies which occupy more than a fourth of the book. And there is a very satisfactory and complete Index.

The undertaking having been initiated by one of "the sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth," it is, perhaps, quite in keeping that the writers of the various chapters should be those who at one time or another have been connected with those institutions. Many of them are professors; even the University of Indiana, U.S.A., has been honoured by its Professor of English being called upon to contribute the chapter on Hazlitt. Why, one is at a loss to discover, though it is due to the writer to add that the request has resulted in a very interesting and well-informed article. There does not appear to be, so far as one is aware, any contributor who has been especially identified with any particular author. That, perhaps, is not essential. Be that as it may, there can be no gainsaying the fact that the various articles are of the greatest interest, and their authors men whose knowledge of their subjects is as intimate as their judgment is sound and discriminative.

None of the writers seems to have been called upon to adjudicate on an author with whom he is not greatly in accord. Perhaps the contributor to whom exception should be made is Professor Saintsbury, whose appreciation of good literature is so intense, and so stimulating to his readers, that some sympathy must be meted out to him in his having to refer to a goodly number of Lesser Poets to whom, however, some reference had to be made; a circumstance which, of course, connoted his passing through many dreary tracts at the very foot of Parnassus. Still, the thing had to be done, and none could have accomplished it better and with such little display of impatience.

His article on Landor is excellent. After referring to the "almost hackneyed, but well-justified summary: 'For the *vulgus* never: for the *clerus* surely,'" he adds:

"In such cases, there is always a temptation either to join the chorus or to take the equally easy but even less commendable line of more or less paradoxical disparagement. In the foregoing estimate a strenuous endeavour, based on long acquaintance and frequently revised impression, has been made to keep the difficult and dangerous middle way of strict criticism."

What follows is well worth consideration:

"The quality in Landor which repels, or, at least, fails to attract, some readers, except from the side of pure form, was well, if almost accidentally, pointed out by a critic hardly professional, at least as regards English literature, but exceptionally scholarly, and not in the least given to carping—the late Lewis Campbell, who complains of his 'aloofness and unreality.' It is only in the *apicés* of his poetry, such as 'Rose Aylmer' and in a few passages of his prose, such as the purple passages of the 'dreams,' the scholar episode of 'The Citation and Examination of Shakespeare,' and a few others, where these peculiarities are overcome by genuine passion or, in one way or another, positively suit the subject, that Landor escapes a certain artificiality. Another very happy phrase of Campbell, applied to Landor's friend Dickens, emphatically does not apply, except on these rarest occasions, to Landor himself. His characters are never exactly 'human effluences,' they are effluences of books and of a fantastic individual combination of scholarly taste and wilful temperament. His aloofness is not the poetic aloofness which Matthew Arnold adumbrates in the famous passage of 'Resignation'—a critical but, at the same time, sympathetic contemplativeness—for, except in relation to literature, and even largely as to that, he is nothing if not *un*critical; while even his sympathies, which are often keen, are so twisted and turned by whims and crotchets of all kinds that they are never to be depended on. That his humour is even more uncertain has been said already. When any lover of style and form remembers not merely his great show pieces but the smaller patches—the 'stripes of purple,' as Quintilian would say, woven into all the prose, and not sparingly scattered over the verse—he is apt to pronounce Landor one of the mightiest of magicians; and so, at these times, he is. But he is a Prospero with a most imperfect and intermittent command over his Ariel, and, perhaps, always better suited to uttermost isles of fancy than to the Milans of the actual world."

Lamb students will turn with interest and curiosity to Mr. Hamilton Thompson's article on Charles Lamb. His only other contribution is one on his namesake without the "p," in the tenth volume. He does not appear to have been associated in any way with his present subject. Nevertheless, and perhaps merely on that account, his chapter on a well-beloved name is very attractive. His remarks on Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare* are judicious. Especially noteworthy is his comment on Lamb's admiration of one scene in Ford's "Broken Heart," which "tempted him into a comparison out of all proportion to the actual merits of the episode."

Mr. Thompson seems to share the opinion of most writers on Lamb with regard to his "usual habit of embroidering fiction on fact." Certainly Lamb prided himself on being a *matter-of-lie* man in contradistinction to a *matter-of-fact* man; nevertheless, towards the end of his life he told his friend Bernard Barton that the more his character came to be known the less his veracity would come to be suspected. And the truth of this statement has been proved over and over again. Mr. Thompson may, therefore, in the absence of documentary evidence, rest assured that Lamb would not have repeated, not only in his essays and one of the poems, but also in a letter to Manning, the statement that his father came from Lincoln or the neighbourhood, if such had not been the case. Biographical details are not as a rule entered into in this History, but the Lamb article is an exception, and rightly so, for without a knowledge of these, a complete understanding of his works both in prose and poetry must be lacking. Mr. Thompson, however, in this respect is not seen at his best. Many errors are to be noted.

Mary Lamb was not the second but the third child of her parents. It is by no means proved that the "fair-haired Alice" lies buried in Widford churchyard. Apparently Mr. Thompson is unacquainted with the late Canon Ainger's article on Charles Lamb's first love. Coleridge's renewal of friendship with Lamb, after their early intimacy, took place probably between 1794 and 1795, not as is stated between 1792 and 1796. Lamb's poetic association with Charles Lloyd began a year earlier than that given in the article, when the latter published his "Poems on the death of Priscilla Farmer" in 1796. Cambridge in 1799 did not hold "George Dyer, of Emmanuel." No authority is given for the statement that in his story *First Going to Church* in *Mrs. Leicester's School*, Lamb "blends memories of the Temple Church *with Coleridge's Youth at Ottery St. Mary.*" (The italics are mine.) It was in *January*, 1813 not June of the year that the "Confessions of a Drunkard" were printed in *The Philanthropist.* The collected "Works of Charles Lamb" (1818), were

* "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Edited by Sir A. W. Ward, Litt.D., F.B.A., Master of Peterhouse, and A. R. Waller, M.A., Peterhouse. Vol. XII. 9s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

dedicated to Martin Burney as well as to Coleridge. Elia's "amusement at the rigid business qualities of the sect" is not "declared in 'A Quaker's Meeting.'" This "declaration" is to be found in the essay on "Imperfect Sympathies." It is very misleading to state, as Mr. Thompson does, that the best of Lamb's prose work written at Enfield appeared in "The Last Essays of Elia." The only essays in that book written at Enfield were those on Elliston, *Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago*, and *The Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art*. It is a matter of taste, of course, but one demurs at the assertion that alone of his lyrics "The Old Familiar Faces" is immortal. Surely some degree of immortality may be assigned to those lovely verses to "Hester." Emma Isola's marriage took place on July 30th, 1833; not in August, as is stated. Of that act the present writer has proof in the shape of an extract from the marriage register of St. George's, Hanover Square. Charles Lamb died on December 27th not 29th. Finally, it is inaccurate to say as is done at the end of the article that Mary Lamb accompanied her brother on his visit to Coleridge at Nether Stowey. The compiler's name is not appended to the Bibliography, which is very incomplete. The outstanding omissions are the late Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's "Charles and Mary Lamb," published in 1874, important in that it contains the letters of Mary Lamb which formed the basis of Mrs. Gilchrist's monograph on Mary Lamb in the "Eminent Women" series; the late Mr. Bertram Dobell's "Sidelights on Charles Lamb" (1903), and Charles Kent's "Centenary edition of the Works of Charles Lamb" (1875). In spite, however, of the foregoing sins of omission and commission, Mr. Thompson's essay is a beautiful tribute to Charles Lamb's self-sacrificing life, and a just appraisement of his writings.

Though so much space has been devoted to the Lamb article, it is far from the writer's intention that it should be supposed to be the one essay of outstanding interest. It merely indicates his own personal leaning towards his favourite author. There are others of the series which will doubtless appeal as compellingly to other readers; such as those on "Byron" by Professor Moorhouse, "Scott" by Dr. Henderson, "Shelley" and "Keats" by Professor Herford, "Jane Austen" by Mr. Child, and "The Oxford Movement" by the Ven. Dr. Hutton. Doubtless others will be attracted by the remaining articles which are not strictly confined to literature as such.

In his account of the "Lesser Novelists," Mr. Child has unaccountably omitted all mention of such delightful novels as "Hajji Baba," by J. Morier, "Tom Cringle's Log," by Michael Scott, and Mary Woolstonecraft Shelley's "Tales and Stories," edited by the late Dr. Garnett and published in 1891. They are, however, with the exception of the last-named work, noted in the Bibliography of the subject.

Altogether the present volume is as interesting as any of its predecessors, and reflects the greatest credit on its authors.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

SOMEWHERE NEAR HELICON.*

The first of these books moves the heart because of its patriotic motive and burden. Poets of England and some poetasters, from Ben Jonson, Massinger and Lovelace to—never-mind-who, have given of their literary fruits to this good gathering. For the simple, democratic price of half-a-crown can be purchased this anthology, "The Fiery Cross," which for its stirring and uplifting contents will be a source of spiritual and patriotic strengthening to these anxious days, and a treasury and reminder to the days to come.

> "What have I done for you,
> England, my England?
> What is there I would not do,
> England, my own?"

The proceeds of the sale of this accessible, acceptable volume go to the Red Cross Fund. *Verb. sap.!*

Mr. Brend, for his "Freshets from the Hills," has seemingly gone toward Helicon; but their waters are not particularly sparkling, and rather trickle than leap. He who would sing of Paganism and the gods and myths of Greece, needs power and inspiration in no small compass and degree. Mr. Brend is painstaking and earnest; but we must leave it at that. So, too, with "Earth-Lays." Mr. Tolly's instrument is not adequate to the occasion. His subject is no less than the universe of material existence. He stands at his telescope and moralises on the stars; he wanders into an old quarry and moralises on the forces of nature at work and play, with man as a mere nothing beside them; and so throughout the eight-and-twenty items of this well-produced book. His vision is far-reaching; his thought is sound and keen; but he would have done better to have printed his verse as prose, for prose it is, and verse not at all. The division into lines is merely arbitrary. Here, for example, is a passage taken by chance, printed as prose:

> "But there come sudden hours, when, as it were, I crystallise and know myself one with an Essence of the whole, immutably. All flows again: but each time, pure, I've known Eternity and Time—forms of one Being."

What else is that but prose; so why print it otherwise?

Our fourth book is a remarkable piece of work. That "Spoon River Anthology" will achieve anything like its deserts is, indeed, doubtful; but those who have read it carefully will not fail to appreciate its extraordinary quality. It has imperfections, of course; but what are they when its reality, ingenuity, irony, insight, vision are recognised. It is unique. It braves the conventions in ideas and form. It unmasks the human pose. The idea of the book is that the dead who lie in the graveyard of Spoon River tell the truth about their past life, its purposes, vanities, hopes and end. The people of that American township were an ordinary lot, as humanity goes; but Mr. Masters shows how mankind, even when ordinary, is extraordinary indeed. Examples, however, are at present more helpful than comment, though to read the book is really the only thing. Says "Blind Jack," a wandering minstrel:

> "I had fiddled all day at the county fair,
> But driving home 'Butch' Weldy, and Jack McGuire,
> Who were roaring full, made me fiddle and fiddle
> To the song of *Susie Skinner*, while whipping the horses
> Till they ran away.
> Blind as I was, I tried to get out
> As the carriage fell in the ditch,
> And was caught in the wheels and killed.
> There's a blind man here with a brow
> As big and white as a cloud.
> And all we fiddlers, from highest to lowest,
> Writers of music and tellers of stories
> Sit at his feet,
> And hear him sing of the fall of Troy."

Although the form of the verse is that of Walt Whitman, it is in all other respects but stark sincerity different from his. It is more homely, although it treats of the infinities, and less prophetic in guise. Mr. Masters ventures to sing through the silence of the tomb, but necessarily sheds no light on the realities beyond; although in his later poems he does touch mystical heights and achieves the expression of spiritual beauty. These dead people who out of the darkness speak suggest that the old lost life was more real than their present. Says "the Village Atheist, talkative, contentious, versed in the arguments of the infidels":

> "Immortality is not a gift,
> Immortality is an achievement;
> And only those who strive mightily
> Shall possess it."

* "The Fiery Cross: An Anthology." Compiled by Mabel C. Edwards and Mary Booth. 2s. 6d. net. (Richards.)—"Freshets of the Hills." By Charles Cunninghame Brend. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Earth-Lays, Geological and Other Moods." By Colin Tolly. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Spoon River Anthology." By Edgar Lee Masters. 6s. net. (Laurie.)

We need, however, not pribble or prabble because Mr. Masters out of his daring cannot read the riddle—the riddle of death—that is infinitely more inscrutable than that of the Sphinx. He has done wonderfully as it is, and the manner in which he demonstrates the co-relation of contemporaries, however different their conditions, rich or poor, humble or pompous, debonair or simple, is most ingenious and suggestive. We and the next-door neighbour may be as ships that pass in the night, ignoring each other with stiff-necks, yet the gods who play with the vanities of humankind find plenty of sport in hurling at us their irony; and, willy-nilly, we and his mightiness next-door may be brought together as closely as were Benjamin Pantier and Nig, his dog; or may come to such predicament as did Barney Hainsfeather:

"If the excursion train to Peoria
Had just been wrecked, I might have escaped with my life—
Certainly I should have escaped this place.
But as it was burned as well, they mistook me
For John Allen who was sent to the Hebrew Cemetery
At Chicago,
And John for me, so I lie here.
It was bad enough to run a clothing store in this town,
But to be buried here—*ach*!"

No; mere quotation, mere recommendation, are not enough to point the varied and unusual quality of this book. It is necessary to read, and then to re-read it: read once, twice, or thrice it will be found every time a joy and stimulus, as I who pen this lame appreciation have discovered.

C. E. Lawrence.

BABYLON.*

It was foretold by the prophet Jeremiah that the broad walls of Babylon should be utterly broken; but albeit the prophecy has been fulfilled much too completely and literally for the purposes of the most pious archæologist, the particular providence which overwatches monuments of the past has taken care that—if utterly broken—they have not perished utterly. The work of excavation during recent years has made it possible to reconstruct "the main features" of the great city, and further research will probably open a path to the solution of at least some problems which remain. How much has been accomplished and how much has passed into the domain of exact knowledge may well come as a revelation to those unfamiliar with this department of antiquities, when reading Mr. King's "History of Babylon," being the second volume of a general History of Babylonia and Assyria. The first contains and is entitled "A History of Sumer and Akkad," being an account of the early races of Babylon "from prehistoric times to the foundation of the Babylonian Monarchy," under the dynasty of West Semitic Kings. The present undertaking represents the dynastic period, down to the close of Babylon's independence, in the reign of Xerxes, with a few words on the last flickerings of this great torch of empire amid "ruined temples and seats of worship," on the threshold of the Christian era. The third volume of Mr. King's work will deal with the history of Assyria from its earliest period to the fall of Nineveh. The undertaking is large, and, to judge by the present instalment, not only carries the authority of the writer's knowledge as a Keeper of Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum and Professor of Assyrian and Babylonian Archæology in the University of London, but that of his first-hand acquaintance with the site of Babylon and the exploration performed thereon.

The spell of Babylon is other than the spell of Egypt, like its greatness and its history. Mr. King has done something to reduce the wonder of the Hanging Gardens belonging to the Royal Palace, on the assumption that their site has been correctly identified, about which, however, he thinks that judgment should be suspended for the present. On the other hand, the Tower of Babel seems to loom larger. The illustrations, maps and diagrams which accompany the text are invaluable helps in following descriptive accounts which have themselves the virtue of clearness. It is a title of excellence in a work of this kind that it does not assume much knowledge to begin with on the part of the reader. With very ordinary acquaintance and some care, he learns insensibly as he goes. The last chapter, being an estimate of "cultural influence" exercised by Babylon more especially upon Palestine and Greece, is an admirable piece of work, both from the estimate standpoint and as an informed criticism of views now held by a considerable body of scholarship. In conclusion, Mr. King shows how Babylon "bled to death" by a process of centuries, not by any sudden blow. She diminished in importance as her rival Seleucia grew, owing to superior maritime communications. It was by an economic process of decay, not by a visitation of Heaven, that she became "a desolation among nations." But we may say that, like God Himself, Holy Writ is fulfilled in many ways.

A. E. Waite.

* "A History of Babylon." By Leonard W. King, M.A., F.S.A. With Maps, Plans and Illustrations. 18s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

DICKENS AS SOCIAL REFORMER.*

I have already written a note on Mr. Crotch's book in the pages of *The Dickensian*; but it seems to me that it deserves wider notice than it is likely to receive in any organ of even the most enthusiastic cult, and so I am trying not to repeat myself in The Bookman.

Books about great men—and especially great authors—if they are to endure, should do something more than catalogue and recapitulate the elements of the particular hero's greatness, and by lavish quotations from his works eke out a meagre thesis to the dimensions of a goodly volume. They should do more than shine with a reflected light: they should illumine their subject with a light of their own. When I read Boswell's "Johnson"—which I think is a finer book than any that Johnson himself was capable of, and upon which I believe Johnson's fame to rest—or Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt, or Landor, on any of their contemporaries, I am usually imbued with the feeling that here is not merely an interpreter of another's wisdom but a dispenser of his own. And so it is in the case of Mr. Walter Crotch.

Of making many books there is no end. I never recall this text but I wonder if the author of that ancient saw was drawing a fine distinction between book-making and book-writing; whether in his day also there was (as now) a ceaseless output of books of annotation, commentary, and criticism, memoirs and biography, anthologies, and other miscellaneous compendia, which had in themselves no intrinsic value, but relied solely for their success on the stolen pearls they had strung upon their own frayed and dingy strings of verbiage. It may be so. I fancy it must have been so. Because the further we get back into literary history the more likely are we to find that the most popular authors of the day evolved their themes not out of their own imagination, and wrought their effects not out of their own native powers of invention and creation, but went to old fables and folk-lore, or took them boldly, ready-made, from any other little-known and obscure source that offered itself to their wider erudition—even as Shakespeare himself did.

Let me say at once, then, that Mr. Crotch's book is raised altogether above the level of all such fraudulent book-making: first of all by the individuality of its author, and again by the vigour and trenchancy of its style. This book is really not so much a revelation of Charles Dickens as it is a revelation—all unconscious—of Mr. Crotch

* "The Pageant of Dickens." By W. Walter Crotch. 5s net. (Chapman & Hall.)

himself; it is not so much a pageant of Dickens' fictional people and social and political tendencies, as it is a pageant of the people in real life who repel or appeal to Mr. Crotch, and the social and political tendencies to which he lends his countenance and support. You have not gone very far into this book—no further than the first page—before you realise that it was written primarily to express certain sentiments and ideas which lie very close to the author's heart. And with all those sentiments and ideas he discovers that Dickens was in sympathy; as he no doubt very often was, but by no means invariably. He discovers that Dickens was, above all, a democrat, as he himself is; and this is, of course, true enough of Dickens, but only as regards some phases of his personality. There are passages in Dickens which seem to me to indicate that he had in his composition a good deal of Mrs. Pardiggle, a good deal of Mr. Codlin, a very great deal of the detestable Cheerybles and the almost more detestable Mark Tapley; that he could be as arrogant as Mr. Podsnap, as perverse and muddle-headed as Stephen Blackpool, and as blind as Mr. Dombey; and other weaknesses and vices of other of his characters that he satirises I seem to catch glimpses of in himself. Indeed, I am not sure that any man can effectively satirise any other man unless he has some secret fellow-feeling for him.



Photo by Mason. **Charles Dickens, about 1862.**

But Mr. Crotch will not see this. He could if he would: he has the right penetrative instinct; but he will not. Always, and in every facet of his genius, Mr. Crotch finds that Dickens and he are at one. At any rate, that is the impression his book leaves on me. And I am a little sorry, a little vexed, about this. Mr. Crotch is a man with a mind of his own, as he proves when he forsakes his text and talks to us—as he does frequently, charmingly, and altogether convincingly—with a splendid detachment and abandonment born of his own passionate ardour.

That gives the keynote to this book: its passionate ardour. Mr. Crotch lacks nothing in appreciation of Dickens's humour and pathos, his sense of the picturesque and grotesque; but the outstanding quality in Dickens's work which fires his blood and kindles his soul is Dickens's magnificent championship of what he deemed good and right, and his no less magnificent denunciation of what he deemed wrong and bad. I have ventured on a few criticisms of Mr. Crotch's occasionally warped point of view; but whenever he is echoing and expounding Dickens in the mood of the social reformer he is irresistible as Dickens himself, and as far above criticism. It is only afterwards. . . .

In conclusion, however, I would like to say that of all the books on Dickens I have had the good or evil fortune to read, this is the book that pleases me best. It is most gracefully, spiritedly, and at the same time conscientiously, done (all but the proof-reading, which has been done vilely). It is full of interest and entertainment, not only for the Dickensian or for the man or woman who just "likes Dickens rather," but for all and sundry, lovers and long-sufferers and scoffers of Dickens alike. A wide and deep knowledge of Dickens is not at all essential to a due enjoyment of this book. By its own merit, its own force, its own inherent virtues of sincerity and integrity of aim and purpose, but, most of all, by reason of the fact that it reveals its author as a man tender and kind and good, and yet robust, even a little fierce at times, it stands (as we say) on its own base, and is thus a real achievement in literature.

EDWIN PUGH.

AN AMERICAN SPEAKS.*

Not a ripple from the European war disturbs the surface of the essays gathered together by Mr. James Huneker, the accomplished American litterateur, who does so much to inform public taste in the United States. Unreflecting readers of "Ivory Apes and Peacocks" might easily jump to the conclusion that he lived in a vacuum, and by some fourth dimensional trick passed from his library to concert halls and art galleries, alike unconscious of peoples half choked by squalid conditions in peace times, and massed into heroic union in the time of Armageddon.

His essays were evidently written before the struggle of titanic forces convulsed the world—certainly before the German pirate sank the *Lusitania*, for the memory of that crime would have imposed certain restrictions which are not here observed, and altered a point of view, which now displays a marvel of ante-war detachment. I refer to Mr. Huneker's essays on "Frank Wedekind," "Max Liebemann and some Phases of Modern German Art," and similar intellectual absorptions.

There are, however, many brilliant pages in "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," which one can read with pleasure, particularly the opening essay on Mr. Joseph Conrad. It is a legitimate relief to allow Mr. Huneker to create the frame

* "Ivory Apes and Peacocks." By James Huneker. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

of mind necessary to the entertainment of such considerations, taking us, as they do for a while, from under the shadow of hell, flung far and wide by the Central Powers, into the indestructible sunlight.

"The figure of Joseph Conrad," says the author, "stands solitary among English novelists as the very ideal of a pure and disinterested artist. Amid the clamour of the market-place a book of his is a sea shell, which pressed to the ear, echoes the far-away murmur of the sea; always the sea, either as rigid as a mirror under hard blue skies, or shuddering symphonically up some exotic beach." "Conrad is a painter doubled by a psychologist; he is the psychologist of the sea—and that is his chief claim to originality. . . . Like all true artists, Conrad never preaches. His moral is in suffusion, and who runs may read."

Much, however, can be said for the writer whose passion for life sweeps him beyond the limitations of the conventional reticence Mr. Huneker would impose upon artists. If literature is the flower of life, it is surely as well sometimes to hear what the gardener has to say, even though it may destroy the illusion that the flower came into existence of its own volition.

Ardent Whitmanites, as a corrective to any egregious tendency in their enthusiasm, may be referred to the essay entitled "A Visit to Walt Whitman," a piece of destructive criticism interspersed with ill-natured anecdotes. Mr. Huneker or anyone else is quite entitled to think that Whitman's philosophy is "fudge," but it is open to question whether it is desirable or in good taste to fortify the case against Whitman by quoting what a policeman said at the Philadelphia ferry, "That old gas-bag comes here every afternoon. He gets free rides across the Delaware." It is singular that the only American Mr. Huneker writes about in this book at any length should be torn to pieces.

Mr. Huneker commands respectful attention when he writes of Russian literature. His knowledge of the subject seems to be profound, and readers who only know one or two of the Russian masterpieces can learn much from him. Here again, however, his allegiance to the method of the "disinterested artist" becomes manifest, and his admiration ceases when Tolstoy used his great art consciously for definite ends.

During the course of his acute survey of a wide field these pregnant observations occur:

"Taking Gogol as the norm of modern Russian fiction—we see the novel strained through the rich mystic imagination of Dostoievsky; viewed through the more equable, artistic and pessimistic temperament of Turgenieff, until it is seized by Leo Tolstoy, and passionately transformed to serve his own didactic purposes."

Dostoievsky is praised almost without reservation, though you are not allowed to forget how interesting a case he was for the alienist: "Tolstoy wrote of life; Dostoievsky lived it, drank its sour dregs." Even so must a novelist first grovel in mud before he can describe it? Indeed, Mr Huneker appears to believe that an artist should have no ideal outside his art, that he must be a specialised function, and no more. Were the conditions of the world ideal, something might then be said for that point of view. As things stand, however, such an attitude seems to be a denial of humanity.

Everyone who knows Mr. Huneker's work acknowledges his ability as an art critic. The amount of knowledge he manages to pack into "The Magic Vermeer" will convict well-informed students of ignorance of the Dutch master, beloved of Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has written delightfully about him.

Mr. Huneker also deals with other themes, to which I have not called attention, and always his level of excellence is high, and his opinions definite. He is able to define his own ignorance, and his influence is all the stronger because he nowhere allows the reader to see any of his opinions in the process of formation.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

Of these two books the second is, of course, the more naturally interesting, but, all the same, the first supplies a want that was worth filling up. It contains a list of about 8,000 catalogues of English Book Sales, from the very beginning of the industry in England to the end of the nineteenth century. The series, owing to so many of the catalogues having price and purchasers' names appended, may be described as a sort of colossal "Book Prices Current." The antiquarian bookseller and the curious amateur may now browse upon them with this guide in their hands, gaining endless information about varieties, and stifling their covetousness as best they may.

As to the other book before us, its very title must have an attraction for every book-lover. It suggests at once a genuine by-path of inquiry where, in the wreck of human endeavour, one can trace the hand of death, of failure, and of "unfulfilled renown."

The titles of a few unfinished books spring at once to the mind, "Edwin Drood," "Denis Duval," "Weir of Hermiston," "Celt and Saxon," "The Brothers Karmagov," etc., etc., last or discarded efforts of famous men. But what of the army of mediocre writers who started out with the flourish of a Volume I., only to sink into a subsequent obscurity of well-merited silence? Are they worth recalling? Is it even charitable? Would not Messrs. Corns and Sparke have been better advised if they had been rigidly selective? For, of necessity, many, many books named in their list are as dead as any Dodo ever was. Or, if they must be complete, then they should have been completer. The unfinished books that have escaped their attention are not few. We miss, for instance, any mention of Buxton Forman's "Bibliography of Shelley," Vol. I. of which is all that has ever appeared, or Gowan's and Gray's edition of the "Complete Works of Cervantes," several volumes of which were never issued, or Sabin's "Dictionary of Books relating to America," which never got beyond 'S,' or Astley's "General Collection of Voyages," which, published as far back as 1745–7, remains, we fear, unfinished to this day. These are only chance examples, which anyone could add to with a little trouble.

The work raises this question—what is an unfinished book? Is any fragment to count? Moreover, is a book unfinished that is left so intentionally? We observe that "Christabel" is given here, but there seems to be no place for "Hyperion," for "The Triumph of Life," or for "The Excursion." Surely this is an arbitrary distinction. We do not understand it.

And there are other rather dubious points connected with unfinished books. What, for example, about Learned Societies that have such a way of coming to untimely ends, leaving their year-books and so on in a chaotic hopefulness as to sequels? And what about translations from foreign authors? How many vigorous pens have begun translations of the "Divina Commedia" and stopped at the "Inferno?" Are such books completed or incompleted? Perhaps our authors would argue that that depends on the known intentions of the translator. And, no doubt, a good definition—but what about the unknown intentions? However that may be, we will mention in passing that they have included A. Carlyle's translation of the "Inferno," but not W. M. Rossetti's.

But it would be ungracious to cavil too much at this entertaining volume. The authors have had some hard pioneer work to do, and they have certainly gone a long way to clear up complexities and collect information. Their efforts are bound to be of considerable use to bibliographers.

The title of this work suggests various others of a like nature. We could well do with a bibliography of books known to have been written but which no longer exist,

* "List of Catalogues of English Book Sales, 1676–1900, now in the British Museum." 12s. 6d. net. (Printed by Order of the Trustees.)—"A Bibliography of Unfinished Books in the English Language, with Annotations." By A. R. Corns and A. Sparke. 10s. 6d. net. (Quaritch.)

such as the lost plays of Sophocles; a bibliography of books planned but never written, such as Lord Acton's "History of Liberty"; and, becoming more fantastic, a bibliography of the imaginary books mentioned by novelists, such as the "Mr. Bailey, Grocer" we come upon so often in Gissing's "New Grub Street"; and then, finally, we could well do with (1) a bibliography of books that ought to be written (a hint to the industrious); and (2) a bibliography of books that ought not to have been written (a warning to the industrious). We leave out of our list a bibliography of privately printed books, and of pseudonymous books because existing compilations have partially satisfied that demand.

Such, then, are some of the volumes awaiting authors and publishers—but not, we believe, discriminating readers.

RICHARD CURLE.

THE FIVE TOWNS TRILOGY.*

It is easy to imagine that Mr. Arnold Bennett heaved a sigh of relief when in putting the last touch to "These Twain" he brought to completion his "Clayhanger" trilogy. To pick up again the lives of a whole set of persons from whom you have parted company for a while, to contrive that their characters shall remain the same, and yet grow in reaction to changing circumstances, to show such growth as natural and inevitable, wants some doing, though it is a task that every author must expect who insists on writing a sequel. But there were special difficulties about Mr. Bennett's enterprise, though it is right to say that they too were of his own creating. When the novelist of the Five Towns introduced into the drab routine of his Edwin Clayhanger's career, hitherto a steady if painful climb to affluence, so disturbing and incalculable an influence as that of Hilda Lessways and saddled this heroine with a bigamous past, it seemed odds against his being able to escape lurid melodrama in any account he supplied of the shaking down in matrimony of such an ill-assorted pair.

No wonder, after disposing of some of his obstacles, and elaborating the mere sketch of Hilda that "Clayhanger" had given us into a portrait, in the parallel record which bore her name, he took breath and postponed fulfilling his promise of recording the history of the union. But with so industrious a craftsman as Arnold Bennett difficulties exist only to be overcome, they do but inspire him to the more strenuous effort. And so, though we may be sure that horse-collar work must have been demanded from himself by the author, it is possible to say that the third volume is worthy of the first, which by the way is one of the biggest things in modern fiction, that he has preserved harmony of tone and atmosphere amid all the distractions of new detail, that he has avoided no problem foreshadowed by his scheme, and yet has managed to convey an impression of normal existence, full of shocks, no doubt external and internal, a matter of eternal compromises and readjustments, but essentially sane and therefore convincing, because there is sanity in the protagonists and a sense of humour and perspective in their creator.

Let us see what Mr. Bennett has done in this trilogy as a whole. Besides tracing the evolution of a typically hard-headed and undemonstrative but adaptable Midlander from childhood to maturity, he has submitted to us a picture of Five Towns society, manners and progress ranging over a generation of time. You know that conscientious, deliberate, realistic method of his which relies on the accumulation of an infinite number of remembered details, which with line added to line, as it were, pictures first a single person then the family to which he or she belongs, next their relatives and neighbours, and finally their complete environment, and is all the while indicating the æsthetic, religious, mental conditions of the group, and the revolt of youth and the accommodation of age. Here you find it worked on a prodigious scale. Are you middle aged? Then, and especially if you are provincial-born, you will have recalled for you the domestic appointments, the songs and catchwords, the stale politics, the discoveries and inventions, now so commonplace, of your youth, while at the same time, unless you hail from the Five Towns you will be amused by that gruffness of demeanour, that worship of material success, that self-esteem betraying itself in self-consciousness which is shown as persisting in the townsfolk throughout all the phases of outward change. This then is Mr. Bennett's achievement—on a scale quite sufficiently large he has given us a *Comédie Humaine* of the Potteries, he has made us understand what a corner of England, not hitherto vocal in literature, did, thought, felt in the 'seventies, 'eighties and 'nineties. And he has done it superlatively well.

But he has also accomplished something definite and distinctive in this particular part of his trilogy. Apart from his carrying down his chronicle to the era of the birth of the motor-car, apart from his studies of such parents as the Benbows who make their poor children bank their Christmas presents and solemnly escort their eldest boy to make an apology to the cousin he has fought at school, apart from the full-length view of that pillar of Methodism, Auntie Hamps, who is compact of stringiness and hypocrisy, Mr. Bennett asks our attention for a Five Towns variant of the duel of sex. In a partnership such as that of the Clayhangers, where the husband was jealous of any interference with the claims of business and incapable of displaying his affection save by deeds, while the wife was passionate, exacting, ambitious, and always scheming against her husband for his good, there were bound to be squalls and the constant chance of shipwreck. The novelist details their estrangements, their mutual reproaches, their secret indictments of each other, their kisses and repentances with a vivacity and a truthfulness that are equally beyond dispute. Both are absurd, both unreasonable. Few writers have got better comedy out of the tug of married life.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "These Twain." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)



Arnold Bennett.
From a caricature by E. A. Croom-Johnson.

THE POLITICAL JEAN JACQUES.*

After the retirement a short while since from the labours of an active professorship, Dr. C. E. Vaughan has bestowed himself by way of refreshing the machine (as Sir Walter said when he devoted a six weeks' holiday to writing a Waverley novel) to an exhaustive study of the political works of Rousseau. He is heaping coals of fire on the head of that sworn enemy of professors, pundits and personages, for seldom could a philosopher find an editor more completely amenable to discipleship than J. J. Rousseau has done here. The result is commensurate with the magnitude of the effort; it evidently represents an accumulation of the most patient and steadily-directed labour: it enables the editor to bring together for the first time a complete *Recueil* of Rousseau's Political Writings in an exhaustive and collective form, in a manner absolutely worthy in every way of a world classic. The texts are in French, and include in addition to the "Discours sur l'inégalité" the well-known "Contrat Social," "Lettres écrites de la Montagne" and "Consideration pour la gouvernement de Pologne"; also "L'Etat de Guerre," "Constitution pour La Corse," and a number of extracts and illustrations from the non-political works. We further have the first version of the "Contrat Social." Most, but not all, of this material, has been in print before. Had Rousseau seen through the press the definitive collective edition of his works, he would have devoted a section, with some important additions, to "Institutions Politiques." As this was unaccomplished, it has fallen to Dr. Vaughan to give us the complete political gospel of Burke's rival and *bête noir*.

The collection enables us to round off our view of Rousseau as a political thinker. That he should have aspired to be the founder of "Institutions Politiques" at all is remarkable enough. But his life contributed to make him think, with increasing seriousness, if not consistency, on these subjects. Imagine Mr. Galsworthy putting on the robe of Bentham and issuing a succession of Systems as variegated in outline as the "Anticipations" of Mr. Wells. Jean Jacques started out almost an anarchist, the Balaam of Civilisation. He came by his acceptance of super-races and picked climates to look somewhat askance upon the noble savage of his earlier dream. He would assert in no measured terms the sovereignty of the people—no government not founded on democracy could be legitimate or free. But how guarantee a sincere democracy. Only white and temperate zone communities can supply anything approaching it, so that the idea in the end comes to be restricted, as Montesquieu pointed out, to the favoured few. If Burke winds his way into a subject like a serpent, so after his fashion does Rousseau. He certainly sought to make increasing use of the patient, historical method. The editor sums up most of his reasoning in separate introductions to the treatises. The general Introduction alone occupies 117 pages, and is of material importance to the student of Political Science.

In education, fiction, ideas, life, Rousseau has bewitched half the world. It is necessary then, as Dr. Vaughan says, that we should form a sound estimate of his life and character. Are our great romantics the spiritual children of a heartless villain and rogue? Without inscribing "My Saint" on a bust of Rousseau, as a former headmaster did, our Editor is inclined to be a valorous and whole-hearted champion. He adopts and even fortifies Mrs. Macdonald's thesis in her remarkable book of 1906, that Rousseau himself was the victim of a far-reaching literary conspiracy originating from the personal and philosophical jealousy of Grimm, his mistress, Mme. d'Epinay, and their accomplice, Diderot. He rallies Morley with effective pleasantry on his certainly vastly too favourable estimate of Grimm. This spiteful and highly questionable man inspired Mme. d'Epinay to write a polemical romance denouncing Rousseau, and, because the rival philosopher was not yet denigrated enough, he had it all done over again blacker than before. And eventually, in the re-issue by Brunet, the real names were put in! The famous "Mémoires," in fact, are a systematic scaffolding of mendacious detraction from beginning to end. This whitewashes Rousseau successfully after he became a reformed character in the 'fifties, but it hardly says anything to the good Hume's transformation from well-wisher into denunciator. It says nothing to the philosopher's disposition of his children as State foundlings, and nothing to his long submission to the Circe-like enslavement by Mme. de Warens ("Maman"). I am not a Rousseau specialist like Dr. Vaughan, of course, but I have managed to read a certain amount about the Charmettes' period, and the latest evidence thereon such as that contained in Benedetti's book, for instance. It seems plain there that Jean Jacques lived in his prime years from twenty-two to twenty-seven in total idleness at the sole expense of this lady spy (aged nearer forty than thirty) in a relationship to which the epithet of ignoble seems lenient. That the Charmettes should have become the symbol of idyllic love is one of the curious ironies of Blind Circumstance! But, meanwhile, here is an edition which does much credit and honour to English scholarship.

Thomas Seccombe.

* "The Political Writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau." Edited from the original MSS and authentic editions. With Introductions and Notes. By C. E. Vaughan, M.A., Litt.D., Emeritus Professor of English Literature, University of Leeds. 2 vols. 3 guineas. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE STREAM OF NEW VERSE.*

There can be no doubt that the war has given an enormous impetus to minor verse. I do not refer for the moment to those exuberant spirits, who seem to find relief for their feelings in such protests as:

> "Kaiser Bill is jabbering still," . . .

or

> "Wait till we begin
> Tramping through Berlin,
> Unter den Linden! What ho!"

Apparently there are kindred souls which kindle to such martial music, but neither the rhymer nor his public in this kind makes much appeal to criticism. In a different category altogether, and yet a little lower than the representative poetry of its time, stands the solid and ever-increasing array of minor singers, who are impelled by the events of the hour to find utterance in verse, some to reflect contemporary suffering, and some to get away from it: none of them, perhaps, with anything very significant to say, but most of them capable of saying it with skill and melody. And this array is multiplying apace, as the half-dozen characteristic little volumes before me at the moment help to prove.

Let us take Mrs. Mackay, for example: it would not seem very difficult to write the sort of verse which she affects. Her theme is the insistently topical—London of the hour, viewed without illusion, and described in unrhymed verse, which conforms to no metrical scheme, but apparently seeks to reproduce the effect of conversation through the medium of a sort of implicit poetry. At times the poetry vanishes altogether.

> "Will the train never start?
> God, make the train start!"

This kind of translation from prose to metre is only a little short of being ridiculous. But when the writer is possessed by her subject, she contrives to give her rather

* "London, One November." By Helen Mackay. 2s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)—"Drawn Shutters." By Beatrice Redpath. 4s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"The Mount of Transfiguration." By Darrell Figgis. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsell.)—"Poems by Two Brothers." By Richard and John Beresford. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)—"Invocation." By Robert Nichols. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"The Volunteer." By Herbert Asquith. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

jolting measures the indefinable atmosphere of beauty and suggestion.

> " Under their stones they lie, in great cathedrals,
> Dust and ashes.
> But they are not there.
> Under grass they lie, in little churchyards,
> Dust and ashes.
> But they are not there.
> Far in strange lands they lie, with no sign over them,
> Dust and ashes.
> But they are not there.
> Under deep seas they lie, lost in sea changes,
> Pearl and coral.
> But they are not there.
>
> From all their places,
> Their worshipped and their unknown places,
> They are gone to where the new comers
> Give golden shining
> Above the dark battle."

There is a mellow half-light about these verses, and it is a half-light also which escapes through Miss Redpath's " Drawn Shutters." So many young poets seem to mistake indefiniteness for suggestion, but you cannot make an entire poem out of a simile.

> " The coloured sky curves over me
> Like a round copper bowl,
> The leafless boughs as tracery
> Engraved upon the whole."

These four lines stand all by themselves in the middle of a page, and are entitled " Autumn Sunset." The imagery is sincere enough, but as a complete poem the effort is without form and void. Even in her strongest piece, " The, Daughter of Jairus," Miss Redpath loses her impression for lack of the definite stroke ; but there is a haunting charm about these lines, which goes home to the imagination.

> " She has spoken no word about her curious sleep,
> And the light in her eyes we have vainly essayed to read,
> The secret of her dream she must hidden keep,
> For her lips are framed but to an earthly need.
>
> She has left her sandals lying upon the floor,
> And all untasted her goblet of amber wine ;
> She has gone out to the sun beyond the door
> To sit in the cool green gloom of the hanging vine."

Mr. Darrell Figgis is somewhat indefinite also, but at any rate he knows what he is aiming at. The better part of " The Mount of Transfiguration " consists of a series of word-pictures of Wild Ireland ; pictures that are not content with portraying the outward features of the place, but endeavour to capture the elusive spiritual aura of mountainside and tarn. There is a certain monotony about the effort, and Mr. Figgis is too easily satisfied with slip-slop workmanship, a thing scarcely pardonable in a theme whose very essence should be an exquisite sensitiveness of touch. Now and again, however, reflected influences (such as that of Mr. W. B. Yeats) prompt the poet to a true effect.

> " Upon the high hilltops the heather may be crying,
> And over the hilltops the voice of men are heard,
> But here only water lapping and sighing,
> Or the wail of a bird.
>
> Peace, peace, and peace, from the inner heart of dream,
> More full of wisdom than speech can tell,
> Dropt like a veil round the show of things that seem
> With an invisible spell."

There seems to be something wrong about the second line, but the picture as a whole, attains its aim.

The " Two Brothers " who have boldly adopted the Tennysonian title, write exceedingly alike : it would be impossible, without the names to guide one, to distinguish the work of Richard from that of John. Both are intensely sensitive to natural beauty—flowers, birds, and the call of the wind, and both have a certain affinity to the Caroline poets. There is much economy of workmanship, brevity, and fine finish : and now and then a modern note breaks through with sudden melody. Here, for instance, is Mr. Richard Beresford at his best :

"I hear bold thrushes calling
 Where thick the laurels crowd,
The crested skylark falling
 Melodious from his cloud,
The corncrakes, and they crying,
 And curlew keening loud.

The skylark for the merry,
 The curlew for the sad,
Piping the runes of Connacht—
 I hear them and am glad."

And here Mr. John Beresford, to equal advantage:

"A purple crocus in the grass
Sang to the sunny hours that pass:
'If Time so beautiful may be
What bliss can hold Eternity?'

A golden crocus answered him—
His petals burning at the brim:
'Time and Eternity are one,
Man portions what was ne'er begun;
The past, the present, the to be
Are shadows of Infinity.'"

So far, our poets, it is clear, have been singing to escape from the noise of war. We end with two singers inspired directly by the personal experience of battle. The dedication of Mr. Robert Nichols' little sheaf of poetry to his father, Mr. John Bowyer Buchanan Nichols, will recall pleasant poetic reminiscences to the Oxford men of the early 'eighties, and the singer of "Inez de Castro" has good reason to be proud of the degree of talent which his son has inherited at his hands. Mr. Nichols writes with fervour and strength; and every poem that he writes has heart. That, after all, is what so many skilful modern artificers lack. They have the trick of phrase, a modest vision, and some flitting imagination; but they so seldom seem to mean anything. They so seldom seem to have heart. But the author of "Invocation" has looked death in the face, and his half-regretful resignation will find an echo in many yearning hearts to-day.

"Now when I feel the hand of Death draw near,
 While yet no laurel stands upon my brow,
I ask what can sustain me, what is dear
 Was dear once and remains so even now?
Fame, Wisdom, Love, the high inheritance
 Of noble words and actions can no more
Beacon my spirit, being changed of chance
 To the bright rags on which the crazed set store.

Grown child again I turn my thoughts—too late—
 Back to the quiet house upon the hill
Where shine—alas! more than sea-separate—
 Those human hearts I loved, and harder still
Eyes too oft grieved by th' importunate
 And crooked workings of my hazard will."

I take this to be one of the most poignant poems produced by the present war, and Mr. Herbert Asquith's "Volunteer" is worthy to stand by it, shoulder to shoulder.

"Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament:
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight into spacious dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt."

The whole inspiration of the new soldiery is here: it is a heroism that, so far as this country is concerned, has long been a stranger to warfare, for one has to go back many centuries to find the whole of Britain under arms. But now:

"As goes the Sun-God in his chariot glorious,
 When all his golden banners are unfurled,
So goes the soldier, fallen but victorious,
 And leaves behind a twilight in the world.

And those, who come this way in days hereafter,
 Will know that here a boy for England fell,
Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter,
 And on the charge his days were ended well."

The war which has bred that spirit in our youth can hardly fail, whatever its sacrifice, to mould the manhood of the nation into a mintage worthy of its high traditions.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE WAY OF THE WAR.

For a vivid and moving narration of what the sons of our Empire have been doing since they were made into soldiers, we have had no book that equals in interest and in literary quality "Canada in Flanders."[1] This is the first volume of the official story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and Sir Max Aitken has written it as one of the finest, gallantest stories of the war deserved to be written. The whole glorious record of their first year of war is unfolded with the right careful attention to detail, from the rising, training and mobilisation of Canada's forces, to their arrival on the stricken fields of Flanders, their strenuous, perilous life in the trenches, their magnificent fighting at Neuve Chapelle, at Ypres, at Festubert, at Givenchy. No battle-pictures in English literature are more thrilling, more intensely alive than are Sir Max Aitkin's descriptions of those terrific engagements that will be for ever now part of the glory of Canada. "Canada in Flanders" is in every way worthy of its theme, and no praise could be higher than that. It is a book that is sure of a lasting place among the literature of the world-war.

Few of the many books I have read about the war have given me more pleasure than has "The Making of a Soldier."[2] It is an intimate, homely record that might have been written about thousands of families in England to-day—the life-story of the one son of the house, from his childish days, to the time when the war breaks upon us and he takes up his share of the burden, and enlists. There are no heroics; though they know it is his duty, and cannot bring themselves to utter a word to dissuade him, his father and mother, when the hour comes, do not want him to go; even hope in their hearts that he may not pass the doctor. But he passes; is sent to the front; and you are made to share the anxiety of his people at home, and to understand how they gradually reconcile themselves to the worst that may happen. It is not an effort of imagination, but just a frank and most poignant revelation of things that are true; and the charm and power of the book lie in the perfect simplicity with which it is done.

"The Epic of Dixmude"[3] is another great story—this time of the splendid courage and endurance of our indomitable allies, the French; the story of the heroic things accomplished by the Brigade of Marines, the sturdy Breton sailormen who helped to cover the retreat from Antwerp, stubbornly kept watch on the Yser, and, enormously outnumbered, held the Germans at bay around Dixmude. It is the wonderful simplicity of these men as well as their wonderful bravery that captivates you; and in the course of the narrative you come to know and to admire them for both. To show the relations between the men and their officers—the author was struck by some deep and tender words uttered by one of the marines about his lieutenant who had been killed in action, and asked, "But why did you love him so?" and the man answered, "I don't know. . . . We loved him because he was brave, and was always saying things

[1] 1s. net. By Sir Max Aitken. With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. Bonar Law, M.P., and an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

[3] By Charles Le Goffic. With Maps and Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

that made us laugh . . . but above all, because he loved us."

"My Army, O, My Army"[1] comes from Australia, and will need no recommendation to any who knows the other work of Mr. Henry Lawson. He has written here a series of stirring and vigorous ballads and songs of the war, and whether he is giving you lighter interludes, such as "The Mate Can Do No Wrong," or grim chaunts of the Russian advance, such as "The March of Ivan" and "Grey Wolves, Grey," whimsical sketches such as "A New John Bull," or rousing, thrilling things such as "Song of the Dardanelles," "Booth's Drum" or "Fighting Hard," he puts real heart and enthusiasm into his work, so that his verses grip your imagination and set your blood singing and sometimes move you to laughter, and sometimes bring tears of pride in the valour of brave men tingling into your eyes. It is a book of breezy war verse that you will read with delight. Another is "More Ballads of Field and Billet," by W. Kersley Holmes, a lieutenant in the Lothian and Border Horse.[2] Last year, Mr. Holmes published his "Ballads of Field and Billet," and the book met with instant success, and thoroughly deserved it. His new volume offers more pictures of the life of the soldier in camp and on duty, and in its humour and homely realism and patriotic ardour has the same sterling qualities that won such wide favour for its predecessor. There are a number of miscellaneous poems included in a second section, but good as many of these are, the soldier ballads are better—it is these that give the book its distinctive note and make it a book worth buying and keeping. Mr. Frederick William Wile has compiled in "Who's Who in Hunland,"[3] a glossary of persons, issues, places and things we read about in Germany that should be invaluable to all and sundry who want to read the war news intelligently.

C. W.

[1] By Henry Lawson. 1s. (Sydney: Tyrrells.)
[2] 1s. 6d. net. (Paisley: Alex Gardner.)
[3] 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)



Mr. Warwick Deeping,
author of 'Unrest' (Cassell). Mr. Deeping is now on active service with the R.A.M.C. in Egypt.

Novel Notes.

UNREST. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

Nature has a broad, uncomplaining back. That, no doubt, is why we are always ready to saddle her with our youthful, hot-blooded vices. But here, in Mr. Deeping's new novel, long-suffering Nature is called to account for an act committed not in the thoughtlessness of youth, but in the riper years of maturity, an act—let it be said at once—of supreme caddishness and treachery on the part of Martin Frensham, the successful dramatist. Martin has not even the doubtful plea of the youth who is sowing his wild oats. He is a man no longer in his twenties, a man who has just completed seven happy years of married life with the most charming woman in Europe; yet Nature comes stealthily along, picks him up in her forceful arms and flings him willy-nilly into the voracious embraces of a leopardess woman. To explain how Martin could leave the delightful and inspiring companionship of his wife for the merciless physical infatuation of the predatory Judith Ruddiger, the author depicts Martin as the victim of second youth. "Superfluous vitality—that was part of his trouble; one of those periods of rejuvenescence that trick even the strong man once or twice in his career. He becomes the boy again; it is his fate to teach himself that the apples beyond the wall are not sweeter than those he can pick in his own garden. Nine times out of ten he has to learn that the forbidden fruit will set his teeth on edge." This then is the theme of the novel, and a very absorbing, if provocative, theme it becomes under Mr. Deeping's sensitive treatment. The short-lived triumph of Judith, the process of Martin's disillusionment, and the agonising mental states that accompany it, the magnanimity of the wife who waits to welcome back the prodigal, are drawn with a sure and delicate touch. And Mr. Deeping has not forgotten how to visualise for us the pleasanter and less passionate side of Nature, whether it be the lure of an Italian landscape or the charm of a Sussex garden.

THEODORA—A SOUL ON FIRE. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Theodora Carne was a young English girl of surpassing beauty. She lured men as easily as the Lorelei drew her victims, and to an equally fatal end. For Theodora was a witch—a witch of the *n*th degree; in fact the re-incarnation of a witch who lived in the Middle Ages. Dogs and cats, tigers and humans alike felt the fascination of her power. While yet a young thing of twenty, she confessed to nine murders—the first of which happened when she was eight years of age. The spell of her compelling eyes could only be broken by the sound of the divine Name—uttered in English *bien extendu*—otherwise her own name would have done as well. Love, of course, was to be her salvation, and failing ordinary lovers—all of whom were liable to fatal accidents at the lady's hands—a Catholic priest came to the rescue, and by his endeavours aided by the science of a German doctor, Theodora was saved from herself. All these wonders took place in the modern city of Montreal, while merchants were busy at their desks, and suffragists went about the streets. One is tempted to say that the writing is better than the story, which many will find incredible and repulsive, but according to the famous formula "for those who like this sort of book, this is the sort of book they will like."

THE SPIRIT AND THE LAW. By Edith Mary Moore. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

There could have been no more fitting stage for this fine novel than the sombre beauty and vast loneliness of Dartmoor. Something of its austerity, its vigorous air, its splendid desolation seems to enter into the characters and lives of Martin Longrigg and Lucy Peatfield, and make the tragedy of their love too high and ennobling a passion to be merely a thing for tears. Martin, the village shoemaker, and Lucy, the daughter of a Dartmoor farmer, grow upon your imagination to the dignity of figures in Greek drama. When they first meet, Martin, an idealist,



Mrs. Edith Mary Moore.
From a pastel by Charlotte B. Ward.

a man of intellect and of rugged, independent thought, is already married to a slatternly wife, who fills him with repugnance and drives him to find forgetfulness in drink, and out of this degeneration his love for Lucy upraises him. He has that "courage of the spirit" which prompts a man to break the fetters of conventionality and differentiate between the laws of man and the laws of God and nature; and the same courage is in Lucy, or he inspires her with it. "For each man there is the only way," he tells himself; "a way no other man may make, though others may use it after. For every man there is the woman; for every woman the man. A mysterious and spiritual choice, beyond the reckoning of men's laws." And so he treads "the way of a larger faith, and of the necessity of life which is Love"; and Lucy treads it with him. The story might have ended in common happiness, or in disillusion, but there came an hour when his faith failed him, and so the end is not happy, and yet is better, in its way, than any other could have been. All the detail of the book is admirably touched in; the men and women of the tale are drawn skilfully, sympathetically, and with a sure understanding of human character. "The Spirit and the Law" is a powerful and deeply interesting novel. It handles a great moral problem courageously, sincerely, and with a narrative cunning that is scarcely excelled even by our greatest living novelist.

BECAUSE OF PHŒBE. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

If you want to make the acquaintance of the most charming, yet the most irresponsible of women, then you must read "Because of Phœbe." It is a simple story of everyday life in a modern, and therefore of necessity a war-time, setting, wherein villains, properly punished, invariably repent, and good people are suitably rewarded. Yet this book is redeemed from the commonplace by the delightful humour of the heroine, Ann Desmond, her original manner of treating her creditors, and her all-pervading, all-forgiving mother spirit. The doings of several quaintly humorous characters, bound together by the harum-scarum mother-love of Ann, form the plot of this slight but very pleasing book. Ann is a dear, delightful Irishwoman, who in spite of years, debt and difficulties, resolutely refuses to grow up. She perpetrates a romantic second marriage, while possessing a daughter who is a most abominable prig; yet through it Ann retains

the heart of a child. It is all a little disorderly and disjointed, as though Ann's character had overflowed and influenced the writing of the story; but the moral—if so dainty a thing can be said to have a moral—is certainly, that only in the true and unaffected enjoyment of life, lies that indefinable quality which we call "charm"; and this theory "Because of Phœbe" conclusively proves.

HUMAN NATURE. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (John Long.)

Nothing is more acceptable to the average reader than an exciting mystery plot which gradually evolves through a maze of thrilling incidents to a happy and satisfactory conclusion. Those who are weary of "problem" novels, and of real-life stories that are sometimes unnecessarily sordid and depressing, will turn with relief to the novelist who simply sets out to tell a good tale—a tale with plenty of movement and adventure, and bristling with dramatic situations. Mrs. Leighton's two latest novels, "Human Nature" and "The Man Who Knew All," are written with all her usual ingenuity and animation. In the first story a man who is supposed to be heir to a certain great estate proves to be in reality the son of a workman; he and the rightful heir had been exchanged, for a very plausible reason, a few hours after they were born; the murder of the rightful heir creates deeper complications, and each startling event is capped by a newer and more startling one. The other book, "The Man Who Knew All," opens with a strange marriage between a dying man and a woman he has met that day for the first time in his life, and from such a startling beginning it develops into a thoroughly exciting story. Mrs. Leighton has a fertile imagination for concocting unusual situations, and her gift in this direction has never been displayed to better advantage than in these two books.

The Bookman's Table.

MARLBOROUGH, AND OTHER POEMS. By C. H. Sorley. 3s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The friends of Charles Hamilton Sorley, who, a captain though not quite out of his nonage, was killed in France last October, have committed no indiscretion in publishing this volume of his poetry; and, in choosing for a title-piece that poem which he called by the name of his old school, they have shown a nice sense of fitness. For it is clear that Sorley cared for Marlborough as Gray cared for Eton or Lionel Johnson for Winchester; and the pre-eminent spirit of his poetry is a keenness which, though he afterwards carried it into other more hazardous places, is primarily that of the playing fields. It is, in fact, that of which, a little idealistically, we speak, specifically, as the public-school spirit—at once romantic and humorous and entirely honest. Many of these poems are actually a schoolboy's work, having been written when their author was not more than seventeen; and the latest of them, of course, is still the work of a boy. But it is not only for that that they are notable. They are far more than promising. In some ways, indeed, they are not characteristic juvenilia. They have a charming freshness, and occasional crudities, which, though we cannot help finding them rather charming also, their author's mature judgment would probably have condemned and chastened; but they are neither extravagant nor imitative. There is revolt in them, a healthy impatience of sluggishness and shibboleths, but there is no trace of alliterative pessimism. Spirit and form are alike disciplined. "The Song of the Unjut Runners" is a poem likely to become well known—is poetry that has been in training. That Sorley might have been at least as successful in prose as he was in verse, the few pages of "Behind the Lines" are sufficient to show. At one point the fancy comes dangerously near to over-elaboration; but the effect aimed at by a difficult method is achieved with almost perfect success.

CITY CENTRES OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY. By R. A. Aytoun, M.A. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Aytoun takes eight cities, Jerusalem, Ephesus, Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, Edessa, Carthage and Rome, in order to group round them information about the distinctive types of Christianity with which they were associated. This is not exactly the order in which they appear in the study of the Church; Antioch precedes Ephesus, and Edessa as well as Carthage and Rome are prior to Constantinople. But Mr. Aytoun succeeds in presenting these centres of Christianity in their characteristic features, and his book is well adapted to interest readers in the variety of methods and tempers which contributed to the Christian propaganda. It is rather hazardous to take the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of James, and the Odes of Solomon as documents for the Church of Jerusalem, however, and the chapter on Ephesus might well have embraced the Council of Ephesus, for the "Mother of God" controversy had a direct connection with the Phrygian soil of the new faith. Carthage, Alexandria, and Rome naturally receive the fullest attention. The closing chapter on Iona and Lindisfarne is, strictly speaking, off the line suggested by the title, but it rounds off the story, and no British reader will object to its insertion. It serves as a useful reminder that even the great cities round the Mediterranean basin did not absorb the Christian propaganda; there were local centres in the East as well as in the West, where city-civilisation formed no part of the basis for missions, and the Christianity of the cities themselves, important as it was, did not represent the Christianity of the province or district. These are considerations which have to be borne in mind. But Mr. Aytoun's method has its advantages, from the lecturer's point of view; the danger of hasty generalisation is counterbalanced by the gain in concrete and vivid detail. The book forms a readable and thoroughly interesting introduction to the popular study of the church's growth during the early centuries.

THE MORALITY OF NATIONS: An Essay on the Theory of Politics. By C. Delisle Burns. 5s. net. (University of London Press.)

There is an increasing tendency to attack our present methods of diplomatic and commercial intercourse with foreign countries. Mr. Burns has not adopted the manner of newspapers and fixed upon individuals or certain departments for censure. His reproach is more broadly philosophical in its tone. To deal with the modern state our diplomatic weapons are old-fashioned: in short, we have improved and perfected our weapons of physical offence and grossly neglected our means of international intercourse. That is the sum total of Mr. Burns' accusation, and there will be few people so obstinately conservative to combat it. And so with the greater number of the points raised in this book few will be inclined to quarrel. In speaking of the German temperament Mr. Burns shows that philosophers rather than historians formed it; that Hegel rather than Treitschke was responsible for the German attitude towards world affairs. As to his conclusions Mr. Burns believes that just as individuals adopt higher moral standards, so nations will gradually do the same. He makes no allowance, however, for sudden reversions to old types or (for example) the holding up by one nation of an ideal repugnant to all others. It is possible that the futility of war will be proved far sooner than its immorality. There may be much divergence of opinion on some of the points raised in this book, but taken at large, it is a thoughtful attempt to deal with a problem which daily assumes a more difficult and threatening aspect, and which must be solved sooner or later in a manner satisfactory to all.

THE GREEKS TRIUMPHANT. By Captain A. H. Trapmann. 7s. 6d. net. (Forster, Green).

Until the actual outbreak of the Great War it cannot be said that any one of the Balkan States enlisted the unqualified sympathy of the British people. That Turkey, on account of its hideous misrule and its bestial atrocities, deserved to be expelled "bag and baggage" from Europe was an idea that found favour in the eyes not only of most Liberals but even of many Unionists. The Bulgarians again had put themselves absolutely outside the pale of civilisation by the abominations they committed in the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913, at Adrianople, at Nigritta, at Serres, and at Doxat. The Serbians had scarcely recovered from the odium which they had incurred by the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga when the cruel murder of the Austrian heir-apparent and his consort involved them in fresh blood-guiltiness. The Roumanians were unpopular in these isles because, save that they instituted no *pogroms*, they were little behind the Russians in their ill-treatment of the Jews. While the Greeks were despised for their mingled chicanery and pusillanimity, for the extortions which their small traders wrung from the simple Egyptian peasantry and for the cowardice which their soldiers had displayed in the war with Turkey in 1897. That the Greeks are likely to be reinstated in our affections within the immediate future seems scarcely probable. Confronted with the Scylla of Central European land-power and the Charybdis of Anglo-French sea-power they have made "the great refusal" of aid to their ally Serbia. And their King's recent confession of his scepticism as to the possibility of the ultimate victory of the Allies is scarcely calculated to make English people forget the not too creditable part which the Kaiser's brother-in-law played as generalissimo eighteen years ago. In these circumstances it is just as well that Captain A. H. Trapmann, who accompanied the Greek forces in their last two wars and was given unique opportunities of studying the work of the Staff, should in a volume to which he gives the somewhat provocative title of "The Greeks Triumphant" furnish a clear, detailed and sympathetic account of the well-earned reputation which the Hellenic Army achieved in those campaigns. Otherwise it is to be feared that King Constantine might go down to history as unchronicled and as unfamed as those earlier warriors who *fortes vixerunt ante Agamemnona.* Needless to say Captain Trapmann is as anti-Bulgarian as he is pro-Greek. He has some most gruesome stories to tell of the Bulgarian massacres at Nigritta and at Doxat, and he computes that the Bulgarians wiped out anything between 200,000 and 450,000 of the Turkish civilian population of Macedonia and Thrace. It only remains to add that this instructive and vivacious history of the Greek victories is most amply provided with maps.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

The Angel and the Animal. by Mrs. N. Lee (6s.) is a story of the eternal struggle between the angel and the animal that exists in every individual, showing how a woman, married to one man and in love with another, defies all the rules of convention and sacrifices her reputation, rather than be false to her own feelings. It is a dramatic and didactic novel. Mrs. Lee writes scathingly of religious bigots who make Christianity a mockery, and pleads that our social laws should be the same for men as for women. Sad in parts, the tale handles the darker facts of life with reticence, and has its lessons for the thoughtful reader.

MESSRS. MAUNSEL & CO.

Mr. Stephen J. Brown, whose "Reader's Guide to Irish Fiction" and "A Guide to Books on Ireland" have taken their places as standard works on this subject, gives us in **Ireland in Fiction** (7s. 6d net) a very complete and useful guide to Irish novels, tales, romances, and folk lore. We have tried to catch him napping and convict him of omissions, but have failed to do so. There is a brief biographical note about every author included, a full list of each author's novels or tales of Irish life and character, with a summary of the book's contents and a word of criticism as to the style and general treatment. It is an ideal reference book in its kind; the condensed biographies and synopses are lucid, and supply all needful information, and the brief critical comments are admirably crisp and shrewd.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 295. Vol. L. APRIL, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Shakespeare Day will not be celebrated until the 3rd May, which, allowing for the Gregorian change in the Calendar, corresponds with the old style 23rd April, the day of his death. Mr. George A. Stephen reminds us in a prefatory note to the March Number of the *Readers' Guide* to the Norwich Public Library, of which he is Chief Librarian, that in July, 1914, there was a meeting at which Mr. Balfour, Lord Bryce, Sir George Reid, the American Ambassador, and other distinguished people were present when a resolution was passed that "The Tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare should be commemorated in a manner worthy of the veneration in which the memory of Shakespeare is held by the English-speaking people and by the world at large." That was a few weeks before the war—and the war has made the adequate carrying out of the resolution impossible. Nevertheless, much is to be done, in various ways, and the occasion will not lack due honour. Stratford is, of course, making its special preparations for holding festival; at the Stratford Memorial Theatre, at Drury Lane and other theatres in London and the provinces certain of the plays are to be revived; and, to say nothing of meetings arranged by various literary and other societies, you may take what is being done by two of our large Public Libraries as fairly representing what is afoot at similar institutions up and down the country.

During April, the Norwich Library is holding an exhibition of books, prints and other material illustrative of the life and works of Shakespeare; and in May a lecture is to be given on the Monday of each week, commencing on the 3rd with one on "Shakespeare," by Dr. H. C. Beeching, Dean of Norwich. Dr. Beeching contributes an interesting article on how to study Shakespeare to the March Number of Mr. Stephen's *Readers' Guide*, which also contains a catalogue of over six hundred books and pamphlets forming the Library's Shakespeare Collection.

The Southwark Public Libraries in London are rightly taking special steps to associate themselves with the Tercentenary commemoration, for their Central Library is within a stone's throw of the site of the historic Globe Theatre, where Shakespeare was actor-manager and took part in the production of his own plays. The Central Library has made a practice of celebrating the birthday with concerts, lectures, exhibitions and recitals, and, preluding the Tercentenary, has just concluded a course of University Extension Lectures on Shakespeare and

his work. It has a Shakespearean Collection of three hundred volumes, and an appeal is being made for gifts or loans that shall augment this for purposes of Exhibition under the superintendence of the Chief Librarian, Mr. R. W. Mould. A special bay in the Library is devoted to Shakespeare, and it had been hoped to obtain funds to celebrate the Tercentenary by replacing the plain glass in this bay with a painted window, but, says Mr. Robert W. Bowers, the Chairman of the Libraries Committee, "the more urgent national necessities in these times do not encourage the hope that this part of the scheme can mature at present."

Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are publishing shortly "Shakespeare: His Music and Song," by the Rev. H. Moncursime. This will be the first volume of a new series to be entitled "The Music-Lover's Library," under the general editorship of Dr. Eaglefield Hull.

The Tercentenary gives a sort of timely interest to "The People in Shakespeare's Sonnets," by Sydney Kent, which was recently published by Mr. John Long. The same publisher is issuing shortly "New Light on the Enigmas of Shakespeare's Sonnets," by R. L. Eagle; and "In Burleigh's Days," by E. Brandram Jones, an Elizabethan romance which treats of the rise of Shakespeare and the production of his plays.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing a new edition of Professor Brandes' famous study of "Shakespeare."

For twenty years past Dr. Creizenach has been engaged on a "History of the Modern Drama," which Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson are publishing. The first four volumes will be ready this month, the fourth being largely devoted to "The English Drama in the Age of Shakespeare."

"Bond-Slaves," a new novel of Essex life by Mr. J. E. Patterson, will be published this month by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.



Photo by Sarony. **Mrs. J. E. Buckrose,**
whose new novel, "The Roundabout" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

"Things that Don't Count," a collection of essays on matters of the day by Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P., will be published immediately by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. Under his familiar pseudonym, "Sub Rosa," Mr. Hughes contributed a daily article to the *Morning Leader* and to the *Daily News*, after the *Leader* was incorporated with it, for twenty-three years, his record running to the huge total of seven thousand articles, of an aggregate length of ten million words. The essays in his book are entirely new; they have not been dug out of that quarry, but are written in the same vein of shrewd and genial humour.

A new firm of publishers, Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, have adventured into existence, in spite of the war, and their first list includes "Stone Trees, and Other Poems," a new volume by Mr. John Freeman; a new edition of Mr. Freeman's earlier book, "Fifty Poems"; and two companion volumes, "In the Town: A Book of London Verses," and "On the Road: A Book of Travel Songs," both by Mr. Douglas Goldring.

So many changes have come over London since Mr. E. V. Lucas wrote "The Wanderer in London" a decade ago, that he has been moved to write a supplementary volume, "London Revisited," describing in his own delightful fashion London as it is to-day. This is to be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

It is some time since we had a new novel from Mr. J. A. Steuart. He has been writing a story of the war, "Cupid, V.C.," a tale of love and adventure in which the central figure is a young lady doctor, and it is to be among the next additions to Messrs. Dents' "Wayfarers' Library" series. Another new volume in this series will be a regimental history of "The Coldstream Guards," by M. F. W. Walker.



Mr. Andrew Soutar,
whose new novel "The Green Orchard" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number. Mr. Soutar is shown telling his two sons an instalment of their own serial, "Jimmy Capper," which has been running for three years and is not finished yet.

Mr. Eric Leadbitter, whose successful first novel, "Rain Before Seven," was published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin last year, has written a second book, "The Road to Nowhere," which the same firm is issuing immediately. Mr. Leadbitter is still only a young man of twenty-four. He is on the staff of the Public Trustee, and wrote "Rain Before Seven" at the age of twenty-one, finishing it in a month of evenings after working all the days in his office. It did not appear until two years later, having been declined, in the interval, by practically all the other leading London publishers. It amply justified its existence not only by winning the praise of the reviewers, but by reaching a second edition within a month of publication. Mr. Leadbitter, by the way, is the brother-in-law of Teresa del Riego, the well-known song writer, who composed "O Dry Those Tears," and many other popular melodies.

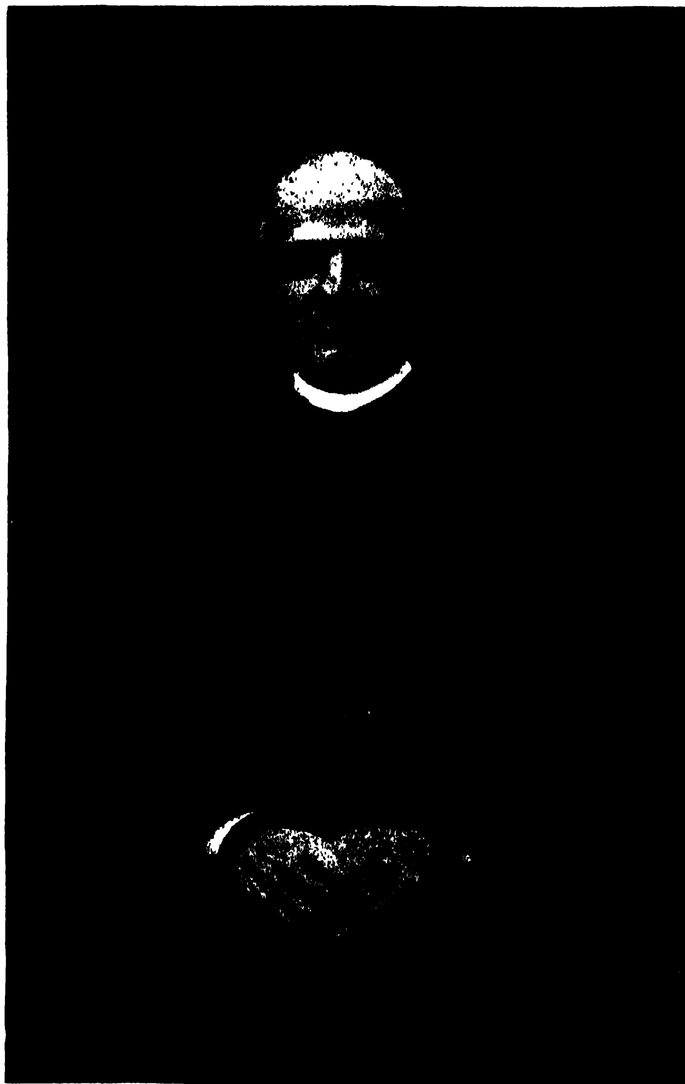
A novel that should have a particular interest for writers of fiction as well as readers of it is "The Right Divine," by W. Harold Thomson, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing shortly. It is a love story, but a good deal more, for the hero comes from Perth to London where he embarks on a literary career as a free-lance journalist. The advice to literary aspirants that is scattered through its pages should prove both amusing and useful.

The next three volumes in Mr. Erskine Macdonald's successful "Little Books of Georgian Verse" series are, by chance and not design, by three of our new fighting men—Lieutenant Lodge, Lieutenant Hussey and Lieutenant Blunden, the latter a Christ's Hospital boy, who has gone into the Army instead of to Oxford.

"Unhappy in thy Daring," by Marius Lyle, which has just been published by Mr. Andrew Melrose, is the story that won the £250 prize in the Melrose Prize Competition last year.

"Trees," a poem by Mr. Harold Munro that appeared recently in the *English Review*, has been published in a limited edition by the Poetry Bookshop. The book is illustrated with some charming woodcuts.

Mr. Joseph Shaylor's admirable article, "Some Thoughts on Bookselling: Its Past and Its Future," has been reprinted from the *Publisher's Circular* in pamphlet form, and we strongly advise authors, publishers and booksellers to get it and read it. Mr. Shaylor's experience enables him to speak



Canon Adderley,
whose book of reminiscences, "In Slums and Society" (Fisher Unwin), is reviewed on another page.

with authority; what he does not know of the bookselling trade is known to nobody else. He has some suggestive things to say about books that are published at the expense of their authors; thinks the introduction of the net price in 1900 the greatest benefaction the trade ever had, and advocates an extension of the system to all books; he is not perturbed by the constant talk of over-production, and is satisfied that "there is not now and never has been any over-production in books that are worth putting upon the market." It is a pamphlet of importance to all engaged in writing books or in selling them.

Mr. Edward Arnold is publishing immediately "Verdun to the Vosges," by Gerald Campbell, the Special Correspondent of *The Times* on the French Eastern Frontier. The book deals more especially with the earlier days of the war.

The publication of Miss Peggy Webling's admirable little book of personal recollections, "A Sketch of John Ruskin," has been taken over by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Miss Webling published it privately some two years ago, and the increasing interest that has been taken in it ever since has led her to placing the book with Mr. Mathews.



Photo by Vandyk. **Mrs. Clare Jerrold,**
whose new book, "The Widowhood of Queen Victoria" (Eveleigh Nash), is reviewed in this Number

"Clipped Wings," a novel of stage life by Rupert Hughes, will be published immediately by Messrs. Harper.



Mr. Frederic Coleman,
whose brilliant personal narrative, "From Mons to Ypres with French," has just been published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Messrs. Longmans are publishing shortly "With the 29th Division in Gallipoli," being the Diary of the Rev. O. Creighton, who was Chaplain of the force that formed the covering party in the landing on Cape Helles.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch has written a play, the scenes of which are laid at Fowey, in Cornwall. It is a drama of Napoleonic days, and is to be produced at the Haymarket Theatre on the 22nd inst.

It is said that these are no days for introducing a new author to the public, but Mr. Murray either thinks otherwise or has found an author so exceptional that he thinks the rule may in this case be broken. He is publishing immediately "No Graven Image," a first novel by Miss Hilda P. Cumings.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have just issued a new and cheaper edition of "From Memory's Shrine," the reminiscences of Carmen Sylva, the late Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.

In the death of Henry James, English literature suffers its greatest loss since the passing of Meredith. Much has been written of the novelist and his work in the last few weeks, but nothing, perhaps, so brilliant or so finely sympathetic as the searching critical study of Henry James by Dixon Scott, which is to be included, with large additions, in the posthumous collection of his essays, "Men of Letters," that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are to publish shortly.

We regret to record the deaths last month of the well-known novelist "Frank Danby" (Mrs. Frankau), and of Mr. William Macdonald, one of Charles Lamb's most sympathetic interpreters and the editor of one of the best editions of his works.

As a Directory and Biographical Dictionary of distinguished men of the time "Who's Who" (A. & C. Black) has become quite literally indispensable. If any testimony to its value were needed, one has it in the fact that, even in this year of war, it has already been necessary to reprint the 1916 edition.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appreciation of our Airmen in eight lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to R. Scott Frayn, of 85, Bolton Road, Silsden, near Keighley, and B. R. M. Hetherington, of Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle, for the following:

THE EARLY THRUSH.

Not Joy! Not Joy! The winds are shrill,
And laggard snow streaks every hill:
The skies are weeping, fields are sleeping,
Late the dreary dawn is peeping—
No, not Joy!

Not Love! Not Love! No mate is nigh
To scatter forth sublime reply;
No heart is listing my persisting,
Lonely is my tuneful trysting—
No, not Love!

But Hope! For Hope's adventured note
Is thrilling in this throbbing throat;
With song enhancing dawn's advancing,
Hark! I wake the winter's trancing—
Hope! Yea, Hope!

R. SCOTT FRAYN.

THE CLERK.

Perched upon an office stool, neatly adding figures,
With cuffs gone shiny and a pen behind his ear;
Deep in Liabilities, Goods and Double Entry,
So he worked from year to year.

Diligent and careful, hedged about with figures,
Given soul and body to discount and per cent.;
Bounded by the columns of Purchase Book and Journal,
Soberly his moments went.

Now his pen has ceased from adding rows of figures,
Ceased from ruling ledgers and entering amounts:
Clad in sodden khaki, with a gun in Flanders
He is balancing accounts.

B. L. M. HETHERINGTON.

We also select for printing:

THE FLIRT.

Love lit her lamp in the heart of a man;
Fed it with Hope, and then elfishly ran
To usher in Grief, with a flick of her fan.

Grief bow'd her head on the threshold, afraid;
Hope spread her wings in the darkening shade;
And out of the night came the laugh of a maid!

(Cyril G. Taylor, The Bee Hive, Chideock, Bridport, Dorset.)

COMFORT.

Earth has no grief that Heaven cannot heal,
However deep the pain.
Help us, Oh! tender Lord, this truth to feel,
This healing balm to gain.
We are so weak, Oh! Comforter Divine,
Teach us to know that all our griefs are Thine.

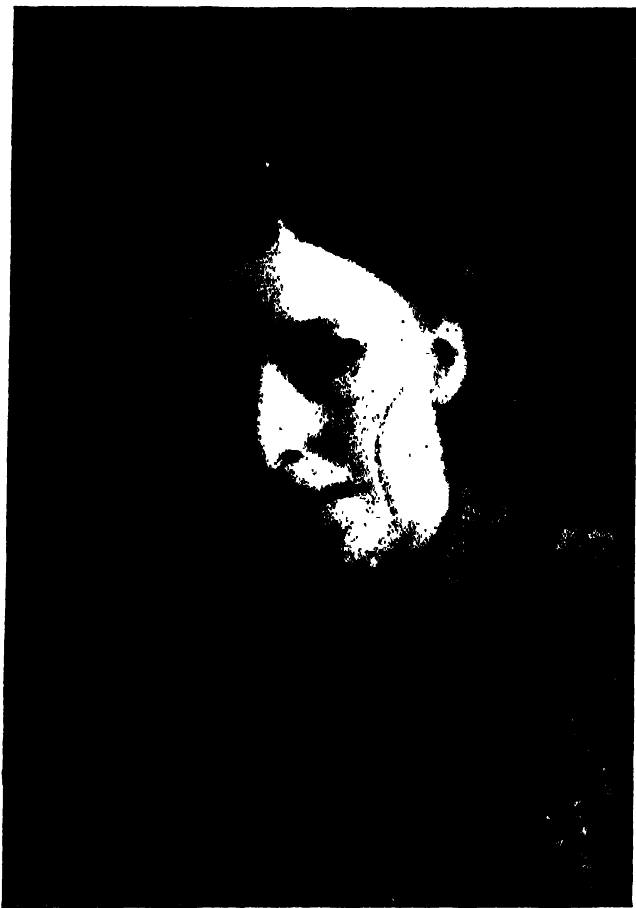
Earth has no grief that Heaven cannot cure
If we have faith, and pray;
The healing may be slow, but it is sure,
In His own time, and way,
He sends us comfort, helps us to resign,
To say, through tears, "Thy way, Oh, Lord! not mine."

(B. M. Wills, *care of* Mrs. Francis, Burnham Norton, King's Lynn.)

From the very large number of lyrics received we also select for special commendation the thirty written by Winifred Auld (Maida Vale), Kathleen A. Brainbridge (Kidderminster), Catherine Ritchie (Merstham), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), Mrs. A. G. Guthrie (Edinburgh), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Isabel Roget



Miss Winifred James
(Mrs. Henry De Jan),
whose latest book, "A Woman in the Wilderness" (Chapman & Hall), giving an account of her experiences during the first year of her married life at a lonely station in Panama, is one of the best-selling books of to-day.



Miss Mary Richardson,
whose novel, "Matilda and Marcus" (Simpkin, Marshall), is reviewed in this Number.

(Kensington), E. M. Cubison (Earl's Barton), Mabel Malet (Hull), A. G. Prys-Jones (Dulwich), G. Chester (Harrow), Elizabeth Noke (Worcester), Mary Carolyn Davies (New York), Clyde Dane (Sandown, Isle of Wight), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), D. H. Bower (Clapham), G. N. Goodman (Watford), V. S. Laughton (Wimbledon), C. Vere Annesley (Tenterden), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), E. H. East (Liverpool), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), V. D. Goodman (Gillingham), O. Whitehouse (Horsham), Beatrice Bunting (Durham), Norman Donnelly (Bolton), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss S. M. Isaacson, 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, W., for the following:

BENTLEY'S CONSCIENCE. BY PAUL TRENT. (Ward, Lock.)
"Said he, 'Let others shoot.'"
HOOD, *Faithless Nellie Gray.*

We also select for printing:

THE VOLUNTEER. BY HERBERT ASQUITH. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)
"Bitter constraint . . .
Compels me."
MILTON, *Lycidas.*

(Charles Powell, 2, Reynard Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

THE SPIRIT AND THE LAW. BY EDITH MARY MOORE. (Chapman & Hall.)
"I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Cells.*

(E. A. Carr, Lyndall, Essendon Road, Sanderstead.)

THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL. BY MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. (John Long.)
"Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed."
T. HOOD, *Eugene Aram.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—The response in this competition has been very interesting. Out of over a hundred reviews of our last month's prize lyric, only three are unfavourable. If we had space we should like to print a selection. It has been difficult to decide upon the best, but after careful consideration the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Bertram J. Saunders, of Oakleigh, 61, Berw Road, Pontypridd, Glamorgan, for the following:

FAILURE.

This is a poem of strong, dignified self-expression—a poem of character rather than of sentiment; a character great and high-souled. It is an utterance of the *mind*, for the heart *has* fully and fruitlessly spoken; herein lies its pervading strength. The mind is the directing and sustaining force, responsible for the calm discernment and judgment leading up to the heights of Love's renunciation. The whole is tearless and strong, though the forward darkness suggested is deep. We feel a heart for the moment has grown cold, a figure has turned to stone. It is a heart that *has* lived.

We select for special commendation the six reviews by W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Francis J. Kelly (Dublin), Miss E. M. Peet (Cheltenham), Muriel Pinch (Battle), H. R. Cooper (Barrow-in-Furness), Alice Gill (Bath).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss C. Vere Annesley, of The Gables, St. Michaels, Tenterden, Kent, for the following:

THE GUNS. BY GILBERT FRANKAU. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is the real thing. Mr. Frankau has written something poignantly stirring; his words ring with an echo of shot and shell and giant guns. Here are strong words for strong things. Only in one poem "Headquarters," does he strike a tender note—then he speaks of some woman and her dreams. In each of his poems one can picture the battle-plain almost too vividly. He is a marvellous master of words—the right words, too. There has been nothing written like this before. It is alive, every word of it, for Mr. Frankau writes of what he sees.

We also select for printing:

THE LIEUTENANT AND OTHERS. BY "SAPPER." (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The book reveals something of the spirit of English soldier manhood. It is a collection of impressions of the Great War, not written by a mere romancer, but obviously by one who *knows*. The stern and terrible realities of war are brought home to us; yet the book contains all that the ordinary reader desires: tears and laughter, and sometimes laughter ere the tears are dry. Those who have felt that the days of bravery are over, and those who themselves need a renewal of courage should read this book. It is a restorer of faith in (English) human nature.

(Winifred Parker, Robertswood, Mattock.)

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND. BY IAN HAY. (Blackwood.)

War books may come, and war books may go, but this one will last for ever. It is the immortal testimony of the spirit of the British in their life struggle, written by one who has shared in the hardships and joyed in the triumphs of Kitchener's Army. It brings before us, sometimes with laughter, often with tears, always with understanding, first the little trials and sufferings of the men in training, and next the colossal joys and sorrows of the soldiers at the Front. No one but Ian Hay could have achieved this masterpiece which should be read by all.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

GEORGIAN POETRY, 1913-15. (The Poetry Bookshop.)

Were it only for Mr. Gordon Bottomley's play "King Lear's Wife," which appears for the first time here, this anthology would be memorable. As a gloss on Shakespeare the play is valuable, and the explanation—to us very necessary—of the aged king's harsh reception by his two elder daughters is worked into a fine and convincing drama. Of the other thirteen poets represented is work which, assuredly, Englishmen to come will not easily forget. Let it be said, too, that the volume is produced with that distinction of craftsmanship which characterises the Poetry Bookshop publications.

(Reginald Gray, Wythburn, Coniscliffe Road, Darlington).

We also specially commend the twelve reviews by N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham), W. C. Reedy (Forest Gate), F. Webster (Walworth), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), M. A. Newman (Brighton), M. Hunt (Eastbourne), Obanite (Oban), Frances D. Watson (Stockport), Bruce Lindsay (Midlothian), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), A. L. Garland (Hyde Park), B. M. May (Farnham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Marjorie Crosbie, of Hazeldene, Richmond Road, Wolverhampton.

THE READER.

OUR SHAKESPEARE.

By Thomas Seccombe.

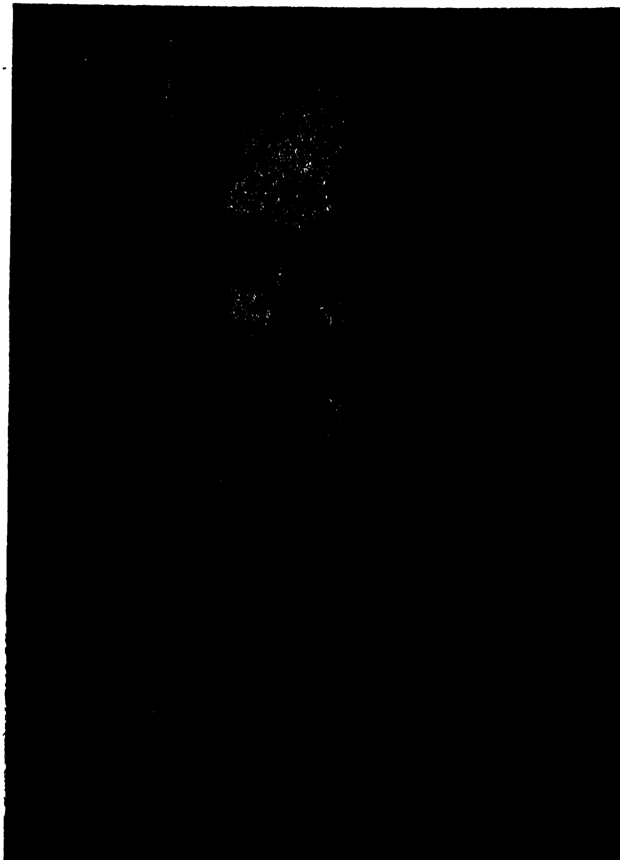
SHAKESPEARE Commemoration may well be, in spite of our terrible preoccupations, a concern of some national moment in 1916. The whimsical and capricious individual element which has led us astray in various phases of national activity, has caused much diversion from the Major to the Minor Prophets of Letters. Things of wood and stone, the prophets of Baal even, the graves of the sorcerers have bewildered and led us astray. Fashion in these matters has been omnipotent. From the amount of time that we, as a people, devote to Shakespeare, it would be hard to deduce that we really regarded him as our supreme author. And yet just as it is most important that any living society should so arrange matters that its best, most energetic and most able people may emerge and come to the front in the direction of affairs, so for the moral and intellectual perspective of a nation it is most important that we should worship our true gods. Lip service puts Shakespeare invariably first, but there is no small amount of hypocrisy in this, and this hypocrisy has done a good deal of harm.

The line of the elegist Basse is still remembered:

"Sleep, great tragædian, Shakespeare, sleep alone."

We have, it is to be feared, acquiesced too supinely as a nation in this solitary slumber, and have left the tragedian's rest only too severely undisturbed. It is our view, at any rate, that Shakespeare has had too many critics and not enough playgoers. Shakespeare wrote a series of the finest plays in the world upon the most universal and unmistakeable subjects, such as Love, Ambition, Pride, Jealousy, Revenge, Fear, Loss of Possessions, most indeed of the afflictions of Job. The man who could perform these marvels is a marvel himself—a precious stone set in the silver sea of memory. The homage of the Scene, "To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe" is his manifest due and tribute. But poor Shakespeare has been so overloaded with book study and antiquarian lore and secondary-symbolist meanings that he has been dosed at times to within an ace of premature dotage. A contemporary of Queen Victoria found little difficulty in tracing the present war to its ultimate causes—traceable in each case to some supreme failing of the several belligerents. Thus France suffered for her Atheism, Russia for her Siberian Severities, Belgium for the Congo, Serbia for her Regicide, Britain, for the Opium Traffic, and Germany for the Higher Criticism. It is the Higher Criticism which has imperilled the posthumous life of Shakespeare by setting his would-be admirers against each other, and compromising the cult of our greatest Empire Builder by the menace of Civil War.

A series of eccentric hallucinations and crazes have swept in succession over the study of Shakespeare. Some of these have been due to the busy brains of pedants and illiterates, but others have emanated from critics and philosophers. Most have sprung from ignorance of Shakespeare's aims and the peculiar limitations and idiosyncrasies of the contemporary stage. Ben Jonson, for instance, started the hare of the Dramatic Unities. No one violated them with more nonchalance than Shakespeare. What could be more outrageous than the freedom used in imagining and assuming in the "Winter's Tale"? Then there was the violent intermingling of the Comic and the Tragic as seen in "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear," "The Merchant of Venice." Only a buffoon, maintained Rymer the Critic, could sandwich the gravity of "Hamlet," and the lewd banter of the gravediggers. "Othello" Rymer called a bloody farce without salt or savour. Shakespeare might have been a great humourist, there are signs of it in Cæsar and Othello, but when it comes to passages demanding dignity, why, not a monkey, not a pug of Barbary, but has a truer taste of things. The blood, the barbaric violence (Gloucester in "Lear," for example) the incongruities rendered adaptation indispensable Hence, the Richard of Cibber, the Lear of Nahum Tate, Lansdowne's Jew of Venice, Dennis's Comical Gallant (Falstaff), and Dryden's Enchanted Island. Shakespeare's profound ignorance of dramatic art justified an infinitude of "refined" modifications by



Shakespeare.
The Droeshout Portrait.
From the original painting in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon.



Photo by C. S. Sargisson. **Mary Arden's Cottage at Wilmcote,**
where Shakespeare's mother lived before her marriage.

the age of Pepys and Wycherley. One curious theory of French origin, which persisted long and obtained wide currency owing to the loud authoritative voice of Voltaire, was that Shakespeare was a kind of inspired rustic, whose habitual gibbering was diversified by great moments of genuine poetry. Another was that Shakespeare was the unrecognised and much-persecuted victim of Ben Jonson and other dramatists of the age. Allied with this was the German theory of Shakespeare's isolation among the dramatists of the period, and the exaggerated theory of Shakespeare's art, the very rudeness and nodosities of which were nothing less than additional beauties. This was followed in the mid-nineteenth century by an extraordinary mania for the discovery of Shakespeare symbolism, together with a strong inclination to the psychological fallacy that Shakespeare's choice of tragic or comic themes must have been conditioned by the immediate circumstances of his life. Not only was each play discovered to represent some distinct ethical teaching, a parable in the disguise of a play, but almost every character of importance was discovered to conceal a satire upon some contemporary rival or enemy. In similar spirit Shakespeare's dramatic blank verse has been subjected to every kind of possible and impossible "metrical test," while his acts and scenes have been pulled about to suit the exigencies of the latest theories of Elizabethan staging. These ingenious, but for the most part faded speculations, have given place to passionate altercations upon the inner meaning and significance of the sonnets the debate concentrating



Photo by C. S. Sargisson. **Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery.**

upon the interpretation of the cryptic dedication addressed to the only begetter, Mr. W. H., by the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T. One can read now, with nothing short of intense amusement, the grand discovery by the French discoverer, M. Philarète Charles, acclaimed with perfect solemnity by the *Athenæum*, the *Westminster*, and *Saturday Reviews*, and by a consensus of learned opinion, that the mystic W. H. meant nothing more or less than "William Himself." *Voilà la symbolique des sonnets!* Another craze (initiated by people who seem to have known Shakespeare alone among great authors, and to have ignored that extraordinary faculty of assimilation which is practically indispensable to all great creative artists, constituting, in fact, the kind of literary second sight which distinguishes an author from another) is that because Shakespeare has written so well about travel, about seafaring, about soldiering, about women, about angling, about litigation, about the Bible, etc., etc., therefore he must have been a great traveller, a sailor, a soldier, a woman, an angler, a lawyer, a Protestant divine and the like, himself. What Shakespeare meant by being a genius, why he was a genius, this is what such amiable mediocrities can never imagine. Why these beneficent sphinxes—these men of genius—do what they do, we can never determine. Fortunately for us they do it. Some instructive detractors of the greatest make much out of the fact that Dizzy took a speech from Thiers or a *mot* from a Russian diplomat, so they make much of Shakespeare's borrowings. The right lesson of these attachments and annexations is surely that the more these great conquerors of speech and ideas borrow the better it is for us. They are traversing the desert whitened with the bones of explorers from time immemorial, and they are vivifying the experience of the past with a magic touch. Lafcadio Hearn, a true appreciator of genius, expanded the borrowing practice of Shakespeare and its practical benevolence in a notable lecture to his Japanese students in words which I only wish I could recall, for the words were memorable and the book most inaccessible. But here is another version of this form of Shakespearian industry which will assuredly help us. As Mrs. Stopes well says in her book on "Shakespeare's Industry," Shakespeare was not a pioneer in dramatic art. He was by no means always the first to manipulate the materials that he used. He often borrowed plots, sometimes characters, and even language. In the difference between what he had received and what he gives, we can learn something of the transforming touch of the myriad mind. Something perhaps of the mind, and even the heart itself, of the author. There is nothing new under the sun said the preacher. But there are new combinations and new transmutations. "To him had been revealed the two great secrets that the philosophers of the day vainly sought, the secret of the Philosopher's Stone that would turn the baser metals into pure gold and the secret of the Elixir of Life which could secure to his work the gifts of immortal life and eternal youth. Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues. His spiritual insight showed him how to vivify the processes by which he presented his thoughts to the world, and made even dry bones live. If it is true that he was a student before he was a writer, it is true also that he was an actor before he was a dramatist. Dissatisfied with

or tired of some of his company's plays, he altered them to the satisfaction of the owners and of their audiences until he altered them so much as to remake them altogether, until they grew popular as his own work.

"When he faced the question of writing a play, he consciously or unconsciously set himself at least firm special laws or limitations under which he must work, considering its possible effect, first, on the Censor and on the Public; secondly, its suitability to the acting powers of his own company; thirdly, its satisfaction of his own critical taste; and fourthly, its truth to the originals, this the last and least important to him. To these might be added at times a second intention such as Spenser elaborates in the explanation of the allegories in his "Faerie Queene," where he had both a general and a particular meaning. For we have Shakespeare's own authority that he had at times gored his own thoughts, made old offences of affections new, in his dramatic works. The very clue to much of this is lost, but sufficient remains to make us remember the possibilities of other suggestions. These five determinants influenced him in different proportions at different times of his life, as by his work and experience he gradually educated not only himself but his public. By degrees he came to consider his public less, and himself more. He taught them what they ought to want. He could risk it. He laboured against what may be called the sensationalism of the pre-Shakespearean stage by throwing an interest into character apart from as well as through the plot. The blood and horrors which were supposed necessary to give force to a tragedy, were generally connected with feeble characterisation. Character was drowned in a great flood of action. He only once followed the people's tastes in 'Titus Andronicus.' and after that he made the prevailing taste follow him."*

This is Mrs. Stopes at her best. Often she is too archæological for our taste. Of course, there is another side of the question—where Shakespeare injured his original the better to suit the taste or the theatre of his day. The needs of his own particular public predominated. But the main point is essential. The characterisation is the thing that matters. Dramatic, not fictional characterisation; but the characters are firm and stable enough to have persisted as types for the best psychologists of succeeding ages.

Shakespeare handles the facts of history and of life with a sovereign impartiality. He was not in any sense a party man, and his attitude to present day politics would probably be as Bishop Stubbs says, a plague on both your houses. Yet politicians of all shades of thought may go to him and find texts for the faith that is in them. He in his time played many parts and is the poet of all. The theory that he was an aristocrat and a bit of a snob finds an able repudiator in Mr. Edward Salmon, who says well, I think, that every class has something to learn from Shakespeare: "The King the necessity of good government; the people that the kingly state is by no means a happy one; the statesman that the views of the people cannot be lightly gained, though the popular verdicts may be unstable; the agitator that order, loyalty and patriotism are essential to a country's prosperity and growth: the sufferer that

* "Shakespeare's Industry." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)



Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon,
as it appeared in 1849.

discontent is inevitable, and that in whatever sphere he is called upon to act, it will be well to recollect that there are others, in their own way, combating troubles equally hard to endure."*

One of the last but not the least inveterate forms of superstition about Shakespeare is that he was found out by posterity and foreigners, and was in scant favour with his own age and country. Yet in one of his own comedies published contemporaneously in 1608, it is expressly stated in the Preface that "this author's comedies are so framed to the life that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit that those most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies." At the period of his death, as Sir Sidney Lee points out, no mark of honour was denied his name. Dramatists and poets echoed the phrases of this "lord of language": cultured men and women of fashion studied his works; preachers cited them in the pulpit. A Fellow of Magdalen actually preached twice from the University pulpit, citing with special commendation speeches from "Romeo and Juliet" as applicable to God's love for His saints. Sir John Suckling was painted with "Hamlet" in his hand, and the writings of Shakespeare, so Milton informs us, were the "closest companions" of Charles the First in his solitude.

* "Shakespeare and Democracy." By Edward Salmon. 2s. (McBride.)



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon,
as it is to-day.



Shakespeare's House, New Place, and Chapel and Grammar School,
as they appeared in 1800.

The pernicious fashion of suggesting recondite external explanations of Shakespeare reached its climax in 1857, in a book by Delia Bacon to prove that Francis Bacon and not William Shakespeare actually composed the plays commonly attributed to the Stratford actor. The craze was partly due to the disconcerting habit of the critics never to leave Shakespeare to his natural interpreter, the actor, but to supernaturalise and load with transcendental meaning his most ordinary situations and his too frequently overloaded and dark or allusive passages.

Shakespeare, it is plain, was not a sedentary man, or a man of study, or an Inns-of-Court man. On the contrary, he was an open-air man, a man of affairs, and something of a sportsman and a liver. But he had that peculiar, that compelling, and that much abused power of transmitting thoughts and impressions by means of ink and paper which distinguishes an author from another, a plain man from a "literateur."

Like all great authors, he uttered a vast quantity of truth without knowing it, delivers *obiter dicta* in cases of which he had never heard before, and pours forth profound opinions on many subjects of which he practically knew nothing. It was an unfortunate decision of the cryptographers to endeavour to double the part of Shakespeare with that of Bacon. The choice was manifestly made with a random superficiality. Bacon was the one known name of contemporary intellectual superman, statesman, scholar, lawyer, judge, and



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

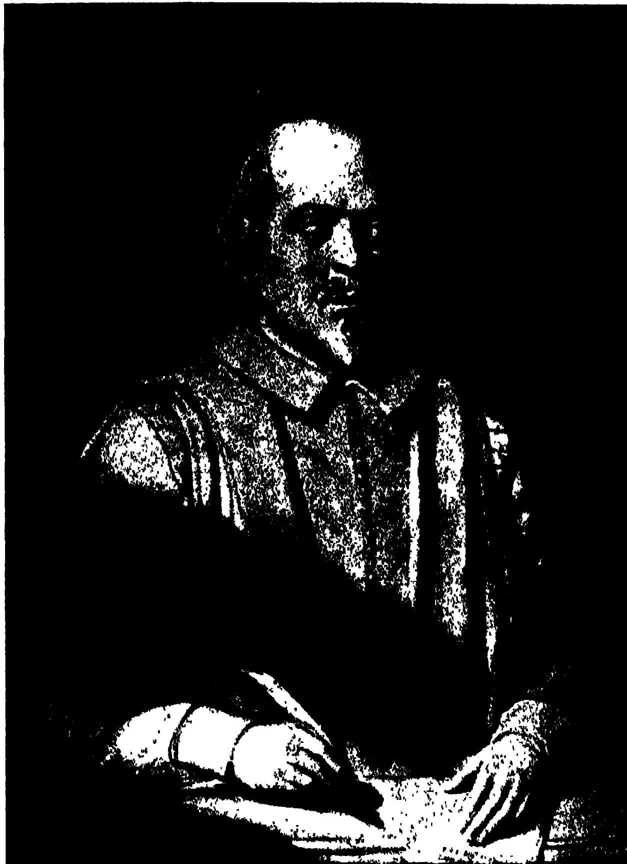
The Old Grammar School (over Guildhall), at Stratford-on-Avon,
where Shakespeare had his education.

seductive philosopher. But it would be about as hopeless a task eventually to demonstrate that the novels of Dickens must have been written by Matthew Arnold, "The Dynasts" by Herbert Spencer, or the plays of the younger Dumas by Renan, as to double the parts of two such psychological opposites as Shakespeare and Bacon.

I wonder if there are still extant any conscientious objectors to Shakespeare? We have heard of Goldsmith and Burns, Cobbett and George IV., Tolstoi, Bernard Shaw, and a few others. With all his faults, his borrowings, his *ordures* as Voltaire politely calls them, we are inclined in this Parnassian concert to give him a notation equivalent to that given to Disraeli, with all his artificialities, at the Berlin Congress in 1878, by Bismarck: "Der alte Jude, *der ist der mann.*" But our way of honouring still lacks the hallmark of conviction. With the Tercentenary we might well turn over a new leaf. Why are not the best plays of Shakespeare, "Romeo," "Julius Cæsar," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "Othello," the Falstaff Plays—why are not these acted more often by the best companies and the starriest actors in vivid competition one with the other? Why is there not a central London house where Shakespeare's plays are continually on tap, as it were? Why do we not experiment more with the restoration of plays performed in the Shakespearean manner? Why has the home and school practice of Shakespeare reading declined? Why have we not a National Variorum Edition at a price as close as the Bible Society's issues of Testaments? To these I would add a national edition of a few commentatory, encyclopædic, or critical books, such as Furnivall's "Introduction," the Collectanea of Lamb, Coleridge and Hazlitt, Brandes, Bradley, Lowndsbury, Madden, and Baker, to which must certainly be added the "Life" by Sir Sidney Lee.* A cheap illustrated edition of this last work at a rational price would be an immense boon. Apart from the collection and cross fertilisation of an immense number of facts, new and old, literary and unliterary, about Shakespeare, the great critical service rendered to the dramatist by Sir Sidney Lee is that he stands as the champion of the impersonality of Shakespeare. The "Sonnets" have often been taken as a refutation of this view. This is precisely where the labours of this most encyclopædic objective biographer stand us in such valuable stead. Shakespeare, says Sir Sidney, was just the Primus among the sonnetteers of the age, the doyen of the Amorist school. The fashion of sonnets was as capricious and imperious as that of the keepsakes of eighty years ago. When the craze was at its height these sonnetteers were indefatigable with their amours and counter amours. All of them had their Ideas and their Delias, their beautiful and their black ladies, their exquisite love and their perfumed hate. Sometimes they mixed up both in one sonnet. The copies flew from hand to hand. They were the ballades, the rondels, the limericks, and the charades of the fifteen-nineties. When the fervour of the passion was at its height the distraught celebrants of their mistress's eyebrow lashed and spurred one

* "The Life of William Shakespeare." By Sir Sidney Lee. Re-written. 8s. 6d. 1915. (Smith, Elder.)

another to search in the heart and write, but instead of searching in their hearts in reality what they did was to search in the pioneer sonnets of Italy, or more often France—especially in Ronsard or Desportes. There they found all the regnant conceits in full operation. The discovery of all this is fairly conclusive. We can all of us discover the torso of Shakespeare in "Hamlet," or some other favourite play, and shape it into a character in conformity with our own prepossessions. But then other people have other favourites, other interpretations, and other prepossessions. The result is that one portrait of Shakespeare cancels another. The one exception to this ruling out of personality was the testimony of the "Sonnets." But when this testimony is discovered by the most expert specialist to be the testimony not of a man but of a whole school, "the case is altered" fundamentally. Such candour is more notable inasmuch as it is that of the advocate who, after examining his brief, is constrained to inscribe it "No case."



Shakespeare.
The bust on his tomb.

Shakespeare, when all is said and done, is a man for whom biography is not able to achieve much. It leaves him largely impersonal, and no one is readier to emphasise this than his most complete biographer. We are unable to circumscribe him or to transmit a personality as his apart from his writings. Biography, perhaps, helps for a time, like other modes of publicity. But in the end probably Renan is right when he ascribes anonymity to a book as the greatest ultimate advantage it can possibly have. Familiarity with the author belittles a book, and in spite of ourselves we perceive behind its most beautiful passages just another writer whose business it is to polish phrases and to combine effects. Like Montaigne, Shakespeare seems to stand at one of the world's crossways, and to owe some of his universality to the fact that here so many of the great highways of life, of past and present, seem to intersect. The medieval and the modern, the old religion and the new; the language of Chaucer and the language of Browning. There is an impact here of the Renaissance with Catholic New England on the one side, and Protestant New England on the other.

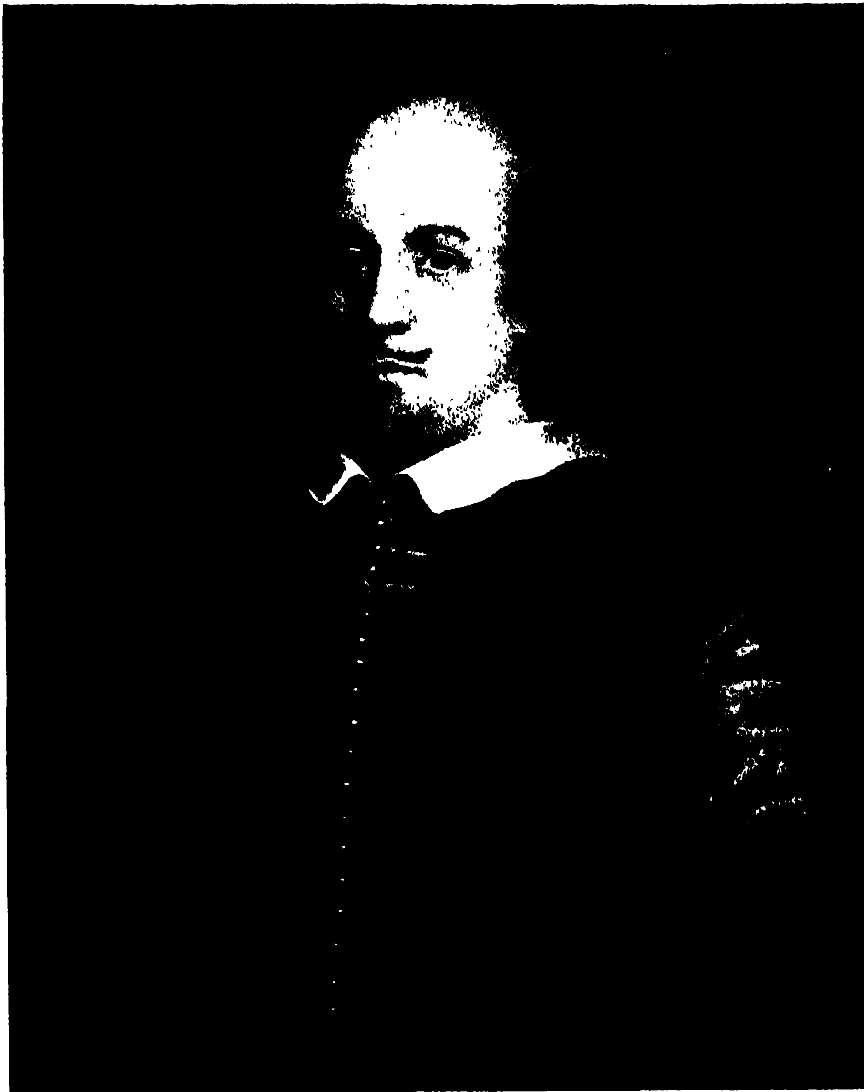
One of the best judgments of Shakespeare I know is contained in Mr. W. T. Young's Primer. It is useless to deny that there are blemishes, spots on the sun of Shakespeare, though there are foolish worshippers who seek to deny it. It is true enough in the main, as Vauvenargues points out, that the greatest works of human wit have often the biggest faults. The snow peaks have arid wastes around them long before you get to the pleasant foothills and the smiling valleys. In much of Shakespeare's work, though not generally in his best, there is a tendency to archaism and obscurantism. He tortures language, heaps up unilluminating metaphor, puts eloquence upon the rack of rhetoric, dramatic fitness on the thumbscrew of punning repartee. The quip seems to have the same malignant power over his mind that an epigram has upon that of George Meredith. He forgets the transitoriness of the topical witticism, the prosperity of which seldom outlives the memory of a single season. He mingles character, realism and fantastic plot to an extent which perplexes us entirely. The critics make the mistake in every age of ascribing to the authors aims of which they were entirely innocent. Shakespeare did not compose his dramas for posterity. He never published his plays. He desired for his pieces a short life but a merry one. The chief utility of an old play in his eyes was the material it offered for the manufacture of a new one. The prosperity of a play culminates at the moment when the playwright's revision of it has reached its final stage and when the actors' interpretation of it attains its highest point of perfection. Shakespeare, it may be readily believed, anticipated little satisfaction from the idea of being studied by professors and literary anatomists in future ages. He derived his pleasure from the enthusiasm or, if he could compass it, the ecstasy of the benches and galleries, the noisy elation of the groundlings, and the swollen receipts of the box office. Sir Henry Irving had a theory that he played parts like the ghost in "Hamlet" so that he could go down in the interval and assure himself on these points. In short, he wrote for the theatre of his own day. The complicated conventions of the Elizabethan drama, the sketchiness of the scenery and the fact that the actors played not in a kind of picture frame but on an "apron" stage encircled by auditors and spectators, postponed verisimilitude to declamation and demonstrative action. The people present wanted their pleasure during the two hours of actual performance They did not want to read about it next day. They looked for dramatic intensity and emotion, they wanted to feel for themselves, not to have the coherence, the plausibility or the psychological unity of the characters adjudged by an expert critic and detective of dramatic artifice. Shakespeare knew his audiences and his actors thoroughly. The actors wanted the latest and most currently effective type of part for themselves and for the leading boys whom they had to train—apt apprentices.

The audience were not looking out for fragments of character to fit into a jig-saw puzzle as elaborately modelled as a character in a modern novel. To both audience and actors the playwright made concessions often detrimental to his work as a printed dramatist. Shakespeare had none of the iron self-restraint or deliberate economy and self-sacrifice of the conscious artist. He cared little for formal completeness or for perfect unity of effect; and he rarely consented to subordinate all his detail to his main design. The plays in which he approximated most to this concentration, such as "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet" (to a considerable extent), "Twelfth Night," and "Much Ado," are commonly deemed now to be among his best stage pieces. In an ordinary way Shakespeare was diverted perpetually from conscious artistry by his practical stage instinct. If an episode or character did not rouse his imagination he wrote well enough for his audience and was content. He sought to please his contemporaries who preferred the animation of diversified existence to the realism of logical consistency by the means that came readiest to his hand Keep in view Shakespeare's instruments and his audience and you will realise his almost miraculous power of making his public co-operate with him, giving them of his best and thereby quite unconsciously doing his best by Art and Posterity.

Shakespeare's faults were not like those of Webster and Marlowe, the reverse side of inherent greatnesses, but were more or less inseparable from the local and immediate conditions of the *milieu* in which he worked. He wrote for a romantic stage upon which the illusion of verisimilitude counted for copper; but his greatness may be established by a fourfold test. First by his creating of character; no other writer has peopled the earth with so large and diverse a company, haunting the memory and appealing to the affections—Chaucer, Cervantes, Sterne, Balzac, Hugo and Dickens approach perhaps most nearly. Secondly by the sanity, loftiness and manliness of his morality, stoic in the main but inspired by sympathy, widely tolerant of frailty and exuberance, never of calculated evil, calling in very little of transcendental support or metaphysical aid at any great crisis. We may fairly say that Shakespeare sought for the highest expressions of the normal in humanity. Perfected types of the normal that is: the abnormal, the bestial, the morbid, he is willing to leave latent, the mediocrity of ordinary or lower middle normal he cares little about. Mediocrity may be complex, or tragic, or pathetic, but Shakespeare prefers the complexity of a Hamlet, the pathos of Imogen, the tragedy of Lear. The man who is dull but not dull enough to be laughable, the man whose summed virtues make up respectability, whose actions are reducible to fear, who can neither dare nor enjoy freely, is not a subject of Shakespeare's art. Thirdly, by his dramatic power in situation and emotion, whether in history, comedy or tragedy. In the great tragedies, notwithstanding defects in the fable, this intensity of power has hardly ever been approached. Fourthly, by his poetic gift, his command of rhythm, of imagery and the sense of the inner charm of words. These four notes can be set down very simply for all the world to test: characterisation, morale, dramaturgy, poetry. Shakespeare's fondness for buffo and bravura, his irresistible impulse to drag in a fine passage, a lover's parting, a dawn song, a panoramic account of the ages of man, a description of Robin Goodfellow or of Queen Mab's coach, the pleading of a tender prince that his eyes may be spared by his executioner—this strong determination to florid ornament must be set down to the taste of the age and the postulates of a drama in which fine words notably elocuted counted for more relatively by far than at the present day. A piece could not then be salvaged by a curtain, for there was no curtain. The interval then between one act and another was marked commonly by a rhymed couplet in which the sense was not unlikely to be sacrificed to the sound. In his fondness for the artificialities of the day, the extravagant compliment, the purple patch, the rhyming couplet, the indelicate double meaning, Shakespeare shows us how little universal he really is His love of authority and contempt for the mutable rank-scented many are essentially Tudor and the-country-in-danger-from-Spain sentiments. Shakespeare's power then and now is largely a corollary of the fact that he was so perfect a representative of his age and country. Like every very great writer Shakespeare had an energetic people behind him. While uttering supremely what he himself thinks and feels he is at the same time uttering what is felt and thought most signally by the vividest minds among his contemporaries. He lived at the great, the greatest epoch of exfoliation in our history. For good and ill England was branching out in hundreds of new directions and departing from the ruts and traditions



Shakespeare.
The statue in Westminster Abbey.



From portrait in the Birthplace. **Shakespeare.**

"This portrait of Shakespeare, after having been in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, Town Clerk of Stratford upon Avon, and his family for upwards of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon Collins, of London, and being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford upon Avon to be placed and preserved in Shakespeare's House."—*Inscription under Painting in the Birthplace.*

of old ways, old currents of thought, old alliances and antique forms of utterance and expression. Shakespeare was not a great innovator in thought or a diver in the deep waters of spiritual truth. *Ondoyant et divers* like old Montaigne he was a reflector of the Sagesse et Déstinée of antiquity. Like Montaigne, he borrowed old material very freely and he began rather as an adapter of other men's work. In the early plays, as in the early essays, we see the apprentice faggotting up of divers pieces with bands of his own devising. Gradually both mine deeply in the rich deposits of human character, though it is true that the Frenchman had little capacity for the comprehension and motive of the great passions which sweep like mountain blasts through the grander scenery of Shakespeare. The bitter disillusionment of Troilus, the self-torturing of Hamlet, the agony of Lear, the fall of Coriolanus like the crash of some storm-resisting oak, the opening heaven of woman's love, the conflict, the schemes, the sacrifice, the fears, the tenderness, the pity of the master-plays—these things are not for Master Montaigne. When his activities were at their highest degree of potency Shakespeare was capable of transfiguring every ounce of material that he borrowed and raising it to an incredibly higher power. He was indeed a phrase magician, a master of language and a word-master of supreme endowment. As was I think the case with our greatest prose-masters, Scott and Swift, and perhaps Bunyan, his art was consistently more of the subconscious than the self-conscious order. His literary work, conceived as he pursued a round of avocations that would have monopolised the energy of an ordinary successful man of talent, must have found expression and taken form without extraordinary elaboration, with a perfectly amazing rapidity. He was evidently a man of the world, of business and pleasure, and no undistinguished suitor of the favours and benefits of the highest in the land. His Atlas load of brain power and the brain activity which it necessitated he bore apparently without a single groan of self-pity. To the exhaustion incident upon preliminary labours, which has sterilised so many men of first-rate literary talent, he was obviously a stranger. Of the seclusion which so many deem indispensable to the performance of rigorous intellectual labour he was manifestly oblivious. The *daimon* (referred to in the epitaph *Genio Socratem*) which prompted him to work of such quantity and quality must have been cogent indeed. As with Sir Walter Scott or Napoleon, the ostensible pretext (even to himself) for an amount of effort that may well seem almost superhuman was the alleged necessity of building up a property, an ancestral mansion or an empire in each case for phantom heirs to inherit. In each case, in strict reality, the work must have been its own stimulus and its achievement the main, truly substantial reward. As in the case of Scott, we have contemporary evidence which seems to us to point decisively to Shakespeare's exceptional sociability and to the sweetness and serenity of his temper. Apart from his work, however, there is no necessity for believing that Shakespeare was in the ordinary traffic of human intercourse (any more than Scott) a preternaturally brilliant man. Fuller's brilliant word picture of Ben Jonson as conversationally a solid high built Spanish galleon and Shakespeare as a trim English man of war taking advantage of every wind and sailing round and round his adversary by sheer quickness of wit and invention was, we must remember, a purely imaginary one printed after the restoration in 1660. Had Shakespeare really excelled so greatly in conversation as his great contemporary Jonson or Ben's still more illustrious namesake, the incomparable Doctor of a later age, we could hardly have failed to have specific reference to such a talent. Ben Jonson, for instance, in his "Timber" (published in 1641) in which he so cordially praised his old rival as honest and of an open nature, a man to be loved and his memory honoured on this side of idolatry, never thinks of comparing him as a talker with Bacon, whose discourse was such that a hearer could not cough or look aside from him without loss. In Shakespeare's case, as in that of so many typical men of letters, we are prepared to believe that the faculty of expression was by a subtle alchemy transmuted, and the man himself transfigured as it were in the alembic of composition.

Shakespeare in the final analysis emerges an utterly impersonal author about whose incarnation we have no sure testimony insulated in a main of bibliography; he is shrouded in mists at the summit—a peak of Teneriffe. We can read almost any amount we like about Shakespeare's evolution as a dramatic artist; of Shakespeare as the greatest exponent of the Amorist school of poets; of the apocryphal plays said to be in part written by him; of the forged documents falsely ascribed to his initiative; of his efficiency as humourist, sportsman, lawyer, lyrist, Protestant, Catholic, Grecian and Trojan, prose-master and metrist, spiritualist and materialist, soldier and sailor, realist and romanticist.

But when we want to tear the veil away from Shakespeare the man, we find ourselves confronted with litigation and deeds of conveyance, musty parchments bearing alleged but illegible signatures and sepulchral monuments, considerably disfigured or discredited by the sophisticated hand of the so-called restorer. Legend itself is almost consistently frugal, and the most exhaustive of the bard's biographers admits that he is sorry, but that he has been through it all and that all our efforts to immortalise a personal Shakespeare are bound to be frustrated. The dramatic work is essentially impersonal and fails to betray the author's idiosyncrasies. The "Sonnets" which alone of his literary work have been widely credited with self-portraiture, give a potent illusion of genuine introspection, but they rarely go farther in the way of autobiography than to illustrate the poet's readiness to accept the conventional bonds which attached a poet to a great patron. His literary practices and aims were those of contemporary men of letters, and the difference in the quality of his work and theirs was due to no conscious endeavour on his part to act otherwise than they, but to the magic and involuntary working of his genius. He seemed unconscious of his marvellous superiority to his professional comrades. This may help to explain his undoubted popularity among them. Shakespeare's own most popular and most famous character "Hamlet" is a chameleon. No two critics have interpreted him alike. Some maintain that Hamlet inculcates the superiority of action over reflection, others that it represents the primeval hero *vis à vis* with Christianity, others that it is a drama of event and means nothing, others that the piece is a sort of charade meaning *Ham let* or

prevented from calling itself Bacon. The puzzle is to find Shakespeare here or in Falstaff, Iago, Laertes or Lady Macbeth. Some hold that he must have been a woman.

An unquestionable characteristic of Shakespeare's art is its impersonality. The plain and positive references in the plays to Shakespeare's personal experiences, either at Stratford-on-Avon or London, are rare and fragmentary, and nowhere else can we point with confidence to any autobiographic revelations.



The Shakespeare Death-Mask.

Discovered by Dr. Le Becker in 1849 at Mayence, inscribed with the date 1616. The chief measurements agree with the bust in Stratford Church. It is possible this is the mask used by Gerard Johnson for that effigy. The mask is now in the Ducal Palace at Darmstadt.

"As a dramatist Shakespeare lay under the obligation of investing a great crowd of characters with all phases of sentiment and passion, and no critical test has yet been found whereby to disentangle Shakespeare's personal feelings or opinions from these which he imputes to the creatures of his dramatic wand. It was contrary to Shakespeare's dramatic aim to label or catalogue in drama his private sympathies or antipathies. The most psychological of English poets and a dramatic artist of no mean order, Robert Browning, bluntly declared that Shakespeare ne'er so little at any point in his work 'left his bosom's gate ajar.' Even in the "Sonnets" lyric emotion seemed to Browning to be transfused by dramatic instinct. It is possible to deduce from his plays a broad practical philosophy which is alive with an active moral sense. But we seek in vain for any self-evident revelation of personal experience of emotion or passion." This seems a balanced statement as judicial as well informed. Shakespeare who has transmitted so many live characters to us has left out his own. By a happy turn he managed to reconcile two things generally regarded as incompatible—general recognition from the public and complete privacy for himself. We cannot attach ourselves to his memory as we do to that of an Oliver Goldsmith or a Charles Lamb. He may have been as pious as Wordsworth, as serenely Olympian as Goethe or as naughty as Byron. We celebrate him to-day not as being or having been the manner of man he was, for as to that we are uncertain, but as having been the author who of all others, say we, with some justifiable pride, has done the most to celebrate human nature.

ON THE ART OF WRITING.*

BY T. E. PAGE.

THIS book will please every reader, but its title may well confuse a critic. His own sins, he feels, are about to be brought to light, and at any moment he may find himself no longer in the judgment-seat but at the bar, no longer a critic but a criminal. There are so many things he may be guilty of. He may be indicted for using "Jargon" or "Journalese," for the "vice" of "choosing woolly abstract nouns rather than concrete ones," or for writing—and what erring mortal might not so lapse?—such a sentence as "The difficulty in Professor M's case arose in connexion with the view he holds relative to the historical value of Genesis," which contains, it appears, no less than three separate offences.

Happily, however, for the reviewer Sir A. Quiller-Couch has the delightful gift of being discursive. And it is well, perhaps, that he should be so. For indeed one may know all that Aristotle and Cicero, Horace and Quintilian, have said about the use of words without getting to the root of the matter in the least, and except in its rudiments the "Art of Writing" can by no possibility be taught. You may give hints and warnings, you may hold up this passage to scorn and that to admiration, you may point out this device or that, but to write well demands something which no lecture or text-book can impart. Noble thoughts come only from a noble soul, and wise words proceed only from the lips of the wise. *Ex abundantia cordis os loquitur*, and assuredly it cannot be otherwise. Without truth of feeling and some reality of knowledge there can be no "memorable speech," and when the Professor bids his hearers "practice verse and practice it assiduously," because the Romans, "who were a practical people, deliberately and steadily directed their educational system toward the development of poetical talent," he certainly forgets that, from the moment when the system was introduced, Latin poetry persistently deteriorated, until its utterance became only that of sounding brass or of a tinkling cymbal. And when he uses the phrase "Art of Writing," what is it that he means? Has he taken full account of its ambiguity? For "writing" as far as it is concerned with the just choice of words, with their orderly disposition and the like, can certainly be taught, and the practice of "composition" forms, as every schoolmaster knows, a necessary part of mental training. But between the Art of Composition and that Art of Writing, with which alone a Professor of Literature has to do, the distinction is profound. Never was there such a multitude of "writers" as there is to-day. The "disease of scribbling" (*scribendi cacoethes*), which Juvenal lamented, has too many of us already in its grip to call for much artificial fostering. But to good writing, in the true sense of the words, to the making of "a good book," there must still go "the precious life-blood of a master

* "On the Art of Writing." By Sir A. Quiller-Couch, King Edward VII.'s Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge: The University Press.)

spirit," and to the quickening of such a spirit in our youth no technical Art of Writing can contribute anything whatever.

And that this is so the Professor seems to have a sort of "subliminal consciousness," for he is perpetually diverging from his main theme, as, for instance, when he devotes four lectures out of twelve to the "Lineage of English Literature" and to its treatment in English Universities. He takes infinite pains to show that a poem called "Beowulf" has no claim to be the fountain-head of English poetry, and that the opposite theory is "a falsehood grafted upon our text-books by Teutonic and Teutonising professors," while he adds—in somewhat curious language—that "its run . . . in small educational manuals has been in its way a triumph of pedagogic *réclame*." And then he goes on to urge that not only in our literature but also in our breeding that which is best in us is Latin in its origin. Let "ethnologists" think what they will, "I hazard," he says, "that the most important thing in our blood is that drop of the imperial murex we have derived from Rome." But what on earth has all this—and there is a vast amount of it—to do with "writing?" No one ever wrote one whit better or one whit worse because of "Beowulf." Neither blue blood nor Norman blood gives nobility to poetry or to prose, and even the conviction that a drop of some strange shell-fish, known apparently as *Murex Imperialis*, is somehow in our veins seems little likely to benefit our literature.

But, in fact, these discourses deal only incidentally with the Art of Writing. They are far rather a happy illustration of the Art of Lecturing. Professors, as every one knows, unless they afford help for examinations, are apt to find their audiences scant, and the Professor of English Literature wisely determined that his first business was to get hearers. He digresses because those the dull road would weary will often follow along pleasant bypaths, above all if the guide has the gift of apt speech and a certain graceful versatility. And "Q," as one would anticipate, is both apt and versatile. Take the lecture which is called "inaugural," and you will find that, without being solemn, it is wholly congruous with that stately epithet. There is no need to read the words "Mr. Vice-Chancellor" in order to be sensible of that august presence, and such a bit as this—"But in English Literature you have at once an Empire and an Emprise; in that alone you have inherited something greater than Sparta; let us strive, each in his little way, to adorn it"—conjures up a picture of grave dons whispering to themselves Σπάρταν ἔλαχες ταύταν κόσμει and appraising the paronomasia in the fine scales of academic judgment. But when, later on, the speaker begins, "Some of you whose avocations call them, from time to time, to Newmarket," or urges that we should use plain words and boldly repeat them, by saying "in literature as in life he makes himself felt who not only calls a spade a spade but has the pluck to double spades and to re-double"—then you feel at once that the Vice-Chancellor has disappeared and that the undergraduate who, despite the injunction to "call a spade a spade," was in the first lecture "our Euphues, our gracefully minded youth," is now being addressed less by a Professor than by "an Elder Brother." And it is just because the speaker not only claims that title but acts up to it that these lectures are remarkable. He does not admonish, he does not dogmatise, and, though throned in a "chair," he does not pronounce *ex cathedra*, but he charms and he entices. He jests and he jibes—some will think too freely—he flits from one theme to another, but somehow he everywhere attracts. Indeed as one reads him, one can hardly fail to repeat:

> "And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

In those lines Goldsmith, with his unerring simplicity and truth, makes clear the mystery of all good teaching, and, although his name—surely one of the greatest in our literature—is not to be found in the long list of writers contained in the Index to this volume, yet its author may, perhaps, accept the poet's words as a just tribute to his own work. For his effort everywhere is, as Plato puts it, to "give wings" to the soul, and, knowing that there is a "law of Adrastus" which forbids a soul to become "winged" otherwise than "by fellowship with the immortals," he lures us, under a hundred pretexts, into their high society. Whatever his theme, he brings to its illustration something of poetry or prose such as aptly quoted, admirably judged, and, one imagines, nobly uttered, stirs and uplifts at once the intelligence and the heart, while, above all, it is to the English Bible that he makes his most constant appeal. "Does it not strike you as queer," he says to the undergraduates, "that the people who 'set you courses' in English Literature never include the Authorised Version?" And indeed it is not only "queer" but it amazes. For whoever will consider the matter will surely find that if there is to-day so much writing which shuffles, as it were, slipshod over the ground, which never has the strength or spirit to soar venturously into upper air, one chief cause is that we have lost our old familiar intimacy with our English Bible For our forefathers it was almost "the one book," but now the mass of printed matter has all but overwhelmed it, and the "art of writing," like all else, suffers for the neglect of our birthright. Turn where you will among the great writers of the past and you will find its influence everywhere, and, as he recalls some of the chief names in that great roll, this is how the lecturer proceeds: "It is in everything we see, hear, feel, because it is in us, in our blood." But is it indeed so? Is what was true in the past true also in the present? Assuredly few of us could give any but a halting answer to the question, and therefore both our life and our literature are beggared of their best. To make known to this generation the fullness of the riches of our great inheritance is a task, than which the occupant of a Chair in an ancient University can surely find none nobler, none more inspiring, none of more enduring benefit to our language and our race.

New Books.

LAURENCE BINYON AND OTHERS.*

Mr. Binyon is reaping the reward of a faithful apprenticeship. For twenty years he has worked lovingly at his art, bringing it gradually and steadily nearer perfection. From the very first he has had the respect of all lovers of poetry except those who only care for the more torrid or seemingly spontaneous varieties; but it was possible to find his earlier work a little cold and colourless, disappointingly less interesting than the mind which produced it would seem to warrant. Now, however, he is the master of a style at once concentrated and flexible, rich and austere, suited not only for the solemn music of the ode—and as writer of odes his place is very high—but also for swift and spirited narrative, and, indeed, for all kinds of poetry except the ultimate, quintessential lyric, the secret of which Mr. Binyon, like his closest congeners, Gray and Arnold, has never quite found out. He has, further, developed a metrical cunning which prosodic pedants would probably find very troublesome. "The Healers," for instance, in the present volume is difficult to scan; it is full of what Professor Saintsbury calls, I believe, substitutions or equivalences. Yet, read aloud, not only does it prove to be free from discord, but the subtle appropriateness of its harmonies stand revealed.

Having thus equipped himself, Mr. Binyon was ready for a great theme; and, although he is the last person whom one would accuse of desiring to set Rome a-burning that his fiddling might have an effective background, the artist in him must rejoice to have found worthy employment just when his powers are at their ripest. He has always preferred to deal with large and simple themes; the eccentric and far-fetched have never appealed to him; and, hitherto, for material for the more concrete manifestations of his art he has usually gone to legend or heroic history. But he is no antiquary; his mind is most alive to the contemporary world; but up to August, 1914, that had not afforded him matter for anything on a larger scale than "London Visions." Now, however, the large and the actual are one, and Mr. Binyon has shown himself equal to the juncture. As no one else has done, he has given adequate expression to the only possible attitude of a sane idealism; distinguishing between the honour and the heroism; giving honour where honour is due and scorn where scorn; objecting too conscientiously to Prussianism to have any conscientious objection to its crushing. The war has absorbed him; since its beginning he has published nothing and, we can well believe, has written nothing unconcerned with it. His passionate preoccupation may be seen in the poem which gives its name to his new book, "The Anvil":

"Burned from the ore's rejected dross
The iron whitens in the heat.
With plangent strokes of pain and loss
The hammers on the iron beat.
Searched by the fire, through death and dole
We feel the iron in our soul.

O dreadful Forge! If torn and bruised
The heart, more urgent comes our cry
Not to be spared but to be used,
Brain, sinew, and spirit, before we die.
Beat out the iron, edge it keen,
And shape us to the end we mean!"

The sincerity of this is obvious, but it is not a sincerity of the imagination alone. Mr. Binyon has seen to it that his prayer "to be used" should not go unanswered: he has done service in a French hospital. This experience is reflected in his beautiful poem "The Healers," and in "Fetching the Wounded," a vivid transcript of reality, but of reality seen with the quickened eyes of a poet.

"... A wave of wonder bathes my body through!
For there in the head-lamps' gloom-surrounded beam
Tall flowers spring before us, like a dream,
Each luminous little green leaf intimate
And motionless, distinct and delicate
With powdery-white bloom fresh upon the stem,
As if that clear beam had created them
Out of the darkness. Never so intense
I felt the pang of beauty's innocence,
Earthly and yet unearthly.

A sudden call!
We leap to ground, and I forget it all....

Now stale odour of blood mingles with keen
Pure smell of grass and dew. Now lantern sheen
Falls on brown faces opening patient eyes
And lips of gentle answers, where each lies
Supine upon his stretcher, black of beard
Or with young cheeks; on caps and tunics smeared
And stained, white bandages round foot or head
Or arm, discoloured here and there with red...."

Several writers, some of them of no mean talent, have tried to translate this experience into prose. Mr. Binyon's poetry gives us the essence of it.

Mrs. Paget sings melodiously of the "doubts and dreams and foiled desires" of a sensitive temperament, and displays a delicate feeling for nature. Her war poems express the sorrow of women, the bereft wife and the maid cheated of motherhood. "The Song of the Unborn" is a notable message of comfort and encouragement from the next junction to this.

Miss Jenkins wields a more emphatic pen. The war has stirred her to revolt against "the mystery of the cruelty of things." Her verse has no great distinction, but there is vitality and personality in it: raw material from which poetry is likely to be fashioned in the future.

Francis Bickley.

* "The Anvil" By Laurence Binyon. 1s. and 2s. 6d net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Songs of the Unborn." By Georgina B. Paget. 2s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Poems." By Elinor Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

THE ROUNDABOUT.*

You may sometimes hear elderly people lament that the children of this generation are not so obedient, not so entirely amenable to parental authority, as were the children of a generation or two ago; and the assertion is undoubtedly true, but whether the change is to be at all lamented is by no means so certain. There is no virtue in blind, implicit obedience, and no sensible parent will demand that; instead of so cramping and stultifying the growth of character in his children, he will prefer to see them develop naturally, contented to do no more than help in that development with such counsel as he is capable of giving. "The Roundabout" is a brilliant and suggestive study of the changes in this and other ways that have come over the domestic life of England in the last half-century. It begins in mid-Victorian days with a vividly realised picture of a typical mid-Victorian family. The father, Alfred Taylor, a wealthy middle-class gentleman, rules autocratically in his own household. His wife meekly defers to all his judgments; his three daughters walk in fear of his displeasure. He is a petty tyrant; a respectable snob, so respectably religious that he sends a peremptory note to his neighbours when he hears them playing at tennis on Sunday, but so worldly-minded and obsessed with family pride that he fiercely rejects the suitors of two of his daughters because he regards them as social inferiors, and in the end has the mortification of seeing the two girls, one of them the beauty of the

* "The Roundabout." By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

three, remain unmarried and grow into wilted, disappointed old maids.

The main interest of the story centres on Alice, the youngest daughter, who defies him, in fear and trembling, but persists in her rebellion, maintains her friendship for the daughter of a despised local tradesman, and finally, under the stern displeasure of her father, the disapproval of her orthodox sisters, but with the secret sympathy of her mother, goes off without any secrecy and marries the brother of this plebian friend, who is better educated and more of an essential gentleman than the egregious Mr. Taylor himself. And she of all her family is the only one who arrives at happiness. You leave her at last with a son and daughter of her own in whom the modern spirit of independence is vividly alive and alert, but she and her husband have learned something from the past and know that their own way of happiness is not necessarily their children's. The scene is laid in a north-country town, and the story is a comedy of character and manners in which three generations play their parts. It is an intensely interesting, a finely human story, written with the widest sympathy and understanding. There is irony in the book and the tragedy of thwarted lives, but its strong realism is leavened throughout with a delightful vein of humour and a philosophy that is as kindly as it is shrewd. "The Roundabout" is a tale for the times, and one that holds the reader by its imaginative truth to life as it is and as it used to be.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.*

Mr. Ollard's sketch is less critical than the estimate furnished by Dr. W. H. Hutton to the latest volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature." He writes from the standpoint of an ardent believer in the Movement, to which he is inclined to attribute effects in all directions and against which he is unwilling to allow any charges. At the same time, he has taken pains to secure accuracy in details; there is nothing slipshod or hasty in his workmanship. He paints a grey picture of the English Church, when the movement originated. But the contrast is too highly coloured. It is not fair to take Dickens and Jane Austen as "good evidence" for the clergy. "Quite certainly none of the party at Dingley Hall dreamt of a Celebration of the Holy Communion as part of the Christmas morning service to which they went." Quite as certainly, this is a narrow type of criticism. Mr. Ollard, however, has not said all that he might have said about the casual habits of the episcopate. He mildly objects to Bishop Watson of Llandaff for being non-resident and for a worldly devotion to agriculture. But he has either forgotten or mercifully passed over de Quincey's description of the said Bishop. "He talked openly, at his own table, as a Socinian; ridiculed the miracles of the New Testament, which he professed to explain as so many chemical tricks, or cases of legerdemain; and certainly had as little of devotional feeling as any man that ever lived." There is more, but this will be enough to show that, in this sphere of clerical life, the Church of England was all the better for the stirring of the Oxford Movement. Mr. Ollard spends special time on the ceremonial revival, but he analyses the origin, rise, and influence of the movement as a whole, the least adequate aspect of the study being the theological. The handbook is equipped with some excellent photographs, and it has been written evidently from a thorough acquaintance with the documents. Mr. Ollard's pages will not add much to the knowledge of the inner history of the movement. But they will bring home to the reader afresh the heroism and devotion which inspired many of this party, the opposition which they had to face from fellow-members of their Church, and the undoubted services which directly and indirectly they rendered to the revival of Christianity in last century. At one period the movement threatened to break the Anglican Church. Eventually, it worked out its aims within that organisation. It altered as it advanced, but that is rather to its credit, for the alterations were not corrections of a cut and dry programme but the readjustment of a vital force to its environment. Mr. Ollard is probably right in holding that the supreme attraction of the study is that it teaches the reader "never to be afraid to take the unpopular or what seems to be the beaten side; never to despair of God's Church nor of the Truth." This, at any rate, is the moral which he has intended to draw. The story of the movement has other lessons, less inspiring lessons. But, for those who share Mr. Ollard's ecclesiastical position, this reading is justifiable.

James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt.

* "A Short History of the Oxford Movement." By S. L. Ollard. 4s. 6d. net. (Mowbray.)

THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE WAR.*

Those who consider that Russia was once the hereditary enemy of Sweden and that the Tzardom has of recent times helped to keep this tradition of hostility alive by its activities in the Baltic and by its ruthless Russification of Finland will not have been surprised by the proposals made some two years ago for a defensive alliance against the Eastern empire of the two great Scandinavian powers; will only smile at the furious pro-German propaganda now being carried on by Dr. Sven Hedin, regarding it as symptomatic of that excessive deference to potentates which besets so many a traveller and explorer; and will be devoutly thankful to Heaven that Sweden has up to now declined to depart from her neutrality and to throw in her lot with the Central Powers. But if our acknowledgments are due to the State for refraining from assuming a hostile attitude towards us and our allies, still more should we be grateful to one of its most famous savants and publicists, Dr. Anton Nyström, for taking up the cudgels on our behalf in the masterly pamphlet which he entitles, "Before, During, and After 1914." An American would have *wished* to give as impartial an account of the causes of the great conflict as Dr. Nyström has in fact compiled; but he would have been hampered by the circumstance that he was born transatlantic, and so lacked that knowledge of the history and of the traditions of the Old World that is all essential to the proper carrying out of such an undertaking. The Swedish author, on the other hand, being "a good European," has an almost instinctive acquaintance with the records of the various combatant powers, and knows what each of them has contributed to the art, the science, and the literature of the world. Moreover, being a Scandinavian, and consequently having always looked upon Germany as his "spiritual home," a confession of former allegiance which he feels bound to make, Dr. Nyström runs no suspicion of being regarded as an interested partisan or a facile renegade. His then is no *à priori* affection for the Allies or hostility to the Central Powers. He condemns the Germans only after sifting all the evidence that can be adduced in support and in refutation of the various counts of the indictment. After an initial discourse on Racialism, its shortcomings and dangers, and a couple of chapters in which he examines the question of the early distribution of the Slavs and of the Germans, the author grapples immediately with his subject. He traces the rise and significance of Germanism, dating it from Fichte's "Message to the German People" of 1808, denouncing it as "a Chauvinism without parallel in the world's history," and revealing the fact that many of its prophets, Bismarck, Nietzsche, Treitschke, and even Luther, were of Slav or Wendish descent, and that Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn and Wagner were all Jews. He next shows how the successive wars with Denmark, with Austria, and with France were deliberately engineered by Bismarck, and how brutally Prussia has oppressed its Polish and its Danish subjects.

* "Before, During, and After 1914." By Anton Nyström. Translated by H. G. de Walterstorff. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Memoirs of M. Thiers, 1870–1873." Translated by F. M. Atkinson. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

He further points out how the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and the upsetting of the Treaty of San Stefano by the Treaty of Berlin were the ultimate causes of the Franco-Russian Alliance, the main cause of the monstrous spread of militarism in Europe, and one of the causes of the World War of 1914. He demonstrates quite clearly from an examination of the various White, Grey, Blue, and Red books, that Germany and Austria were irrevocably resolved on provoking war at the beginning of August, 1914. He insists that ever since the Thirty Years War (1618–1648), when it was "a favourite sport among the soldiery to impale little children on the points of their lances, dash them against walls, or roast them in the ovens," "frightfulness" has been the favourite weapon of German warfare. And he lays it down as incontrovertible, despite the fact that before the war the German colonies contained less than 25,000 Germans, that the only way of preventing a renewal of the world struggle when peace is signed is by restoring her colonies to Germany, by encouraging emigration of Germans to them on a large scale, and by the preaching of a neo-Malthusian propaganda which shall bring about a considerable reduction of the German birth-rate. A country, the ruler of which offers to stand as godfather to every eighth child, be it of rich or of poor parents, is surely in need of some training in eugenics! Failing some such training Dr. Nyström foresees either a fresh war, which will probably take place in ten years' time, or a revolution in which German Socialists and Republicans will slaughter and be slaughtered by the million. And these are not the views of a man who suffers from cramped sympathies or a merely local outlook. In the course of his medical studies Dr. Nyström has visited Copenhagen, Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London. He introduced Positivism into his native land, and has delivered lectures all over Sweden on the philosophy of Comte. He founded Working Men's Institutes in Stockholm which were so successful and were recognised as so beneficial that they were subventioned first by the city and eventually by the State. And fourteen years ago he visited Alsace and Lorraine, and in a volume which was published simultaneously in Swedish, French and German, proposed as a means of establishing a settled peace between France and Germany the return of the provinces to France in exchange for the cession to Germany of some of the French colonies. By the way, those who would like to see how in the autumn of 1870 M. Thiers toured the neutral capitals of Europe—London, Petersburg, Vienna, and Florence—in the vain hope of trying to induce Gladstone, Gortchakow, Beust, Andrassy, and Visconti-Venosta to try to obtain easier peace-terms for France and subsequently wrestled hard with Bismarck to prevent the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, should on no account overlook Mr. F. M. Atkinson's translation of M. Thiers' "Memoirs."[1] They will find it of peculiar and engrossing interest.

W. A. L. B.

THE WILL TO SUCCESS.*

It is amazing how some people get on in the world. They seem to do no more than make up their minds to do something or other, and straightway they do it. And from one success they proceed as a matter of course to the next. They may come up against the most difficult obstacle, but the obstacle is obviously there for them to surmount it. And surmount it they do. They possess the will to success. There is something very fascinating about a career of this kind, particularly when the obstacles are more difficult than usual. You want so much to know how it is done. Take, for instance, the case of the little bounder Jevons, of whom Miss May Sinclair has so much to tell us in her new novel. There is no possible doubt about James Tasker Jevons being a bounder. When he first came to London as a sporting reporter without money, he knew nothing at all, but had the superbest confidence in himself and his powers. He mapped out a programme for himself. It was rather an ambitious programme, and included, amongst other things, the writing of novels that should be translated into all European languages and plays that should be performed at every available theatre. It also came to include a wife who belonged to another class than his own, a class which, to his mind, became definitely labelled as "Canterbury." Moreover, he gave himself so many months to surmount each obstacle as it arose. Very little indeed was in his favour: his personal appearance, to say the least of it, was undistinguished, his accent and language were impossible, and Viola Thesiger, whose father was a Canon at Canterbury, had little, if anything, in common with himself. Moreover, the obstacle of Viola was made more difficult by the fact that there was a rival, one Furnival, who gives us the real story of his friend. Furnival and Viola nearly got married themselves. The whole Thesiger family would have liked nothing better; but this little Jevons persisted in intruding his grotesque personality, and this led to one of those peculiar affairs which sometimes lead to tragedy and always to scandal. Tasker Jevons and Miss Viola were seen together in Belgium. Poor Furnival hurried off to Bruges—this was some twelve years ago, when Belgium was its own fair self—and found the two innocently admiring a belfry. He succeeded in sending the girl back to Canterbury, and for a while you are prepared to believe that even to Tasker Jevons the fates

* "Tasker Jevons: The Real Story." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)



Shakespeare.
From a copy of the Davenant bust.

will be sometimes unkind. Furnival proposed marriage for the third time, but shortly afterwards was obliged to record that his beloved Viola had unaccountably become Mrs. Jevons.

Thenceforth success succeeded success. Jevons wrote an account of the Belgian tour and achieved European renown. He wrote novels and plays, and the tiny house in Hampstead was changed for another in Kensington. Finally he migrated with his huge income to Mayfair, and when Furnival, now married to Viola's sister, came to the house-warming, he found the great novelist in the centre of the absurdest Tudor hall. This Tudor horror caused trouble, for it showed Viola that the bounder in her husband had not altogether disappeared, and the trouble increased on the return from India of Viola's officer brother, very decidedly "Canterbury" and devoted to his sister. He had met Jevons years before and been amused by his chatter, but as a brother-in-law the fellow could not be recognised. And so came the final obstacle. It was not enough that Jevons should enjoy his huge income and his European reputation and even the love of his wife: he must definitely become "Canterbury" and be received by this haughty brother-in-law on terms of equality. And it is then that you realise in full why Miss Sinclair has been careful of her dates. Jevons had always belonged to that small band of patriots who foretold a war against Germany, and when it came, it succeeded, beyond all expectation, in bridging the growing gulf between him and his wife. The little man, for all his physical funk, and for all the various obstacles put in his way, succeeded at last in getting to the front as a member of the Belgian Red Cross. There followed the one incident in his career which possibly strains your credulity, for, after unheard-of exertions in the beautiful motor-car which in England had never been used if the roads were wet, little Jevons rescued from death Captain Reggie, and returned to England without his right hand, but definitely "Canterbury" at last.

So much for the story, which itself is a little triumph of technique. It is in the character of Jevons himself that Miss Sinclair surpasses herself. It may be that you will be reminded of somebody in real life, but that does not matter. For all his absurdities, his little innocences, his egotism, you cannot but love him. It is not difficult to understand Viola's devotion, yet Miss Sinclair never forgets to point out just where it is strained. There is no caricature in her book, and her own fine work in Belgium has stood her in good stead for the final descriptions of war. Just possibly "Tasker Jevons" may be the most successful of all her books, and that means a great deal.

RALPH STRAUS.

FAITH TRESILION.*

A transfer from Devon to Cornwall in Mr. Phillpotts's case is rather like the transition of the Primroses from the blue bed to the brown. The landscape is ruggeder, the speech also, and the characters more emphasised in their diversity than ever, but the voice is the voice of Eden, and there is no mistaking the prescription in the way of plot. In this case the reader's interest is pinned to a smuggler's daughter who attaches her affections to an exciseman with a chivalrous bent, and we are never left unreminded that Faith, like Desdemona, here perceives a divided duty. Her case is all the more trying because although her father has perished at the adventurous game, and at the hands of the excise, too, her brother keeps the business and the lugger going, and if he were ever in two minds about it, his widowed mother would have kept him up to it. This bedful of decrepitude and corpulence is what Sheridan would have called a "weather-beaten she-dragon," but any attempt to label her seems tame in comparison with her own objurgative volubility. In the resources of epithet and metaphorical abuse, she only requires one or two obvious ingredients to rank as Elizabethan, and though there is over much of this savage verbosity of hers, it is certain to tickle the palate of jaded novel-readers. Far better, to our taste, is Faith herself, in her family loyalty, her gay self-possession, her maidenly independence under a bombardment of eligible offers, and her power of ruse and resource when the duel between her brother and her betrothed arrives at a climax. Long before that, however, the tide of action sets in hard and fast, and there is no cessation of excitement or invention. The eccentrics claim a rather large indulgence as Cornish folk, but the folk-lore and the quaintly-conceited diction keep our appreciation alive; and as for the descriptive and narrative chapters, they are equal to anything Mr. Phillpotts has done, for sheer vividness and life. There is a description of a ship of the line of Nelson's time, fitting out and in full sail, and this must surely take a place in any anthology of our sea-prose in future. It only remains to say that the emotional and romantic veins are well blended throughout the story, and the book answers in every way to the demands of most readers for a good, exciting, healthy novel as an anodyne for war-time.

J. P. C.

* "Faith Tresilion." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

IN SLUMS AND SOCIETY.*

Canon Adderley describes his book in a sub-title as "Reminiscences of Old Friends," and certainly he tells you very much more of his friends than he does of himself; wherefore it is fortunate that his friends have been some of the most distinguished in the religious, literary, art and social circles of his time. There are interesting glimpses of his own crowded and strenuous career, but he treats his personal achievements lightly, even flippantly sometimes, and is keener to give credit to others than to take it to himself for any good work in which he had a share. We who are middle-aged remember when he was popularly known as Father Adderley, concerned with strikes and labour troubles, toiling in lower London for the spiritual and material betterment of the poor of the East End, and rebuked in some quarters for introducing ritualistic practices into his church service and for carrying the cross in processions about the streets. The artistic side of religion appealed to him strongly, but he attached no importance to the form except in so far as it helped him to disseminate the spirit. He owns that his father used to dismiss all his ritualism as "dramatic instinct," and adds, "I am not sure that he was not right," for in his early days he was an ardent and successful amateur actor.

His reminiscences are divided into six chapters, in which he successively records his ecclesiastical career, his associations with the stage, his literary adventures (chief among which was perhaps the publication of that striking and widely-read Socialistic story, "Stephen Remarx"), his work as a Socialist, his opinions of men he has known and things he believes or disbelieves in, and, in the last, a fund of miscellaneous jests and anecdotes which he boldly labels "Chestnuts."

But he scatters humorous stories liberally through all his pages, and expresses his opinions everywhere with a delightful and daring frankness on all manner of prominent people living and dead. He has a genius for friendship, and is as generously enthusiastic in admiring the high qualities of his contemporaries as he is incorrigible in laughing at their foibles. It gives some idea of the range and variety of his reminiscences to note that his friends and acquaintances include or included Archbishop Temple and Keir Hardie ("the grandest figure in the Labour Movement"); Canon Scott Holland and Oscar Wilde; Bishop Ingram and Irving; Dean Inge and Ben Tillett. There is not a touch of smugness about him; his charity is wider than the wideness of the sea, but you would not call it charity because he wouldn't; he is never unjust

* "In Slums and Society." By James Adderley, Hon. Canon of Birmingham. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

to anybody but himself, and the one thing you do not gather from his book is an adequate idea of his self-sacrificing services in helping to make the dark places of London less dark than they were. Apart from that we have nothing but praise for it—it is an admirable, gossipy chronicle, full of capital anecdotes, and of a breezy, genial spirit of humour and human kindliness.

A. St. J. A.

OUR DEBT TO RUSSIA.*

Dr. Charles Sarolea is one of the few writers in English who take a European view of men and things. His verdict, then, on Russia, the vast halting place between East and West, is one of peculiar interest. A traveller in many countries, he possesses himself that essentially Russian gift—the genius of sympathy and comprehension. It is by no accident that it is not Russia the oppressor, but rather Russia the liberator, that stands out in his latest book. He is to be put off by none of the catch words of politics, such as : " Every nation has the Government that it deserves, and deserves the Government that it has." He distinguishes between the Russian people and that Germanised bureaucracy, whose octopus-like grip it is at last shaking off. For him the liberator of Greece, of Roumania, of Serbia, of Bulgaria, is not the all-devouring bogey that has too long been presented to naïve imaginations. Even in the crime of Poland he sees that Prussia and not Russia was the real criminal. And though he cannot accept " Autocracy, Orthodoxy, Nationality " as watchwords that will outlive " Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," he knows well that Russian evolution must proceed on Russian lines, that redemption must come not from without but from within, and that a mere handful of Intellectuals, however heroic in intention, can never impose their will upon those tranquil millions for whom the " born " Tsar is still the Father of his Children.

The author is not a doctrinaire, who arranges facts to fit in with personal conclusions, but he sees in the apparently enslaved Russians an instinctively free people for whom the alliance with England and France, in the most holy war of all time, is a result of national conviction rather than of diplomatic self-interest. Prussianism has been the enemy in Russia in a far deeper sense than it has ever been with us or with the French. The Russians who have fought often enough for causes that are not their own are fighting now for principles which have long been inherent in the very soul of their race :

" After the war those principles adapted to Russian conditions will triumph in the internal policy of the Russian Empire as they are guiding its foreign policy. It would indeed be the most tragic paradox of all human history if millions of Russian patriots had laid down their lives to conquer freedom for their Slav brethren only to be themselves denied freedom at home, and if the Russian Government were fighting for the liberty of the Balkan nationalities only to repress the legitimate aspirations of the nationalities gathered under the Russian flag."

This and not the crude thesis that " Might is Right " is the real logic of events, and Dr. Sarolea's comprehensive view of the Russians is in sympathy with that of their greatest interpreters from Gogol to Tolstoy. In regard to the actual war he foresees the repetition of Napoleon's lesson in its two phases : the invincibility of England on sea, and the invincibility of Russia on land. For the Allies, in his opinion, the best thing possible will be that vaunted march of Hindenburg against the Old and the New capital. The Russian soldier is unchanged and Russia, fighting always with monstrous certainty on the side of her children, would fling assuredly on the Teuton's path a new Borodino and a more terrible Beresina.

M. Vinogranoff's book, viewed externally, might be considered, like Dr. Sarolea's book, a series of papers rather than a homogeneous whole. But from a less superficial standpoint, it will be plain to the most casual reader that each of these quite different writers has, in a very short space, seized the essentials of what is necessary to Russian development. The author of " Self-Government in Russia " lays particular stress on the fact that the Russians are not a race of serfs, and quotes this verdict of a contemporary of Peter the Great : " The peasants do not in truth belong to the squires, they are temporarily entrusted to their rule, their only master is the Tsar." For him, as for Dr. Sarolea, it is perfectly natural that autocratic Russia should be fighting side by side with Constitutional England and the heirs of the French Revolution. The section of his book devoted to Russian education is particularly interesting. For the rest, it is curious to note how closely these two writers, who have so very little similarity beyond a common knowledge of Russia, agree as to the future of the Russian people.

We in England, who for the most part are without such knowledge, are none the less preoccupied alike with the present and the future of our great Ally. We study the great Russian writers ; we are beginning to appreciate the great Russian composers, the great Russian painters, and we know at least the names of some of the illustrious Slavs in modern science. But of what one may call the Homeric background of Russia, those Epic Poems of Slav folklore, we are for the most part profoundly ignorant. Consequently, one is grateful for the republication, after thirty years, of this admirable anthology, " The Epic Songs of Russia." The prose versions of these Slav songs deal in turn with the older heroes, the Cycle of Vladimir or of Kief, and with the Cycle of Novgorod. Like the kindred Serb legends, they contain an inexhaustible wealth of imaginative beauty in which every foreign element has been transmuted by the Slav touch so that an incongruous, almost homely actuality is infused into magic quests and dragon-haunted wastes.

J. A. T. Lloyd.

* " Europe's Debt to Russia." By Dr. Charles Sarolea. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—" Self-Government in Russia." By Paul Vinogranoff, F.B.A. 2s. 6d. (Constable.)—" The Epic Songs of Russia." By Isabel Florence Hapgood. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail, M.A., LL.D. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE AMERICAN NOVEL.*

I remember reading a novel of Mr. Dreiser's some while ago called " The Titan." It was an idealisation of a particularly brutal and unscrupulous type of financier, who achieved almost as many mistresses as he did dollars. Now Mr. Dreiser, with all his characteristic energy and resourcefulness, has adopted an artist for the hero of a novel even longer and even more interesting as an example of tendencies than " The Titan." Except for a few pages at the end, there is no sort of plot or architecture, or even narrative in " The Genius." Why ? Because it is a realistic novel, and the realist, if you mildly protest that it is not novels but impressionist diaries that he writes, can always stump you with an implacable answer. " Life," he says, " is a patchwork, a confusion, an illogical chaos. Therefore, my novels, which photograph Life *as it is*, must necessarily be the same thing." And he goes merrily on, copying it all down on paper.

So that Eugene Tennyson Witla's career is not a story, but a series of disconnected episodes, or, as it happens to Witla, a series of sexual and business excitements. First there is Stella Appleton, then Margaret, then Angela Blue, then Ruby the model, then Christina Channing, then Norma Whitmore, then Frêda, then Mrs. Carlotta Wilson, and lastly, Susanne Dale. These ladies are not, of course, all alike ; about half of them are " sweet," girlish and passionate, and the other half bold, dashing, and passionate women of the world. Nor are Eugene's relations with them the same. One of them, Angela Blue, he marries. True, it does not make much difference to his meteoric career, for Angela is not the last in the procession. In fact, Eugene was unfaithful to her, even during his engagement to her. Susanne is the only one who is not an incident in the artist's quest for beauty. Angela and

* " The Genius." By Theodore Dreiser. 6s. (Lane.)

Mrs. Dale, Susanne's mother, make it extremely uncomfortable for him, so uncomfortable that, his business interests being threatened by the scandal, he half willingly surrenders her. In the meantime, the reader may be asking exactly what all this has to do with the genius of the artist. Well, frankly, I do not know, unless it be in the poetic idiom with which Eugene addresses his sweethearts: "How sweet you look! How beautiful you are! Oh, flower face! Myrtle bloom! Angel eyes! Divine Fire!" Nor do Eugene's circumstances fit precisely with one's conception of the genius. True, Shakespeare had a very good eye to the main chance, but then his plays are actual evidence. Whereas Eugene, who after some ups and downs, becomes Managing Publisher of the United Magazines Corporation, and speculates with the happiest results in real property, has little enough to show on the other side. Mr. Dreiser tells us that Eugene is a great painter, that he has exhibitions, that his friends and patrons tell him that he is a genius, and that he has dreams and visions. But the mere statement seems hardly adequate. The only acceptable kind of evidence would be in Eugene's philosophy of life, in the mental, emotional, and imaginative texture of his personality. And business prosperity, the abominable treatment of his wife, and numerous liaisons would seem to be as much the prerogative of lesser men as of the artistic genius.

As a matter of fact, there is a connection in this clever, industrious, ultra-modern and astonishingly naive book between Eugene's life and his genius. It is that dear, fantastic, prehistoric thing, "the artistic temperament." That is the key to the whole book—this Victorian concept of the amorous, wicked, licensed artist. That is why Eugene is so constantly "terribly, eagerly, fearsomely in love." That is why he begs the mother of the girl he is anxious to seduce to have pity on "an unhappy, sympathetic, emotional mortal!" That is why he finds the marriage tie so irksome. It is the burden of the "artistic temperament." No wonder that those egregious young men of our 'nineties positively harped on the blessed release of an early grave. It was not altogether a pose. It was for them, and it is for Eugene, so terribly hard to live up to the "artistic temperament." Eugene, after losing Susanne, dabbles in Christian Science, and repeats to his satisfaction phrases like this: "An envelope to protect him from the unescapable and unstable illimitable." Mr. Dreiser has us both ways. He is a realist, and his hero is endowed with the "artistic temperament." With two such weapons you can write and do anything you please, and no one to say you nay.

Harold Massingham.

REALITY AND UNREALITY.*

Here are two works which by their contrasted qualities might lend themselves easily as text for a homily upon the essentials of drama. I am speaking merely of characterisation—the very stuff of drama—that fine web which the imagination of the dramatist should weave into the finality of a pattern of life so perfect that his art leaves us unconscious of its ragged edges. In the case of "John Ferguson" the characters are so carefully limned, so delicately poised and so tenderly observed, that they seem to continue on their way even when the purposes of this drama have been fulfilled—they in fact "live." In "The Riot Act" we seem to have certain arbitrary types paraded before us after the mode of the old puppet master—and danced to the tune set by their showman.

St. John G. Ervine's play is a worthy example of that Irish Literary Theatre which has promised so much and achieved so little, because it has never quite received the full honour which is its due. For your British play-going public there must be thwackings, bustlings, blows and grinnings—it has no stomach for the idealistic statement of reality, although in justice to the said public it is only fair to state that a regrettable lack of business capacity has failed to keep London audiences fully acquainted with the merits of the Irish Literary Theatre. A certain inertia, too, characteristic of the Celtic temperament, has to be laid to the charge of its promoters. Curiously enough, it happens that in "John Ferguson," the protagonist is an outstanding example of this characteristic.

Ferguson, an Irish peasant farmer, through the "enjoyment" of ill-health and the demonstration of a determinism which (by a too persistent appeal to Biblical texts) develops into tedious cant, has allowed the mortgage on his farm to lapse. The mortgagee, Henry Witherow, a ruthless, brutish man, is about to foreclose. James Cæsar, the mean-souled grocer, aspires to the hand of Ferguson's daughter. Hannah detests the man, though in a weak moment, and swayed by the thought that the marriage may help to save her father's farm, she consents to marry Cæsar. But a few words with her brother, Andrew, a delicate lad who has no bent for farm work, and with a heart set on study for the ministry, causes Hannah to change her mind. When Hannah returns from telling Witherow that he may foreclose, it is to reveal how that brute had attempted a criminal assault. Cæsar, the boastful but deedless, goes out with a threat to kill Witherow. Andrew has no faith in the man's boasts, and, urged on to vengeance by the taunts of the half-wit, Clutie, the young man shoots Witherow dead. Cæsar is arrested on suspicion, and the climax of the play is reached by the voluntary surrender of the real murderer. The author has carried out the exposition of character with a masterly hand. Every character is clearly limned, and we know them intimately because we have "lived" through their emotions. The irony of the contrast between grandiose intention and puerile performance is inherent to the theme rather than forced upon the spectator. There is one criticism I may record. "Clutie" Magrath whom the author employs as the ironic Chorus seems just a little too subtle in his method of inciting Andrew to murder. I know he has a precedent in one character of Shavian drama (Father Keegan), but although Mr. Ervine does not, in his journalistic explosions, make any pretence of avoiding the cocksureness of his illustrious idol, still he is too good and original a dramatist to spoil his plays by a suspicion of imitation.

I regret that so enthusiastic a claim cannot be submitted for "The Riot Act." I make a shrewd guess that the author reversed the proper process for play-making—the characters grew out of the plot—not the plot out of the characters. For the essential thing in a play dealing with labour is that the characters should develop, or at least they shall be seen to suffer through a progress of the emotions, each of which will be cumulative in effect, and yet leave the auditor in doubt as to the issue, and that we shall end by understanding their motives. The interesting mental case is on a par with the interesting patient—the period between the symptoms and the close must be packed with life. "The Riot Act" is not. Cunliffe, the general secretary of the National Quayside Workers' Union is subjected to no temptation to swerve from his original purpose because his character is too rigidly inflexible and insincere. Probably this happens because the author has reproduced an episode from real life, but I decline to believe in the sincerity of a labour leader who is so cynical as to regard "democracy" as "a stock-peroration phrase," and so truculent towards members of the Union as to threaten them with a revolver. The denouement does not arise out of any weakness of the protagonist—it is simply brought about by the act of a hysterical girl who had forged Cunliffe's signature, which makes the whole affair a mere episode more suitable for exposition in a two-scene music-hall sketch. The end is melodramatic—Cunliffe gets shot while trying to calm the mob. Labour leaders may be indiscreet at times, but never so indiscreet as that.

Robb Lawson.

* "John Ferguson." A Play in Four Acts. By St. John G. Ervine. 2s. net. (Maunsel & Co.)—"The Riot Act." A Play in Three Acts. By James Sexton. 1s. net. (Constable.)

THE MODERN NOTE.*

I am very much afraid that Mr. Hugh Walpole is inclined to be versatile. I have read only one other book of his, "The Duchess of Wrexe," an extremely clever, if slightly cynical, study of certain high society types. In that book he chose as his background the polished superficialities of the fashionable world of busy idlers. In his latest book he has gone to one of the seats of war for his setting. He is still concerned mainly with the psychological aspects of his theme: it is still the thoughts and feelings rather than the actions of his characters that most intrigue him. That is, of course, the modern note. But instead of the poses and affectations, shams and insincerities of the drawing-room he has given us raw stark humanity, stripped of its finicky pretty-prettinesses, face to face for the first time with the elemental actualities of life and death. And this is to be versatile indeed. Which is why I am afraid for him: the habitual reader of novels, like the habitual drunkard, preferring usually to glut his craving on the nepenthe he is used to.

"The Dark Forest" is, beyond question or cavil, a very fine book. As a rule it is a mistake to write a novel from the point of view of the mere onlooker who takes no very vital part in the story itself. But in this instance I think Mr. Walpole goes very far toward completely justifying his method. Only by means of a firsthand presentment of events could he have attained just the effects he aims at. If he fail at all—and I am not sure that he does—it is when, in the prosecution of his purpose, he has recourse to the diary of the poor little misfit man, Trenchard, the central figure of the tragedy. Trenchard is one of those men whom you love for their very unlovableness; one of those men who, whilst they exasperate you, make you feel sorry for them. His passion for Anna Petrovna is a revelation of that depth and strength of feeling which may abide in the secret recesses of those who are seemingly most shallow and futile. It is in his handling of these finer shades of emotion that Mr. Walpole is most admirable. And he has been happy in his choice of foils. Both the sardonic Semyonov and the impenetrably reticent Nikitin are very aptly realised and rendered. And in no other company, perhaps, would the pathos of Trenchard's inadequacy to the high demands of such tremendous issues as arise before him be so exquisitely made manifest to the reader. Andrey Vassilievitch also, the unromantic sentimentalist, the garrulous dreamer, is quite a gem of finished portraiture. Only about the woman herself am I a little doubtful; but then, since those of us who have taken the trouble to study women must needs be always a little doubtful about them, this may be only another tribute to the art of the author. The style of the book is nicely blended of impressionism, realism, and mysticism. The detail is never too meticulous. The impressionism is never too sketchy and therefore elusive. And the mysticism: the mysticism is of the very essence of the atmosphere: it seems to breathe in the wind and lurk in the shadows, to haunt the dreams, sway the impulses, and direct the doings of all who come under the influence of that mighty new spirit of Russia which pulses and thrills through every fresh manifestation of its national genius. Mr. Walpole has caught and reflected this new side-light upon the destiny of mankind, as it is fore-shadowed in the progress of European civilisations, with a keenness of vision and a swiftness of apprehension which illumines his book with an added splendour of achievement.

In "The River of Life," a book of four short stories translated from the Russian, we have this modern note sounded again. Indeed, this modern note would seem to be the most expressive of the newly-awakened consciousness

* "The Dark Forest." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Martin Secker.)—"The River of Life, and Other Stories." By Alexander Krupin. Translated from the Russian by S. Koteliansky and J. M. Murry. 3s. 6d. (Maunsel.)—"These Lynnekers." By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Cassells.)—"Moll Davis." By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"The Battle of Flowers." By Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

of Russia. In his introduction Mr. Macdonald Murry says that Krupin " is alive as none of his contemporaries is alive, and his stories are stories told for the delight of the telling and the tale." Well, I am not so sure of that. I have read Gorki and Tchekov, Dostoievski and Turgenev, and it seems to me that they are all far better tale-tellers than Krupin, who is new to me. As a matter of fact these stories are hardly tales at all. The first two are just rough chunks of realism, crudely forceful and no doubt true enough to the life they depict, but—or so it seems to me—hardly worth doing for their own sake. The third story in the book is a very excellent piece of satire, and the last a rather dreary, inconclusive narrative of superstition and witchcraft, of no particular import and altogether lacking in any definite cohesive *motif* such as might have given it meaning and emphasis. As an example of the art of a certain rather precious cult this book has its indubitable value; but it is only to the more eclectic reader I could conscientiously recommend it.

It is therefore with even greater pleasure than usual that I turn from these short stories to a consideration of Mr. J. D. Beresford's new book, " These Lynnekers." Mr. Beresford is a modern of the moderns. Something of that rare talent for fantasy which endued the " Hampdenshire Wonder " and " Goslings " with a strange air of verisimilitude in spite of their inherent unreality, invests all his work with a quality very hard to define. Mr. Beresford also is among the psychologists. His characterisation is invariably good. In none of his books is there ever a mere puppet or dummy. And yet he seems to write, not in the past or the present but always in the future tense. His people never are but always to be—themselves, someday. They are always in a state of flux, transition: which is merely to say that they are very human, perhaps. As indeed they are: so human that, having met them and been privileged to know them for a little while and to get interested in them, we are always more curious to know what they are going to do after we have parted from them than we were when they were with us. " These Lynnekers " are a family of ancient lineage and moderate fortune, most of whom have been parsons, none of whom have ever distinguished themselves in any outstanding way. They are always putting off till to-morrow what they should do to-day. They are dilatory and procrastinating, always temporising, never making up their minds. All, that is to say, except one of them, the hero, Dickie. Dickie at first seems to be of a wholly different type, quick alike in thought and deed. He does things because he wants to do them, and not (like the rest of his family) because they are the things he is expected to do. In a book he is utterly delightful. In private life I have an idea he would be—not so delightful. He is, as the girl he falls in love with and who falls in love with him rightly says, a bit of a prig. And he rides rough-shod over other people's sensibilities in a way that is hardly conducive to popularity. He succeeds, of course, in his chosen vocation; he is one of those strong men, caring nothing for others' opinion, who always do succeed—in books, anyway. And yet he fails, rather comprehensively too, in that he finds no sort of full satisfaction in his success. We leave him on the point of taking up a new post as assistant to the Astronomer Royal; and this after a strenuous business career extending over ten years or so. It does not seem at all the sort of job he is fitted for by nature or predilection. Neither does it seem to me the sort of job to gratify his ambitions—if Dickie may be said to have any ambitions. And this is where, I think, Mr. Beresford's delicate sense of irony comes into play. Dickie is just as much a Lynneker, after all, as any other member of his family; only he is a Lynneker on a larger, grander scale; he does not wobble about among a muddle of silly little indecisions that leave him where he was; he moves slowly from one vast indecision to another, and so gets nowhere. Herein, however, I may be mistaken in the author's intention; but it is precisely because Mr. Beresford does inveigle and intrigue his readers in this fascinating fashion that he is always so supremely interesting.

Of the last two books on my list, it is enough to say that Mr. Bernard Capes is as hackneyed and spirited and mannered and entertaining and ingenious as ever in his new romance on the old theme of the days and ways of the Restoration; and that Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole's book is a glibly-written and easily-to-be-read story which suffers only from the fact that she has chosen as its pivot a difficult situation which she is a little too inexperienced to handle effectively, and so shirks and bungles. But both these books are very good average specimens of their kind, and quite well worth reading if you only want to be, as the saying is, taken out of yourself.

Edwin Pugh.

OUR EPIC HARDY.*

There are some writers whose characteristic excellence is disclosed almost fully in a single work, and there are some who need space and time for the due exhibition of their gifts. Mr. Kipling is a good example of the first kind, Mr. Hardy of the second. The public were instantly aware of Mr. Kipling, and their view of him has not materially altered. The shape that Mr. Kipling took in the public mind twenty-five years ago may have deepened in certain parts of its outline, but it has not changed, and it will never change. The secular art of Mr. Hardy, on the other hand, has had to make its impression slowly by the weight and volume of a large production. Certainly there was no instant effect. " Desperate Remedies " appeared in 1871, " Under the Greenwood Tree " in 1872, " A Pair of Blue Eyes " in 1873 and " Far from the Madding Crowd " in 1874; but in none of these sequential years can we find any evidence that the public were aware of the new planet swum into their ken. Indeed, it may be said of quite recent times that, though a respectable number of readers had discerned the greatness of Mr. Hardy, the public at large remained singularly unaware of him till twenty years after his first novel, when " Tess of the D'Urbervilles " was eagerly asked for by all who had heard it denounced as indecent, and " Jude the Obscure " was cast with advertised horror into the flames of episcopal fire-places.

This slow process of recognition has been repeated lately in the case of a single work, and that his greatest. When Part I. of " The Dynasts " appeared a dozen years ago, puzzled critics were inclined to hedge, and to hedge they continued when the other sections followed. No one who read the average notice of the work could clearly tell whether Mr. Hardy had made a great poem or a great mistake. This is no reproach to the reviewers, reproachful as they often are. The simple fact is that Mr. Hardy does not reveal himself instantly. He is no " lily of a day "; he is rather the gradual oak; and in small proportions we cannot see his just beauties. " The Dynasts " is a mighty whole, and any one of its three volumes is vastly less than a third of it. The ingenious selection of scenes put on the stage a year ago suffered through this tenacious indivisibility. It was a well-meant representation; but it was also a serious misrepresentation, and those whose knowledge of the work is limited to that stage version are not much better off than those whose knowledge of Gœthe's " Faust " is limited to the libretto of Gounod's opera.

This slow unfolding of Mr. Hardy's general greatness, and the late flowering of his genius into an epic-drama not only mighty, but entirely unprecedented, give him such an air of being contemporary that we sometimes forget his seventy-five years and his early Victorian birth, and look to him still with expectation. Thus it comes about that we find him included in Mr. Nisbet's series as a " Writer of the Day " with men middle-aged in years and old hands in literature, yet so junior that they might be his children. It is a pleasure to find him thus included, and to find also that the little volume is a worthy tribute to an artist of austere dignity and unimpeachable rectitude. Mr. Hardy has sometimes made mistakes—as, I think, at the end of " Tess " where, in the midst of tragedy, he hoists the black

* " Thomas Hardy." By Harold Child. 1s. net. (Nisbet.)

flag of melodrama; but he has never made himself cheap, which is more than can be said for one of his critics. Mr. Chesterton gaily dismisses the author of "The Dynasts" as a "village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot." This is a sentence that will take some living down, and it prompts us to add that, if Mr. Hardy is rarely funny, at least he is never vulgar. "No one outside Colney Hatch (continues Mr. Chesterton) ever took nature so unnaturally as it was taken in what Mr. Hardy has had the blasphemy to call Wessex Tales." Mr. Chesterton has to pay the penalty of genius. He has vagaries. When his criticism is good it is very very good, and when it is bad it is horrid. But he need not try to be purposely horrid at the expense of a brave and unprostituted talent, and he should really endeavour sometimes to discover which of his critical gems are genuinely flashing and which are only flashy. Mr. Harold Child, having no sectarian scourge to wield, is less ready with charges of blasphemy—charges made on other occasions by other defenders of even older religions than Mr. Chesterton's—and he does not, like Mr. Chesterton, gravitate naturally to Colney Hatch in search of comparisons. Actually, his excellent account of Mr. Hardy's artistic purpose finds something enlarging and almost exalted in the view that Hardy takes of Nature's supreme aloofness. To represent the forces of Nature, in Pagan fashion, as sympathising with man, or leagued against man, or taking sides on man's account, may be pleasant and even exhilarating, but it is simply untrue, and it is an untruth that Mr. Hardy courageously refuses to tell. We may find pleasure in the breezes and terror in the storm; but these emotions are in us, not in them. Upon Egdon Heath, as Mr. Hardy sees it, Macbeth might have encountered the witches and Lear have huddled in the madman's hut; but the Heath itself, immemorially old, living, yet insensible, takes no heed of these tragic and transient atomies.

Nowhere is this supreme aloofness of the cosmic forces from the strivings of man so magnificently exhibited as in "The Dynasts," to which Mr. Child very properly devotes much of his space and most of his praise. This stupendous epic-drama is literally unique. It is the Melchizedec of poems, without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life. It resembles no other work in the world's range of literature, and it is as mighty as it is orginial. These superlatives will seem superfluous to some; but I find so many readers still ignorant of this drama, that I am rioting in praise for their behoof. To commend it as history after lauding it as poetry is to risk an anti-climax; nevertheless I urge that its fidelity as a mere picture of marching events is not the least of its merits. Once upon a time I taught history to student teachers; and if ever I had to take the Napoleonic period again I should prescribe "The Dynasts" as a text book. Written several years before the present war, it fits the spirit of these times like the fulfilment of a prophecy. England is England still when it can cast up such a song of history; and no place but this earth, this realm, this England could have produced it. Nothing so truly indigenous has appeared since Shakespeare threw aside his pen, and nothing more truly patriotic. "A hundred years hence," says Mr. Child, very aptly, "when the hour has come for a new great epic of European history, may England have as great and as daring a poet as Hardy to write it!"

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

CREDULITY ISLAND. By Frederick Watson. 2s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

No man of a really dignified solemnity, who never wants to be anything better, should attempt to read this book, for it is simply, as the author confesses in a foreword, "an excursion in hilarity. There is in it nothing deliberately instructive, probable, or elevating." But the

ordinary human being who is looking for refreshment and distraction from the anxieties of the day should get "Credulity Island" at once. It is the wildest burlesque, the maddest farce; it is everything that is joyously ridiculous, so much so that it is impossible to give an outline of the story without misrepresenting it. Some of the comedy and some of the characters are at intervals as real as life; some are grotesque impossibilities all the time; and the effect of the whole is such that while you read the book and are caught into its atmosphere you feel as if you were living in an absurdly impossible dream, where the most outrageous things happen and you accept them because there they are—they are happening right enough and hang together and make a coherent story, though you know they could not actually happen like that if you were awake. It is a book of irresponsible laughter for everybody who is tired of being serious and wants to be amused.

THE IRON STAIR. By "Rita." 6s. (Putnams.)

A cleverly written romance of Dartmoor, with an exciting plot, thrilling incidents and some ingenious character studies, is the "Iron Stair" by "Rita." The Honourable Aubrey Fitzjohn Derringham, very much bored with life, is urged by his valet, a reformed convict, to interest himself in a criminal case in which a young man is accused of forging his uncle's signature. Convinced of the prisoner's innocence, he becomes absorbed in the English prison system and accidentally is brought into contact with the very people concerned in the case that has so strangely affected him. In consequence, he gets involved in a love affair and other things much more dangerous, but ultimately finds happiness for himself and for others. Needless to say the plot is one containing many strong dramatic situations and opportunities, of which the author never fails to take advantage. The sentiment is sincere and delightfully fresh, and the pathos never exaggerated. It is a book that all who like a good tale will be sure to enjoy—"Rita's" skill at story-telling is well known, and her latest novel is in every way worthy of her high reputation.



"Rita"
(Mrs. Desmond Humphreys).

THE GREEN ORCHARD. By Andrew Soutar. 6s. (Cassell.)

This is the story of a marriage of impulse that develops in an unexpected manner. Fauvette, the little French girl whom Martin Wilderspin marries twenty-four hours after meeting her for the first time in Paris, is a delightful character. Gay, charming, noble-hearted, she makes a sharp contrast to the mean-souled Martin, who marries her in order to pique his dull and narrow-minded parents. The home in England to which he introduces Fauvette is appallingly monotonous, and here the author gives us a vivid picture of the dreariness of this respectable country household. For three years Fauvette endures it all, for Martin's sake; though Martin himself is quite indifferent to her. Then an old school chum of Martin's arrives from Florida—and unexpected things begin to happen. Probably the reader thinks he can guess what happens, but it is very unlikely that he will guess correctly; for this is not a story that runs in hackneyed grooves.

THE KINGDOM OF THE WINDING ROAD. By Cornelia Meigs. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

The perfect parable appeals by its story to the child that lives in every man's heart, while its moral touches the man already present in the waking conscience of the child. If Miss Meigs, in this collection of twelve stories, does not attain to the level of the great masters, she follows closely in their footsteps The scene of her book is laid in the Kingdom of the Winding Road, whose lord, though he appears in every story in the guise of a beggar, lame and poorly clad, is possessed of very marvellous powers and great wisdom. All who travel through the kingdom, fall in with him at some time or another, and those who are wise enough to take his advice and march to the music of his slender silver pipe meet with the most exciting and wonderful adventures out of which they come laden with spoil of many sorts. Miss Meigs knows the geography of the Kingdom intimately and is at home in such places as Twopenny Town, the Palace of Bubbles, and the Garden of Tears and Smiles, and other equally famous and interesting places. The style is terse and restrained. Miss White's illustrations are quaint and good. Altogether a delightful book, somewhat out of the common run.

DAVID PENSTEPHEN. By Richard Pryce. 6s. (Methuen.)

In "David Penstephen" Mr. Richard Pryce traces the development of a boy from childhood through schooldays to the choice of a career. David, his hero, is the son of parents who for the sake of their opinions have dispensed with any outward form of marriage, and his childhood is spent in being hurried from one Continental town to another, from hotel to hotel and from lodging-house to lodging-house. At last the weight of public opinion is too strong for his mother, and she persuades David's father into marrying her. Immediately afterwards Mr. Penstephen inherits the family title through the accidental deaths of its bearer and his heir. And then comes the birth of David's brother, the legal heir. David himself, however, is kept in ignorance of the state of affairs, and his enlightenment forms the theme of the latter half of the book. It is a story which one can commend unreservedly to almost every variety of reader, and for skilful characterisation, for humour, poignancy, and charm, it is safe to say that few novels will be published this year to equal it. In reading "David Penstephen" we had three hours blessed release from all thought of the war.

REALMS OF DAY. By Hugh de Sélincourt. 6s. (Nisbet.)

And so Mr. de Sélincourt has taken pity upon Constance Howard! She was badly treated by Reginald Trew in "A Daughter of the Morning," but she comes into her kingdom through the love of Jeremy Rivarol in "Realms of Day." Rivarol is all that Trew was not, and never could be, a straight, clean, loyal soul, and Constance fared better with this International Rugby player than she would have done as the wife of a fibreless art-critic. There are three women in the book; Jeremy's grandmother, a hale, alert old lady, who believed in physical culture and shaped her grandson into manliness; Constance herself; and Juanita Sauvin, a little, passionate pianist, who supplies a temporary tragedy by stirring Constance's jealousy. The jealousy episode is not convincing. Where the book is alive is in the account of Jeremy's adolescence and in the description of his early married life, both vividly handled. Mr. de Sélincourt has avoided the easy temptation of making Jeremy a prig, and succeeded remarkably in drawing the character of his grandmother, who is mentally and morally vital. Constance was fortunate to find a lover who had been so wisely trained. Their love-making has little that is conventional, but neither of them was conventional, and it is their sheer sincerity which brings them through the ugly channel of jealousy, even though the reader, towards the end, is tempted to mutter "quixotic." There is just enough of Jeremy as a hot gospeller for the "Pride of body" propaganda, but he is keen upon the muscles of the spirit as well, and this natural passion for

fullness of vitality saves him from the reproach of narrowness. The novel is distinctly fresh, from start to finish, written with verve and care, not overdone, but a finished study. The subject makes it more attractive than its predecessor, but, for once, the sequel is not inferior.

CARAVAN DAYS. By George Goodchild. With Illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

The wanderspirit, a love of music, and a keen sympathy with the poor and suffering are the underlying influences in the eleven stories that make up "Caravan Days." You get all three qualities combined, with an added sense of life's discordant little ironies, in the story that gives its title to the book; a story of a squalid family that roams the country picking up a living gipsy-fashion. They deal mainly in clothes-pegs and tinware. The mother nags, the father drinks heavily, the son, a small boy, is a harried, unhappy little slave, until a day comes when he falls in with Jasper, a man of some education, a wandering stranger, who befriends him in an accident and, despite the forbidding attitudes of the boy's father and mother, insists on attaching himself to their company. He is tolerated because he proves to have mechanical ingenuity and makes wire brooches which they sell at a goodly profit, of which he is complacent enough to take his share mainly in promises. Jasper brings something of the graciousness of music, and poetry and human kindness into the boy's life for the first time; then it turns out that he has all the while been a fugitive from justice and, at the end of a year or two's rovings, he is detected and arrested in a market-town for the murder of his wife. It is another sort of irony that moralises "The Sporting Instinct"; "The Spider" is a powerful study in the weird, the bizarre, the uncannily horrible; "A Ballade" is just a charming country scene with a peripatetic violinist passing through



We got a hurdle and took him home.

From "Caravan Days" (Jarrold).

it; and "Zarapy" a no less charming sentimental romance of the town, in which chance gives a starving musical genius the opportunity that leads to success. Two of the tales, and one of these perhaps the best in the book, arise out of the present war. Mr. Goodchild has imagination, a vivid descriptive gift and an eye for character: moreover, he writes well, and the prevailing human interest of his stories should give them a sure appeal.

FREY AND HIS WIFE. By Maurice Hewlett. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

In "Frey and his Wife," Maurice Hewlett gives us a fantastic story of old Scandinavia, wherein each page breathes the atmosphere of very long ago. In those days life was rendered complex by reason of its very pagan simplicity. This is a tale of the last of the worship of the olden gods, and of the coming of Christianity. We learn how King Olaf was baptised in Scilly, from where he brought back priests and a bishop who taught the new religion to the folk of Norway and of Iceland; of the treachery of Ogmund Bint, a boastful villain with a hollow in his skull "like a sea gull's nest"; and of the good fortune of Gunnar, who slew a god and married his very human wife. Withal the book might be more than a trifle disjointed, were it not welded together by the whimsical humour of the author. And we should like to be allowed to protest here and now that we particularly appreciated the end of that rascal Ogmund Bint, who was baptised first and hung afterwards, which procedure King Olaf hoped would insure him a lasting punishment.

GREATER THAN THE GREATEST. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

In his new story Mr. Hamilton Drummond takes his readers from the storm and stress of the twentieth century to lose themselves for a recreation while in the storm and stress of thirteenth-century Rome. His story opens at the time when Pope Honorius the Third lay on his deathbed and introduces us at once to the family of the Cardinal who looks for appointment to St. Peter's Chair. We see Bianca Pandone brought from provincial poverty to reside in the palace of her uncle, the Cardinal Pandone, where she meets two hitherto unheard-of cousins Emilia and Alessandro, who are by custom entitled niece and nephew of the ecclesiastic. Though Pandone did not win the election he thought his triumph but deferred; towards the ensuring of it on the next occasion he wished to make certain that the Emperor Frederick's twice postponed Crusade for the recovery of the Holy Places should take place, and for this purpose the beautiful niece who had so long been neglected was sent to the Emperor as emissary, and hence followed some stirring episodes. Bianca is a woman of strong character who refuses to be made a puppet in the hands of her ambitious uncle, and if she carries out his embassy does so on her own terms and in her own fashion, and doing so finds that love which is "greater than the greatest." It is a well-told story of mediæval action and intrigue.

SHOULD SHE HAVE TOLD HIM? By the Author of "My Wife's Hidden Life." 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is an irresistible fascination in anything of mystery, as the anonymous author of this dramatic novel has fully realised. The very title piques our curiosity and tempts us to open the book, and once that is done we find ourselves plunged into the heart of a gripping story, in which love and mystery are cleverly involved. The heroine is a remarkable character, skilfully portrayed; and a scandal in her past life is the secret she at first withholds from, and then discloses to, the man she loves—with results that are disastrous and verging on tragedy. Whether she acted rightly or wrongly, is certainly a controversial point, and the problem will be followed with intense interest by all who enjoy a realistic story, written with vigour and sympathy and with a shrewd knowledge of men and women. The many who were enthralled by that absorbing novel, "My Wife's Hidden Life" will welcome another from the pen of the same writer.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WIDOWHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Clare Jerrold. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

There will not be wanting among the future historians of the great war, those who will attribute to Queen Victoria a large measure of the blame for it. That she consistently worked for a "strong Prussia" and used all her despotic influence with her Ministers to prevent any opposition to the plans for Prussia's aggrandisement, in spite of her dislike for Bismarck, is so well known that Mrs. Jerrold's book does not add much to our knowledge of it. But her book is, notwithstanding, most interesting and contains a multitude of anecdotes which will be read with avidity. Without pretending to be an orthodox biography, it is, like its two predecessors, a valuable collection of information concerning the Widow Queen's habits of mind. Mrs. Jerrold has laboured successfully to point out the evil effects of the Teutonic influence of the Prince Consort and remarks with great truth that the British people owe much to the Ministers who resisted her despotic will. Queen Victoria succeeded eventually, as Mrs. Jerrold shows, in overcoming the hostility of large sections of her people, but we are not likely to forget how she restrained the activities of her son and thus lost to England for the major portion of his life the services of the first diplomat of Europe. The various influences which were brought to bear upon Queen Victoria throughout her widowhood are aptly described by Mrs. Jerrold and she has produced a very useful contribution towards the history of the Victorian Age. The book contains several photographs and a good index.

OF WALKS AND WALKING TOURS: An Attempt to Find a Philosophy and a Creed. By Arnold Haultain. (Werner Laurie.)

The publication of this book at such a time as the present is a proof of considerable courage and commendable faith on the part of the author and his publisher. If, as it is to be hoped, it will result in encouraging his readers to go in search of some of the pleasures of the open road, which are only revealed to those who are content to tramp, Mr. Haultain will not have laboured in vain. The volume comprises a collection of the author's stray contributions to periodicals all on the subject of his favourite recreation, some of which are short and even fragmentary. But he is so enthusiastic that one follows the accounts of his rambles with interest, even if one is not so taken with his moralisings on the philosophy of walking. Mr. Haultain's earliest walks were in Burma—to the recollection of which he devotes a minute chapter of two half-pages—and he recalls wanderings in India, Canada and England. His preface is dated from Geneva in 1914, where, no doubt, he found fresh fields for his pastime. In one of his chapters he deals with the literature of walking, and supplies footnotes which, resembling the old commentators, rise like the waters of a spring-tide, and threaten to swamp the text. These footnotes supply the titles of many books that are confined wholly or in part to the subject of walking, but this list is singularly incomplete without Hazlitt's essay "On Going a Journey," which is perhaps one of the best things that has ever been done on the subject, or Stevenson's paper on "Walking Tours," or Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot." Mr. Haultain quotes from Rousseau, but fails to mention the charming account of his journey with Mlles. de Graffenried and Galley, which is described in Book IV of the first part of his "Confessions."

SHAKESPEARE AND DEMOCRACY. By Edward Salmon. 2s. net. (McBride, Nast.)

If you take it that Shakespeare was always putting into the mouths of his characters his own private sentiments and opinions, it is possible to prove that in politics, religion and philosophy he was everything, simultaneously or by turns, that a mortal man is capable of being. Judging him in this way, for we know too little of his private life and personality to judge him in any other, Hartley Coleridge

decided, says Mr. Salmon, that he was a Tory and a gentleman; he was "to Lord Morley a feudalist; Professor Brandes speaks of his anti-democratic bias; Professor Dowden had doubts whether he should label Shakespeare Liberal or Conservative; to Mr. William Archer he was an aristocrat and a snob; Mr. Frank Harris writes of his 'aristocratic leanings,' his detestation of the Commons, his contempt for mere citizens; Mr. Charles Whibley links him with Aristophanes and 'all the greatest of the poets' as a sound Tory; on the other hand, to Swinburne he was something of a Socialist." The whole thing is bound to be guess work; Shakespeare's dramatis personæ of course held the views that belonged to their characters; and you can only deduce something of his own by taking the general thought and feeling that prevail throughout the plays. This Mr. Salmon has done in a series of ten thoughtful and suggestive essays, and he comes to the conclusion that Shakespeare was a democratic Imperialist. He gives chapter and verse for the faith that is in him, and whether you agree with him or not, you will find his book interesting and stimulating reading.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

Matilda and Marcus, by Mary Richardson (6s.) is a book of dreams—of noble, inspiring dreams—a novel with a purpose. Marcus is a plumber-poet, and Matilda his wife, who worships him, believes him to be a poet of remarkable powers, little guessing that it is only her own genius that inspires him. The story tells of her disillusionment, of the devastation of her hopes, and of how she rises from the wreckage with a fresh ideal before her, and a new purpose in life. The author is one who has devoted herself to the cause of womanhood, and she captures in this tale of a woman-genius the radiance of her own enthusiasm, the echo of her own passionate hopes and desires. The reader whose mind is in tune with Miss Richardson's, and who shares with her the vision of a glorious freedom and self-realisation in the future of woman, will find the book refreshing and exhilarating, and will read it with the keenest enjoyment. Even the reader who is not in sympathy with its ideals must be conscious of its uplifting atmosphere, and of its joyous prophecy of a new dawn, for the sincerity of the author rings through her writings.

MESSRS. POTTER BROS.

Lovers of Hackney and all who are in any way acquainted with that district, will welcome Mr. George Grocott's interesting little volume, **Hackney Fifty Years Ago** (1s. net), which gives the author's recollections of the place, and its changes and developments during the last fifty years. Written brightly and entertainingly, his personal experiences in boyhood and youth and later as first Town Clerk of Hackney, make very pleasant reading. In a brief introduction he tells us that for five years he has been totally blind, but that one of the most agreeable sources of mental recreation since this terrible affliction has been to conjure up visions of his early life. "In my waking dreams,"

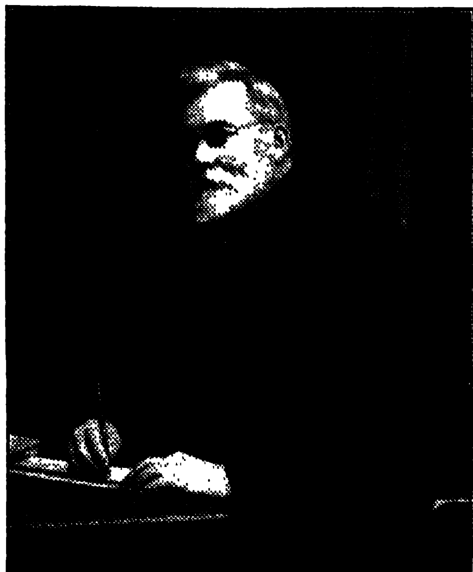


Photo by A. Hester, Upper Clapton. **Mr. George Grocott.**

he writes, "I seem to wander round the lovely rural spots which formed Hackney and its surroundings when I was a boy. I have now reached within a few months of three score and ten years, and although I am unable to travel about, the memories of past events still remain green." These memories he has set down for us in detail, giving names and dates and descriptions of scenes, long since vanished, and illustrating his historical record with reproductions of many fine old prints, and some interesting photographs. Several of the writer's patriotic verses are included in the volume, all breathing a spirit of staunch loyalty and love of country. The proceeds of the book are to be sent to the Mayor of Hackney's fund for the relief of sufferers by the war

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

The war has brought us a crowd of expositions and histories, but no book has yet been published that exactly fills the niche into which Mr. Stephen Paget's **"Essays for Boys and Girls: A First Guide toward the Study of the War"** (5s. net) must be placed. Other writers have thought only of the need of the present generation; Mr. Paget here justifies us before our children. Not that the book makes its appeal only to children it may be read with equal profit by their parents. But it is written with an eye to the future; it exactly reflects the temper and the beliefs of the nation previous to and during the great struggle in which we are now engaged In its chapters is presented a summary of the attitude of each one of the combatants together with their reasons for entering into the war. It goes without saying that the essays are written with the charm and finish that we have become accustomed to in their author, while the volume is illustrated with a series of the most striking of the many admirable cartoons that have appeared in *Punch* since the autumn of 1914.

MESSRS. OLIVER & BOYD.

Five-Minute Recitations in Poem and Prose (2s. 6d. net), selected and edited by A. B. Harley, was originally published some two years ago. It met with so much success that it now appears in a new edition, and its success is easy to understand. Mr. Harley has courageously gone outside the stock sources of such recitations and, using his own judgment, has brought together a series of capital short stories and dramatic and humorous poems that are exactly suited to the needs of the platform and drawing-room reciter, and furnish him with one of the freshest, most varied and most interesting collections of the kind that have ever come to our notice. Its popularity is well deserved.

WAR BOOKS.

THE FIRST SEVEN DIVISIONS. By Ernest H. Hamilton, late Captain 11th Hussars. With maps. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A carefully, graphically-written account of the fighting from Mons to Ypres, in which "the main point aimed at is accuracy; no attempt is made to magnify achievements, or to minimise failures" The story of the great retreat was never more thrillingly told nor in fuller detail.

FROM MONS TO YPRES WITH FRENCH. By Frederic Coleman. 6s net With over 50 Illustrations. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Coleman is an American who has believed from the commencement of the war that "the Allies' cause was just." He went out to France in his own car, and was with the 1st and 2nd Cavalry Divisions during the earlier months of the campaign. His frank enthusiasm for the splendid courage of our officers and men will warm the hearts of all British readers towards him, and his vivid, first-hand pictures of the hardships and heroisms of those terrible days are a live addition to our growing war literature. Mr. Coleman has a vigorous narrative style, and has written as one writes when his heart is in what he is doing.

ORDEAL BY BATTLE. By F. S Oliver. 1s. net. (Macmillan.)

An abridged edition of one of the ablest of the books that have dealt with the causes and conduct of the war, with a new and provocative Introduction. Mr. Oliver is suggestive and always interesting, but not so impartial in his politics as he thinks everybody else should be.

DEGENERATE GERMANY. By Henry de Halsalle. 2s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

A powerful and terrible indictment of the German social system.

MY SECRET SERVICE. By the Man who Dined with the Kaiser. 2s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

This is the story of the adventures of the mysterious journalist who travelled to many towns and cities in the enemy countries as the secret agent of a London newspaper, and crowned his daring achievements by dining with the Kaiser and King Ferdinand at Sofia. No romance could be more exciting than this tale of how the intrepid unknown matched his cunning against the cunning of the German secret police, and won.

ABOVE THE BATTLE. By Romain Rolland. Translated by C. K. Ogden. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin)

A series of poignant essays on various aspects of the war by one of the most distinguished of French authors They put into burning words the passion for justice and freedom that inspires the whole French nation to-day.

LOVE LETTERS OF AN ANZAC. By Oliver Hogue (Trooper Bluegum.) 2s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Trooper Hogue has been with the Australian contingent in Egypt and through all the worst of that inferno of war that has made the name of Gallipoli immortal in our annals. In these letters to Jean he relates his personal experiences simply, unaffectedly and with an easy realism that sets the reader's blood singing, and brings the terror and glory of the whole thing home to his understanding.

THE RAVINGS OF A RENEGADE. Translated by Charles H. Clarke. With an Introduction by Lewis Melville. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

This is an excellent translation of the war essays of the renegade Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. He spoils his own case by the ridiculous extravagance of his abuse of England and his sycophantic glorification of the Kaiser and all things German. It is well worth reading, if only because it shows the perverting effect of the German spirit on those who succumb to its influence.

THE WORLD'S WAR CARTOONS.—THE BALKANS IN CARICATURE. Edited by T. D. Hadjich. 1s. net. (Cecil Palmer and Hayward)

An entertaining and uncommonly interesting collection of humorous and satirical cartoons reproduced from the press of Russia, Turkey, Germany, Italy, Austria France, Canada, Holland, America, and other countries. The text under each picture is printed in five different languages.



Chicago Herald. **Where will it stop?**

From "The World's War Cartoons" (Palmer & Hayward).

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"The book is a fascinating romance told with the felicitous charm which we expect from the author. Mr. Hewlett will earn the further gratitude of his admirers, for he has done so in an unfamiliar soil and produced a jewel of unmistakable lustre."—*Daily Telegraph.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Our thanks are due to Miss F. C. Carey, of Nottingham, for notes we have made use of in our article on Philip James Bailey, and to Mr. Clement Shorter for the loan of one of our Charlotte Brontë illustrations.

The fourth volume of the "Life of Benjamin Disraeli," which Mr. G. E. Buckle is editing in succession to the late W. F. Monypenny, will be published by Mr. Murray early this month. It carries the record of Disraeli's career down to the year 1868, when he became Prime Minister. A fifth and final volume is in preparation.

"The Sailor," a new novel by Mr. J. C. Snaith, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

Messrs. Dent are publishing "The Principles of Military Art for Officers of all Ranks," by Major Sir Francis Fletcher Vane, Bart. Sir Francis, who numbers Cromwell's Sir Harry Vane among his ancestors, is one of the best of good Socialists, and has done yeoman service in the training of recruits since the war began. In this manual of his he leaves technical details to the ordinary text-books, and concerns himself mainly with placing before young officers the principles of military art, laying particular stress on the need of feeding the souls of soldiers as well as their bodies.

Mr. Cope Cornford's new book, "The Secret of Consolation," which Messrs. Williams & Norgate are publishing, is one that should, in these days, make a wide appeal. It is concerned with life here and hereafter, and seeks to answer questions that have been raised in many minds by the experiences of the Great War.

"Serbia in Shadow and Light," by the Rev. Nicolai Velimirovic, D.D., which Messrs. Longmans are publishing, comprises a series of lectures on Serbia, a selection of Serbian proverbs, and translations of some Serbian folk-songs. Dr. Velimirovic is a Priest of the Serbian Orthodox Church and served as Chaplain with the Serbian Army in the early part of the war.

Mrs. D. C. F. Harding, whose new novel "Oranges and Lemons" Messrs. Cassell are publishing, is the only daughter of Countess Rose and the late Count



Photo by Dorothy Hickling. **D. C. F. Harding (Mrs. Graham Harding),** author of "Oranges and Lemons" (Cassell).

Max Hollender. Her father, descendant of an old Belgian family, was a well-known journalist in Paris. Mrs. Harding has been writing since she was a child, and at the age of twelve won a prize in a "best short story" competition. She wrote many of the "Vain Tales" for *Vanity Fair*; and has contributed a large number of short stories to other magazines. Her two earlier novels, "The Great Experiment" and "Affairs of Men," met with a very favourable reception; and her drama "The Fixed Idea," scored a considerable success when it was produced at the Royal Court Theatre.

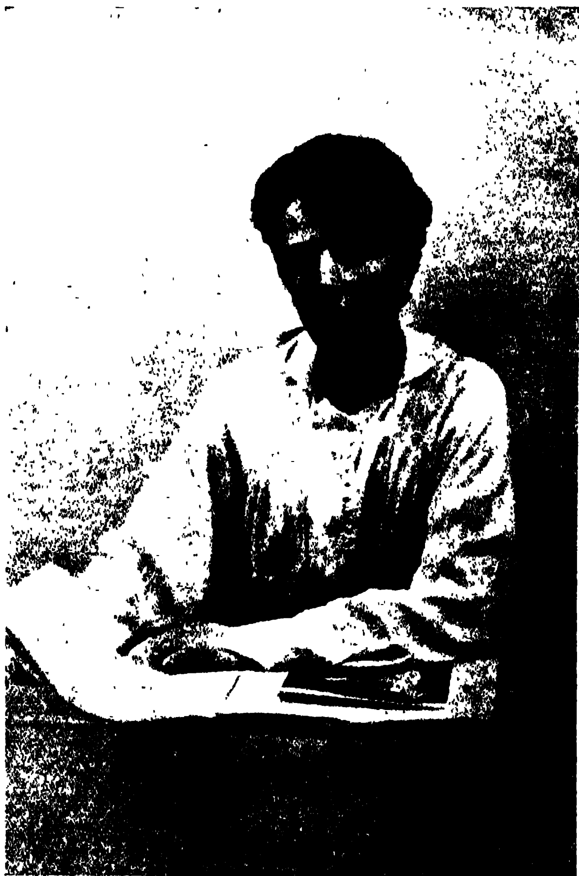
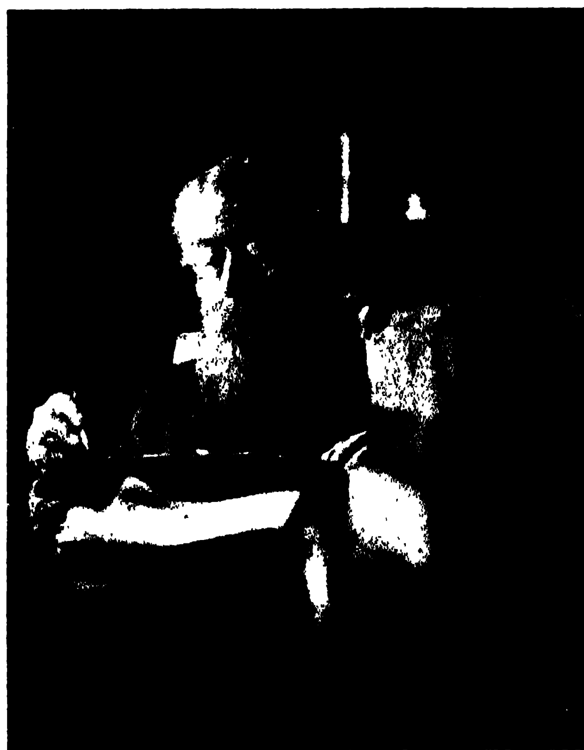


Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Bey Somerville,** whose new novel, "The Passing of Nahla" (Duckworth), is reviewed in this number.

Mr. Charles M. Doughty, whose new poem "The Titans" has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth, rose into prominence with his great epic in six volumes, "The Dawn in Britain," in 1908. In the same year he gave us "Adam Cast Forth," and a year later "The Cliffs," that in glowingly patriotic verse seemed—or seems now—to foreshadow the present war. "The Titans" was in type before the war, which has delayed its appearance, began—the Titans themselves standing for those untamed Elemental Powers of which in these days we are hearing so much. Mr. Doughty is the youngest



Mr. Charles M. Doughty.

son of a country gentleman of moderate estate in Suffolk. He is descended through his mother from the ancient Yorkshire family of Hotham. Left an orphan in childhood he was, at thirteen, given a nomination for a naval cadetship, but failed to pass the medical examination. After completing his education at Cambridge, he spent many years in other countries—was for ten years in the East—studying their languages and manner of life. Since he reached manhood his aim has been, in his own words, "that my life might be of some service to my country through the study and perhaps employment of her language—and that especially as expressed by Edmund Spenser. To this I have entirely devoted my time now for fifty years." Mr. Doughty is at present engaged on a new poem which treats of our human destiny and the Riddle of the World.

The two newest additions to Mr. Humphrey Milford's "World's Classics" series are an interesting

collection of "English Critical Essays," by nineteenth century writers, and an anthology of "English Prose: Narrative, Descriptive and Dramatic." Both books are admirably compiled and edited, the first by Edmund D. Jones, the latter by H. A. Treble.

Mr. John Murray is publishing immediately "Jan and her Job," a new novel by Mrs. L. Allen Harker, author of "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherley."



Mr. Egbert Sandford.

Mr. Egbert Sandford, whose "Brookdown," in the Little Book of Georgian Verse series (Erskine Macdonald), is now in its second edition, is a Royal Naval Dockyard man. Mrs. Meynell has paid high tribute to "the imagination and fiery sincerity of his verse."

After a successful career of fourteen years, *T.P.'s Weekly* is extending its programme and changing its name, but will remain under the same proprietorship and with its present able conductor, Mr. Holbrook Jackson, still in the editorial chair. The first number on the new lines, and bearing the new title of *To-Day and T.P.'s Weekly,* will be published on the 6th instant.

Mr. Galloway Kyle, who succeeds Mr. Stephen Phillips as editor of the *Poetry Review*, has been connected with the Poetry Society since its formation seven years ago. In this month's issue of the



Mr. Galloway Kyle.

Review he is publishing Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's remarkable dramatic episode, "From the Stage to the Field of Honour."

The publishing business of Messrs. Headley Bros., which has for twenty years been at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, has recently come under new management and has now been transferred to more commodious premises in Kingsway House, Kingsway. The business is being enlarged, and its scope widened to embrace the publication of all kinds of general literature.



Major Haldane MacFall,
now on service with the Sherwood Foresters. His latest book, "War," a handbook on military tactics, is published by Messrs Simpkin, Marshall.

It is over thirty years since "Rita" published her first novel, and the success of her latest, "The Iron Stair" (Putnams) is a gratifying proof of the hold she retains on a public that is generally stigmatised as fickle. We understand that two large editions of the book have been exhausted here and in America, and it is being reprinted in both countries.

A leading authority on the American publishing trade recently remarked that the second-rate novel has less chance in America to-day than it had twenty years ago because, though there is an enormous novel-reading public in the United States, they have now an ample supply of first-rate native novelists. They have also enough inferior novels of their own to make the importation of any such an unprofitable venture. "The mere sex novel, however clever it may be," he says, "will find no market there nowadays. But the English book of every other kind appeals to the American bookbuyer—biography, travel, essay, poetry, fiction—provided it is really good. Moreover, in America they know how to sell books; there are no circulating libraries, and the big book-stores are not only thoroughly well stocked with every description of literature, old and new, but are tastefully and comfortably upholstered, so that you may go in and pick and choose and linger to sample a book before you lay out your money on it. Your English bookshops have got the goods all right, but they don't seem to offer the same genial invitation to a diffident customer to go right in and look for it inside if he does not see what he wants in the window. America has learned a good deal from you, but I sometimes think there are a few things you might learn from America—especially in the matter of how to sell books."



Photo by J. E. Shaw & Son, Huddersfield.

Flight-Commander Frank H. Shaw.

"Atlantic Nights," Captain Frank H. Shaw's volume of sea stories, is now published by Messrs. Cassell. Captain Shaw, after touring the oceans in almost every kind of vessel that is made, finished his sailoring as Captain of a Cunard liner. He joined Kitchener's Army as a Captain in the Army Service Corps, but as this did not furnish him with enough excitement he got transferred to the Air Service, and now, as Flight-Commander Shaw, is Hun-hunting somewhere in Flanders.

Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing shortly a small anthology of original poems by members of the London teaching profession.



Rita's Study.

A book that should be of particular service to collectors and librarians is a "Bibliography of the first editions of Thomas Hardy" that has been compiled by Henry Danielson. Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing it very shortly.

M. Christian Mallet, the author of "Impressions and Experiences of a French Trooper, 1914–15," which Messrs. Constable are publishing, is the son of M. Etienne Mallet, the well-known Paris banker.

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SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.

BY W. L. GEORGE.

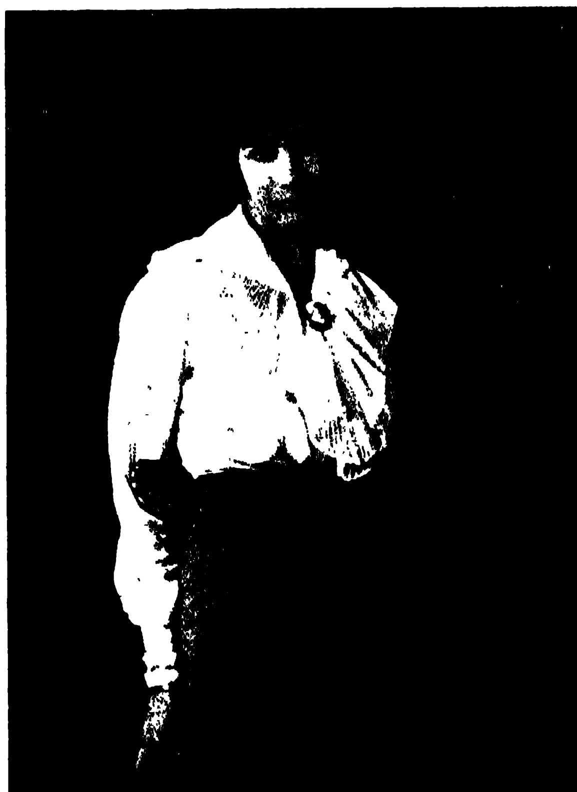
I DO not know whether this is a compliment, but I should not be surprised if a reader of, say "Starbrace" or "Sussex Gorse," were to think that Sheila Kaye-Smith is the pen-name of a man. Just as one suspects those racy tales of guardsmen, signed "Joseph Brown" or "George Kerr," of originating from some scented boudoir, so does one hesitate before the virility, the cognisance of oath and beer, of rotating crop, sweating horse, account book, vote and snickersnee that Sheila Kaye-Smith exhibits in all her novels. This is broader, deeper than the work of the women novelists of to-day, who, with the exception of Amber Reeves, are confined in a circle of eternally compounding pallid or purple loves. One side of her work, notably, surprises, and that is the direction of her thoughts away from women, their great and little griefs, towards men and the glory of their combat against fate. Sheila Kaye-Smith is more than any of her rivals the true novelist: the showman of life.

Yet she is a woman. You will imagine her as seeming small, but not so; very thin, with a grace all made of quiescence, her eyes grey and retracted a little, as if always in pain because man is not so beautiful as the earth that bore him, because he fails in idealism, falls away from his hopes and cannot march but only shamble from one eternity into another. There is in her a sort of cosmic choler restrained by a Keltic pride that is ready to pretend a world made up of rates and taxes and the 9.2 train to London Bridge. Afire within, she will not allow herself to "commit melodrama." In "Isle of Thorns" her heroine, Sally Odiarne, so describes her attempt to murder her lover, and I like to think of Sheila Kaye-Smith's will leashing the passion that strains. I like even more to think of the same will giving rein to anger, of a converse cry: "Commit melodrama! I jolly well shall! I'm justabout sick of things!"

"Justabout!" That word, free-scattered in the speech of her rustics, is all Sussex. For Sheila Kaye-Smith has given expression to the county that from the Weald spreads green-breasted to meet the green sea. In all the novels is the slow Sussex speech, dotted with the kindly "surelye," the superlative "unaccountable"; women are "praaper," ladies "valiant," troubles "tedious." It has colour, it is true English, unstained of Cockneyism and American. It is the speech of the oasthouse, of the cottage on the marsh, of the forester's hut in Udimore Wood, where sings the lark and rivulets flow like needles through the moss.

Assez de littérature! Sheila Kaye-Smith is not a painter, even though with dew diamonds the thornbush she spangle. Her Sussex is male: it is not the dessicated Sussex of the modern novelist with a dirty neck, but the Sussex of the smuggler, of the Methodist, the squire; the Sussex where men sweat, and read no books. Old Sussex, and the Sussex of to-day which some think was created by the L.B. & S.C. Railway, she loves them both, and in both has found consolation, but I think she loves best the old. It was old Sussex made her first novel, "The Tramping Methodist." Old Sussex bred its hero, Humphrey Lyte. He was a picaresque hero, the young rebel, for he grew enmeshed in murder and in love, in the toils of what England called justice in days when the Regent went to Brighton. But Lyte does not reveal Sheila Kaye-Smith as does "Starbrace." Here is the apologia for the rebel: Starbrace, the son of a poor and disgraced man, will not eat the bread of slavery at his grandfather's price. You will imagine the old man confronted with this boy, of gentle blood but brought up as a labourer's son, hot, unruly, lusting for the freedom of the wet earth. Starbrace is a fool, disobedient, he is to be flogged. He escapes among the smugglers on Winchelsea marsh, to the wild world of the mid-eighteenth century. It is the world of fighting, and of riding, of blood, of excisemen, of the "rum pads" and their mistresses, their dicing and their death. Despite his beloved, Theodora Straightway, lady who fain would have him gentleman, Starbrace must ride away upon his panting horse, Pharisee. Love as he may, he cannot live like a rabbit in a hutch; he must have danger, be taken, cast into a cell, be released to die by the side of Pharisee, charging the Pretender's bodyguard at Prestonpans. All this is fine, for she has the secret of the historical novel; to show not the things that have changed, but those which have not.

"Starbrace" is, perhaps, Sheila Kaye-Smith's most brilliant flight, but not her most sustained. She has had other adventures in literature, such as "Isle of Thorns," where Sally Odiarne wanders with



Camera portrait by Hugh Cecil. **Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.**



From a drawing by Mrs. Bertram Christian.

Wrapper design for Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's new novel "Sussex Gorse" (*Nisbet*).

Stanger's travelling show, hopelessly entangled in her loves, unable to seize happiness, unable to give herself to the tender Raphael, bound to good-tempered, sensual Andy, until at last she must kill Andy to get free, kill him to escape to the sea and die. But she finds God:

"She had come out to seek death, and had found life. Who can stand against life, the green sea that tumbles round one's limbs and tears up like matchwood the breakwaters one has built? There, kneeling in the surf and spray, Sally surrendered to life."

Sheila Kaye-Smith has not surrendered to life, though the weakness of her may be found in another book, "Three Against the World," where the worthless Furlonger family can but writhe as worms drying in the sun. The vagary of her mind is in such work as criticism: shortly her study of John Galsworthy will be published, and it will be good to see what the passionate angry has made of the passionate mournful. But she was destined for finer tasks. Already in "Spell Land," the story of a Sussex farm where lived two people, driven out of the village because they loved unwed, she had given a hint of her power to see not only man but the earth. She has almost stated herself in "Sussex Gorse."

I have read many reviews of this book; I am tired of being told it is "epic." It is not quite; it has all the grace that Zola lacked in "La Terre," but if the beauty is anything it is Virgilian, not Homeric. The scheme is immense, the life of Reuben Backfield, of Odiam, inspired in early youth with the determination to possess Boarzell, the common grown with gorse and firs, the fierce land of marl and shards where naught save gorse could live. The opening is a riot, for the Enclosures Act is in force and the squire is seizing the people's land. In that moment is born Reuben's desire; Boarzell shall be his. He buys some acres and his struggle is frightful; you see his muscles bulging in his bl[illegible] shirt, you smell his sweat, you hear the ploughshare gripped with the stones, teeth biting teeth. For Boarzell Common is old, crafty and savage, and would foil man. Reuben is not foiled; he can bear all things, so can dare all things. He buys more land; there shall be on his farm no pleasure so that he may have money to crush Boarzell. His brother, Harry, is struck while Reuben blows up the enemy trees, and haunts his life, a horrible, idiot figure; his wife, Naomi, ground down by forced child-bearing (for Boarzell needs men and Reuben sons) dies. His six sons, devoid of the money Boarzell takes, leave him; one becomes a thief, another a sailor, another a sot in London, another a success; all leave him, even his daughters; one to marry a hated rival farmer, one to love because Reuben forbade love, and to end on the streets. He loses all, he loses his pretty second wife, he loses Alice Jury whom alone he loved, he loses the sons that Rose gave him. He gives all to Boarzell, to fighting it for seventy years, sometimes victor, sometimes crushed, for Boarzell is evil and fierce:

"It lay in a great hush, a great solitude, a quiet beast of power and mystery. It seemed to call to him through the twilight like a love forsaken. There it lay: Boarzell—strong, beautiful, desired, untamed, still his hope, still his battle."

There are faults, here and there, horrid clichés; Sheila Kaye-Smith loves the stars too well, and often indulges in horrid astronomic orgies; there is not enough actual combat with the earth; the author intervenes, points to the combat instead of leaving at grips the two beasts, Reuben and Boarzell. She has not quite touched the epic, yet makes us want to resemble the hero, fierce, cruel, but so great when old and alone, still indomitable. And one wonders what she will do, what she will be. There are lines in her poems, "Willow's Forge," that prophesy; the moment may be enough:

"When the last constellations faint and fall,
When the last planets burst in fiery foam,
When all the winds have sunk asleep, when all
The worn way-weary comets have come home—
When past and present and the future flee,
My moment lives!"

She may strive no more, as she proposes to the seeker in "The Counsel of Gilgamesh":

"Why wander round, Gilgamesh?
Why vainly wander round?
What canst thou find, O seeker,
Which hath not long been found?
What canst thou know, O scholar,
Which hath not long been known?
What canst thou have, O spoiler,
Which dead men did not own?"

But I do not think so. I do not know whether she will be great. It is enough that to-day she is already alone.

THE READER.

THE REAL CHARLOTTE.

By Katharine Tynan.

I AM writing in a room which for many years contained Charlotte's pictures and books and samplers and china, the things she made with her hand, the things her eye rested upon, the matters of her household plenishing for that wedded life which was to be brief, which hides itself behind a veil. That veil may have hidden only radiance, though one feels drabness. Charlotte, who would have adored a Viking, tied to an Irish curate; an Irish curate of early Victorian days!

She was the "onlie begetter" of the woman's hero in fiction, the Viking. Marriage by capture must have been the ideal of her great yet shrinking heart; else she would not have created Rochester, and founded a school—*longo intervallo*—which had an immense vogue during the maidenly Victorian days, and has now no successors.

So many things have been written about Charlotte—there is only one Charlotte that nothing remains to be added. A great many brilliant and interesting minds have spent themselves upon Charlotte, and more and more they flock to the solving of her enigma, so that one suspects the shallowness of one's own mind when one cannot see that there is an enigma at all. If there is it would be a work of supererogation to fling yet another stone in that cairn, to make a new theory or to elaborate the old ones.

The Brontë cult has sprung up within my memory. I am not sure that one did not see Jane—no, I mean Charlotte—more clearly, having read "Jane Eyre" and Mrs. Gaskell, than when one had read through the many speculative books concerning the lonely spinster of Haworth. I am not sure that succeeding writers, however brilliant, however loving and reverent, have not darkened our understanding of the real Charlotte. I believe she could have stood by "Jane Eyre"—that book, partly autobiographical, partly her life as she would have made it if but she could have escaped—not to the arms of an Irish curate. What she lived, what she would have lived: "Jane Eyre" holds these two, and for me it is enough.

I will confess—I read "Jane Eyre" when I was thirteen, and again and again till, I suppose, the book must have fallen to pieces, about my eighteenth or nineteenth year. I have never read it since. Some time during those years I read also "Shirley," "Villette" and "The Professor," as well as "Wuthering Heights" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," all with an absorption and a living, passionate interest, such as belong to those days of lonely childhood and young girlhood. I was leading a life nearly as lonely as that of Haworth, and melancholy with the neuralgia of the head and the heart which comes to young people who live mainly on dreams and tea. "Jane Eyre" lives in my mind like a quivering and passionate flame: like a red rose, greater and more beautiful than any rose ever was yet. These splendours shine still against a background of lonely fields, where, in a low, thatched house, for some years, two young girls kept house or did not keep house together, with one old woman-servant to look after them, and an occasional flying visit from a father too harassed by the cares of a big business to be what he was in the tranquil years. The life which was to be so full and so happy for one was not even yet on the horizon; and she would have asked nothing better of the future than days and nights of infinite leisure in which she should pore over an endless procession of books, as like to "Jane Eyre" as possible.



Charlotte Brontë
From the painting, now in the National Portrait Gallery, by George Richmond, R.A.

To come to my confession. I read "Shirley," and I don't remember what it was about beyond that the early chapter, or chapters, was, or were concerned with curates. I liked "Shirley," I know; but it is somehow mixed up in my mind with other books I was reading

at the same time—with Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South" and "Sylvia's Lovers," with Trollope's Barchester books, with others. I cannot clearly disentangle them. I am almost as hazy about "Villette"; "The Professor" I found dull. What has remained in my mind over all the years is "Jane Eyre." And with "Jane Eyre" that unearthly book, surely the greatest ever written by woman, "Wuthering Heights." "Wuthering Heights" is to me hardly a book. It becomes part of one's life, never quite to be forgotten, to be laid away. The mere memory of it sets one's heart-strings answering as though a wild wind played on them.

I have talked of Charlotte's Viking, and "the onlie begetter." Let me go back and say that I was wrong. Surely Rochester was the Corsair and Byron "the onlie begetter." Byron was still the Romantic Spirit of Europe in Charlotte's impressionable years. Rochester reflected the Corsair, and Charlotte's genius added the Viking touch. Jane Eyre was wooed as Charlotte would have been wooed. One wonders at the temerity of the Irish curate who stepped into the shoes of the dream-lover Charlotte would have summoned if her wild heart could have had its way.

To be sure, Charlotte was the daughter of an Irish parson who is about as great an enigma to his daughter's lovers as she herself. The father of Emily and Charlotte, to say nothing of the much-discussed, probably much-wronged Branwell—for his case was considered by a tribunal about as much fitted to judge as a jury of single women—I had almost written "nuns," but remembered that in my experience nuns are far more broad-minded than the majority of maiden ladies in the world—must have been a very untypical parson. He was no better and no worse than the other early and mid-Victorian fathers who, like the cuttle-fish, exuded a fluid, inky-



Photo by J. J. Stead. **Old Parsonage, Haworth, as it was in the Brontës' time.**

"Haworth Parsonage is an oblong stone house, facing down the hill on which the village stands, and with the front door right opposite to the western door of the church, distant about a hundred yards."—Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

black, which darkened their atmosphere. Probably the poor man was as little fitted for Haworth Parsonage as his amazing family. Probably they fretted each other beyond all telling. Genius is gey ill to live wi'—and genius in such circumstances—frozen by penury, suffering from ill-health and an unbearable solitude, in wild and lonely surroundings! The Roaring 'Forties—the 'Thirties, the 'Fifties—let us take the 'Forties as a type—was a bad time for the middle-classes, if the fiction of that time represents contemporary history at all faithfully. A certain mouldiness in the books that deal with the refined middle-class life—a certain hardness and briskness, as of the Manchester School, in what is more stirring. It is an advantage not to have read since the books one devoured at fifteen, to have retained the impression, uncomplicated by all that came later.

If the Brontës' mother had lived, perhaps Haworth would have for us a less churchyard air than it has now. Human nature must have had very little chance of developing there except underground. The religion of those days would have looked askance at natural gaiety, would have banned laughter and love and pretty garments and all the things the young heart sighs after. Patrick Brontë was probably a starved child himself. If he found some consolation in the bottle who is to throw a stone at him? One remembers the judge who remarked when a prisoner, accused of manslaughter, pleaded drunkenness: "Ah, well, it may be the shortest way out of Manchester."

Although I have not read "Shirley" for many years and have all but forgotten it, although I am in almost like case with "Villette" and "The Professor," I have yet been obliged, of late years, to be aware of a great deal about Charlotte and M. Héger of Brussels, since so many books of the Brontë cult have come my way. I have read many volumes concerning the possible or probable relations of Charlotte with her master—oh, shade of Rochester! I have also read the letters—on the margins of which M. Héger dotted down his casual notes—which *The Times* published some years ago. M. Héger and the jealous Madame Héger belong to the dusty 'Forties, like so much else that makes cobwebs round Charlotte's fiery life. With my one vivid impression of "Jane Eyre" I am quite out of court as counsel's opinion upon whether the love of



Photo by J. J. Stead. **Charlotte Brontë's birthplace at Thornton.**

Charlotte Brontë was born here on 21st April, 1816. Patrick, Emily and Anne Brontë were born in the same house.



The Rev. Patrick Brontë,
Incumbent of Haworth and father of the Brontë sisters.
From a photo kindly lent by Mr. Clement Shorter.

Charlotte's life was given to the drab, brisk little schoolmaster of Brussels, with the uncongenial wife as Charlotte saw her and fixed her, poor thing. As a woman I may, perhaps, give my opinion humbly. M. Héger may have served as a lay figure for Charlotte to hang her dreams upon, or he may have been a sentimental interlude, an escape from Charlotte's Manchester. Charlotte would not have been the first woman of genius to pretend to herself that a man was a hero when she knew he was no such thing. Women - I will not say of genius, for genius is rare—

"One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,"

but women of brains and heart, very commonly play at this—comedy or tragedy, as you will. It is, in fact, a part which women play the more ardently the more imagination they have. Mothers with plain daughters and dull sons will play at it as conscientiously as the woman who has a boor for a lover and makes-believe that he is a hero and a knight, knowing better than other people exactly how other people regard him. These are of the minor poignancies of life. But I doubt very much whether in this game of make-believe the leading lady—men never do these things, though they often love and admire sincerely persons whose charms are for them alone—ever loses her own personality in the part she is playing. She may be willing to give up her judgment: she may desire passionately to be deaf and dumb and blind—but she does not succeed, though compassion and the sense of ownership may make quite a good substitute for love.

Being quite an outsider I have often wondered over the intense pre-occupation of so many distinguished minds with Charlotte Brontë. If it had been Emily, now! But Emily, that fiery-hearted vestal, if she had a secret would never yield it up. She was white fire. To look too closely at her heart would be to suffer the penalty of the one who would have stolen the sun's fire. Is it possible that Emily is the real holder of the secret, the unattainable secret, like the eternal ice, the highest peaks which allure because they can never be reached? And, failing Emily, has Charlotte set many guessing at what she can never now reveal?

My theory of Charlotte will, of course, have no weight with those who have spent much thought and time on what must be an intensely fascinating study. Is her attraction for the minds of men now a compensation for a failure to attract the eyes and hearts of men while she lived? She would hardly accept it as a compensation. She would have been properly shocked if a woman had said in her hearing that life was very short and that the main thing in it for a woman was to be loved. She would have been even more shocked, perhaps, if she had been told that it was true of herself. Yet I think that is the secret which looks out of "Jane Eyre." Charlotte was one of the few unhappy women who, ardently desiring to attract, are unable to put forth attraction. Usually, I think, the desire to attract goes with the power. W. B. Yeats said to me once of a very charming and pretty girl who had faded into old maidenhood: "Ah, she is a scentless flower. The bees do not come." But would not the desire for honey bring the bees? One hopes so, and that the scentless flower who turns to the bee in vain is a rare and cruel product of Nature.

Charlotte, in fact, could not pierce through the spinster in whom her fiery heart was for ever caged. She was like the starling in the "Sentimental Journey" crying: "I can't get out! I can't get out!" She escaped only in her books—especially in "Jane Eyre," and in some one or two of the poems. If she had not had the



Charlotte Brontë.
From a water-colour portrait by Paul Héger, Charlotte Brontë's Brussels professor. It is dated 1850. Its authenticity has been questioned, but it still remains in the National Portrait Gallery. It was acquired from Miss Alice Boyd Green, whose family obtained it some forty years ago from a Mr. Bayliss, who had it direct from the Héger family.

disguise of Currer Bell, with its possibly masculine anonymity, would she ever have slipped from her spinstership so completely as she did in "Jane Eyre," which was, I imagine, a little shocking, or more than a little shocking, to my mother, who was the mother of eleven children? Having had that amazing adventure, did not Charlotte creep back into her spinster shell and never again so completely shed it?

It would be the gravest impertinence to discuss or consider the feeling Charlotte had for the man she married. We are allowed to know that the Rev. Arthur Bell Nichols was, as might be expected from an Irish curate of the 'Forties, a somewhat narrow-minded person, in whom the external Charlotte may have found her seeming mate, while the Charlotte who was Jane Eyre, lived on unsuspected.

Even for me, to whom Jane Eyre means so much, Charlotte is always the spinster. One has to get behind the spinster, and an uncomfortable, somewhat bitter spinster, to recapture Jane, whose attitude towards her lover was what the official Charlotte would have considered unbecoming in a self-respecting female.

POET AND NOVELIST.

By Walter de la Mare.

No book of any lasting account, with any trace of genius, originality, or absorption of thought in its making, at once surrenders its all. Even the simplest of poems, the most fragile and naïve of stories, like Cinderella herself, must be wooed with some little patience and self-forgetfulness before it is finally won. This is the merest commonplace, and yet in regard to the writings of so richly absorbed and enchanted an observer, ponderer, critic and creator of life, so indefatigably devoted an artist as Henry James, it has been held a kind of grievance that neither his mind nor his heart was anybody's for the asking, that the voracious daws of the popular novelist had in his case often to go hungry. Of some even of the greatest writers we feel that their target was always well within range of a not too exhaustive effort. Not only did Henry James's target entail a fresh departure in the archery of fiction, but he was continually shifting it a little further, and yet a little further away, taxing his astonishing bow to its uttermost. What wonder then that sometimes even the keenest observer failed to mark hits, it may be in the positive bull's-eye of a butt practically almost out of sight? However intense- esoteric, as ribaldry has remarked-- his reader's appreciation and enthusiasm, that reader is compelled in some marked degree to remain a student, a disciple. Henry James wrote nothing, that is, which a closer, a more exploratory reading than one's first could be, a more complete surrender to his method, to his conception of life and character as manifested in his chosen "cases," did not clarify, enhance, and enrich.

By such assiduity we may at last realise pretty clearly what he actually did with the people, the characters he borrowed (and put to interest) out of his extraordinarily variegated experience of the world. But, for by far the most part, however patiently we may pore over his portraits, no glimpse of his actual original, of his sitter in the raw—in our "raw," as it were—is vouchsafed us. We scrutinise his characters mainly in the illumination he himself lends us. In that borrowed, searching light we may even survey our own little circle, *their* queer, tragic, engaging interrelated situations, may almost translate the simple romance of Edwin and Angelina into terms of "The Soft Side," and with the eyes of Maisie see ourselves as our nursery sees us. But at best it is a tentative experiment.

This volume, then, "Letters from America,"* affords an almost unique opportunity. It has many other unusual features and qualities. No sharper contrast in form and substance, for instance, could be found than that between the zestful, almost artless spontaneity of these Letters and the deliberate circumspection of the Preface which with so ample and urbane a gesture ushers them in, and certainly none more engaging than that between the personalities so exhibited. A portrait by Velasquez of some youthful English prince being presented at the Spanish Court of another century by an ambassador as sage as his young protégé is seraphic might remind us of such a book—the vivid, eager, roving apprehensiveness of the one, the deep, searching ruminativeness of the other. It contains, too, not only the last prose writings of the most gifted and original poet of the younger generation, a poet in the presence of whose achievement even Henry James was "unable to guess what they—the intellectual-incalculabilities of the poetic temperament might eventually have made of him"; it contains also the last words of the great novelist himself, and these last words the first he wrote, in these unparalleled days, as an Englishman in spirit and being as well as in tongue. In spite of the irremediable loss it commemorates, in spite of the unanswerable riddle it presents—"Why the finest of the fine should have to become mere morsels in the huge promiscuity," there is perhaps not another book in the language so curiously happy as this. It seems to hint that death is neither so blind nor so heedless as just now of all times we are tempted to believe it to be. Which of these two friends, indeed, would each in his own indescribably dissimilar fashion have more readily and smilingly accepted a suggestive situation so blissfully free from any trace of the sentimentality they both abhorred?

But apart from that personal relationship, this volume has a still more distinctive feature. For Henry James's preface is not only one more picture in his thronging gallery, not only does the subject of it afterwards jump helter-skelter down from and out of his frame, and

* "Letters from America." By Rupert Brooke. With a Preface by Henry James. 7s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

impulsively carry the reader away with him into the wilds of New York, Boston, Canada, the Rockies, and the South Seas, but that picture itself is of one whom many of us unforgettably knew and delighted in, just as he was to and for ourselves. We have then at least this, one Henry James original in clearest memory, and the experience of reading about him here precisely resembles that of sitting in a quiet, full-lighted studio and, while almost in positive talk with sitter and artist, of glancing now at the former, now at the latter, and from them both to a canvas rapidly surrendering an image as lifelike but with how much of light and shade and perspective filled in—as the one we shared. With all our simplicities and crudities and fumblings on our head, we have been invited to a private view not only of the finished thing glossy in its varnish, but of the method, the process, the palette, the eye and the hand. Never looked young beauty so charmingly and charmedly out of fold within fold of exquisitely adjusted truths; and never before maybe could we have realised that truth stark naked is at least not less exacting a study than the most graceful of her usual draperies. Difficult, here and there, this preface is, since all Henry James's later work keeps naturally indolent wits preternaturally busy. But is there a word of sheer waste? We stand as it were at the brink of a placid all-enveloping sea of consciousness. Wave after wave of a voluminous prose breaks at our feet and, almost without sound, yet with infinite presence and circumstance draws back from the nugget of amber, the something rich and peculiar, rather than strange, which, in the still high light of an immensely responsible reasonableness, it has deposited before our eyes. This much is clear, if we are to compare single-objected preface with multitudinous novels, Rupert Brooke, in spite of the long, fine, clear-cut tradition he represented, in spite of the "wondrous modern" in him, of "the spell he cast," primarily by virtue of his "dazzling" self, and next by virtue of the freedom, irony, phantasy, paradox, perversity here discovered in him, was a comparatively simple study. Simple we feel, because the enveloping imagination has not—faced by the surprisingly clear fact quite made "a case" of him, wholly suffused the picture in atmosphere. For if there is anything wanting in a piece of portraiture so pellucid, it is that something of mystery which is inseparable from any personality. Rupert Brooke was undeniably all this—and how rich and individual an all it is, but with this known there went also the elusive, the guessed at, the ultimately unknowable, and that element—however "beautifully producible, delightfully exhibitional" a specimen he was of the English spirit—was certainly not the least endearing characteristic of his vivid reality.

It is an element that only just momentarily looks at us out of these letters, as when he describes certain things as "terrifying," one of such being so "because less intelligible," when he involuntarily allows us to share an inmost solitude, to surprise his eyes rapt away in the vision of beauty, or his heart and imagination moved and touched by the mystery of the unforeseen, and "extraordinarily happy. . . ." "I wish I were there again," he writes of Samoa. "It is a country, and a life, that bind the heart. . . . It is part of the charm of these people that, while they are not so foolish as to 'think,' their intelligence is incredibly lively and subtle, their sense of humour and their intuitions of other people's feelings are very keen and living." One who had not thought could not have been quite so impatient at the thought of thinking. Again and again in these extremely direct, extraordinarily unsurprised impressions he brings us just to the edge of his inmost thought, and then, as if part in impatience, part in anxiety lest he should endanger a secret, draws back. There is always a clear, lustrous boyishness, that curious, incredibly candid mask which separates childhood from manhood, in his amused commentary, but now and then the child comes back, with the wistful simplicity that has no need to be candid since it has no conception that there could be anything to conceal. Only here and there even in his poetry the little gate is opened, and however deeply we delight in its wit, its fine sensuousness, its roaming imagination, its moments of ecstasy, its restless passion, it is then that we are face to face with the very ghost of the poet. The very word, England, called to that ghost. He could tell out all his sensitiveness to her, happy and sure in faith and love.


Photo by J. J. Stead.
Cowan Bridge School (The Lowood of Jane Eyre),
where Charlotte and Emily Brontë went in 1824.


Photo by J. J. Stead.
Roe Head.
Miss Wooler's school, where Charlotte Brontë went as a pupil in January, 1831, and as a teacher in 1835.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original or selected motto for munition workers.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should gives the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Alec R. Waugh, of Underhill, North End Road, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

BEYOND THE GATE.

Let us go in:
The Gate is broken down,
And the far din
Of the disturbed and eager-clamouring town
Sounds faint, Love, when the viols play
Their haunting virelay.
Let us go in.

For Love is sweet;
And Sorrow is not long,
When fairy feet
Dance to the music of the spring morn's song.
And we will pluck, Love, many posies
Of garlanded wild roses.
For Love is sweet.

But night will come,
When laughter is no more,
And we shall roam
Not past the dark, immutably closed door.
Then let us smile, dear Love, and sing
Till falls the evening.
For night will come.

We also select for printing:

A WISH.

I looked on her I love—whose eyes
Are full of dreams—too wise, too wise!
They are the colour of those flowers
That bloom among old-fashioned bowers,
Or fringe a lonely pool, or cling
About warm hedgerows in the Spring.
Eyes that have seen and held and loved
The beauty of the world, and roved
In all a poet's liberty—
Oh, would they once might turn on me!

(Miss A. Phillpotts, Eltham, Torquay, S. Devon.)

LOVE'S BURIAL.

To Love I said: "You are dead!
Lie there and sleep!
I will bury you in the earth,
Many, many feet deep.

You are dead, Love, you are dead,
I will not weep,
I have buried you in the earth—
Many, many feet deep."

Foolish was I. Tis thus
That madmen rave!
Even as I said the words—
Love rose from the grave!

(Jessie Jackson, 83, Walkergate, Beverley, Yorks.)

TO A FRIEND.

Sometimes your soul is like a firelit room,
Where dear familiar figures come and go,
And light and shadow flicker to and fro
About the friendly gloom.

And sometimes it is like a moonlit night
When fields lie still and secret, while afar
Rides the unfathomable evening star
Through pastures strange and bright.

(Helen Sichel, 50, Egerton Gardens, S.W.)

TO "HIM THAT'S AWA'."

If I have ever dimmed with tears
The glory of your high emprise
Obscured with shadow of my fears
The Vision Splendid from your eyes—
Forgive me, dear.

If beneath outward show of calm
You read my woman's anxious heart,
Knew that soul-deep I dreaded harm,
In secret failed to bear my part—
Forget it, dear.

The brief disloyalty has passed—
Since Love betrayed, Love shall inspire—
A flame has touched my soul at last,
Lit from a consecrated fire—
Your purpose, dear.

(Mrs. J. O. Arnold, Beech Hill Road, Sheffield.)

We also specially commend the twenty lyrics by Kathleen A. Brainbridge (Kidderminster), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), G. R. McKeith (Nebraska), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Constance Bromley (Calcutta), Cyril G. Taylor (Bridport), Bessie J. B. MacArthur (Eloanfoot), Belle Cooper (California), Edith A. Basford (Nottingham), Robert A. Smith (Queensland), Ida May (Barnes), Beatrice Allhusen (London, W.), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), T. A. Creighton (New Zealand), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), S. Irwin Crookes (Auckland), V. S. Laughton (Wimbledon), Joyce O'Dwyer (Milnthorpe), I. E. Osborne (Honor Oak).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss A. Clarke, of Highcliffe, Hughenden Road, High Wycombe, for the following:

THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Ward, Lock.)

"It is as I feared,
Two cocks and a hen, one owl and a wren,
Have all made their home in my beard."
EDWARD LEAR.

We also select for printing:

CREDULITY ISLAND. By FREDERICK WATSON. (Jenkins.)

"Go fetch my bow, my longest long bow."
Ballad of Robin Hood.

(Charles Powell, 2, Reynard Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

HINDENBURG'S MARCH INTO LONDON. (John Long.)

"When lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And parsons practise what they preach."
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc.*

(E. J. Maclaine, Kingston Library, 330, Paisley Road, Glasgow.)

HINDENBURG'S MARCH INTO LONDON. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN. (John Long)

"He hunts in dreams."
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

(Miss J. Shaw, 65, King's Road, Harrogate.)

IN SLUMS AND SOCIETY. By JAMES ADDERLEY, HON. CANON OF BIRMINGHAM. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials!"
W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe, Act I.*

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.)

SHOULD SHE HAVE TOLD HIM? By THE AUTHOR OF "MY WIFE'S HIDDEN LIFE." (Hodder & Stoughton)

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."
GRAY.

(C. Burton, 4, Palace Grove, Upper Norwood.)

CHAPEL. By MILES LEWIS. (Heinemann.)

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me"
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

(Vivien Ford, 12 Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best appreciation of our Airmen, in eight lines of original verse, is divided and Two NEW BOOKS are awarded to N. Sheridan, of Bromboro', Birkenhead, and Two to William Sutherland, of 2, North Grove, Roker, Sunderland, for the following:

OUR AIRMEN.

Eyes of hawks and nerves of steel,
Grace of swallows as they wheel;
Love of earth and ease in life
Tossed aside for joy in strife;
Gaiety to jest at Death,
Skill to cheat him by a breath:
Prayers of women, proud and sad
Soar with every flying lad.
N. SHERIDAN.

He waits upon no rousing charge; no soul inspiring cheer;
His but to dare and do—or die—though no one else be near.
The chosen of a virile race, rich in heroic breed,
Well has he justified his choice in many a daring deed.
He soars to seek the swifter foe, he dares the treacherous gale,
For in the airman's lexicon "there's no such word as fail."
He needs no stimulus of gain, he soars o'er sordid pelf,
And—grandest tribute yet—he soars above all thought of self.
WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.

We specially commend, from the very large number of papers received, the three poems by Harry Wardale (Altrincham), A. L. Garland (Hyde Park), Muriel Pinch (Battle).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to F. M. N. Tall, of Trinity Mansions Hotel, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE CLAW. By SAX ROHMER. (Methuen.)

A book of enthralling interest showing the influence of "Our Lady of the Poppies," even in the highest circles of modern London. The description of the opium den concealed in the catacombs of the Thames is very vivid, and the introduction of the Oriental element lends a weird and exotic atmosphere to the book. The personality of the terrible and invisible "Dr. King," whose identity remains a mystery throughout the story, piques the curiosity of the reader—and leaves it unsatisfied. The interest of the book lies in the actual plot, rather than in the character-sketching, which is slight.

We also select for printing:

THE STRANGER'S WEDDING. By W. L. GEORGE. (Fisher Unwin.)

Lately we have had more than one powerful novel dealing with futile young men whose ideals, or rather whose rebellions, tended to degradation—life appeared to be a disease—the only women they were attracted by had common, or at best feeble minds, the atmosphere was unhealthy. This is healthy; Mr. George's common women are an absolute delight. It should be given to those young men who are apt to fancy that the class below them is necessarily more interesting than their own, and they will then only get what they deserve—as Roger Huncote did.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

BETWEEN THE LINES. By BOYD CABLE. (Smith, Elder.)

The words of an eye-witness are always interesting, and when attended by balance and perspective, invaluable. In "Between



Photo by Warwick Brooks, Manchester.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson (afterwards Mrs. Gaskell—Charlotte Brontë's biographer).

From a miniature painted in Edinburgh about 1830.

the Lines," Mr. Boyd Cable has explained with realistic vigour the details underlying the jejune phrases of an official despatch. "Nothing to Report" conceals constant casualties; "The Promise of Spring" is but the herald of new slaughter; "The Advance" sheer animal barbarism; "The Mine" a brilliant piece of explanatory narrative War may be tolerable viewed in the mood of Ian Hay's good-humoured book, but all the glamour is dispelled, and the horrid reality exposed, in this grimmer and more graphic volume.

(G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

NARCISSUS. BY VIOLA MEYNELL. (Martin Secker.)

A study in self-consciousness. Miss Meynell, with a great power of analysis, dissects the mentality of two brothers. Victor Carmichael, whose egoistic nature demands sensuous satisfaction, endeavours to find expression by a passionate identification of the material universe with himself. His brother is equally self-centred, but in him selfishness finds contrary expression. His ideal is a negative one—the absence of every kind of emotion. Ultimately both are saved from themselves by Imogen Rendel, who cannot give a deeper return than affection to Victor's passion, and who awakes a reluctant but overwhelming love in Jimmy.

(The Rev. Robert H. A. Cotton, 23, King's Avenue, Ealing, W.)

TASKER JEVONS. BY M. SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson.)

In this clever study of a genius, Miss Sinclair has attempted and accomplished much. Tasker Jevons is a man of humble origin and unprepossessing exterior, who, by sheer force of will, compels first his own small circle and later the world in general to acclaim him great. From journalist to playwright and finally to war-correspondent we follow closely, painstakingly, in his steps—smiling at his peculiarities, incredulous at his amazing marriage, to succumb at long last to the wonderfully-portrayed personality. War—the apparent solver of many problems brings this "real story to a happy ending and reveals the genius—a hero."

(Lucy Chamberlain, Llandudno.)

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY. BY HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL. (Lane.)

In this very interesting and suggestive book on the modern theatre, Mr. Moderwell strikes us by his wide comprehension. He does not dwell chiefly on one aspect of the theatre, like so many writers on the subject, but takes account of all that goes to make up the many-sided affair—mechanical, artistic, intellectual, literary, and social. In all that he writes on these matters he keeps in view the tendency of the theatre towards becoming the expression of democratic life, and the necessary corollary that the art of the theatre must be based on an interest in life.

(Vincent Hamson, 107, Denmark Street, Bedford.)

FREY AND HIS WIFE. BY MAURICE HEWLETT. (Ward, Lock.)

The author has dived into the recesses of Norse mythology and has furnished forth, with a wealth of detail and dialogue and in the simple, direct language of a fairy tale, a robust story that has a charm all its own. It is, of course, a primitive and rather a barbarous tale, but will probably be none the less delectable to children, at least, on that account. Indeed, it seems to us peculiarly suited to those little people who live near the fairyland of romance, and, as is the way with these old legends, it is not without a moral.

(J. Victor Stalker, Logganlea, Pitkerro Road, Dundee.)

We also specially commend the twelve reviews by E. Milicent Cubison (Meigle), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (London, W.), Cyril S. E. Brent (Balham), Reginald Gray (Darlington), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), Marjorie M. Gibbon (Clapton), Mary Mudde (Manchester), Egbert Sandford (Saltash), Helen O. Stockbridge (Braintree).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to May O'Rourke, of The Old Vicarage, Fordington Hill, Dorchester.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

1816–1902.

THERE are two sure ways of killing a poet; there are more than two, of course, but one way is to make life too easy for him, and another is not to make it easy enough. Philip James Bailey was of those who died the easier way. He was born at Nottingham on April 22nd, 1816. His father, Thomas Bailey, was a man of local importance in his day, editor and owner of the *Nottingham Mercury*, a lover of books and himself something of a poet. From the outset he took the liveliest interest in the development of his son's precocious genius. Already in his twelfth year, Philip was giving indications of his natural bent. There is a little old leather journal of 1828 containing entries of his daily employments, such as "Wrote 'To Milton,' twelve verses"; "Essay on the Book of Job," and so forth. From the schools of Nottingham his father sent him to Glasgow University; and in due season when he had studied law and been called to the Bar but had no inclination, perhaps because he was under no necessity, to practice, his father readily made it possible for him to dedicate his life to the service of the Muses. For poor Nat Lee was wrong when he imagined that all poets were born

"Under the starving sign of Capricorn."

Before he was twenty, Bailey was obsessed with the theme of his one great poem, and settled down in the cloistral quietude of his father's pleasant house in what was then the village of Old Basford, two miles outside Nottingham, and gave his days and many of his nights to the writing of "Festus."

That he took his vocation with the highest seriousness and did not under-estimate his powers is apparent in the poem itself—in the Dedication:

"My Father! unto thee to whom I owe
All that I am, all that I have and can;
Who madest me in thyself the sum of man
In all his generous aims and powers to know,
These first-fruits bring I; nor do thou forego
Marking when I the feat thus closed began,
Which numbers now near three years from its plan,
Not twenty summers had embrowned my brow.
Life is at blood-heat every page doth prove;"

and in the somewhat too self-confident, almost too arrogant Epilogue:

"Read this, World! He who writes is dead to thee,
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired:
Night and day thought came unhelped, undesired,
Like blood to his heart. The course of study he
Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
He took was high: it was wise wretchedness.
He suffered perfectly, and gained no less
A prize than in his own torn heart to see
A few bright seeds: he sowed them—hoped them truth.
The autumn of that seed is in these pages.
God was with him; and bade Old Time to the youth
Unclench his heart, and teach the book of ages."

His father and his friends took him as seriously as he took himself, and when "Festus" was completed,

they met together on a certain morning, in 1839, to the number of fifteen to receive the first bound copy of the book that came from the printers, and in commemoration of the event all inscribed their names on the fly-leaf. As soon as the poem was published he and they were so far justified of their faith that it was immediately successful. It took the world by storm. Its reception in America was even more enthusiastic than in his own country; he was hailed there and here as one of the greatest of modern poets. What might not be expected of the man who could do such work before he was three-and-twenty? But he had finished; he had shot his bolt; he had delivered his message, and had no more to say. Bailey spent the rest of his long life in revising and elaborating "Festus." He published other books, "The Angel World" in 1850; "The Mystic" in 1855; "The Age" in 1858; "The Universal Hymn" in 1867; but they all fell far below his earliest achievement, and he watered the strength of "Festus" by sedulously incorporating most of these inferior poems into it, with the result that his one great book grew to an unwieldy bulk of over forty thousand lines, and its greatness became obscured by its size. There are tedious tracts in it now that did not mar the original version, and it might have ranked higher and would certainly have had more readers to-day if the poet's way had not been made too easy for him and he had not had leisure to toil so persistently upon it after his inspiration had departed from him.

All which is not to question the essential greatness of an epic-drama that competent critics have ranked with the greatest of world-epics. It has its crudities, its banalities, its lapses into false sentiment and religious and philosophical commonplace; one might say much the same of "Paradise Lost"; but the grandeur of the whole conception, and the profound imaginative vision and high poetic thought that went to its shaping carry it triumphantly over all such flaws and leave it in lonely splendour, one of the authentic great poems of the nineteenth century, and without a fellow among its contemporaries. The theme has certain superficial affinities with Goethe's "Faust"; it draws from the same legend; but it is nobler in idea and larger in spiritual significance. Bailey's Lucifer is a very different creation from Goethe's cynical fiend; he retains more of human compunction, and is not lost beyond redemption. For "Festus" was the forerunner of the gospel of the larger hope; its scenes are laid on earth, in hell and in the heavens, and its aim is to vindicate the ways of God to men, to reveal how all things move towards final happiness and the ultimate salvation, through penitence and purification, of even the vilest and most sinful souls.

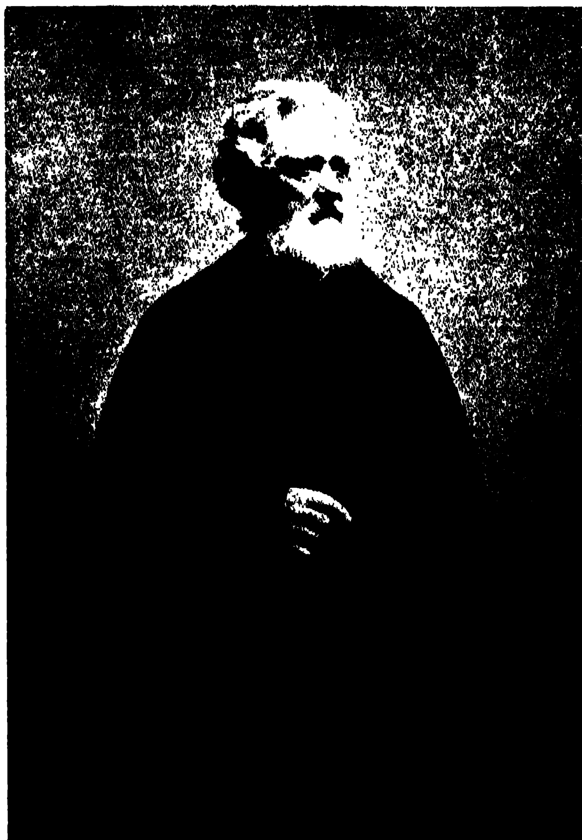


Photo by W. Morrison, Nottingham.

Philip James Bailey.

Kindly lent by Miss F. C. Carey.

"Festus" made its appearance at a time of deep spiritual unrest, when the minds of men were earnestly preoccupied with religious doubts and beliefs, with the mysteries of the universe, with the insoluble problems of life and death and eternity, and many found in it the light they were seeking, as later they found it again in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," as earlier they had found it in Young's sombre, admonitory "Night Thoughts." This may, to some extent have helped its instant popularity with the general reader; but it was not this that won such unstinted eulogy for it alike from the critics and from the other poets of that generation. Lytton, Thackeray, Lowell were moved to admiration of it; Tennyson said: "I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it for fear of falling into extravagance"; and one gathers a notion of its effect on Rossetti from the following letter written to Bailey by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and quoted here with his permission:

"I still recollect the evening in 1846 or 1847 when a young American (Charles Ware) cited to my brother and myself the lines,

'Eternity hath snowed its years upon them,' etc.

and the eager desire which forthwith possessed my brother and me to read the book containing such grand work, and the incessant reading of 'Festus' over and over again which then ensued between him and me, neither of us then quite twenty. For awhile 'Festus' was almost our one microcosm of poetry—or, at any rate, the Moses' rod that had swallowed up all other serpents of time or of eternity. I will not profess to be of exactly the same opinion now, but assuredly I have never lost my love and admiration of 'Festus' or my earnest respect for its author."

Those of us who read "Festus" years ago when we were young will easily understand that enthusiasm of Rossetti's, for we too experienced it; and we shall as easily understand Mr. W. M. Rossetti's chastened enthusiasm of a later year. We never can recapture the wonder and the rapture of that first reading, but on a re-reading even now we can feel that it was justified, for though time has staled the theology of "Festus" and put some of its religious arguments a little out of date, it has taken, and can take, nothing from its imaginative forcefulness or the beauty of its authentic poetry. There were satirists who grouped Bailey with Alexander

Smith, Sydney Dobell, and others, and, not without excuse, dubbed them the Spasmodic School, but that ridicule seems to have left Bailey unperturbed, and it is now fast being forgotten, but they lose more than they can afford to lose who allow Smith and Dobell to be forgotten along with it, for they were as true poets as Bailey—if he surpassed them in the loftiness of his subject, the cathedral-like dignity of his structure, they had a grace and a winged music of lyrical passion that were not within his range. Smith's earlier poems, particularly, stamp him of the line of Keats and Tennyson; but in the matter of thought and style Dobell is almost as little indebted to any traceable poetical ancestry as was Bailey.

It may be true that there are passages in "Festus" which suggest that the writer of them had sat at the feet of Milton; nevertheless the tone and manner of Bailey's versification are very characteristically his own, and there is nothing Miltonic in his spiritual outlook nor in the special magic of his poetry. Personally I have always thought that the aphoristic sententiousness of such utterances as

> "It matters not how long we live, but how;"
>
> "Who never doubted never half believed;"
>
> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings; not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;"
>
> "Men never will be wise till they are fools
> For ever . . ."

suggest more the influence of Young than of any other of Bailey's predecessors; but except in such sententious philosophy and in certain touches of gloomy grandeur of vision he has nothing in common with Young.

Calmly confident of his greatness at the outset, Bailey remained calmly confident of it to the end of his eighty-six years of life. When Tennyson and Browning eclipsed his popularity, "I do not grudge them their approval by the million," he remarked quietly, "they did not grudge me mine." In the height of his fame, as after it had passed its meridian, he lived retired and aloof. Now and then he appeared in the literary circle that gathered about Philip Bourke Marston—who, born when Bailey's fame was a decade old, had been named after him; otherwise he kept an eagle flight and was happier uncompanioned. He was twice married, his second wife being Miss Anne Sophia Carey, the daughter of a Nottingham alderman, and after his second marriage he made his home from 1864 to 1876 in Jersey, during which period he paid frequent visits to Italy and France. Then he lived in the Isle of Wight until 1885; whence he removed to Lee, near Ilfracombe; and in 1889, whilst he was living at Blackheath, he published a jubilee edition of "Festus," swollen now to a stout tome of seven hundred and ninety-four closely printed pages. In 1893 he went back to spend the late evening of his days at Nottingham, and lived happily there in a charming old house in The Ropewalk until his death in 1902.

It has been justly said that no poem to compare with "Festus" was ever written by a boy of twenty-two, and if after seventy-seven years of existence the centenary of the poet's birth finds its glory somewhat impaired he is himself largely responsible for that. One would like to see the poem reissued in its original form, shorn of all the cumbersome mass that Bailey passed his life in adding to it, for, though its permanent place in literature is, in any case, high and assured, "Festus" might then at least be nearly as much read as it is read about.

S. J.

WORDSWORTH.

By S. BUTTERWORTH.

THIS important work* is a credit to American scholarship and an outstanding object-lesson of the intense interest taken in English literature by the American people. The latter, however, is not greatly to be wondered at in face of the fact that the majority of the nation behold in us "some originals of themselves." It is, undoubtedly, the most important biography of a great English author written by an American, one, moreover, which must, if not for all time, at any rate for no inconsiderable period, be considered the definitive life-history of one of the greatest English poets since Milton.

The present time is peculiarly one in which publishers endeavour in their edition of any poet of classic fame to include along with those which bear the hall-mark of genius every single production however immature and worthless which industry and enthusiasm may bring to light. Whether such action is serving the reputation of the author so dealt with would appear to be overlooked. Everything is brought to the mill indiscriminately. This procedure may be of service for the student, but for the general reader, who primarily—in fact solely—reads only for pleasure, it is so much labour thrown away. There are some critics who emphatically lay down that in order to appreciate Wordsworth it is absolutely essential that the whole of his voluminous works must be gone through. It may be, but who would do so on behalf of a reader to whom the poems were unknown and with whom one was desirous of sharing the delight with which the name of Wordsworth is associated? Wordsworth was such an unequal writer. A beginner, one is firmly convinced, should be given a selection of the poems: such a one as Matthew Arnold edited for the Golden Treasury series in 1879. And that great critic, who proclaimed his allegiance as a loyal Wordsworthian and proved it in his editorship, was of opinion that the poet was best served by making a choice from the mass of the poems of those which were of the right mintage. When one reads such a faultless poem as the following, of which almost every word attests its divine origin, and then turns to, say, "Andrew Jones" or some similar atrocity, an

* "William Wordsworth: His Life, Works and Influence." By George McLean Harper. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Murray.)



From the drawing by Pickersgill in St. John's College, Cambridge.
Reproduced with permission of the Masters and Fellows of the College.

William Wordsworth in 1832.

From 'William Wordsworth,' by George McLean Harper (Murray).

idea may be formed as to the cogency of a drastic excision:

" A slumber did my spirit seal,
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Homer we know sometimes nods; Wordsworth, time after time, did more than nod, he was often fast locked in the bonds of sleep but always dreamt he was a poet "new inspired." If he had only been more self-critical he would have been saved from many pitfalls. But his total want of humour precluded that attitude.

Wordsworth's first biography was written by his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln, two years after the poet's death. This, however, though a valuable work, was as Mr. Harper rightly calls it, "a very inadequate portrait," as the greater portion of it was devoted to his uncle's later years when his early revolutionary youth had given place to the unbending toryism and anglican zeal of his old age. His change of front suggested the theme of Browning's famous poem "The Lost Leader," for that poet admitted that when he wrote it he had Wordsworth in his mind.

The late Professor Knight was also affected by the same theological, political and domestic reasons. Mr. Harper, on the contrary, has gone very fully into one aspect of Wordsworth's life, namely, his connection with the French Revolution, and he has added to our knowledge of Wordsworth's participation in that upheaval. He has also disclosed the identity of a mysterious person frequently mentioned in Dorothy Wordsworth's Diaries. These here and there refer to a certain Annette from whom letters were received or to whom others were written. We now learn that she was the daughter of a French Royalist with whom Wordsworth was in love and by whom he had a daughter, Caroline. It was probably the remembrance of that love episode that inspired the poet in his lovely "Lucy" poems. Further, it seems equally probable, if not certain, that the "Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here" in the beautiful sonnet beginning "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free," written at Calais in 1802, was his daughter Caroline. These new facts give an added importance to the biography. Another interesting fact is the discovery of the house in which the Wordsworths lived in Goslar during their sojourn in Germany in 1798-9, to which country they went with Coleridge after leaving their Somersetshire home.

With reference to that period of the Wordsworths' life at Alfoxden when Coleridge lived in the immediate neighbourhood at Nether Stowey—a period important in its bearing on the poetic development of the two poets—Mr. Harper deals with the amusing story of how they were shadowed by a detective sent down by the Home Office authorities when they were under suspicion as spies. One of the most entertaining anecdotes related by Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria" referring to that incident has been looked upon not altogether without suspicion. It is, however, confirmed by Southey in one of his letters and by a statement in Mrs. Eliza Meteyard's "A Group of Englishmen." Apart from the testimony of the two latter, Mr. Harper appears to be unaware of an article which was printed in *The Nineteenth Century* for August, 1908, by Mr. A. G. Eagleston which contained documentary evidence that a detective was ordered down into Somersetshire to watch the supposed spies. Mrs. Meteyard gives the name of Sir Philip Hale of Cannington (a village between Nether Stowey and Bridgwater) as the name of the Home Office's informant. This supposition seems to be incorrect. His name was Dr. Lysons of Bath, and his information was obtained from his cook who had some years previously been in employment at Alfoxden. The story she told to her master was gleaned from a former fellow-servant at the latter place who passed through Bath from a visit to Alfoxden on his way home. The Wordsworths were thought by their neighbours to be not only spies but *French*. The article is delightfully interesting, and should not be overlooked by students of Wordsworth and Coleridge. It is strange that such an indefatigable researcher as Mr. Harper should be unacquainted with it.

The biographer has had access to much material unknown to previous writers. Here is a very attractive extract from the manuscript memories of William Wordsworth compiled by Mrs. Davy, the wife of Sir Humphry Davy's brother:

"*Monday, April 22nd*, 1850. I had some talk which interested me much to-day with good Mrs. Nicholson at the Post Office, concerning Mr. Wordsworth. She has known him perhaps longer than any one here, and in her simple, homely, hearty manner does as full justice to his sweet and fine qualities as anyone could do. She went back, in the manner of the old, on her earlier days of acquaintance with the poet and his sister, when they lived at Grasmere, and when, as she said, they would often walk to Ambleside together after dark, in order to repair some omission or alter some arrangement in the proof-sheets of his Poems, which had been posted for the press. 'At that time,' said Mrs. N., 'the mail used to pass through at one in the morning, so my husband and me used to go early to bed; but when Mr. and Miss W. came, let it be as late as it would, my husband would get up and let them in and give them their letter out of the box, and then they would sit up in our parlour or in the kitchen, discussing over it and reading and changing till they had made it quite right to their minds, and then they would seal up the packet again, and knock at our bedroom door, and say, "Now, Mr. Nicholson, please will you bolt the door after us? Here is our letter now for the post. We'll not trouble you any more this night." And, oh, they were always so friendly to us, and so loving to one another.'"

Mr. Harper has been engaged upon the work for many years—it is ten since he took it in hand. He has read much, has been unsparing in his researches and he has proved himself a complete master of his subject. His admiration for Wordsworth both as a man and as a poet is intense, but it is very evident that his approval of the man leans more towards him as the revolutionist than as the Tory. This is not to be wondered at, taking into consideration the country to which he owes his political and national allegiance, but he is never unjust in his judgment.

He looks upon Wordsworth, the poet, as "a power in the world." His comments on the poems are based on sound judgment, his criticism is searching, discriminative and frequently illuminating, and his style is excellent and at times eloquent. There are several misprints, and an occasional misstatement. In referring to the

article on Wordsworth in the *London Magazine* for March, 1820, he does not name the author. He was John Scott, the editor, whose untimely end was a loss to English letters. The writer who " highly praised" Wordsworth's poetry in the June number was Hazlitt, who also wrote the essay " On the Conversation of Authors " in the same magazine for September, 1820. Mr. Harper would appear to be in doubt as to the authorship of the latter. On page 346 (1 Vol.) he states that Hazlitt's " My First Acquaintance with Poets" was published in substance in 1817 and afterwards amplified and reprinted. Only the germ of the essay appeared in 1817 in *The Examiner* and referred merely to Coleridge, the preacher. The article as we now know it was first printed in *The Liberal* for 1823 and reprinted in " The Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt (1836)."

New Books.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DIPLOMA GALLERY.*

There is something of leisure, of space and of wide vision in the dignity of retirement in the very title of Professor Saintsbury's " Peace of the Augustans." The period is one of the few, the very few, in our literature which he has not hitherto expressly illuminated with his pen, and he now gives it the widest possible extension so as to cover pretty well the whole of the Georgian Era in letters. The result is a fine survey, somewhat analogous to that which Professor Minto was proceeding with at the period of his retirement from the Chair of Aberdeen, upon the salient qualities of our Eighteenth-Century Literature, characterised justly, we think, as a place of rest and refreshment. The previous age culminated in Herrick; the Augustans reached perfection in Goldsmith. Then came a turn. After so much reflection and serenity of repose we needed, it may be, a little more imagination and passion. After lyric and epic drama—essay and satire. To Shakespeare and Milton succeed Dryden and Pope The heroic era of sack and cold-ale for breakfast was a thing of the past. All were for hot drinks now and coffee-house conversation. Sir Roger had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle and *The Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seem to take a pleasure in serving him) are at once employed on his several errands. Successful waiters, we presume, must have run such coffee houses as Will's, Evans' and White's. These were the senates of the London literati. Will's in particular, off Bow Street, where Defoe saw the Vicar of Bray (whose interview with Sir Thomas More Prior epigrammatically described), and Pope, we know, saw Dryden. After Dryden's death Addison transferred the galaxy to Button's, over the way, where Namby-Pamby Phillips hung up a rod to chastise Pope withal. Hard by was " The Rose " beloved by Pepys and Prior no less than by the author of " Trivia." It deserves mention that the " Cocoa Tree " in Pall Mall was then a true Blue Tory House.

It was an age of conversation, of mutual illumination by a new and serviceable prose, of satire and moral epistle among a charmed Queen Anne circle, of the last conflict between the noble patron and a self-supporting literature. Of the rise of newspapers and the dissemination by pamphlet and journal of metropolitan wit. The age was so satisfied with itself that it could not fail to impose upon others. The era of Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele, Prior and Defoe, daringly innovating and experimental to itself, became to succeeding ages a period of universal accomplishment, and then of classic repose. The great Quarterlies started when the star of the Augustans was still in the ascendant, but it was bound in the course of things to be followed by a time of violent, often excessive, reaction. Then came the necessary epoch of re-edification, the restoration of classical temples, initiated perhaps by Bagehot, but culminating with conspicuous success in the sympathetic sagacity of such critics as Pattison, Courthope and Leslie Stephen, idealised and adorned by the elaborate finials of an Austin Dobson. The eighteenth century was triumphantly vindicated. The stricken field needed a survey, and we have one here from a magisterial hand. The words, with trifling alteration, which he applies to a specimen of the filigree poetry of Pope—the clearness without meanness the rhetoric without bombast, the apt variety of not quite synonymous terms, the easy procession of the phraseology which never brings you up with anything strange, and yet never lets the familiarity of its words down to the vulgar, the cunning climax of the arrangement—all these things have a perennial attraction and apply hardly less to the poetry of Pope in particular than to the essential character of the literary product of the age as a whole. A person whose sense of this kind of art has been ever so little cultivated, no more tires of it than he does of a Handelian harmony, or a classic Gainsborough. Whereas, on the other hand, a person who exclaims, " You admire *this* when such things exist as Prospero's speech after the masque and the close of ' To Constantia Singing ' ? " needs no answer unless it be a grave surprise, a pained " dear me " of wonderment at the deliberate and fastidious restrictedness of his field of vision The field of English letters needed enlargement of range more than almost

* " The Peace of the Augustans: A Survey of Eighteenth-Century Literature." By Professor Saintsbury. 8s. 6d. net. (Bell.)



Rydal Mount, in Wordsworth's time.
From "William Wordsworth," by George McLean Harper (Murray).

anything else. This enlargement the eighteenth century provided with a minimum loss to our æsthetic pleasure. In the course of their work the masters of the ages of Pope and Johnson developed a perhaps superfluous contempt for less prosaic periods, but they made their own habitation warm and snug. They found a site for it, in a Happy Valley of sorts. A few fugitives such as Collins and Chatterton sought means of escape, and the author of "Rasselas" mocked them for their pains. "Rasselas" and its author are nobly delineated, so, though it is invidious to select, are Young, Chesterfield, Fielding, Walpole and Gray.

Professor Saintsbury it will be readily assumed does not attempt to give us a synthetic exposition of eighteenth-century literary art. He takes a good class knowledge of it for granted and then proceeds to annotate, to interject, to interpolate, and to comment. He has all the critics in the front row of the lecture-hall, and proceeds to expostulate with them for the benefit of the numerous auditors behind. He is a literary epicure. He looks to it that we have the olives and the truffles. For all his orthodoxy he is always surprisingly individual. His knowledge of the subject is so extensive and minute that it is impossible to follow in his furrow without picking up a great deal of valuable corrective, and often out-of-the-way and original information. He expresses his usual detestation of patronising praise, of cheap epigram, of superficial knowledge and half-hearted or paradoxical appreciation. Sometimes, owing to his numerous asides, his queer expressions (*Sheetibus paribus*), and his extraordinary range of critical allusion he is far from easy to follow. But the reader is reconciled to occasional obscurity by his continuous energy of personal application, his unflagging zeal for redeeming features, and his enthusiastic catholicity of judgment. He reveres the great masters, and will rarely accept any slackness or compromise about our duty to admire them. But he never flags in his efforts to place the lesser masters in their right relation to the big fellows in the literary forum. The indescribable augmentation of the power of literature to distract and amuse us by the development of the novel, the epistolary entertainments of Walpole, Gray, Cowper and the rest, he describes with a freshness about his pen, and a stimulation of the faculty of these writers to refresh us which is above praise. The essay, the biography, the history, the drama, the wonder-novel, the mere tale, he illuminates them all. Here is a characteristically fine description by him of a minor, but most characteristic celebrity :

"'Thralia *dulcis*' is certainly one of the most interesting, if not of the most fascinating, studies of the whole century. Nobody, so far as the present writer knows, has yet done her justice; and the reasons are pretty clear, though they require a certain amount of disentangling, and cannot, perhaps, be fully understood without reading the odd complications of her later days. For Hester Lynch Salusbury-Thrale-Piozzi, was possibly the most feminine person who ever lived—with the prerogative exception of Eve—and the circumstances, as if they were under the command of some malicious fairy, brought her femininity out of the most rainbow fashion of lights and shadows. It was a 'Welsh fairy,' too, as Falstaff prophetically observed, and an exceptionally 'cenfigenous' one. She was of one of the best families of the kingdom; best of the kind of provincial bestness which has its drawbacks. She was very pretty, very clever, very good-natured; but her prettiness was without dignity (the two qualities are by no means necessarily disjointed), her cleverness was desultory and undisciplined, and her good-nature, as it frequently is, was combined with something which, though you cannot exactly call it ill-nature, was capable of doing things very questionably amiable. There can be little doubt that she was unfortunate in her marriage—though it would have been a very exceptional person with whom she would have been more fortunate."

The Professor's verdicts are sometimes undoubtedly a little over-complicated, and his choice of expression puzzling beyond a little, but in the main he doubles with singular success the parts of examiner and lover of the century he unfolds to us, from the "Rape of the Lock" to the "Loves of the Triangles." In star dust, moonlight sonatas, the worship of the moth for the star, metrical mystery and romantic hallucination, it was conceivably defective. But it destroyed comparatively little, it freed our tongue from stammering, it consecrated new forms, notably the essay and the novel, it endowed society with a goodly conceit of itself, and it carried on the business of literature with a strength and solidity to which there are few parallels in literary history.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

EDWIN PUGH'S ESSAYS.*

There are some good essayists whose thoughts are so gentle, whose style so purring and restful that to read them is like taking an opiate—they charm

"The troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth."

There are essayists who belong to the fields and the pleasant countryside; and others who are much too staid and conventionally proper to be taken out of the drawing-room; and others that ought to be read only in libraries, they are so full of the life of books, so aloof from the motley life of the common world. Mr. Pugh is not of these; it is the life of the common world of men that interests him most of all. If you want to be lulled you must go to somebody else, for he is a militant essayist, and slings and arrows are not his only weapons. He writes always with the shrewdest common sense, and even when he irritates you by disturbing your pet beliefs and destroying your illusions you recognise that your irritation is caused by the fact that his arrow has gone home, that his teaching is truer than you like it to be.

Military glory is reduced largely to rags and squalor in the essay on "The Cowardice of Warfare," and courage is shown to be, after all, but "a sublime form of hypocrisy"; the same practical, devastating, truth-seeking spirit is at work in "The Mind of the Clerk"; in "Perils of the Honeymoon"; in "The Might of the Cockney"; in "Modern Drama"; and in "The New Fickleness," the English character gets much less flattery than it is accustomed to. In a second section of the book there is an admirable dissertation on "Real Realism," in which Mr. Pugh deals faithfully with those realistic novelists for whom there is "in the moral world only the evil, in the visible world only the ugly." Light is, of course, as real as darkness; St. Francis was as real as Crippen; but the so-called realists do not seem to have discovered this. "If their realism were Real Realism," says Mr. Pugh, "it would include all reality, order as well as disorder, the general as well as the particular, the lofty as well as the base, the funny things of life as well as the dismal things, the laughter as well as the tears." Other essays in this section are "The Decay of the Short Story," "Novelists as Experts," and "Style in Literature," and if there are views, in the latter especially, from which you dissent, that is one of the book's virtues—it is suggestive and provocative and rouses you to reconsider your settled opinions and sometimes to revise them. Wherever you open it, "Slings and Arrows" is altogether interesting. Mr. Pugh hits out at many things, and hits hard. His essays have humour, and insight, and their own clear point of view—they are, above all, the sincere thinkings of a man who has seen much of life and has thought for himself.

C. W.

QUEEN ADELAIDE.†

It is with some misgiving that the reviewer opens a book inscribed the "Life and Times," for so many writers have tricked out biography with extracts from history, and either the life or the times is bound to suffer. This particular compilation is a medley of gossip and history such as is rarely seen save on the shelves of a circulating library, or the occasional tables of those who are interested in the life of Courts. It is a book for the past rather than the present generation. Its writer, Miss Sandars,

* "Slings and Arrows." By Edwin Pugh. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall).

† "The Life and Times of Queen Adelaide." By Mary F. Sandars. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

who no doubt has the measure of her public, was hampered both by the dullness of her subject, and by the present conflict of nations. She acknowledges her debt to Prince Radolin, to the Minister of State, and to the keepers of the archives at Saxe-Meiningen, but war broke out just as the Court photographer was about to prepare copies of the earlier portraits chosen for this volume. The consort of William IV. came from one of those small German courts which have been used as incubators for European sovereigns. Saxe-Meiningen was governed upon the lines of benevolent despotism which were characteristic of the eighteenth century. "The reigning family," we are told, "were greeted with jubilation whenever they appeared in public. Their marriages were days of popular rejoicing; they divided the Thuringian forests to provide the peasants with firing during the winter; they built and endowed schools for the poor; the courtyard of their residence served as a lounge for their subjects, who stared unchecked into their windows." The people were governed by sumptuary laws which prevented their extravagance at festivals and funerals, and Miss Sandars pictures Princess Adelaide's bewilderment when she was transported from a small and carefully guided state to a "big, puzzling, unwieldy, and complicated kingdom."

The Princess arrived in England two years before the Cato Street Conspiracy, when rick-burning and the destruction of machinery were common events, and the Manchester Massacre "filled the country with indignation." As queen consort she had continually before her eyes the fate of Marie Antoinette, and witnessed various upheavals abroad. She saw the Bourbon monarchy supplanted in France, and a new kingdom created in Belgium. During her husband's brief reign, the agitation for parliamentary reform was at its height, and she failed to understand a country in which revolution was rendered less dangerous by a powerful and ingrained conservatism. Her chamberlain, Lord Howe, was one of the strongest opponents of the Reform Bill, and his relations with the Queen were the subject of unmerited scandal. Much harm was thereby done, and the Queen's name was constantly associated with the cause of reaction; but this obloquy was undeserved, for, as the Master of Magdalene says, her political views resolved into a "gentle distrust of all proposed changes, social or political." Contemporaries thought otherwise. "From these hustings," said a speaker at Newcastle, "I bid the Queen ot England recollect that in consequence of the opposition of an ill fated woman to the wishes of France, a fairer head than ever graced the shoulders of Adelaide Queen of England rolled upon the scaffold." But as the Bill prospered, so the Queen's fears increased; she opposed the dissolution of Parliament, and was said to have extorted a promise from the King "that rather than allow the dissolution he would turn out the Government."

In contrast with the excitement of political affairs life at Court was peculiarly dull and trying. The King was liable to fits of excitement which bordered on madness, but the Queen, so Miss Sandars tells us, had considerable powers of soothing him. In his calmer moments life was a deadly routine. At the close of a trivial day the guests played cards: the Queen knitted, sewed, or showed her sketches. And after dinner the King slept, waking occasionally with the words, "Exactly so, ma'am"; conversation was impossible, and the courtiers often dozed from sheer boredom. At Brighton life was a little more bearable, and less ceremonious. There the King was constantly with his numerous children, the offspring of a persistent infatuation for an actress, Mrs. Jordan.

"The FitzClarences," says Miss Sandars, "surrounded their father, claiming his affection and, especially after his accession, demanding solid proofs of it in the shape of titles, appointments, money and advancements."

But the Queen showed her generosity of mind in accepting a difficult situation, and won the hearts and admiration of this morganatic issue, by playing "the part of kindly stepmother to children born out of wedlock." The country did not approve of her lenience, and the presence of the family at Court caused much friction with the Duchess of Kent. The determination of the Duchess to prevent her daughter, the Princess Victoria, meeting with the FitzClarences led to many scenes and much heart-burning: the future queen was not present at William IV.'s coronation, and when she attended a dinner party in honour of the King's birthday, the guests were shocked by His Majesty's open attack upon the Duchess for her perversity, and were embarrassed by the sight of Princess Victoria bursting into tears.

Such were the trials which Queen Adelaide was forced to endure, and Miss Sandars' short but bulky volume leaves a favourable impression of her tact and courage. She was sustained by her religion; she practised benevolence in an unostentatious fashion; she desired to help the Honiton lace-makers, and was beloved by the children round Frogmore, for whom she always had a kindly word. She loved her dairy, her flower-gardens, and her farmyard; she took an interest in the Navy, as befitted the wife of a "sailor king." But while her tastes were simple, she was by no means a nonentity, says Miss Sandars; "she loomed large in the eyes of her contemporaries." At the same time "she was credited with far more power and with much greater activity than she exercised," and her influence over her husband belonged to "a sphere of action which has always been considered legitimate for women."

The story of Queen Adelaide's drowsy life will do little to help the historian. If footnotes are any guide, the Queen's letters have apparently yielded little of value: most of the references given are to the more vivacious papers of Creevy and Greville. A most interesting source of information appears to have been neglected; that is the current periodical literature. Many of our greatest magazines were at the height of their power; their contents have not been fully assimilated, and Miss Sandars might have improved her volume by more exhaustive researches. The illustrations are well chosen, though the reviewer would gladly have sacrificed some of the portraits for a few more cartoons. One thing at least is demonstrated: that Queen Victoria did the monarchy a great service by helping it to live down some of the odium which her predecessors had fastened upon an ancient and honourable crown.

F. R. HARRIS.

FROM SYMBOLISM TO UNANIMISM.*

The six poets, her lectures on whom Miss Amy Lowell (herself a poet) has been so well advised as to make into a book, form a varied company. Verhaeren, to whom all the labels -symbolist, realist, unanimist, even romantic—are at once appropriate and inadequate; Samain, with whom symbolism, the pure Mallarmé type, died exquisitely of consumption; Henri de Régnier, half way between Mallarmé and Heredia; Remy de Gourmont, a scholar but no schoolman, at once personal and reminiscent, writing verse in the margin of a busy life devoted to many forms of prose; Francis Jammes, devout and simple—with a simplicity which is only saved from flatness by being so often charming—and possessed in so large a measure of that broad sympathy which is the latest characteristic note in French literature and is, or was before the war, becoming the tenet of a school; and finally Paul Fort, whose metrical and typographical idiosyncracies have to some extent obscured the fact that he is a great poet, but one no more to be labelled than Browning or Hardy: surely no half-dozen poets writing the same language, even were they picked from as many centuries, could well offer fewer opportunities for the "lumping" of their attributes. From such material it would be impossible to make a book so homogeneous as Mr. Arthur Symons's "Symbolist Movement," or as might perhaps be made about the most

* "Six French Poets: Studies in Contemporary Literature." By Amy Lowell. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

recent developments of French poetry; for, as Miss Lowell says (though calling her book a study in "contemporary" literature) she writes of "a generation which is already past the meridian." Her chosen six belong to one of the periods of transition, the period which saw the death of symbolism as a definite collective impulse and only the beginning—the masters but not the pupils—of the movement called unanimism.

In any case, Miss Lowell has not been at pains to produce a book such as Mr. Symons's.

"I have made no attempt at an exhaustive critical analysis of the various works of these authors," she writes. "Rather, I have tried to suggest certain things which appear to the trained poet while reading them. The pages and pages of hair-splitting criticism turned out by erudite gentlemen for their own amusement has been no part of my scheme."

There is no need to quarrel with her for the choice of method thus indicated. Hair-splitting, whatever its intrinsic merits (and there is room for difference here), is certainly out of place and ineffective in the lecture room. But one feels that where the author has so deliberately avoided hypercriticism, it would be impertinence for the mere reviewer to indulge in it, and that he ought rather to accept what is, on the whole, a very admirable piece of work without prying microscopically for minor blemishes of style or judgment.

Nevertheless, there are a few points on which it seems legitimate to quarrel with Miss Lowell. Her study of Verhaeren is inadequate; nor is its inadequacy excused by the limitations of time imposed on the lecturer. The books of Verhaeren's middle period, "Les Campagnes Hallucinées" and "Les Villes Tentaculaires" are well treated; but the later developments of the ideas which they contained are not touched upon, and it is those ideas, and especially their contrast with the ideas, or rather the emotions, of "Toute la Flandre," which are the significant thing in Verhaeren. For the two groups into which his latest poetry falls—the philosophical series from "Les Forces Tumultueuses" to "Les Rhythmes Souverains," and the five books of "Toute la Flandre"—are the expression of the essential dualism of man: his need of a home, a space of life which he can call his own, having all its bounds in view and knowing by heart its every detail, and his desire for infinite room for the journeyings of his aspiration; and the synthesis of that dualism which in terms of politics becomes patriotism and internationalism—is, perhaps, the problem of all problems. To miss this, is to miss the point of Verhaeren; and that Miss Lowell has failed to get all that she might have got out of his poetry is further shown by her statement that his love poems are "not of extreme importance."

She complains that "they are all written in regular metre." This, incidentally, is inaccurate, but it illustrates one of Miss Lowell's prejudices. She is an enthusiast for *vers libre*, and contemptuous of the Alexandrine, which she appears to consider has had its day. Certainly, the introduction of *vers libre* has been a great thing for French poetry, opening for it possibilities of development and variety which it had lacked before; yet many of the most notable poets since its introduction, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Laforgue, Van Lerberghe, Fort, Samain, Jammes, have done not only some of their finest, but some of their most characteristically modern, work in the great classic measure. The Alexandrine is no more dead than blank verse.

Miss Lowell's other special prejudice is against Catholicism. This no doubt accounts for the exclusion of Claudel from her chosen company, and for the scant attention paid to the "Géorgiques Chrétiennes" of Jammes. It is a prejudice which, however sincerely based, ought not to be allowed to colour literary criticism; and there is surely a lack of something more important than literary judgment implied in: "I hardly believe religion, as we conceive the term, to be possible in the Latin mind." Yet, after all, perhaps this is a true *dictum*—for it is a countrywoman of Mrs. Eddy who writes it of the countrymen of Pascal.

But "Six French Poets" is a pleasant book, full of interesting information and comment, rich in quotation—not of fragments only, but of complete poems and long poems—furnished, moreover, with literal prose renderings of those quotations (the use whereof Miss Lowell sets forth in her preface) and with a good bibliography.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THEORY AND FACT.*

If one had sat down two years ago to theorise about the effects of a European war upon English fiction, there is little doubt that all sorts of sensational changes would have been prophesied. Novels born in a time of world convulsion might be expected to be different to pre-war fiction. As a matter of fact, however, so far as the present writer's knowledge extends, fiction is still much as usual in theme and treatment. War's red light will have to die out of the sky, probably, before its reactions on literature become apparent.

The four books under review, with one exception, contain no allusion to the war, and doubtless that omission will make for their popularity at the present time. Only in "Mrs. Balfame," by Gertrude Atherton, is the shadow of the epic struggle encountered, and her English admirers will wish away a certain impartiality which is apparent on two or three pages of her novel. Even though the allusions may be interpreted as belonging to the analysis of a cold-blooded and soulless woman, one regrets to find the Allies stigmatised, along with their enemies, as "those deluded soldiers on the European battlefield."

It is a pity that Mrs. Atherton provides no counterblast in her own person to the story's point of view, which sees all the belligerents tarred with the same brush. Her heroine, Mrs. Balfame, who is bent on the murder of an undesirable husband, finds palliation for her act in the thought of the carnage going on in the present war. This woman, who made up her mind to be a murderess, is the popular leader of society in a small American city, and she stands before us as a great piece of characterisation. An unexpected development of the plot creates a mystery, triumphantly sustained in the face of a pack of newspaper reporters and "sob sisters." Their activities provide an extraordinary travesty of justice, and make us thankful that the crime investigator's field is such a strictly limited one in our own land. Naturally, there are romantic subsidiary interests, and it need hardly be said that the absorbing story is handled with accomplished skill.

The big public who read assiduously every book from Richard Dehan's pen, are offered a budget of short stories in "Earth to Earth." The author extracts the romantic elements from life with an ease which is not without its particular danger, and can contrive climaxes that sometimes surprise even the hardened novel reader. Detail and colour are rather overdone here and there, in deference perhaps to the wishes of some magazine editors who demand what they call smart effects. The direct appeal to the emotions in "A Nursery Tea" has something unforgettable about it. An old nurse is visited under pathetic circumstances by her three "children"—cynical, middle-aged folk, in whom some of the magic health of childhood is wakened by the ancient dame. Several of the stories concern a hefty Scotch artist, the MacWaugh, of the North-West Studios, who really deserves a book to himself. If his ambition ran in conventional channels he would not be so interesting; fortunately for the reader, he explains his attitude thus:

"Throughout a long and uneventful career of unostentatious mediocrity it has never, to my gratitude, been lain to my charge that I ever concealed wi' my canvas a porrtion, however inconsideerable, o' the walls o' the building which the misguided ca' in their ignorance the Royal Academy."

* "Mrs. Balfame." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Murray.)—"Earth to Earth." By Richard Dehan. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"David Blaize." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—"My Lady of the Moor." By John Oxenham. 6s. (Longmans.)

If there are many boys in the rising generation like "David Blaize," not even the pessimists will find ground for misgiving about the destiny of the British Empire. Mr. E. F. Benson gives us an inimitable school story, which will be read with deep but differing interest by boys of all ages ranging from fifteen to sixty. It describes delightfully the progress of a healthy English boy from preparatory school to public school. His pluck, no less than his love of mischief, makes David a real boy, and the world in little where he has his being, with its special problems and difficulties, is described with sympathetic insight.

Mr. Benson's work is a timely reminder of the potential wealth no economic disaster can destroy, and he must be thanked for reminding us of the promise of the race at a time when death is reaping such a great harvest. Mr. Benson must also be thanked for showing us the boy as something more than a healthy young animal. The boy's mind and its growth, are made to appear of more importance than his games, and his proficiency in them. For the "Waterloos" of to-day bear far less relation to the playing-fields of Eton than they did even in the time of the South African war.

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, there are always plenty of readers for a good religious novel. The attention of those people who believe the public is afraid of serious themes, and demand undiluted entertainment all the time, is invited to "My Lady of the Moor," by Mr. John Oxenham - a religious novel set in the enchanting environment of Dartmoor. What though Beatrice—"My Lady of the Moor" - belongs to the cloister rather than the world, and her other-worldly nature is exaggerated, it is good to read of the healing influence she exerts upon a man who has violently broken the law. The characters are few—two women and three men—but their interplay reveals the bloodless conquest that is wrought by a pure and devoted soul in the trenches of daily life. The story has limitations; within them, it is a story well worth reading, and worth pondering when read.

Are novelists and publishers paying heed to the earnest spirit that is abroad to-day? Suffering is abroad, and therefore thoughtfulness. The number of sufferers is increasing, and before many weeks have passed, that factor must influence public taste, if it has not already done so.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

SONGS OF THE WORLD-WAR.*

When a pacifist (it is curious that the inoffensive word carries, though it may not brandish, a "fist") turns fighter by conviction, in self-defence, or from a sense of patriotic duty, he is a dangerous enemy, for the reason that to whatever he may or may not have of muscle, he adds the invincible factor of *morale*. Mr. St. John Adcock makes no secret—on the contrary, he is proud of the fact—that in the pre-war days he was a pacifist, and shared Mr. Zangwill's hatred of the "jungle gospel" of

"Greatness that comes by Murder's gate,
And glory by the all-red route."

"Songs of the World War" have therefore a psychological interest of their own, quite apart from their lyrical beauty. The hackneyed phrase, often so loosely employed, "a human document," is literally true of Mr. Adcock's book, for it is in a very real sense, the record of the evolution of a soul. Stirred as everyone must be by the noble opening devotional poem "Indifference," a casual reader may ask: "What has the author's religious experience to do with the War?" If he will read on, and read observingly, he will find that, varied and widely different, even heterogeneous, as the contents may seem, they combine, when seen in perspective, to make a picture which is homogeneous,

* "Songs of the World War." By A St. John Adcock. 1s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

harmonious, and complete. The value of the book, apart from the beauty of the imagery, the lyric grace, and the "fundamental brainwork," which are everywhere evident, lies in the fact that the poems are not merely, as the title conveys, a patriot's songs of a war, which, please God, is nearing an end, but that they are also the outpourings of the soul of a true poet upon the deeper questions of Life and Death and Love, that endure while the world lasts.

The infamy that attaches to the authors of this war, the thought of the broken and bleeding bodies of men, the dishonoured bodies of defenceless Belgian women, the burning of thousands of homes, and the unthinkable anguish of little children, have moved Mr. Adcock, in many of these poems to a noble anger which scorches and withers like molten metal. But in the earlier section we find religious poems with what Mr. William Sharp once called the "sweetbrier simplicity" of the Quaker poet Whittier; love lyrics, so light, graceful and tender, as to recall Mr. Austin Dobson; and poems with such passionate love for the people, especially for the suffering, the sweated and the very poor, as to bring to mind William Morris's "Song of the Wind" in the London elm boughs:

"Hark! the March wind again of a people is telling
Of the life that they lead there so haggard and grim,
That if we and our love amid them had been dwelling
My fondness had faltered, thy beauty grown dim."

The writer of this notice never was—as Mr. Adcock was and is—a Socialist, but reading certain burning poems in this book, he asks himself whether the selfish, easeful lives that so many of us lead—lives in which we close our ears, shut our eyes, to the suffering and the misery around us, are not sins against our country, which make all our wartime talk and bluster of patriotism of little worth. Mr. Adcock convinces us that if, after the war, England is to regain her old place among the nations, she will, first of all, have to cleanse her own house, and to see to it that these ancient wrongs, of which he writes so passionately, shall be righted, lest a worse thing happen to her than a war with an enemy nation. In one nobly beautiful poem "The Outcast," he pictures Christ as revisiting this earth, and crying out in anguish at what He saw of the squalid misery of the poor in the richest city of the world:

"And in their costly churches
I am to bring them balm—
But a painting on a window,
A Name in prayer and psalm."

Mr. Adcock calls to us, not only to conquer the enemy without our shores, but also the enemy within—the callous, cold-hearted indifference, which smugly, self-righteously attends church or chapel, while in many respects as far away from Christianity, as taught and practised by Christianity's Founder, as are the very heathen whom we seek to missionise. It is this note which is struck in the first section, "1913-14. The Peace of the Pacifist." Section Two is headed "The Pacifist Fights against War," and opens with a nobly human "Hymn after Battle," the note of which, as in Mr. Kipling's "Recessional," is not the exultation which comes of conquest, but the national humbling of themselves before God, of a chastened people. The second poem, entitled "The Soldier's Wife," is as pathetic as it is beautiful, and deserves a place in every War Anthology. The section closes with a fine Ode, "The Path of Peace," and looks forward to the time when war shall seem:

"By peaceful hearths, in some far-coming year,
A music that was discord heard too near."

The Third Section, "1915. The Pacifist Fights for Peace," is purely patriotic. Peace lover as the poet is he has come to see, with ex-President Roosevelt, that "Peace is normally a great good, and normally, it coincides with righteousness, but it is righteousness, not peace, which should bind the conscience of a nation, as it should bind the conscience of an individual. Neither a nation nor an individual can surrender conscience to another's keeping. Nothing would more promote iniquity, nothing would further defer the reign on earth of peace and righteousness than for a free and enlightened people, who, though with much stumbling, and many shortcomings, nevertheless strive towards justice, deliberately to render themselves powerless, while leaving every despotism and barbarism armed and capable to work their wicked will." In the Third Section, the pacifist has, against his will, become a fighter, and accepts the situation with a grim humour and determination which are characteristic of the Briton with his back to the wall. In a striking poem, "A Letter from the Front," we read:

"Yet, dear or cheap, to fight and win,
That's the first right a Tommy knows:
We turned again, when dawn came in,
With fire and steel upon our foes.
And 'Charge!' the bugle screamed, and we
Were out and on them, swift and grim,
And every German I could see,
It's either him, thinks I, or me—
So it was him!"

There is no more compelling poem in Mr. Adcock's Third Section than the greatly daring vision of "Christ in the Trenches." A soldier sees his comrade fall dead, and One stooping beside the body. Then:

"But though His eyes be dark with pain and pity,
For sorrow veils the glory of His face,
He lifts the gun from the dead grasp, and, rising,
Fires in my comrade's place.

. . . And naught there seemed for doubt, and naught for wonder:
Be sure the strong and righteous hand that hurled
The money changers from His sullied Temple
Shall scourge the brood of hell from all His world."

Mr. Le Gallienne once said that an author's aura is always discernible in his writings, and in "Songs of the World War" we are conscious throughout of a strong, purposeful, faith-holding presence—the presence of one to whom all that is beautiful in nature (and there are many exquisite passages, many lovely imageries, which show the writer as a born nature-worshipper), is symbolical of a yet greater loveliness, a deeper truth, in the spiritual world. Here is the work, not only of a true poet, but also of a deep thinker, and for that reason it is work which uplifts, stimulates and gladdens, no less than it delights. Meredith once said something to the effect that it is always the shallow thinker who is life's pessimist, for to think deeply is to think not only hopefully, but with convinced and inspiring optimism.

"Songs of the World War" is the most notable and original volume of new poems that the year, thus far, has brought, and one may with safety predict that the first edition will soon be followed by a second, and—because much sought after by collectors—will become valuable and scarce, especially as the publishers have issued it in the daintiest of forms. In a sense, it is true that "Poetry has its own incommunicable magic, which is foolishness to the multitude," but here is one of those rare exceptions which will be prized not only by the ardent lover of verse, but also by thoughtful and patriotic women and men of all classes.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

"CHAPEL."*

Those seductive preliminary paragraphs from the publisher which mysteriously find their way into print had raised our hopes of this book very high, and we cannot help bearing a grudge against the author for entering into what seems to us to be none other than a dark conspiracy. It is safe to say that his title will be interpreted by the Welsh people (of whom the present writer is one) as indicating a study of that essentially Welsh institution—the Chapel. Welshmen are waiting for a national novelist to arise who will mould into a book the dramatic matèrial which abounds in Welsh life. And what greater possibilities could exist than in the chapel life of Wales with its historic past and its future so challenging and menacing? Surely the chapel would have formed the most fitting

* "Chapel." By D. Miles Lewis. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

background for the theme of the book, the clash of temperament in two generations. But Mr. Miles Lewis has disregarded this essentially national institution, and woven his story round the history of an old Welsh family named Chapel. He has reproduced with fidelity the atmosphere of the business life of Cardiff, with its opportunities of making and losing fortunes in a day and a night; but, then, Cardiff is a port, a cosmopolitan city, immensely interesting and rather surprisingly beautiful, but it is not the key to the heart of Wales. We believe this is a first novel, and we congratulate the author upon it. It is well written, and it has sufficient momentum in it to carry the reader triumphant to the last page. The story opens with the death of the wife of Josiah Chapel in childbirth. The effect it has on Josiah is to rouse him from a lethargy in which he accepts the bludgeonings of fate with a glum tolerance. A hereditary curse of drink has dragged "the family" down, and Josiah is the despair of his unpleasantly successful relations. The remainder



Mr. Miles Lewis.

of the book is occupied with the career of young Griff Chapel, who rouses his father's envy by the ease with which all life's prizes fall to him. The greatest prize of all is the old house at Wern which Griff eventually obtains along with the supplanter's daughter. The "strong, silent man" has a perfect riot of a time in "Chapel." We almost suspect that the author is in love with the type, for both father and son and uncles and friends carry all before them with their black looks and bad manners. Every true Welshman will thank the author from his heart for his mercifully sparing use of the little word "whatever," which only falls from the lips of the stage Welshman.

CHRIST MYSTICAL.*

Mrs. Herman has made not only an arresting contribution to the recent critical and expository literature of Christian Mysticism, but one which stands forth eminently as an attempt to set out the "meaning and value of Mysticism," considered as "an active factor in the life and thought of to-day." Among her characteristics are an utter lucidity, a whole-hearted sincerity, and keen

* "The Meaning and Value of Mysticism." By E. Herman. 6s. (Clark.).

insight into the subject-general and its problems. As will appear in the course of this notice, her standpoint is by no means identical with my own, and though—unknown to one another—we have been working concurrently with much the same purpose in view, namely, to indicate that the way of the mystic has a message for us here and now, it is—to me, at least—a matter of curious interest to observe our distinctions of method, the points of contact amidst diversity, and where the subject is respectively left. One of the main problems presented by Christian Mysticism is the search after a satisfactory canon of criticism to determine the true offices of the Christ of Palestine in connection with the ultimate claim of mystical experience, being that of union between the soul and God. The position of Mrs. Herman in relation to this question is particularly clear and definite. The strength of the Christian mystic is for her an outcome of " faith in a crucified God," or—alternatively—is characterised by ardent personal devotion to a " crucified Redeemer." Such faith and such devotion are for her " central " to Mysticism. " The God of the Christian Mystic, at any rate, is, and has always been, a *Person* whom . . . more often than not, he completely identifies with the Saviour Christ." Again : " The heart of Mysticism . . . is its passionate personal apprehension of Jesus Christ the Redeemer." It will be observed that the slight qualification of the first extract has slipped away in the second. The point, therefore, arises whether in Mrs. Herman's view the content of Mysticism is, and must necessarily be, Christian, and whether anything which has been brought under this denomination from non-Christian sources must be set aside by Christians as such. It can be determined, however, only by way of inference. Some of us will remember the short road found in certain lectures by a Roman Catholic writer, the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, who affirmed that Christian mystical experience is the fruit of supernatural grace working in the soul, while non-Christian Mysticism—Vedantist, Buddhist, Sufic, and even, perhaps, Protestant—has been the fruit of drugs. We should not expect Mrs. Herman to echo or to vary this ingenuous trick of distinction, and I venture to doubt whether the line of argument can be welcome to discerning people within the great Church of which Mr. Sharpe is a member, and whose cause he thus strangely espouses. Mrs. Herman on her own part—except for a single allusion, and that at a very far distance—adopts a policy of silence, and follows therein the lead of contemporary Latinists, from the Passionist Father Devine to the Jesuit Father Poulain, not to speak of Abbé Lamballe and several recent writers.

For these, as for her, there might be no such witness in the world as Oriental Mysticism. My position is that this was intelligible enough when there was no scholarship of the subject, as in the days of the earlier expositors, from Antonius a Spiritu Sancto to Schram and Scaramelli. To ignore the other witness is now no longer possible. We have to recognise that a path was found and a term was reached in Divine Attainment and Union outside that path and term which are in Christ. I hold that Christian Mysticism is that which it claims to be, a real science of attainment, but I find nothing which can justify us in setting aside the records of the great Vedantic religion if we accept those of the Holy Catholic Church. When due allowance has been made for difference in the media, it will be found that the great people on both sides have certified to the one great thing in the same great way, and it is certain, therefore, that the exponents of Christian mystical knowledge must give good account of the fact that a source which is not Christian has co-existed beside theirs, and is, indeed, much older. If both are true sciences, there is an eirenicon possible between them, and I indicate here a great work of exposition and comparison which calls to be done. For myself, I can say only that the one term appears to have been known through the ages under many names, and that many masters have led the world into salvation. I do not believe for a moment that the imitation of Krishna has taken those who were born and bred under the ægis of this name through delusion to a false end, while the imitation of Christ is the one way which takes into truth and life. I should not be a Christian mystic if I were not very certain that the great name of all is Christ, but the mystery of union with Himself in God, which He came to teach and show, is of union with the Divine Word, and not with the mighty personal master Who is Jesus of Nazareth—Himself the primary example of that attained union. Here lies, as it seems to me, the way of that eirenicon of which I have spoken. The union attained in the Word is with God immanent in the universe and the human soul; and neither in the East nor the West has other Divine Term been achieved by man, whatever the variety in names, offices and formulæ. It is in the sense of such union —or by a mystical discernment of the body of our Lord— that the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist is the great *mysterium fidei*, while it may and does become, for those who are called and chosen, a communicating fountain of Divine Substance. Here also—as I believe—is the deeper side of that other mystery—but one of intimation and of rumour concerning a Holy Assembly or Hidden Church of the elect, to which Mrs. Herman makes certain references. It is the Church of those who are in conscious union with Christ in God, and in that Holy Assembly I should look for Jesus of Nazareth to " walk " with the elect, as God walked with Adam in the cool of the eventide.

A. E. WAITE.

Novel Notes.

THE HOUSE OF WAR. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Nash.)

" The House of War," Mr. Pickthall tells us, " was the designation given formerly to all those Christians of the countries conquered by the Muslims who declined to embrace El Islâm. . . . But the Christians of the Turkish Empire have now, for several generations, become a house of war in a much wider sense, a development to which the European missionaries, who come and go, have, often inadvertently, contributed." The author's prefatory note well indicates the theme of " The House of War," a novel in which Mr. Pickthall is inclined to allow his purpose to take precedence over his plot. Most emphatically he does not approve of Christian missions in Mahomedan countries, and so for the purposes of his story he has invented a heroine who is cold-blooded and almost incredibly pig-headed. Indeed, one finds it difficult to believe that so broad-minded a man as Fenn would have found anything to attract him in Elsie. Nevertheless, " The House of War " is an interesting, at times an exciting, story, and it is well worth reading for its vivid picture of life as it was lived by Europeans in the Near East before the declaration of war.

THE RIGHT DIVINE. By W. Harold Thomson. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The publishers describe this novel as " a warm-hearted book, full of character and incident." We are glad to have the pleasure of agreeing for once with a " puff preliminary." " The Right Divine " is the exercise of merciful judgment, and in his exposition of this theme Mr. Thomson displays an engaging charity and broadmindedness. The story he tells is one that has had many counterparts in real life. The Rev. Stuart Hamilton, finding himself out of sympathy with the tenets of his church, abandons his profession and turns to literature and London. For this he is renounced by his bigoted father and his narrow-minded sweetheart. Mr. Thomson, in the course of his pleasant love-story, describes a certain stratum of London journalism with knowledge and great gusto, but his picture of the advertisement writer is considerably more convincing than that of



Mr. W. Harold Thomson.

the genial publisher, who is apparently a descendant of the Cheeryble Brothers. The book has crudities that Mr. Thomson will learn to eliminate, but it has truth and insight and good humour. It is no small thing to have written a novel on this topic free from cynicism and pessimism. More than his hero, Mr. Thomson deserves to "arrive."

THE PASSING OF NAHLA. By Bey Somerville. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Jean du Vallon was Anglo-French and with Egyptian blood in his veins. The desert fascinated him, and his means enabled him to gratify his caprice. Nahla is a little Egyptian foundling whom he adopts, and as the years pass the relationship changes and the guardian becomes the lover. Temper and ancestry augment Jean's passion, and Nahla is the beautiful embodiment of all the romance of Egypt. But there is another side to Jean's temperament. He is half in love with Paris and modern Bohemianism, and his moods are alternately swayed by the calls of East and West. When the wind blows from the West, Jean's love for Nahla turns almost to repulsion, and in such a mood he is eager to throw himself at the feet of the famous dancer, Caliera. For Nahla, child of the desert, there are no alternatives. Her love is her life, and she is ready to fight for it and die. She does both, but the victory is also hers. For though stricken almost to death by her revengeful hand, Jean gains by the passing of Nahla not love and liberty but loneliness and remorse. The story deals with a problem not unfamiliar to the novel-reader. Miss Somerville handles it with distinction and with a very commendable restraint.

KENT, THE FIGHTING MAN. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

In "Kent, the Fighting Man" Mr. George Edgar gets back into something of the atmosphere of his earlier story of the Prize Ring, "The Blue Bird's-Eye." But the earlier story was of an earlier day, and "Kent" is of the Prize Ring as it is in our own time. It is a vigorous, up-to-date version of the prodigal son—a romance of a young man who comes to London, falls among sharps and thieves, and in desperation forges his father's name to clear off a gambling debt of four thousand pounds. He is saved

from plunging into worse dishonour by the intervention of his father, Sir Richard Westerley, who destroys the evidence of his guilt but stops his allowance, and leaves him to face the world with ten shillings and "find his own place, as an honest man should, by his own efforts." How John Westerley retrieved his past, and finally regained his self-respect and his good name on the battlefields of the present war makes a capital tale of love and glamorous adventure and gallant fighting that keeps the reader's interest on the stretch from beginning to end.

THE DEVIL DOCTOR. By Sax Rohmer. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mystery and melodrama are skilfully blended in these further adventures in the career of that sinister Oriental, Dr. Fu-Manchu, and the result is agreeably terrifying. Readers who have not yet met the Devil Doctor should "imagine a person tall, lean and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close-shaven skull and long magnetic eyes of the true cat green. Invest him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race accumulated in one giant intellect, with all the resources of science, past and present, and you have a mental picture of Dr. Fu-Manchu, the 'Yellow Peril' incarnate in one man." Nayland Smith, the detective from Burma, and his friend Dr. Patrie, pit their wits against this formidable figure, and after many hair-raising escapes fall into the Chinaman's clutches, where they become acquainted with some of the possibilities of torture as a fine art. In a story of this kind there is, of course, plenty of hard hitting; sandbags and revolvers are kept busy; but Mr. Sax Rohmer equips his arch-villain with more subtle weapons than these—with black cats and death-adders, marmosets and scorpions, and last but not least a beautiful Eastern slave-girl, whose dark eyes and warm heart work miracles not bargained for by the resourceful Fu-Manchu. A capital book for those in search of thrills.

AN OUTRAGED SOCIETY. By A. Brownlow Fjorde. 6s. (George Allen & Unwin.)

Mr. Brownlow Fforde hugely enjoyed the writing of this simple-hearted humorous and wholesome book. Hence the pleasure derived by the reader is not unlike that of a traveller who, after a long tramp, regales himself with a long drink of home-brewed cider under the approving eye of the good wife whose manifest pride in her own brewing adds spice to the cup. Spindlesea, the scene of the comedy, a west country hive with Sylvia Lester as queen bee, justly resented Mr. Burger's intrusion. He was out of proportion to the place. His manners were Colonial, his style of dress—was his own. When arrayed in all his glory he wore a large frock-coat over a scarlet knitted waistcoat, and a spreading cravat of blue satin. Mr. Burger crowned this creation with a bowler hat. He wore no gloves. His wooing of Jane Greyling (a most delightful and original character), and her subsequent surrender, makes very pleasant reading. The obstacles in the way were Jane's pride, her mother's prejudice, and Miss Pepperly's caustic tongue. But it all came right in the end, for it all happened before the war, in those good old days when subalterns came home on furlough from India and lads like Jimmy Fergusson rolled round the world without gathering any moss. This novel will be in great demand and should certainly enhance Mr. Fforde's reputation.

A CORNER IN DIAMONDS. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The particular diamond that lends its lustre to Mr. Gerard's new mystery novel is a magnificent stone priced at something like thirty thousand pounds. After being imprisoned for twenty years in a bank's strong-room, it appears for a brief but brilliant period at a Park Lane ball, where it sparkles wickedly on the shoulder of Lord Beauvrai's beautiful daughter, Geraldine. Its disappearance is at once the sensation of the ball and the opportunity that Captain Clive Bellairs is waiting for. Suspicion fastens on Geraldine's two Tango partners, and the story tells in a pleasantly exciting manner how Bellairs and his detective friend, Legrove, follow these two trails. One trail leads to Stark Castle, and the discovery of the diamond thief, the other to Chelsea Embankment and—but to tell more would be unfair both to author and reader. It is a briskly-moving, interesting story, written with all Mr. Gerard's accustomed skill.

AFTERTHOUGHTS. By Mary Openshaw. 6s. (Simpkin.)

This is the story of a beautiful, heartless maiden of the crinolined eighteen-fifty days. So well portrayed is Delia Beeching, that while we cannot admire her character, yet we are made to feel her picturesque fascination and charm. "Some people need other people to make them happy and some people only want *things*," says Delia's little sister to the young Quaker whom Delia has become engaged to in a moment of ennui, and whom she afterwards jilts. Delia is certainly one of those people who are happy with things, so long as the things are jewels and fine clothes and a presentation at Court. For these, she marries a Lord—half a century older than herself, and leaves her handsome Quaker lover to get over the shock as best he can. Her first introduction into the Quaker household and the contrast of her "frenchified" ways with those of the Friends, is vividly described. It is an entertaining story, containing many dramatic incidents, which lead up to a strong and realistic climax. The author's way of telling the tale, and her occasional shrewd comments, go far towards making "Afterthoughts" an entirely successful piece of work.

THE CRIMSON FIELD. Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

The glamour of the past pales to insignificance before the poignancy of the present. We are living through the greatest war of all time; the roar of guns ceases not day or night; the casualty list casts its lengthening shadow over the whole land and a great harvest of tragedy is ripe for the sickle. In comparison the echo of arms from long-forgotten Border feuds rings faint and unreal. "Do not read History to me," said Napoleon, "for that I know is false"; and it is hard, indeed, to realise that pike and bow were not always stage properties, but were once the weapons of living warfare. In his new novel Mr. Sutcliffe describes the events which led up to the muster of troops, the march across the Border, and the great battle that crimsoned Flodden Field with the blood of brave men of two nations, Scotch and English, more than four hundred years ago. Into this setting is fitted the romance of Sylvester Demaine, the young yeoman, who dared to raise his eyes to the level of Mistress Percival, but was bidden by her proud father to win his spurs ere he presumed to touch her hand. Of course he did so, as a novel-hero should do, "by gallantry beyond the strength of two usual men." Although the characterisation is somewhat vague with no clear outlines of personality, the book is pleasurably written, and will find many appreciative readers.

THE MAMMOTH. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Perceval Gibbon has given us vivid reading concerning the life of Mozambique, and Stanley Hyatt has also taught stay-at-homes something of the wonders of that tract of country where nature would seem to have set her ban on European occupation. Yet Portuguese East Africa remains a practically undiscovered country of romance in spite of the wealth of material which here awaits the story-writer. The "Mammoth"—the posthumous work of Stanley Portal Hyatt—is a story showing the corroding influence of gold on the human character, a phenomenon well known to all of us who have sojourned in mining camps. Yet this is not entirely a "digger" story, for the scene is laid partly in London where John Seton, the consulting engineer, was forced to leave his fiancée with

her impossibly horrible mother, and partly in Africa where he goes to report on the Mammoth gold mine. It is a story full of surprising developments; and although John Seton may be a trifle stupid—yet who wants a brainy hero?—the plot is well worked out, and the descriptions of Portuguese East Africa are excellent. One seems actually to see the moist heat over the mangrove swamps and the unending jungle haunted by the tse-tse fly.

THE DOUGLAS ROMANCE. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Sladen can always be trusted to tell a good story. But he also refuses in his genial fashion to travel dull or familiar paths. He believes, that is to say, in telling a tale about people, situations, incidents, that is topical, even at times ephemeral. He does so with unfailing zest, and pleasant ease and equanimity. In "The Douglas Romance" he has resurrected, or more truly created, a descendant of the famous Black Douglas. This gallant young man falls in love with his second cousin Mirabel Douglas, the heroine, and the star of the Babylon Theatre. She is, to her intense dissatisfaction, married to the owner of the theatre, Oliver Gray, Junior, for which, by the way, she has her own ambition entirely to blame. Mr. Sladen has struggled heroically, but he has not convinced us that Mirabel is far removed from common clay, a statement one can only write about a heroine with mortification and bent head. Musical comedy, green rooms, midnight suppers, are suddenly swept aside by the outbreak of War. Mr. Sladen writes vigorously of the battle scenes at the front, and with a warm admiration for the gallant officers who, laying aside the trivialities of tinsel and paint, challenged death with the spirit of the great Douglas, whose name hovers over the book like a shadow of old achievement. Archie Douglas falls at the head of his men, and Oliver Gray returns crippled to find that Mirabel is broken-hearted with vain regrets that the House of Douglas is left without an heir. Mr. Sladen has been, in our opinion, rather overwhelmed by Mirabel. We are ready to take his word that her actual conduct is no guide to her inner character, but the facts as he records them point with an unswerving finger to a nature so immoral and petty that it will allow her to marry a man she detests, and not merely do that, but lay conditions upon him that are infinitely worse than any open indiscretion. That she is commercial, selfish, hard, is so apparent as to make us pity Oliver Gray. But we are ready to be assured that all is well, and we know that Mr. Sladen's large public will thank him for another lively and topical story.

The Bookman's Table.

WAR LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN. By Marie van Vorst. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

Miss Van Vorst, if we remember rightly, like her sister, has done so much good journalism and fiction that readers will be prepared for the force and directness and humanity of this record of work done as a war nurse. A deeply-sentient woman who had made her home in France for twenty five years, and was proud of the French blood in her veins, was bound to take sides with the cause of liberation, but there are few American writers who have given so free and full a voice to the faith that is in them as to the rights and wrongs of this iniquitous war. When it broke on Paris, the author was proceeding to Italy for a holiday, but the blow drove her to London in charge of her mother, and her notes on the attitude of the English people are charged with hot sympathy and admiration. Presently she returned to Paris, and enlisted on the staff

of the American Ambulance Corps at Neuilly under Mrs. Vanderbilt, and the rest of the book is a rapid panorama of movement and good work. Those who want to see the mercy side of war, through the eyes of a keenly-observant and richly-articulate woman, who is practical as well as emotional, will find it here set forth in a candid and intimate way that is not to be obtained in journalism of the censored order. Her publisher has been wise and spirited enough to give her a free rein in this respect, even where it raises a smile against himself; but it does not need the inclusion of artless asides and outbursts to convince any reader that these letters are precisely what the title of the book implies—the confidences of a woman who has played an active and an admirable part through the worst of the Red Cross and service work in France during many months of the campaign. There are parts like the account of the gangrene wards and the operating theatres at the base which are almost too painful for print, but, after all, they do but realise what every apprehensive and susceptible reader of the war-news must have conjured up for himself, and not one reader in a thousand, or a hundred thousand, is equal to visualising the effects that our author here obtains in a few swift and certain strokes. Here is a vignette which remains fast upon the memory; it describes an experience of unexpected emergency-nursing aboard a Channel steamer thronged with refugees:

"Miss Wells is, of course, a regular nurse, but Madelon knows little more about the birth of children than you do. Yet the baby was born, and Madelon received it, washed it in a steamboat cuspidor, holding it between her knees, and powdered it with tooth powder. Miss Wells says that she will never forget it as long as she lives—that morsel of humanity, holding with its tiny little hands on to the edges of the cuspidor."

It is part of the charm—and the relief—of this book that Miss Vorst found herself repeatedly on the move from place to place. Glimpses of London in war-time help to vary the scene and relieve the tension of a remarkable piece of war evidence. This, and other reasons, explain why what might easily have been a painful and oppressive record is an engrossing and deeply satisfying book.

PLEASURES AND PALACES. By Princess Lazarovich Hrebelianovich. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"I was a rank American," writes the Princess Lazarovich, "as tart as any green apple in my ideas of independence." It is the sympathy with democracy, coupled with the artist's appreciation of that which is best in aristocracy, that makes these memoirs so interesting to read. Before her marriage to a Serbian Prince, the Princess Lazarovich, was Miss Eleanor Calhoun, a Californian lady, and an actress of great note during the late Victorian era. Carefully and charmingly written, "Pleasures and Palaces" (an unattractive title for this attractive book) concerns many distinguished people, and numerous palaces and famous houses. The author seems to have met almost every prominent personage inside and outside of the Royal Court, and has some pleasant memory to record of each. There are interesting paragraphs about Browning, Whistler, Victor Hugo, Henry James, Bernard Shaw, and many another: her friendships with distinguished women of the day appear to have been very real and sincere. The record of her stage career includes an interesting chapter on her rendition of Lady Macbeth at Stratford-on-Avon during one memorial week. Every character was taken by some well-known actor, such actors as Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton playing two of the witches. Towards the close of the memoirs we get some vivid glimpses into Serbian life, and the last chapter deals with a seance held by the late Mr. W. T. Stead, and a renowned prophecy concerning the future of Serbia. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs and drawings.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

There is a lesson in **Plain William,** by Sadi Grant (6s.), a lesson for the well-to-do who fail to recognise the duty they owe to their children by bringing them up without purpose or interest in life, dooming them to drift through days and years of dreary uselessness to all around them, of dull monotony to themselves. Such an existence Dorinda Marson's promises to be, but her impulsive, independent nature revolts against it, and thirsting for adventure, in her innocence and ignorance she throws herself into a very unpleasant situation, and finds herself secretly tied for life to a man she does not love, and whom she considers far beneath her in the social scale. The result of this unhappy union is tragedy and bloodshed, but Dorinda is saved from the disgrace of scandal by her unselfish, chivalrous cousin, William Peel—Plain William. Even then the girl has not paid in full for her foolish action, and the fruits of her escapade are very bitter. The story is well told and full of unusual incidents, and withal makes an interesting and enjoyable novel.

MESSRS. ALLEN & UNWIN.

In **The Murder of Nurse Cavell** (1s. net) Dr. Charles Sarolea gives poignant utterance to the sorrow and expresses the flaming indignation that was aroused in British hearts by the infamous murder of Nurse Cavell last autumn. He goes over the case again in detail, analysing it carefully, and asserting that of the thirty-four prisoners accused and tried with her, the Englishwoman was singled out for execution solely because of her nationality, as a chosen victim of the hatred felt by the Germans against the race from which she sprang. At the conclusion is given the correspondence which passed between the American Ambassador and various influential persons before and after the trial. The whole thing is briefly but powerfully set forth, and will be a lasting testimony to the bravery of the noble woman whose immortal story it has been written to commemorate.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

"With the Immortal Seventh Division" (2s. 6d net) is the title given to a collection of short papers written by the late Rev. E. J. Kennedy, Chaplain-Major to the Expeditionary Force. The lovable personality of the writer endues the book with liveliness and charm, nowhere better shown than in the "Chapter of Incidents" where the writer deals principally with the British "Tommy's" sense of humour. In its more serious aspect the book gives an admirable impression of the work of the Army Chaplain.

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Miss Nina Toye, whose work we do not remember to have met before, has written a strenuous and exciting novel in **"The Death Rider"** (6s.) The period of Pope Julius II. is one which lends itself to picturesque treatment, particularly if the author has had the wisdom to lay his scenes in Rome and Florence, as Miss Toye has done. So the reader will find himself whisked from scenes of revelry to others of love or of romantic fighting—for fighting was romantic then. It is all rather breathless, but the experience is well worth having—and Miss Toye's future work is likewise well worth watching.

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In the dedication of **"Sacrifice"** (6s.), Mlle. Marcelle Tinayre tells us that none of her books "owes less to imagination or contains less of literary craft." It is for this very reason, perhaps, that it impresses the reader as peculiarly poignant and truthful. It depicts, in the simplest of language, the emotions of a young wife, living in Paris, during the forty-eight hours from the 31st of July to the 2nd of August, 1914. Sentiment is in no way over-strained, but the book is the most pathetic we have read of the many novels dealing with the war. The English translation by Miss Harriet M. Capes makes admirable reading.



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No. 297. Vol. L. JUNE, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of **The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.**

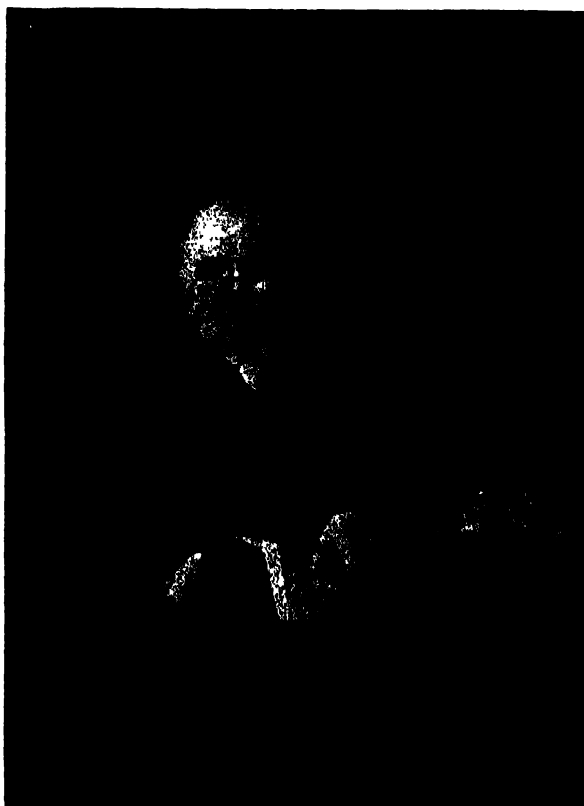
A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We learn with much regret of the death of Mr. John H. Ingram. He died in February last, but the news only reached us by chance a week or two ago; no paper, so far as we have seen, paid him the passing tribute of an obituary notice, yet he was author or editor of a score of volumes, and one time and another contributed a good deal to the leading English, Continental and American reviews and magazines. He was best known as a biographer and editor of Poe; he had not a sufficiently delicate sense of poetry to be a good critic, but in all the circumstance of Poe's career and work he was an acknowledged expert. He gave his whole heart to this subject, and it was sometimes difficult to persuade him that other writers knew anything considerable about it. He was careful to get into touch with anybody who might be able to add to his stores of information, and had accumulated a unique collection of letters, documents and portraits of Poe and his associates. For years past he had been engaged on a drastic revision of his "Life of Poe," and completed this only a few months before his death. His other volumes included biographies of E. B. Browning, Oliver Madox Brown and Chatterton. He was general editor of the "Eminent Women" series, and was responsible for many editions of Poe's Tales, Poems, and Essays, including those in the Tauchnitz collection. A few years ago he published a gossipy volume on "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates," and in 1914 contributed a study on "Marlowe and his Poetry" to Harrap's "Poetry and Life" series. He had a reputation for being difficult to deal with, but a friendly approach disarmed him at once and changed him into one of the kindliest and most obliging of men.

Mr. Hartman Laxdale, whose powerful novel, "The Dim Bourne," was published last month by Mr. Grant Richards, is of Anglo-Scottish descent, and is twenty-seven years old. He went to Westmorland from London in 1906 to learn gardening, and later had a small poultry farm at Windermere (the original of Conismere in "The Dim Bourne"). In 1910 he came back to London and took a course in book-keeping at a City Commercial College, gaining certificates from the Royal Society of Arts and the London Chamber of Commerce, but he was unable to do any work in the end on account of impaired health. In 1913 he began to write plays, but up to the present none have been produced. "The Dim Bourne" was written between September, 1913, and October, 1915.

Mr. Lewis Chase, author of "Poe and his Poetry," with the aid of the Public Librarian of King's Lynn, has discovered the only genuine portrait of John Bransby known to exist. The original is in the possession of Miss Worth Taylor, by whose kind permission it is now for the first time reproduced. Bransby was Edgar Allan Poe's schoolmaster from 1817 to 1820 at the Manor House School, Stoke Newington. Although honourably remembered, wherever he lived, Bransby's chief claim to fame is this uncomplimentary reference to himself in Poe's tale, "William Wilson," which is supposed to be autobiographic in spirit of his Stoke Newington days. "Of this church the principal of our school was pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as with step solemn and slow he ascended the pulpit! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast—could this be he who, of late, with sour visage and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy? O gigantic paradox, too utterly monstrous for solution!"



Rev. John Bransby,
schoolmaster to Edgar Allan Poe at Stoke Newington.
A hitherto unpublished portrait. Copied from an oil painting in the possession of Miss Worth Taylor.

What is now proved to be a spurious portrait of Bransby has been widely circulated—it is in reality that of Dr. William Cooke, an eighteenth-century rector of Stoke Newington who died when Bransby was thirteen years old. The portrait here published was done in oils by John Rutland two or three years before Bransby's death.

Mr. J. M. Hay, whose new novel, "Barnacles," we review in this Number, began his literary career whilst a student at Glasgow University by contributing to the Press of that city, to *Chambers's Journal*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Saturday Westminster* and the *Spectator*. Two years ago his first novel, "Gillespie," made its appearance, and not only met with a most favourable reception from the critics, but has gone through six editions. "Barnacles" is an attempt to show the spirit of brotherhood that, it is hoped, will arise out of the war. Apart from the ethic of the story, it had its origin, Mr. Hay says, in a common borough sight. Walking along a country road, he saw a man leading a sheep by a rope tied round its neck; and that same evening he started to write a story of a man leading a sheep by a rope and had no idea where the sheep would lead him. He is at present engaged on another novel, one that deals with the Church of Scotland, its failure to reach its people, and its need of another reformation.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing shortly a new book by Mr. I. Zangwill—a series of essays dealing with the great problems of the day in their relation to the war, with a long prefatory "Apologia for not being a Pro-German."

From Mr. Heinemann too we are to have, in his excellent "Soldiers' Tales of the Great War" series, "Uncensored Letters from the Dardanelles"—the letters of a French Surgeon to his English wife; and "From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles," the log of a Midshipman who was in his first term at Osborne when the war broke out, and who saw active service with the fleet in the North Sea, in African waters and the Dardanelles.

Mr. Wilson Crewdson, Vice-President of the Japan Society, author of "Japan, our Ally," and a contributor to the Nineteenth Century, being over military age, has occupied himself in patriotic work as an orderly in the Military Hospital at Arc-en-Barrois, France. Under the title of "French Heroes," he has now published (E. Copeman & Co., London, E.C.) a booklet, illustrated by photos, of the great work which is being carried on there. The hospital was organised by Miss Bromley-Martin for seriously wounded French soldiers—not of the well-to-do, but of the poorer and conscript type. The staff is British, but is under the authority of



Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton,
whose new novel, "Dead Yesterday," Messrs. Duckworth are publishing.

the French Government and of General Joffre. Mr. Crewsdon's booklet describes in detail the work done at the hospital. Out of 700 wounded men the lives of 670 were saved, which speaks volumes for the devotion of the workers. Mr. Crewsdon relates many striking and pathetic incidents of the heroism and endurance of the wounded, but makes no mention of his own activities. Both by his work as orderly and by the publication of this booklet, he has rendered valuable service to the patriotic cause.

Recent developments in Mesopotamia and thereabouts give a special interest to "The Gate of Asia," by William Warefield, which Messrs. Putnam are publishing. It is the record of a journey from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea, in the course of which the author had the unpleasant experience of being arrested by the Turks as a British spy.

"The Dweller in the Innermost" is the title of an anthology on Conscience which Messrs. Headley Brothers will publish at an early date. The volume will have as frontispiece a reproduction of Watts' famous picture, and will include an introduction by Mr. Gilbert Thomas, who discusses the question as to where, in dealing with Conscience, the line should be drawn between liberty and licence.

Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton, whose latest novel, "Dead Yesterday" (Duckworth) has met with an uncommonly favourable reception, is the daughter of Mr. Robert Adamson, who was Professor of Logic successively at Manchester, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. She took a First in History and a Second in Classics at Newnham. Mrs. Hamilton specialised there in the Economic section of the History course, and has always taken a keen and active interest in the economic questions of the day. Her two first novels were declined by every publisher who saw them; her third, "Less than the Dust," written in 1911, was accepted by the first publisher she sent it to; and in 1914 her next novel (the fourth if you count those that have never got into print) appeared under the title of "Yes."

There are few public men in whom the public is more keenly interested in these times than Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, and it is not surprising to hear that the fascinating story of his life, "W. M. Hughes: The Strong Man of Australia," by Stanhope W. Sprigg, which Messrs. Pearson published last month, is already in its second English edition. Mr. Sprigg has done his work carefully and well, and within the compass of a handy shilling volume tells of the early struggles



Photo by Thos. Forrest & Son, Pontypridd.

Mr. Joseph Keating,
whose autobiography, "My Struggle for Life," has been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

and romantic career of the Welsh lad who rose to be one of the Empire's rulers. The book is prefaced with a special message from Mr. Hughes to the young people of the Empire.

"The Luck of the Strong," a new novel by Mr. W. Hope Hodgson, who is now serving in the Royal Field Artillery, will be published immediately by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

"When I was Mary Bull" is the name Mr. R. Andom is giving to a pseudo-autobiographical volume in which he records his two years' experience as editor of that paper, and incidentally touches in some realistic pictures of modern London journalism. He has also completed a new "Troddles" book which Messrs. George Newnes are publishing shortly, with illustrations by Mr. Bernhard Hugh.

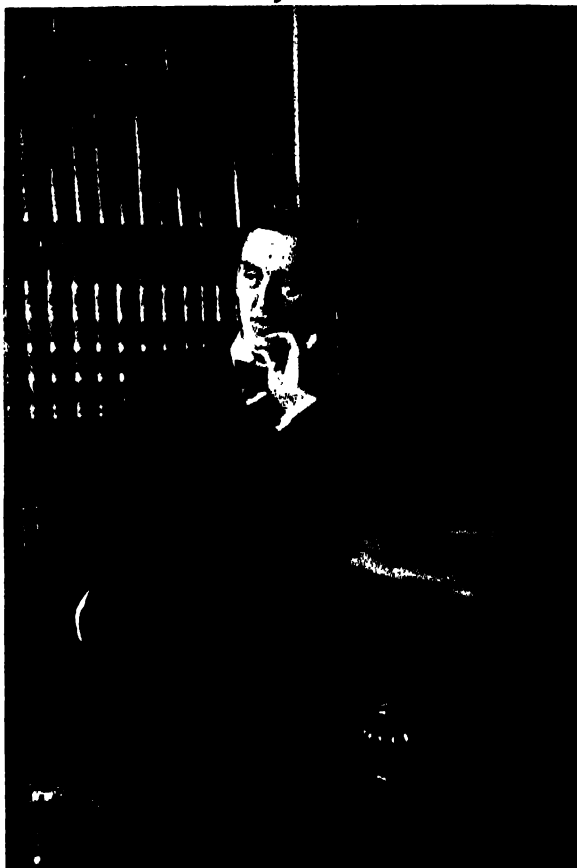


Photo by Parkes Press Studio.

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P. ("Sub Rosa"),

whose book of essays, "Things that don't Count" (Cecil Palmer & Hayward), is reviewed in this Number.

A new book by a new poet, "Ypres and Other Poems," by William G. Shakespeare, will be published this month by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

Mr. John F. Harris has written a study of "Samuel Butler, author of 'Erewhon': The Man and his Work," which Mr. Grant Richards is publishing shortly. His aim has been to show the essential unity underlying all Butler's work, philosophical, scientific and satirical, as well as such adventures into classical literature as his translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Separate sections of the book are devoted to Butler's controversies with Darwin; to his scientific books; and to his curious theory that the Odyssey was written by a woman, a theory he held in all seriousness, though he found it hard to get others to treat it seriously. That remarkable novel, "The Way of All Flesh," is drawn upon for sidelights on Butler's own life; but Mr. Harris finds that the posthumously published "Note Books" best include and sum up Butler's many interests, and offer the completest expression of himself. In 1914 Mr. Harris came down from Cambridge, where he was sometime editor of the undergraduate weekly, *The Cambridge Magazine.* This is his first book, but he has contributed numerous articles and short stories to the magazines. He is working just now on a study of Utopias in Literature—from Plato to H. G. Wells.

The Americans, like ourselves, are confronted with a paper problem nowadays, and we might, perhaps, take a hint from the following notice which was recently issued by the Washington Department of Commerce:

"The attention of the Department of Commerce is called, by the president of a large paper manufacturing company, to the fact that there is a serious shortage of raw material for the manufacture of paper, including rags and old papers. He urges that the Department should make it known that the collecting and saving of rags and old papers would greatly better existing conditions for American manufacturers. Something like 15,000 tons of different kinds of paper and paper board are manufactured every day in the United States, and a large proportion of this, after it has served its purpose, could be used over again in some class of paper. A large part of it, however, is either burned or otherwise wasted. This, of course, has to be replaced by new materials. In the early history of the paper industry publicity was given to the importance of saving rags. It is of scarcely less importance now. The Department of Commerce is glad to bring this matter to the attention of the public in the hope that practical results may flow from it. A little attention to the saving of rags and old papers will mean genuine relief to our paper industry, and a diminishing drain upon our sources of supply for new materials."

"Watermeads," a new novel by Mr. Archibald Marshall, will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

The title page and Index to Volume 49 will be given with our next Number.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

VIOLET MARTIN (MARTIN ROSS) AND E. Œ. SOMERVILLE.

AT any time the loss of one of the two cousins, Violet Martin (Martin Ross) and Edith Œnone Somerville, whose delightful humour has shed its lambent rays on a world much in need of it, would be a loss sadly to be deplored; in these days it is nothing short of a calamity. No one laughs now but the soldiers. We need, and we shall need, the tonic of honest and wholesome laughter. A touch of soullessness, even ever so light, would put humour out of court at this moment. Humour to save us now-a-days must be clean and wise; and we have lost the cleanest and wisest of all the humorists; at least, we have lost half of her. The great, sweet, humane companionship is broken by death.

The completeness of these humorists is due to the fact that they were, first of all, serious writers. More, they were poets. They had the clear eye of inward vision. One of the partners is an artist. Looking at the West of Ireland skies and landscapes which these cousins knew so well, one cries enviously, "Oh, for the brush of a painter!" One would need the colours of Turner or of A. E., but A. E. does not paint the winter skies. Imagine as I saw it this February morning at sunrise—first a long wash of ambient colour; above, a great cloud which I can only describe as mole colour. In that, feathery lines of living rose pulsing and breaking. Above that, clear greenish-blue. While I knelt in the little church the sun sent a sudden splash of light on the white-washed walls. I had to turn to make sure some great chandelier had not been lit. As we drove homeward the clouds wore the deep sapphire I have only seen in these skies. All the bog pools were sapphire, and the shoulder of a mountain far away was the colour of a Parma violet.

These winter skies shift from day to day, and every day you swear there was no sky ever so beautiful. These are the skies the Irish cousins got into their stories, since hunting is a winter pastime, and so many of their stories are concerned with hunting. They got in other things the soft, wild winds, and the bogs, and the good going, and the moist air in your face, and the sweetness of an atmosphere pure as crystal.



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin. **Miss Violet Martin (Martin Ross).**



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin. **Miss E. Œ. Somerville.**

In very few writers can there have been such a true proportion between the tragedy and comedy of life. I had almost written the serious and the comic side; but that would not convey my meaning, for the true artist is serious—I mean he respects himself and his work even when he is invoking the Muse of Laughter; and in these balanced and composed books we have, at least, something of a lasting joy. The honest humour is not for a day or for a year. It will not become dead, like the perishable books which are issued from the printing presses for a three months' life, season after season. To my mind these novels of Somerville and Ross have the air of classics. They portray Irish life as it is to-day, as it has been. With "Castle Rackrent," and some novels of Carleton's, they should have as much of immortality as we can foresee.

Someone has defined humour as a sense of proportion. Well, then, it cannot be perfect humour if it be lop-sided. Too many people know these humorists by "An Irish R.M."; too few by "The Real Charlotte," "The Silver Fox," and "Dan Russel the Fox." They worked excellently on a small canvas. In "In Mr. Knox's Country"—the last book, I suppose, that we shall have from that fortunate collaboration—their work in the short story is as good as ever. Their big achievement, however, was in "The Real Charlotte," which was a much bigger canvas, with two outstanding figures. Even in the rollicking stories, the rollicking goes on to a background of gravity. There is broad humane humour in "The Real Charlotte"; there is a big and a somewhat dreadful creation in Charlotte herself. The book appeared quite early in the partnership. It was not recognised—at least, as it ought to have been. Some time in the late 'eighties or early 'nineties, Willie Yeats told me that Henley had made a great discovery of "The Real Charlotte"; that

he was extravagantly delighted with it. I made haste to get "The Real Charlotte": I suppose I must have borrowed the book, for I do not now possess it; but the characters, and the comedy and tragedy of it, remain with me to this day. When I read it I had been reading "Père Goriot" and "Eugénie Grandet." I found a resemblance. Charlotte was a more towering figure than the cousins gave us again. She was created; they had hewed her out, and she had a suggestion of vastness and ugliness. Perhaps they did not like her when they had made her. Their work was otherwise so sunny. I was a very young reviewer in those days, but I remember saying that if Balzac had been an Irish writer he might have created Charlotte.

"The Silver Fox" is a slighter story, but I remember being delighted with its hunting and its landscapes, its touch of tragedy, and that weird supernatural breath of the middle world, between life and death, which is so often Irish superstition. That air from the country of the dead blows in "The Silver Fox," as it does so often in the Somerville and Ross books. It is a part of their faithfulness in the rendering of Irish life.

"Dan Russel the Fox" I place third in the list of their books; but the English public loved best the R. M. books, and those dealing with the delectable Flurry Knox and his old mother, who has certainly a true if slight kinship with Charlotte. I have always maintained that the English public are hungering for real humour, and delight in it when they find it; are so eager, indeed, that in the case of Irish humour they often *think* they have found an Irish humorist when they have not, and pretend politely to be vastly amused when they are really no such thing, but only a little bewildered as to the exact quality of Irish humour. But in the R. M. books there was no mistaking the quality. Like the best champagne it exhilarates tremendously, and like that, too, it only leaves sweet memories behind.

There is another quality in the Somerville and Ross books which makes for sweetness and light—that is their thorough appreciation and understanding of horses and dogs. We are very proud in Ireland that Dick Martin of Ross—Violet Martin's grandfather—introduced into the English House of Commons the first Bill for the protection of animals. A real love of animals, a delight and a tenderness for their ways, is surely an eighth sense. With what compassion those who possess it look upon the maimed and narrow outlook of those who do not. The horses, the ponies, the dogs in these books are as real as the human beings. Where else can you find the little Irish horse who, bred by a mountain farmer and picking up his livelihood like the chickens or the half-bred collie about the cabin-door, becomes so dearly half-humanised a creature—the children's playmate and half their nurse—as you find him in Somerville and Ross. He it is later, who, if the master "has drink taken," goes home safely, with all care for his precious human freight.

I have often wondered which was the leading spirit in this collaboration of the two Irish cousins, since it would seem that there must have been one who predominated. One has heard of Violet Martin as an invalid, lying on a sofa. A hunting accident? Even in the latest "Who's Who" she gives hunting as her favourite recreation. Had she to give up those strenuous joys then, or to keep them only in memory? and did Miss Somerville, M.F.H., bring in the wild, fresh airs that are in the later books? I have asked Miss Somerville herself about the collaboration. She has answered me:

"In the great majority of the books we have published together there is hardly a sentence in which we did not, in the fullest sense of the word, collaborate, but in 'Some Irish Yesterdays,' in the articles reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, there are examples of her writing single-handed. I think to a poet like yourself there are passages in these articles that would appeal very specially."

I take down "Some Irish Yesterdays" from its shelf, and revel once again in Miss Somerville's Irish types. Surely she has no rival in this *genre*. But in the letterpress one seeks for the momentary dissolution of partnership. "Some Irish Yesterdays" has been, to my mind, the least satisfactory of the later Somerville and Ross books. It has less cohesion. It is more haphazard and broken. It is not fused. So it seems that neither cousin could do without the collaboration. I think I can identify Violet Martin in the last thing in the book—"Children of the Captivity." Though for the matter of that there is not the slightest reason why it should not be Edith Somerville. Anyhow, one has a feeling of their having parted company, and the single each lacks the completion of the other. The rich humour of Miss Somerville's drawings persuades us that hers was the Spirit of Laughter. Is this Violet Martin's authentic utterance?

"The road to Connemara lies white across the memory, white and very quiet. In that far west of Galway the silence dwells pure upon the spacious country, away to where the Twelve Pins make a gallant line against the northern sky."

Was she the poet? Ah well, so finely fused are these two spirits that they cannot disentangle, and each missing the other loses something. Do not heed those strange latter-day prophets who cry Lo here! Lo there! of the Irish dialect and the Irish mind. They are here in Somerville and Ross. There is just one strand missing from their compact web of Irish life—the religion and the priest. Without these there must always be a certain detachment. But the onlooker sees most of the game, and it may be that the observation is keener, more delighted and delightful because of that detachment. There are few things in our days for which we owe more gratitude than for the results of this collaboration. It casts a new shadow on the day that it is over.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE READER.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL: NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT.

By J. P. Collins.

IN his tribute to English character Emerson spoke of the rude health and petulancy of our young men. "They stoutly carry," he said, "into every nook and corner of the world their turbulent sense; and run into absurd frolics with the gravity of the Eumenides." They may not shine in Kultur and Kriegspiel, but they know a true cause when they see one; they wage a straight fight; they endear themselves to the men they lead; above all, they "die game." Action is the very breath of their nostrils, and in "the bright eyes of danger" shines their paramount divinity. We have falsified the fear expressed in a preface of Mr. Vachell's years ago, when he wrote: "To-day the English-speaking races on both sides of the Atlantic have achieved a prosperity so stupendous that imagination reels at it. Who will attempt to compute the moral effect upon the national character?" Well, we have stood the test with something better than words, and of his own work —young, vivid, and direct—one may fairly say the same.

It is as an interpreter of action, or British character in action, that Mr. Vachell interests one most. Power in motion occupies him to the exclusion of power in repose. In this the artist is consistent with the man. A keen rider himself, he writes, you may say, with a close rein, and never loosens it till he has landed his field of characters back under shelter of a logical outcome, cheerful for choice. This passion for energy has preserved him from the morbid, the cheap and the futile, and if he has sometimes flirted with the inadequate, he has not spared himself compensatory pains. A happy fertility has saved him from a common fate. Most writers lavish on their early work material they might have husbanded and turned to advantage later on; that kind of remorse is part of the price incurred in learning a difficult craft. Mr. Vachell attacked it under arduous conditions, in the seventeen years he spent in California, and he has never been gravelled for lack of matter since. It is characteristic of him that he went there to shoot buffalo; having bagged his bull, he took up ranching, and pursued the one as he had pursued the other, to the death. There seemed no chance of war just then, so he gave up his commission in the Rifle Brigade, and alternated steers with stories. He has been heard to say there are early books of his that deserve to be "scrapped"; what is better, he has given us successors enough to wipe them out. I would put in a recommendation to mercy for the first book of all, "The Romance of Judge Ketchum." In his cow-punching period he fell in with a judge whose nose was Cyranonian enough to provoke enlargement with the pen. On the strength of his commanding organ, this Rhadamanthus of the West smelt him out an ancestry, and Mr. Vachell conceived him as coming to England to trace it. The idea of so tough and brambly a character invading the ordered garden of an old-world society has been variously developed, but never with a better sense of comedy, and I hope to meet that "jedge" again across the footlights. This book and four or five succeeding it, come under the first of the categories into which I venture to classify our author's work. They are Stories of Race and Travel, and exceed the other sections in point of number. Once only he has reverted to this vogue in recent years—in the case of "Sprague's Canyon"; and although the character interest supersedes that of travel and type, it is a reversion in more ways than one, for it shows a return to that realism which Meredith recommended to novices as the safer course. As George Spragge said to Hazel:

> "I don't think I'm one to change. Human bein's, an' animals, an' land, gits a holt o' me";

and a return to the cloudless light of the west had sharpened the novel's outlines as of old. "A Drama of Sunshine" (1897), is perhaps the popular favourite in this early group, but its desperate feuds between land-sharks and the law seem to scorch even California, and set up discord among those beautiful



H. A. Vachell in his Study
at Beechwood House, Bartley, Southampton—the room in which most of his novels and plays were written during the last fifteen years.



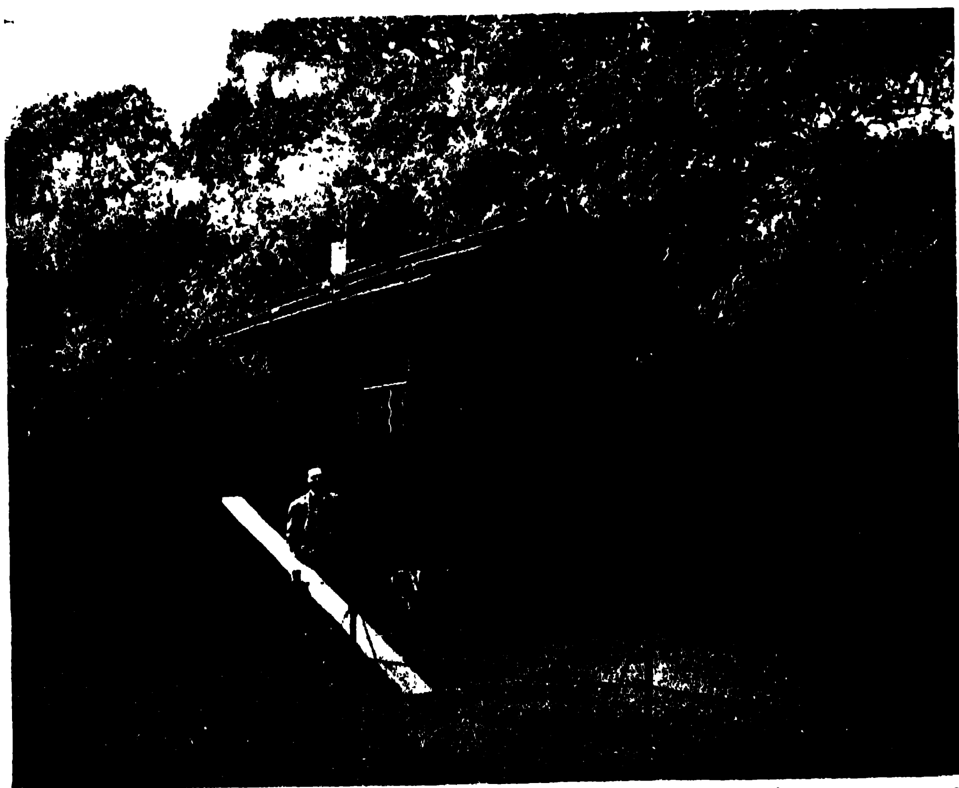
H. A. Vachell at the age of 6.

names of the old Spanish missions that have sown a grace of peace and canonisation along the burnt Pacific slope. The short stories of this and a later time fill two of Mr. Vachell's books, "Bunch Grass" and "Loot," nearly all of the cameo type, crisply cut, and episodic to a fault, but useful as showing how their author has passed from the inevitable influence of Bret Harte. With these and "John Charity"—archaic at the outset and indecisive at the close—we take our leave of California as a setting, though the author returns to it frequently for colour relief, and need never quite abandon so rich a field. The same holds good with regard to Brittany, the only land that divides his affections with California and England. Brittany—the *Bretonne bretonnante*, the songs of Botrel, and the appetising cotrillade—pass and repass through his books, much as the Venus motive haunts Tannhäuser. It was an abrupt transition, truly, from the sun-cracked foothills of the sierras to the land of legends and menhirs and pardons, with its lowering skies, and its *morne*, unearthly memories; but if California made him a man of action, Brittany helped to make him an artist and a humanist. He was in search not of landscape or melodrama, but of real men and women, creatures equal to enduring whatever providence and nature sent. The virtues he had prized in his western neighbours were "generosity, courage, and that amazing power of recuperation which enables a man to begin life again and again, undaunted by the bludgeonings of misfortune." Bludgeonings, Henley's word, will crop up over and over again, whether in the Golden State, or in the grey hinterland of Concarneau, or among the cathedral-shadowed fields of Cranberry-Orcas — wherever, in fact, there were men to be found defying convention and augury and winning by dint of the spirit. For the real victory is something better than achievement.

* * * * *

With his return to England—it was 1900 and his thirtieth year—Mr. Vachell gave himself to literature in earnest. From this time on he was to build up human beings from within, instead of assembling scattered notes and fragments. Bathed in the charm of our southern shires, and mellowing his recollections, he was entering on the second stage of his evolution, the period of his Society Romances, ranging from "The Pinch of Prosperity" (1903) to his latest book "The Triumph of Tim." In hours of confidence he lifts a light sarcastic nostril at mention of "The Pinch," and thinks Arthur Wyndquest a prig. Maybe, yet the book contains worse weaknesses. One is the old device of similarity in a twin, a shuffle of identity which not even Shakespeare could use with ease. But as a "study of twisted lives" this novel shows an advance along lines of resolute ambition, and the paradox in the title harbours a tonic irony. What is more, the author has begun to understand women; he is changing from a Ulysses to an Œdipus; and Pretty Parslow proves that the sphinx of sex is yielding to the determined wooer. "Her Son," along with a greyish monotony of style and an unescapable ending, is another sign in the same direction, and I wish I had seen the play it furnished. "The Paladin" about this time marked another step in the direction of the stage, but Mr. Vachell's plays may wait awhile. "The Shadowy Third," "The Waters of Jordan," and "Blinds Down," all mild indictments of the social statute, show further improvements in the handling of womanhood, and the use of indicative and palatable satire. Clearly, we have long since outgrown the scolding vein of old Mrs. Parslow:

"I don't expec' ter see men in the Noo Jeroosalem. That's why we're told there's to be no marryin' nor givin'



H. A. Vachell.

The photograph shows the Children's Cottage in the Beechwood garden.

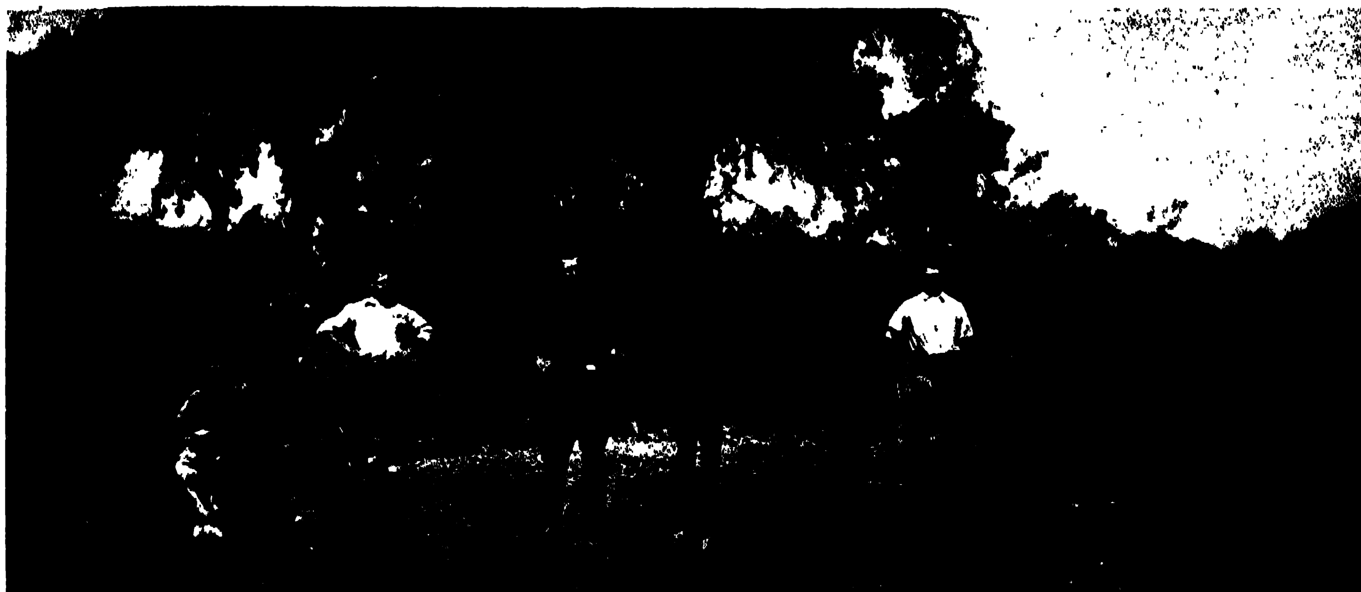


Photo by G. H. Knight, San Francisco.

On a Cattle Ranche in California.

Mr. Vachell is the central figure.

in marriage. . . . Oh, it's we women as suffers 'ere below, but I'd be no Christian if I doubted that the men's turn will come."

There is more than assonance in name and tone connecting Mrs. Parslow and Mrs. Poyser, but the link is an honourable one, and we descry a latent chivalry maturing in the author, if not an actual championship of womanhood. Happily, a growing confidence of touch in dealing with leisure and fashion and wealth, brings no disillusion that is not normal. Moreover, opportunity is being made and mastered, instead of turning up unsuspected or unprized, as in the callow work of years ago.

* * * * *

Goethe said that true religion consisted in a triple reverence—for what is beyond us, the creatures round us, and the faculties within ourselves. The third phase reveals itself in a grip of the problem of self-conquest. Probably the book that springs first to the popular mind at mention of Mr. Vachell's name is "The Hill," which does for Harrow what "Tom Brown" did for the Rugby of half a century ago. Its characters, we are assured, were composite photographs, not portraits, but "Scud" East could hardly have been far away when that young rogue Desmond loomed upon the camera. Scaife runs a narrow risk of recalling Steerforth in "David Copperfield," but he has a fibre in him which is absent in that ringleted Lothario, and he only fails us in the sequel, "John Verney." Somehow, this last book rings hollow, like its politics, and there is no chapter in it to vie with the threefold cross-examination in Mr. Warde's study. Let us hope for better work in the third book Mr. Vachell promises to round off the trilogy. "Brothers" lifts us to a broader and a higher plane, though it was earlier in the writing, and suffers from over-emphasis. There is no comparison between the gospel of Archibald and the gospel of Mark, but the professional prelate, odious as he is, excels in workmanship the agonised apostle of the East End; and as for Betty, she is simply a stand-aside, clad in a double disappointment, ours as well as hers. Mollie in "The Other Side" enters on renunciation with a better grace, but she is eclipsed by the intensity of her father and his supernatural experience.

In previous dealings with the occult (detestable word) Mr. Vachell made mistakes like torturing a dead soul because of an unrestored ring, as if immaterial beings could be the sport of things inanimate, whether rings or tumbling tables. Here in "The Other Side" the supernatural machinery has dignity and justification, and the prefatory defence was hardly needed. It points out the coincidence with Mr. Bennett's novel, "The Glimpse," and pleads that the resemblance was involuntary and anticipative. As a matter of fact, the resemblance is superficial. Mr. Bennett uses the interval of disembodiment as a psychological experiment; Mr. Vachell's purpose is of the missionary order. He is out to save his hero from worldliness, as Browning does in his incomparable "Karshish," and Dickens in "A Christmas Carol." But when all is said and done, "The Other Side" is inferior to "The Face of Clay," which in many essential respects I take to be Mr. Vachell's masterpiece in the region of pure romance. One feels disposed to set this novel back among the stories of Race and Travel, but its figures are better than its background and folklore, and Téphany has no superior in the whole range of the author's work. Rumour deponeth that he awards the laurels to his latest book "The Triumph of Tim," apart from the usual enthusiasm of a writer for his youngest-born; and "Tim" certainly has undeniable claims from its dips into autobiography, and the finished roundness of its structure. Again, Daphne Rokeby is a new and lovable Penelope, without flaw or reward, but a certain elaboration of form robs the book of half its naturalness, and "Tim" must stand or fall by certain passages. These are instinct with courage and the "rougher strain" of truth; they belong to the downright school of Fielding; but the divisioning of the book distracts one by its cleverness. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Vachell is too thorough to remain a slave to mere finesse.

* * * * *

A word remains to be said of the plays, though by right they deserve an essay to themselves, and I have no space at all for "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." Mr. Vachell owns not only to five or six plays

that the public has honoured, but to nine others which will never see the light. He admits this novitiate of failure was good for him, certainly better than the early success which awaited his novels and in consequence delayed his real arrival. But he has won his stage spurs with something more than perseverance. With his faculty for hitting the public taste, it is to his credit that he has given it only his best; thank goodness, he has not, as so many other dramatists have done, yielded to the temptation:

> "to deliver
> Sweet, sweet, sweet poison to the age's tooth."

So far he has produced healthy and individual work, nor has he descended from the high standard of his literary ideals. His stage heroes need not fear or disdain a gallery triumph so long as they talk and act on the level of the novels. Napier's driving force in "The Case of Lady Camber" is all the more effective at the last for having been latent till then; but the Paladin he deposes, as in the novel, is the more finished piece of drawing. Somehow the tall talk that suits Sir Bedford Slufter is inappropriate in the hero, but the last act redeems this and other faults with a superb and restrained culmination, nailed up and caulked, like a good chess problem, until the key-move lets in the light. The integral action of "Jelf's" is impaired by dependence on a loud and adventitious "bookie," and Dick in the fourth act loses grit after his two fine outbursts in the third. But the characterisation is true to life, and Dick was not at Harrow for nothing, or in California either. Blaine, the dominant force in "Searchlights," is too adamantine to be welcome outside the City area; but the hero of "Quinney's" would conquer anywhere. At one point he gives a dangerous opening, where he taunts Posy with not knowing a "fake" when she sees one; this lays him open to the retort of heredity, for he has just convicted himself of this very defect. Perfect in all else, "Quinney's" remains Mr. Vachell's summit of theatrical achievement, none the less so because the wife and daughter are a marked advance on his stage heroines hitherto. He has qualified in drama as he took years to do in fiction. He has mastered feminine character and made it workable on level terms with his men. I know no higher praise.

* * * * *

There is internal evidence that Mr. Vachell's writings are rapidly produced, or else that when he revises, if ever, he does it with an eye more to the purport than the text. Taste resents the meaningless christening of a trivial American in "The Face of Clay" with a name like Johnnie Keats, and there are touches in certain of the other books likely to yield to a corrective pen. But in the main, Mr. Vachell's style is like his heroes, rapid, masterful, resourceful, and more than equal to the situation. It will grace many a twentieth-century anthology of English prose. It would be hard to improve upon it as a vehicle for that temperamental appetite for action which I conceive to be the main characteristic of the man. Like Kipling and Masefield, he interprets British nature faithfully because he graduated early in the school of travel, observation, tenacity. Only in this way can you get what the savants call the geodetic curve. Mr. Vachell appreciates England—especially his beloved Sussex and Hampshire—because he has earned her approval by the sweat of his brow under fiercer skies. It is no bad cue for the training of a writer, and it has certainly proved its value in Mr. Vachell's case.

THE STORY OF HUGH BENSON.*

By Dr. WILLIAM BARRY.

A SIGNIFICANCE far from common attaches to these volumes, whether we take account of the subject, the author, or the treatment Father Martindale is a Jesuit, a convert to the Roman Church, distinguished for his literary talents as a boy at Harrow, still more as a student in Oxford, where he won the Ireland and other great prizes, and took a brilliant degree. His writings, marked by delicate fancy, refined, subtle, and everywhere showing the classic touch, have made him friends outside the pale of his own Church and of the Society to which he brings such good gifts. We may congratulate him now on a difficult piece of work well done. It is the largest he has attempted, and is a triumph of faithful portrait-painting. So I judge, although I never saw Hugh Benson, and know him only by his printed word, not all of which I have read. But with a biographer so painstaking, affectionate to the memories clustering round his subject, and at the same time sensitively aware of the different points of view that may be held, we are safe. He interprets to the public—I mean to a multitude like myself, interested in Father Benson but unacquainted with him personally—what manner of man he was; how his family looked upon him; his own aims and ambitions; and the tragedy of a career as brief as remarkable. Moreover, he is bold enough to leave the heart of the mystery a secret when he lays down his pen. There is no short, sharp formula in which to sum up the dead man as on a tombstone. When he went to the grave, says Father Martindale with rare courage, this friend and counsellor of so many had not one intimate friend himself. He willed that it should be thus. Robert Hugh Benson was a spiritual solitary, a Trappist in the limelight; and the stage where he preached or published was his cell.

In his own person he contrived a dramatic situation, almost from the beginning. His pedigree gave him that right. Son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a learned man, even a schoolmaster, who did not understand this rather queer lad, he passed over to the Roman Church. As a convert his mere name was a challenge or an argument. It could not fail to advertise him, whatever he did. His mother, Mary Sidgwick, came of

* "The Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson." By C. C. Martindale, S.J. 2 Vols. 18s. net. (Longmans.)



Photo by Sarony

H. A. Vachell.

a family equal in comparison to the Darwins and Galtons by its wealth of intellectual power—religious yet speculative, orthodox and Church of England, but concerned about ghosts, patronising psychical research, and not at all afraid of expressing its beliefs to a numerous company. Then to Lambeth and Canterbury add Eton, Cambridge, the East End, Mirfield with its Anglican monks, travels in Egypt and Palestine—conceive these divers notes entering into the composition of a life not yet fully harmonised. Conversion follows: the scene is changed but the man remains; as one said not without some justification, "He was always simply Robert Hugh Benson." Seldom has the transit from the English Communion to the ancient Mother Church been accomplished in a way so honourable to all around. In a very noble sense we may venture to speak of Mrs. Benson's heroism—no less a word is adequate—when the act was to be done, and in the feverish years until the curtain fell amid applause on her son's achievement. For he had shown himself an artist in every light, greatest when he faced death quietly, his books written, his sermons preached, and a monastic rule, inspired by "John Inglesant," making of his quaint Hertfordshire home an ideal scriptorium, worthy to find a place in history. He had studied Rome from inside the Vatican, his journeyings in the United States were public events, a very large audience on both sides of the Atlantic welcomed and bought the romances that succeeded one another in breathless haste. Smilingly he apologised for them by insisting that the family genius wore itself out about forty. Middle age he did not ask to see. He was born at Wellington College on November 18th, 1871; he died at Hare Street, Buntingford, on October 19th, 1914. In a short space he fulfilled a long time.

There is a horoscope given in the appendix, drawn out in 1911, to which Father Martindale rightly assigns no value, but which R. H. Benson sought and kept. It is a symbol rather than a prophecy. Long, however, before this Anglican convert, Catholic priest, mystic, and novelist, appeared on the boards, men who watched the currents of European literature might have perceived that a place was waiting for someone like him, if he chose to take it, among English writers. The season was visibly on the turn from Realism to Occultism, France leading the way. Here as elsewhere the craft and influence of Flaubert had wrought an immense change in the dominant mood of men of letters. The exotic, the mediæval, the abnormal, claimed a new attention. Types and emblems were held more precious than photographs; stories with a deep meaning became fashionable. The boundless possibilities of Catholic "Saints' Lives," as material for high wrought fiction, dawned on these "soul-hunters"; and psychology allied to pathology opened sources of imagination not ill resembling the Romanticist impulse to which Victor Hugo, George Sand, Balzac himself in part, owed their earlier fame. From "Notre Dame de Paris," from "Spiridion" and "Le Curé de Village," we move along by-paths, noting the morbid or picturesque details which Flaubert, despite his robust Paganism, borrowed from Catholic legends, and coming down to Barbey d'Aurevilly, to Verlaine, and at length to the Dutch-French decadent, J. K. Huysmans. This was the man who discovered the internal machinery, the very infallible process, by which this modern kind of "Auto da fè" should be made effective. The overture (if I may change my illustration) to our play has its pattern in "A Rebours"; the proscenium lies in front of "La Cathédrale"; the plot reaches its culmination in "En Route"; the devils make a great noise under the stage in "Là-Bas," and in "Sainte Lidwine de Schiedam" the last scene is reached where suffering as at Molokai takes to itself the halo of martyrdom. If we carved on Father Benson's statue these words, "The English Catholic Huysmans," we should do him no wrong.

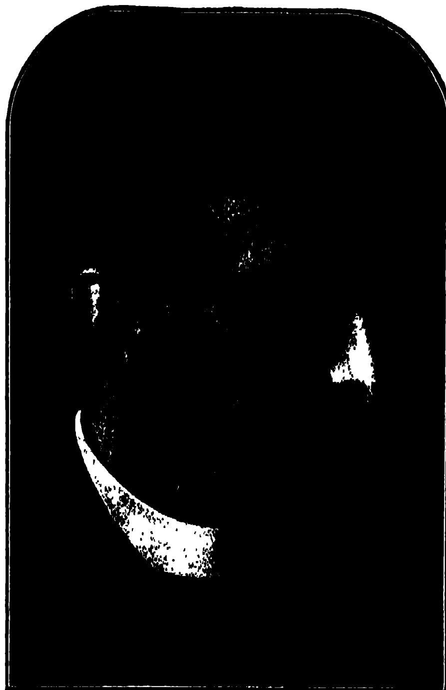
Doubtless, he was much more. He drew, painted, gave us touching verses, composed historical novels—a sort of prose continuing Scott (although he had no liking for Scott), and preached with success a mystical theology. He has left besides two pictures of apocalypse, "Lord of the World," and "The Dawn of All." Both are striking. They sprang from the association he made with a man of ambiguous quality, Frederick Rolfe, better known under his translated designation as "Baron Corvo," whose "Hadrian VII." I read, and did not like, in manuscript. It found a publisher and obtained what Father Martindale, if I am not in error, wittily calls "a success of surprise." Mr. Rolfe had genius, audacity, as well as a sort of scholarship; he gave himself with nearly equal enthusiasm to the Catholic Church and the Renaissance. How strongly he wrought upon Hugh Benson's temperament is well shown in this biography; nor do I differ much from Mr. Ellis Roberts in my view of the power he put forth, and the consequences it secured to him. But he did not change the inward abiding character of Benson, who was ever dominated, as Father Martindale acutely observes, by a sense of fear—fear of the vast unknown. Naturally, then, he admired Maeterlinck, who has given to this Shakespearian terror its most haunting recent expression. We feel it, of course, in Verlaine, as in the whole French school of "the Frightened," *les Peureux*. It is a gloomy underground chord which sounds again and again in Benson's stories. It had its resonance in his life, too; but he was deliberately brave, fighting against pain like a soldier, fronting shadows and passing through them alone. If we might argue from such books as "A Winnowing" or "The Necromancers," he dwelt on the edge of a great darkness. There are many who count "Richard Raynal, Solitary," as far the best thing he ever did. Perhaps it is. At all events, it rises out of the deeps within him; it is art untouched by literary affectations; and it seems to lay the spirit bare. Most excellent in this also that it has no machinery.

And on such a pall of night Benson embroiders society stories, with a care that reminds us of Bourget apologising for his hero who has not brought a valet to lay out his evening clothes. We live in drawing-rooms and country houses when these authors of Cosmopolis entertain us.

Father Benson requires that setting. He is of the select by a certain hardness, by the irony and satire in which he takes a quiet pleasure, by fastidious rejections of men and manners not coming up to his standard; but especially by choosing all through life what

he means to do, and doing it without any loud cries, imperturbably. Inside a Church renowned for its discipline, this young convert went and came as he listed; he followed his own bent; in the words of Father Martindale, he "knew himself to be unlike, and wanted to be unlike, a type of Catholic priest which is held by many to be so general, so deliberately produced, as alone to be satisfactory." But he would be himself.

For literature, then, Hugh Benson's import lies in his widely accepted handling of romance and religion upon lines already traced by French pioneers, whom he knew indirectly, save J. K. Huysmans; but he was their cousin by affinities established in his own home, and by a never-changing temperament. For Catholics he has the charm of a variation in type, decided and suggestive.



Robert Hugh Benson.
From a photograph in the possession of Bernard Merefield, Esq.
From "The Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson," by C. C. Martindale, S.J. (Longmans.)

His biography should draw the serious attention of all who are concerned in training the clergy. For the general public, who borrow books from Mudie's, what does he signify? He is a celebrity, born in the purple, so to speak; English in his self-determination, Etonian, Cambridge man, fond of athletics after an individual fashion, rather eccentric, but always belonging to the world which London looks up to and in easy touch with it. He had humour, slang, scorn, in the due proportions. He was a great success; and he won his distinctions by sheer hard work. It does not detract from these fine English endowments that he added to them a religion of his own choosing.

The general public will send for this book. I am lucky enough to possess it. I thank Father Martindale, and I shall read it again for its dark pages no less than its store of anecdotes, its French grace, and its sincerity.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

A DEATH-DAY GATHERING IN JAPAN.

(FROM A JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT.)

THE posthumous honour conferred on Lafcadio Hearn by the Emperor of Japan, the close relations which exist between Great Britain and Japan, and the conspicuous part which the island Empire is taking and is likely to take in the development of affairs in the Orient, must have sent many new and old readers to the "Interpretation" and "Kokoro." The posthumous honour to Hearn is in itself noteworthy as the highest honour of the sort ever conferred on a foreigner, though as Hearn in his later days became not only a Buddhist but a Japanese, he can hardly be reckoned a foreigner. Until the conferment of this honour little enough had been done in Japan in recognition of Hearn's services. A few weeks ago, however, a number of old pupils and admirers at Matsue, in Shimane, the beautiful city on the northern coast of Japan in which Hearn lived so long, arranged a memorial meeting on his death-day.

It was held in the building of the Prefecture, and a high official was present. In an ante-room there was a little exhibition of Hearn's works, with some portraits and some specimens of his handwriting. The meeting would have been entirely Japanese had it not chanced that Mr. Robertson Scott, the author of a number of books on country subjects above the *nom de guerre* "Home Counties," who has been in Japan for nearly a year making an investigation of its rural life and agriculture, chanced to be passing through Matsue; and he and his travelling companion, Mr. Yanaghita, Secretary of the House of Peers and editor of a rural folklore monthly, were invited to attend and speak.

Mr. Yanaghita dwelt on the remarkable hold which Hearn, although there was a strong prejudice against him when he came to the University, obtained on his students; and several letters which were read to the meeting testified to the affectionate regard in which his memory is still cherished by many of the young men with whom he came in contact in other parts of Japan than Tokyo.

Mr. Robertson Scott said that while every foreigner who wants to know something of Japanese life and feeling owes a debt to Hearn, he was glad that that meeting was a meeting of Japanese. For, in view of some criticisms he had heard of Hearn in Japan, he had considered whether some Japanese had realised what conception Europe and America would have had of Japan if there had been no Hearn. Whatever her army and navy, her commerce and shipping had taught the world about Japan, it was Hearn who had made it understand something of her soul. What was wrong about so many books about Japan was not that their facts were wrong. What was wrong was their author's

attitude of mind. Some Japanese had said that Hearn was "too poetical," and that "some of his inferences were inaccurate." That was as might be. What mattered most was that the mental attitude of Hearn was right. He did not approach the study of Japan as a mere collector of facts or as a superior person. What he brought was the humble, studious, imaginative, sympathetic attitude; and it was only by a man of his rare type that one country could be interpreted to another.



Mr. Robertson Scott addressing, through an interpreter, the memorial meeting of Japanese at Matsue.

The famous "house in the Kitabori-machi," in which Hearn lived in Matsue is reverently preserved by its present owner, and an increasing number of Hearn lovers find their way thither. The walled garden is very much the same as it was in Hearn's day, except that the pond at the back of the house has been filled up.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appreciation in four or eight lines of original verse of the Woman Gardener.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to A. J. Perman, of Annandale, Merthyr Tydfil, for the following:

TO A MIRROR.

Her eyes, her starry eyes were thine,
The glory of her gleaming hair,
Her smile-enchanted lips—but mine
Her loving heart, her tender care.

The jewelled fires that flashed and leapt
Upon her bosom were for thee;
But goodness, sweetness, love she kept
Within, apart, and all for me. . .

Thrice happy thou! whose crystal clear
Her beauty's perfect image bore;
Thou canst not mourn a heart once dear,
Nor weep a love that comes no more.

A. J. PERMAN.

We also select for printing:

ROADS.

There's a high-road stretching northward that is broad and white and neat,
With a primrose-sheltering hedge on either hand,
Where it's good to travel swiftly with the wind about your feet
And the sunlight lying clear across the land.

There's a little, crazy cross-road that goes stumbling up the brough
And twisting round the corners of the Dreem,
Where the sea-mists often gather, and the travellers are few,
And white gulls across the ploughland fly and scream.

There's a grey road on the mountains leading out towards the night,
Through the lonely boggy places of the west,
In the glamour of the twilight, when the stars are scarce alight
And the sea-wind croons the rushes into rest.

And it's there I would be walking, out across the earth's blue edge
And away towards the faintly shining sea,
When the wavering stars awaken and the wind among the sedge
Breathes a hint of deeper darkness yet to be.

(Mona Douglas, Ballarragh, Laxey, Isle of Man.)

OF JOY.

When at God's hand
No grieving lay,
He made your soul
Upon that day.

With steady touch,
Eye keen and true,
Of joy alone
He builded you.

(Mary Carolyn Davies, 11, Dominick Street, New York City, U.S.A.)

STORM-CHILD.

Let the wind wrest the world-rage from my soul!—
Strangle the pride of me,
Check the strong stride of me,
Pluck out the roots of my mad uncontrol!
Death and Decay are deep sown in my mind,
To-night I am fatherless but for the wind.

Let the rain beat on my uncovered head!—
Put out the fire in me;
Deluge Desire in me,
Purge me and cleanse me as they who lie dead!
Tongues of red Evil conspire in my brain,
To-night I am motherless but for the rain.

Let the storm gather me close to its breast!—
Whirl me on high with it,
So would I die with it:
Die unforgotten—unmourned and unblessed.
War is a pagan whom none may reform;
Fatherless—Motherless—Child of the Storm!

(Cyril G. Taylor, The Bee Hive, Chideock, Bridport, Dorset.)

One of the best of the many lyrics received is Miss Cleland's "Apologia," but it is marred by one or two jarring phrases, such as "strove in the bitter sour," and "abstract gain." We select for special commendation the twenty-five lyrics by Beatrice Cleland (Penge), Ida May (Barnes), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), A. Phillpotts (Torquay), Violet Chapman (Burnham), J. F. Harkness Graham (Glasgow), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Beatrice Harland (West Hartlepool), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), W. R. L. (Durham), Grace Cracknall (N. Kensington), A. Welch (Chiswick), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), M. M. (Cairo), G. H. Powell (Bayswater), Lilian Daly (Ceylon), W. Handley Jones (Barnes), Kathleen A. Brainbridge (Kidderminster), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro), H. Fairfax-Brown (Braunton), G. H. Browning (Watford), A. M. R. (Cawsand), Octavia Gregory (Parkstone), Corporal Kent (Barry), D. P. Thomas (Clarence Gate), W. J. E. Smart (New Barnet), Sarah Cole (Nottingham), G. J. S. Fleming (Durham), A. H. Scott Page (London, E.C.), Herbert Hitchen (Sowerby Bridge).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Charles Powell, of 2, Reynard Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

ADAM CAST FORTH. BY C. M. DOUGHTY.
(Duckworth.)
"How many apples have you had?"
HENRY S. LEIGH, *Only Seven.*

We also select for printing:

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE. BY ERIC LEADBITTER.
(Allen & Unwin.)
"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy."
MRS. HEMANS, *The Better Land.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

CHAPEL. BY D. MILES LEWIS. (Heinemann.)
"To sleep: perchance to dream."
Hamlet, Act III., Scene I.

(E. H. Piper, 19, Queen's Road, South Norwood, S.E.)

ATLANTIC NIGHTS. BY CAPT. F. H. SHAW.
(Cassell.)
"And the steward jumps up and hastens
For the necessary basins."
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY, *The White Squall.*

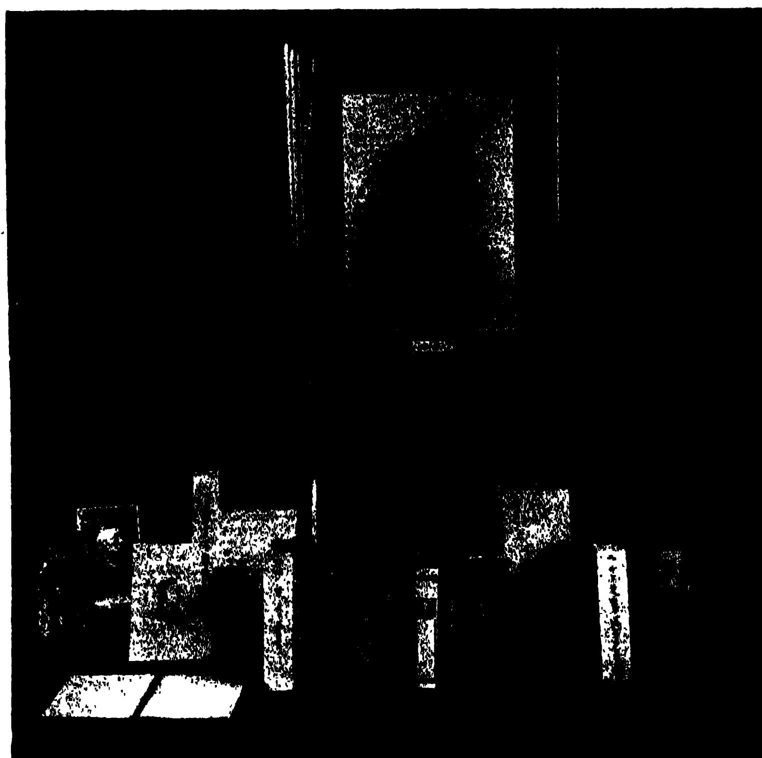
(Ellen J. M. White, 145, East India Road, London, E.)

AN OUTRAGED SOCIETY. BY A. FFORDE.
(Allen & Unwin.)
"Dukes were three a penny."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Gondoliers.*

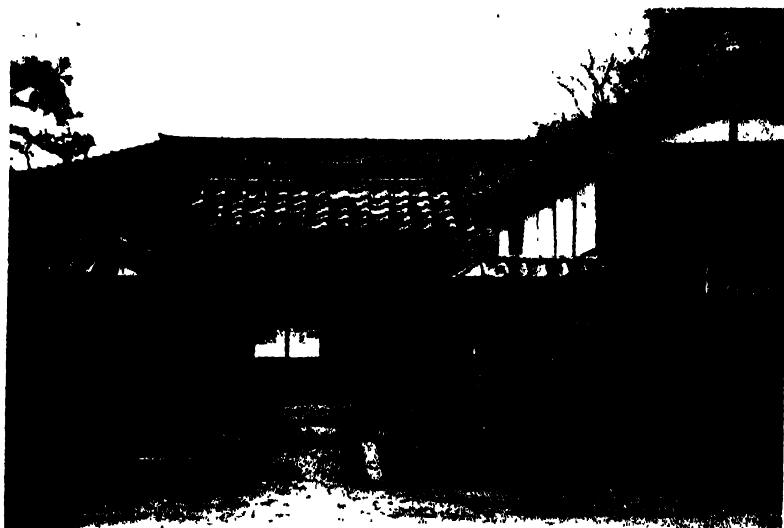
(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE HOUSE OF WAR. BY MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.
(Nash.)
"And they that loved
At first like dove and dove, were cat and dog."
TENNYSON, *Walking to the Mail.*

(Alice Wise, 7, High Street, Leicester.)



Books, MSS. and Portraits of Lafcadio Hearn
on exhibition at the Memorial Meeting.



The house at Matsue where Lafcadio Hearn lived.

"I shall return," wrote Hearn, "to the house in Kitaborimachi."

III.—The Prize of Three New Books is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham, for the following:

ORIGINAL MOTTO FOR MUNITION WORKERS.

With generous strength of brain and brawn,
"Shell out"; and hasten Victory's dawn!

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

The mottoes, though numerous, have been on the whole disappointing. The three best out of the many others are by Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Christine Snelling (Brockley), Vincent Hamson (Bedford).

IV.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to A. L. Ralphs, of Lyndale, Alexandra Road, Abergavenny, for the following:

THE WAY OF THE CROSS. By Doroshevitch.

(Constable.)

A sad, beautiful book this. The author gives us to see and feel the agony of the Russian and Polish multitude which fled before the great German drive of last autumn. The endless, grey procession of carts drawn by gaunt, staggering horses, and accompanied by their suffering, hopeless owners; the long road with its group, every few miles, of white crosses marking children's graves; the superhuman exertions of the fugitives to get food at the relief points; the miserable, smoke-filled camps in the woods;—all these scenes and more haunt the reader long after the book is put down.

We also select for printing:

LOVE BY AN INDIAN RIVER. By Mrs. Penny.

(Chatto & Windus.)

This is a very striking story, with much valuable light thrown upon Indian customs and beliefs. The characters are vivid and true to life. The story is not an effort at description; it is a mirror held up to the tropical scenes in which the narrative moves. Miss Longford is a worthy heroine; her lover is a man in every sense of the word, and the antithesis of the unscrupulous German agent, who meets with a tragic end. The whole story adds to the splendid series by which we learn to understand our magnificent India.

(Jessie Jackson, 83, Walkergate, Beverley, E. Yorks.)

THE ADVENTURES OF LIEUT. LAWLESS, R.N.

By Rolf Bennett. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is a diversion and a tonic! It lacks the "grim reality" of most modern war books, but it is redolent with the true spirit of our navy. "*Impossible*" we exclaim, while holding our breath at some *outrageously* daring exploit; but who are we to say what is possible in modern warfare? Lawless is a type we have all known and loved in fiction for at least one period of our life—clever, brave and daring, ay, and *rash* in his daring. Given enough men of the "Lawless" type and the war will soon end.

(Winifred Parker, Robertswood, Matlock.)

WOMEN IN MODERN INDUSTRY.

By B. L. Hutchins. (Bell.)

In a time when women have so overwhelmed the labour market and created a dangerous tendency towards an uncontrolled competition of the sexes, a book with such a sane point of view as this is warmly welcome. Miss Hutchins is opposed to such a competition, but realising apparently that *some* competition is inevitable, and that women will permanently invade men's spheres, she centres her attention largely on the improvement of women's place in labour, and their relation to trade unionism. She handles the intricate problems skilfully, and out of an imposing array of facts deduces some interesting theses.

(Vincent Hamson, 107, Denmark Street, Bedford.)

TWENTY YEARS IN BAGHDAD AND SYRIA.

By Canon J. T. Parfit. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Canon Parfit's book supplies some illuminating footnotes to current history in the Near East. The author has lived and moved about freely from Baghdad to Jerusalem and has made good use of unrivalled opportunities of observation. He exposes the hand of Germany cunningly at work above and below the surface. The Kaiser's agents kept themselves busy, and any sort of weapon was appropriate for the furtherance of their sinister ends. They were aiming a mortal blow at Britain, and they nearly succeeded—but not quite. This book, teeming with facts presented in kaleidoscopic colour and movement, should be read by every British citizen.

(E. B. Fleming, 4, Dalziach Terrace, Oban.)

HINDENBURG'S MARCH INTO LONDON. Translated from the German by L. G. Redmond-Howard.

(John Long.)

This book, one of the most popular in Germany, is a prose "Hymn of Hate." Britain and her people are held up to scorn—our failings are mercilessly criticised, we are branded as cowards and accused of treachery, but throughout it is evident that the cause of Germany's hatred is jealousy—jealousy of our world-power, business and financial strength, and of the loyalty which our Sons of Empire have shown. The style is varied: descriptive power is shown, at times bombastic, again poetical and picturesque, but the chief note is the bitter irony with which everything English is regarded.

(Alice M. Hillier, 43, Balfour Road, Highbury New Park, London, N.)

We specially commend also the twelve reviews by Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), O. Gillespie (Eastbourne), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Chas. Glassock (Addiscombe), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Reginald Grey (Darlington), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Ethel Webster (Kingsdown), W. C. Reedy (Forest Gate), Matilda Hunt (Eastbourne), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno).

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to Miss Florence Parsons, of Norcott House, Ellesmere Road, Altrincham.

New Books.

A SOLDIER-POET.*

Corporal Lee, of the 4th Battalion Black Watch, is in the succession, spiritual descendant of those balladists and lyricists who have made the name of Scotland bright, and endowed the words "Scottish border" with magic. That here and there in his verses there are technical flaws (due more to a kind of carelessness regarding technique than to lack of knowledge) will signify little save to the purist who is purist for the mere sake of being a purist rather than for the sake of clear expression, so greatly do the excellences atone. The lapses are, further, after the manner of the lapses of his predecessors, they whose songs are in Border and Jacobite anthologies.

He is, indeed, much more kin with those dead and gone though unforgotten men than were the great poets who not long since tried to revive the ballad metre. He does not try to capture the former cadences; but he writes as would the balladists if they came alive in this century. His verses have that in them which, in the old ballads, gives the impression of being made by "the People"—though, of course, a song is not written save by an individual, be he ploughman or landed proprietor.

Upon the forefront of his book we read:

"I writ these songs in a dead man's book;
I stole the strain from a dead man's look;
And if much of death there may seem to be
'Tis because the dead are so dear to me."

And one of the ballads closes with the cry:

"Soldier, soldier——
How I love you!"

Corporal Lee finds himself, and sees his fellows, upon the razor-edge, the boundary between here and hereafter. He notes in "The Dead Man," how there was

"Upon one hand a little ring;
A little earth clutched in one hand,
As he would bear some kindly thing
Unto that new and unknown land."

Being what he is, he sees the horror of it all more than most; but, joyful and valiant in the Great Fight, he warns us:

"Sheath not the Sword ere yet the strife is ended;
Prate not of peace before proud wills are bended—
Sheath not the Sword!

* * * * *

Harden thy heart! Withhold the pitying ear,
Until their Hymn of Hate turn to a cry of fear!
Sheath not the Sword!"

The valour, the splendid valour of the men, is through it all; and this valour we must the more greatly esteem on observing how well they know the price they may have to pay, that many render, as witness the song called "Marching":

"Marching, marching,
On the old-time track;
Soldier song upon my lip,
Haversack upon my hip,
Pack upon my back;
Linton on my left hand,
On my right side Jack ——"

so the first stanza, and thus the next:

"Marching, marching,
On the same old track;
Sorrow gnawing at my heart,
Mem'ry piercing like a dart,
Care perched on my back;
Linton on my left hand—
But, alas! poor Jack——"

Corporal Lee is a great lover of his fellows, and, at the same time, one of those (too scarce) who saw the stars even before the Great War caused people to look upward for Zeppelins. It is thus he makes his "Invocation":

"Creator of the stars
Great and Little Bear—
Have us in Thy care.

Thou Who set Orion,
Watch and ward to keep—
Guard a soldier's sleep.

Hand that swung the Spheres,
Strawed the Pleiades—
Have pity upon these.

Hand that sways the Plough;
Will that stays the Pole—
Sow Thy good seed now,
Guide an errant soul."

Corporal Lee.

As for the manner of the book, it is good—it is very good, it is notable. "At the Dawn" can be read and re-read, and will surely be remembered. Certain slackness in tense that it shows in the opening stanzas is easily forgivable. There are poets superficially more nigh to flawless who may well doff to this one for the depths of feeling he knows and conveys even so. Memorable as a whole, there are stanzas in it very haunting in their simple directness. That poem, or "drama of the trenches," as the poet calls it, is a fine poetic record, by a man of rare feeling, who was there, who saw it all. The lyric entitled "I canna see the Sergeant" should not be lost sight of by the future anthologist of Scottish verse. It will not be lost sight of; I don't believe such things are lost. The poem which he calls "The Green Grass," is written, if I mistake not, as would the writer of "The Twa Corbies" have written it —this strange poem of the dead men talking one to the other—had he lived to-day. It has something of the same blend of weird and poignant. There is no doubt that Corporal Lee is in the procession of singers of his land.

An additional interest is in the reproductions of pen-and-ink sketches, by Corporal Lee, in trench, dug-out, billet, the poet of the Black Watch being artist also.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

* "Ballads of Battle." By Corporal Joseph Lee, 1/4th Battalion Black Watch. With Illustrations by the Author. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.*

Mr. Gosse's new essays are worthy alike of their author and of the great review in which they made their first appearance. Serious and full, in matter and in manner they are equally admirable. Perhaps, indeed, with the exception of "Father and Son," they form the most notable contribution to literature which has come from a versatile and accomplished pen. In a preface which is not the least of these papers, Mr. Gosse says:

* "Inter Arma." By Edmund Gosse. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

"The character of what has been written since the war began has differed in proportion with the differences of temperament in the men and women who have written it. But I think we may notice one element of uniformity. No one has been able to speak, at all events no one has succeeded in being listened to, who has not in some direction or another been intensely affected by the vast sequence of events in the course of the war. There has been no time for piping lullabies out of the top windows of the ivory tower. It is noticeable that a thrill of personal excitement in the author is necessary if he is now to reach an audience at all. . . . We cannot read anything which does not vibrate with the energy of the moment."

This "thrill of personal excitement" runs very plainly through the pages to which these words are preliminary and informs not a few passages which, "vibrant with the energy of the moment," are of a sustained eloquence and dignity.

Among half a dozen essays all of which are good to read, perhaps "The Unity of France" and "The Neutrality of Sweden" are the most important: in that they are authoritative answers to certain popular misconceptions. In the former, a carefully documented study, which incidentally contains a notable tribute to the author's friend, Lord Haldane, Mr. Gosse disposes of the idea of a sudden awakening of the French national spirit at the outbreak of war, and shows how that spirit has long been growing. "The Neutrality of Sweden" is even more timely. A pharisaical attitude towards neutrals is on the increase in this country. This is especially so with regard to Sweden, whose position is more delicate than that of any of the others. Englishmen have taken little trouble to understand what is in many ways one of the most admirable of modern states. Our ignorance of her contributions to civilisation was illustrated only the other day when a well-known critic spoke of Anders Zorn, certainly one of the most remarkable of living artists, as a Norwegian: a small mistake, but significant. Mr. Gosse has some words of wisdom, not only for ourselves but for Russia, upon the vexed question of the Aland Islands.

Others of Mr. Gosse's essays are more exclusively literary. In "War Poetry in France" he deals chiefly with Déroulède, Botrel and Paul Fort, whose "Poèmes de France," with what one cannot help considering an excessive tenderness for an old favourite, he places on the same level as Rupert Brooke's sonnets. It was chronologically impossible for him to mention Stewart Merrill's prose poem on the burial of an English private at Versailles, which was printed a little while ago in the *Mercure de France* and is interesting as its author's last work, being indeed unfinished. In the account of Auguste Barbier, whose forgotten and apparently never remembered satires on the England of the 'thirties were worth disinterment if only for the purpose of their reburial as a symbolic hatchet, it might have been noted—for Mr. Gosse loves such minutiæ—that Barbier, when he wrote of Pitt in "Le Pilote," may well have been remembering Canning's famous eulogy of his friend and chief.

"War and Literature" is a chapter to which those who are professionally interested in the latter will turn with painful interest. Mr. Gosse was right to republish it in spite of the proven inaccuracy of its main contention; for his mistake was general and symptomatic. Many people believed that after the autumn of 1914 the publication of books would cease until the end of the war. It was certainly a bad guess, but Mr. Gosse's recantation, written in the following spring, was perhaps too complete. A year ago it did look as though "business almost as usual" were to be the note in literature; but a year ago England, slow to accept new ideas however violently thrust upon her, was only half awake to the war. We are fully awake now, and such interest as a little while back we were able to show in other matters is almost dead. It seems likely that, if the war is to go on much longer, Mr. Gosse's original prophecy will be tardily vindicated; or at any rate that, if we can spare any attention for literature which does not deal with the war or its infinite implications, it will only be for something sufficiently spacious and vivid to compete with the poignant actual—as, indeed, Mr. Gosse says in the passage of his preface already quoted.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE MAN WHO "GRAVITATED."*

Writing of Colonel Patterson's narrative of his lion-hunting adventures, Ex-president Roosevelt described it as "the most remarkable on record," and Mr. F. C. Selous said, "No lion story I have ever heard or read equals, in its long sustained and dramatic interest, the story of the man-eaters of Tsavo."

That was in the days before the war, and, remembering that the author of that book went out to the South African campaign a Lieutenant, to return (a record, surely) a Lieutenant-Colonel, and was mentioned in despatches both by Lord Roberts and Kitchener, those who knew him personally felt sure that though he was no longer in the army, his restless and adventurous spirit would not brook inaction at home while a great war was raging. Word came that he had gone East, and the next news was that he had been offered and had accepted what was in every way a unique and remarkable command. Until the formation in Egypt, at the beginning of the present war, of the Zion Mule Corps, a Jewish fighting unit had not been known since the Maccabees fought against the Roman Legions, two thousand years ago. The Zion Mule Corps consists of Russian Jew-refugees from Palestine and from the Turks. Passionately devoted to England for the freedom she has always afforded the Jewish race, and as passionately detesting their oppressors the Turks, these refugees offered their services as a fighting force. The offer was promptly and wisely accepted, and General Sir John Maxwell, Commander-in-Chief in Egypt, had indeed applied for an officer—a known "thruster"—to take command.

Then it was that Colonel Patterson arrived in Cairo, and one is minded to ask whether something more than the fact that an Irishman instinctively heads for fighting, did not lead him thither. "*The things that are for you,*" says Emerson, "*gravitate toward you.*" If there was one man marked out for the command of a corps of Zionists, it was Colonel Patterson. From his boyhood upward, he has occupied himself in the study of Jewish life and character, as well as of Jewish history, especially military history. No layman, certainly no soldier, known to the present writer, understands the individual Jew quite so intimately as does Colonel Patterson. More—though one never hears him express his views on religion—few clerics, much less laymen, have so encyclopædic a knowledge of the Bible as he. Add to all this the fact that he is a distinguished soldier (and no one other than an experienced soldier could successfully have commanded a force so urgently requiring sound training in discipline and military knowledge). He is, moreover, as his books have shown, a soldier, not of the cut-and-dried, red-tape pattern (that would have been fatal) but one of indomitable pluck, patience and perseverance, with all an Irishman's ready resourcefulness to adapt himself and his command to unfamiliar conditions for which no precedents on which to base action exist.

Remembering all this one is inclined, I repeat, to ask whether it was not an unconscious obedience to some such mysterious law of shall we say, spiritual physics?—as that which Emerson had in mind when he said that the things that are for you gravitate toward you, that took Colonel Patterson to Egypt at the moment when General Maxwell was looking for a "thruster" to command the Zionists?

Reading Colonel Patterson's narrative of what happened in the Dardanelles (he was present at one of the most memorable conflicts in the world's history, the never-to-be-forgotten landing on the Gallipoli beach, of April 25th, 1915) one might almost believe that here too was an instance of the truth of Emerson's maxim. If Colonel Patterson be correct, the opportunity afforded by the Gallipoli campaign came to the Allies at the psychological moment. It was as if the gods, or some mysterious force which controls the course of events, had offered the Allies an opportunity to strike a blow which might appreciably

* "With the Zionists in Gallipoli." By Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

have shortened the war. Colonel Patterson is of opinion that had that opportunity been seized with both hands, firmly and when the time was ripe, instead of indecisively and with only one hand, as happened—waiting, in fact, till the chances of war had so turned the cylinder of fate that the facet of good fortune which was then toward us had, in the course of the cylinder's revolution, been turned away—the Gallipoli campaign, so far from being the reckless " gambler's throw " which it is sometimes called, would have meant victory, colossal and complete.

Whether Colonel Patterson be right or wrong it is not for a reviewer to say, but the chapter in which he adduces his reasons for so thinking, and outlines what he believes would have been a successful plan of campaign, is not the least fascinating part of a book where all is fascinating and thrilling. It is, one understands, the first work on the Dardanelles disaster by a soldier, and is as remarkable for its fearless outspokenness as for its brilliant descriptive passages. Nominally, the record of the work done, and the fighting seen, by the Zionists, and so of unique interest to students of the history of that wonderful race of which Heine said that were there only one Jew left alive men and women would journey from all parts of the globe to see the last representative of a race that had given humanity a Saviour as well as many of the most remarkable men of all time, Colonel Patterson's book is practically a balanced picture and criticism of the Gallipoli campaign. As told by him, it is so vivid and so graphic that one seems to be witnessing what actually happened rather than to be reading about these tremendous and tragic issues in the pages of a book.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE WORKS OF JOHN SMYTH.*

These two volumes, edited with such care and enthusiasm by Dr. Whitley, deserve a place in history and dogma. The name of John Smyth is not well known even amongst the English Baptists, of whom, as Dr. Whitley points out, he may be said to be the actual founder. Neither his ancestors nor his lineal descendants were people of much importance, but from his contemporaries we learn that he was a man of fine character, with a certain width of outlook, natural to one who has received a liberal education. Those with an inside knowledge of English Dissenters, more particularly Baptists, will note continually how very typical of that body is John Smyth's mental attitude and general outlook on life. He cared little for art and literature, and was only concerned with politics when it meddled with religious creed and practice. He was gracious to all, and very generous to the poor. The outward form of worship was insignificant to him, though to the modern man he will seem to have exaggerated the importance of the forms of Church government. Truth was to him all important; his logic was relentless; he was very ready to enter into controversy even with friends. On the whole his methods and manner were fair, and even when he did call his opponents offensive names, he never misrepresented their views, often printing their actual words together with his answers. But in his final " Retractions and Confirmations " he apologises for a certain inconsiderate zeal in controversy, and wishes to be at peace with all men who, with him, sincerely aim at the true faith of Christ. The works of John Smyth were not available to the general public until these volumes were published. Dr. Whitley gives a careful and sufficient life, which tells enough of the events to make clear John Smyth's general position. John Smyth spent some years at Cambridge, first as a Sizar, then as Fellow of Christ's College. He then took Orders, but having genuine religious zeal, he gradually became somewhat discontented with his position, doubted certain dogmas, but more than all was dissatisfied with the conduct of various Church dignitaries. Soon after leaving the Church he went to Amsterdam, where the most active part of his life was spent. All his published works, except two, were entirely controversial, and even in his long exposition of Psalm xxii. and his very elaborate and minute commentary on the " Lord's Prayer," much will not be acceptable to Christians of other denominations. There are, however, many passages in these works which will appeal to devout and thoughtful persons. His actual controversy is very elaborate and detailed, and because of its extreme minuteness will only interest a very few. His most important works were written in Latin, and anyone who wants to know the Baptist creed and can read Latin, will find " The First Baptist Creed," " The Defence of Ries' Confession " and " Argumenta contra Baptismum Infantum " really helpful. We should like space to call attention to the many suggestive passages throughout these volumes, but must be content to recommend them as containing moderate and reasoned statements of many dogmas which still have a wide influence in the world.

A. H. J.

* " The Works of John Smyth, Fellow of Christ's College, 1594-98." Tercentenary Edition, edited for the Baptist Historical Society. By W. T. Whitley. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE TITANS.*

Mr. Charles M. Doughty is the *vates*, the prophet-priest, among English poets. In more than one or two of his poems appears the figure of a poet who reminds me of himself, a man

" With high insight endued and numbers sweet "

as he sings in " The Titans." He bears a singular piety towards the beginnings of national and human life. When he narrates the origins of Britain in " The Dawn in Britain," he does something like what Virgil did in the " Æneid," and with at least an equal piety. Religion and patriotism make one in him more than they did in Wordsworth, and reading his " Cliffs " and " Clouds," beautiful poems that have begun to astonish people because of their foreboding of this war, I wonder whether any poet ever had so rich and yet so simple a patriotism. His reverence is no greater than his knowledge, which is universal and humane. England, the ground, the men, the idea, appear in his as no other single author's work. Yet I understand that nobody cares a brass button, and I read his new book chiefly with the double feeling of admiration and regret that it must wait till the England he so reverences returns, or, if it has not disappeared, wakes to consciousness. His is a solitary voice, clear as a trumpet, but very distant.

" The Titans " has no direct connection with England. It is a poem of the beginnings of the human race. The Titans contend with the gods and are beaten. Man survives, tragic, beautiful, ingenious, in a world of foes. Mr. Doughty's epic tenderness is an extraordinary thing. He shows the same love for humankind and its origins as he does for England and its origins. If " The Dawn in Britain " very remotely resembles Virgil, " The Titans " in places resembles Lucretius; above all in the passages describing " Ishtar, bright Goddess of the sacred hearth," the " Mother of all Grace," whose favour " solace is, to mortal breasts, in midst of worldly smarts," whose feet " the purple flowers kiss," as she walks or sits combing " her sunbright locks, down-blissful hanging loost."

This servant of the heavenly muse it is who sees and sings for us the dawn of the living earth, through fire and " rain, rushing streams, waves driven on iron cliffs," the grass beginning to grow, the birds to sing, the monsters to perish, the cattle to low, and men beginning to speak and dig and build. Perhaps he knew better where to begin than where to leave off. The end is somewhere far on in primitive culture. It is not disappointing, but it is not absolute, like

" Through Eden took their solitary way."

* " The Titans." By Charles M. Doughty. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

The substance of the six books is partly mythical, partly anthropological. It is founded on the Northern version of the making of the world, but borrows magnificently from Eastern and Greek versions. Mr. Doughty loves the Northern stories, but he knows Arabia, and he has blended mountain, fog, sea and desert in one grand background. Befriended by God and the sun, man shines forth gradually as the noble but pathetic "pilgrim of eternity." The earth grows in beauty as man strengthens his nest on it. Nothing could be lovelier than Mr. Doughty's flowers when

"Once more the gracious blossom of the thorn
Is in Earth's thicket-strewed wild upland seen;
Where blows the bee-suckt thyme and honey-whin;
And with-wind pale wreathes her lithe arms among:
With primrose under briar, and the key-flower."

Nothing could be lovelier unless it be his shepherd's daughters:

"Full likewise of glad aspect. Simple and coy,
Be they among the maidens, as May-flowers;
Which spring this day, among the thicket grass:
Wherewith they deck (sheen as the gleaner's sheaf,
In sunny harvest field,) their gracious locks;
The virginal dignity of those stedfast looks:
Wherein both comely mood and blameless mirth,
Together meet."

Man on the whole, appears pathetic from the time when

"Two-footed, long, loose-lockt, with wildered looks;
Training his feeble limbs, that first man goeth:
Gathering, 'gainst ebb, as his wont is, longs strand:
(Where Sea's eternal flood against herself
Hath heaped long sliding shelves of pebble-stones;)
What-so wild meat his indigent hand might find—
Whelks, cockles, wrack . . ."

on to the time when

"After the sun, 'neath heaven's still sliding stars;
A sun-beat People, lacking meat and drink,
Lie without succour, waiting on their Gods,"

and to the last lines of the poem:

"Howbeit still, in much ignorance, wanting Light;
With clouded countenance, shall Man walk Earth's dust;
Shut up, in darkness of frail womb-born flesh;
(This mortal, yet unweaned, untaught, unworth)."

Everything is against him even after the Titans have been thrust down. All the winds are against him, except the South. The monsters are very monstrous, as much so as they were to Jefferies. Man is represented again and again by a weak old man or child or an unchilded mother, a tender anxious figure, erect, but born as it were too soon, escaping destruction in the battle of gods and Titans only as the reed survives when the oak falls. But escape he does, and by the end of the poem he appears with all his powers fledged for the end, as we see him now.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A LITTLE FARMER.*

The title of "Pat's." latest book, "My Little Farm," gave anticipation of a pretty, rural scene of green fields, intersected by purling, limpid streams, of brown earth and browner bog that dazzles the eye by its richness, when the sun shines upon it out of the wide, open, wondrous skies of Mayo, of whose marvellous colours only A. E. has caught a part and given it to those who may never know the beauty of the Mayo skies

One had pictured the neat whitewashed farm-house, with green creepers clinging about it, and the brown thatch above, a garden in front, full of gilliflower, sweet-william, pansy, foxglove, and I don't know what other dear, old-fashioned flowers that the horticultural experimentalist has all but banished. For all these things are to be found throughout Mayo, and that county, which for so long was the battleground of the Land War, has leaped suddenly from abject poverty into an astonishing well-being, and, unlike other places where the standard of living has risen at the expense of a sense of beauty and proportion, increased prosperity has added to the beauty of the older habitations. I do not, of course, speak of the buildings erected by departmental architects, which are uniformly hideous, as though they were so fashioned to induce their occupants to turn their thoughts from mundane dwellings to those not made with hands.

"I have passed severe examinations," writes "Pat" in his Preface, "written successful books, edited too successful newspapers, lived the life of London, died the death of Ireland, and come to life again, on the first day."

"Pat" gives several varying reasons for taking up farming. Filial devotion to the memory of his father, who had lived on the farm and had not prospered; because he himself had, after thirteen years in the Strand, produced little or nothing for more than a day's notice, and felt—as many of us have felt—that he could do better; because he knew that, even in the wilderness, he could live by his pen, without a penny from his farming, and because, called upon to defend civil war, he was obliged to give up "the company of statesmen for the company of calves."

"Pat" has not found Mayo, however, altogether, or even moderately, satisfactory, although his "reclaimed field" has been visited by bishops, peers, baronets, knights, statesmen, politicians, royal commissioners, travelled foreigners, etc., and narrowly escaped a visit from the Kaiser. Though he was a philanthropist his neighbours tried to murder him—Aristides, it may be remembered, was in similar danger—but he has outlived that, and is now in another kind of danger—of becoming popular. He is hard to please:

"The Irish," he writes, "prosper abroad because they are forced to act up to the honesty of those with whom they live and work."

Can "Pat" have arrived at this view of his fellow-countrymen from his association with his fellow-statesmen of the Strand? If "Pat" had written the political part of this book from the other side of the Channel, his perspective might have been truer. The Mayo peasants do not differ from other peasants fundamentally but only in details. And the pity of it is that he has spoiled a book which is full of good things—shrewd observations, picturesque descriptions, and vivid imagination by attacking all those who do not accept him as a prophet. With the political, religious and personal bias eliminated, "My Little Farm" would be a delightful book to read not once but often.

H. A. H.

* "My Little Farm." By "Pat." 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

THE SPELL OF TRADITION.*

The type of man who made light of symbolism, and who regarded the power of tradition with a deep hatred was familiar to us all before the war. For him National songs, flags, customs, were so much rubbish of barbarism, while even the symbolism of religion was open to his reckless abuse. Mr. McMillan in the preface to his most admirable book on "Scottish Symbols" reminds us of the words of Carlyle: "By symbols man is guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. . . ." One might go further and say of that northern land that she has bled for her symbols, cherished her symbols, reverenced her symbols, whether they have been the sacred emblems of Christianity or the badges of her victorious soldiers.

In "Scottish Symbols" Mr. McMillan has undertaken a work of national importance and carried it through clearly, accurately, and with simplicity. He deals with the various flags of Scotland, the Royal Arms, the Union Flag, ecclesiastical symbols, and regimental badges,

* "Scottish Symbols: Royal, National, Ecclesiastical, Their History and Heraldic Significance." By William McMillan. (Alexander Gardner.)—"Allan Braec Stewart and His Associates." By Tinsley Pratt. 1s. net. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

At the present time, when old regiments have taken to their colours it may be a score of battalions, the chapter on "Regimental Badges" should prove of particular interest, and might be issued as a pamphlet with advantage. There is no evidence that our new armies are wanting in courage, far from it, but in the tale of their badges, in memories of Quatre Bras, Waterloo, Balaclava, and Candahar, there is much for pride and heartening in weary hours of vigil.

The intense interest of the Scot in ancient symbols is not restricted to recognised and accepted devices such as Mr. McMillan describes. It overflows into the sources of tradition, into bypaths of story, legend and song. It gathers about the forlorn episodes of its history, repeating tales of the '45, and remaining loyal to the tragic insignificance of incidents like the murder of Campbell of Glenure, long since familiar as the Red Fox of "Kidnapped."

In "Allan Braec Stewart," Mr. Tinsley Pratt, one of the most ardent explorers of Jacobite bypaths, has succeeded in a most difficult task. He has, following along the trail of Andrew Lang, David Mackay, and many another, written a little monograph that is both lucid and original.

Mr. Tinsley Pratt states the points as they arise. He emphasises that it was most improbable that Allan Braec would commit such a crime without proper preparations for flight. As to his hurried exit from Appin it must be recalled that he was certain to be hanged in any case as a rebel and deserter.

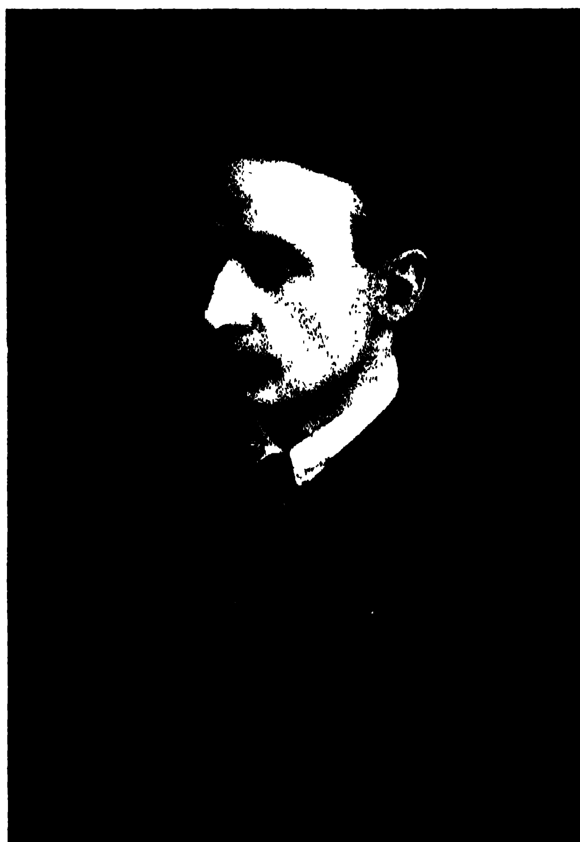
Mr. Pratt has followed his interesting study of Allan Braec with an account of the Scottish Soldiers under French Kings. This addendum to the booklet is intensely interesting. Many people do not realise that a company of Scots guards kept watch for many centuries over the person of the French Monarch, and that so recently as 1815 Louis XVIII. reorganised the historic corps. The entente between Scotland and France, lasting as it did to the dawn of the nineteenth century, is a story so picturesque and so pleasant to recall to-day, that no Scot should grudge a shilling to be reminded in this excellent narrative of the part his country took in moulding the destinies of France.

Upon both of these books reviewed above I must pass one harsh, relentless comment. In neither is a bibliography.

F. W.

BARNACLES.*

A few years ago the publication of "Gillespie" drew attention to a new personality in literature. The promise of that remarkable first novel has been amply fulfilled in the second now lying before us. Mr. Gilfillan the banker describes Barnacles as "one of God's own innocents," and no phrase could better sum up the simple, great-hearted musician who with his fiddle drifts into the Paisley slums clustering under the shadow of Coats's Mill. Barnacles is a valiant crusader against wrong. "I just get into a rage when I see children barefooted and begging," he says, "or when the funerals of the poor go by. They have not died for anything. . . . I get angry when I see their desolate coffins. Do you not think they are desolate because the world is facing the wrong way and is only walking to heartache?" He is the son of a narrow-minded Renfrewshire farmer, has had part education at the University, and his father has brought him home to slave without wages. To buy a new fiddle Barnacles lifts a sheep, and this results in his father turning him out. In Paisley he lives with a fish-hawker named Skelly, a veteran of the Boer war, wee Kitchener, and Skelly's father, a derelict seaman. The poverty of these people and their neighbours is grinding, but their goodness of heart is phenomenal. Delicately and without emphasising the blackness of the shadows Mr. Hay makes the reader realise the tragedy of the submerged tenth.



Mr. J. M. Hay.

The most pathetic figure in the book is the old seaman, in his dotage, longing for a pilot jacket with brass buttons, imagining himself again at sea, dreaming of what he will do with his pension, acutely conscious of his position as a dependent, delighting in every scrap of affection shown him by his son. Barnacles tries to work, but is hardly a success according to the exacting standards of the commercial mandarins. Fortunately he becomes secretary and missioner to a wealthy and eccentric lady who has undertaken to regenerate humanity. Mrs. Normanshire, the wife of a degenerate artist, profoundly influences him, and ultimately he wins a loving wife and a good fiddle. The charm, delicacy, strength, and tenderness of this story are not easily definable. Mr. Hay writes with sure skill and knowledge; his character work suggests comparison with the exquisite art of Sir James Barrie.

* "Barnacles." By J. Macdougall Hay. 6s. (Constable.)

THE CENTURY OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

Of the "National History of France," which is one of Mr. William Heinemann's most considerable ventures for the immediate future, this is the initial volume. Each period being separately studied, with its own bibliography and apparatus *criticus* complete, there is no reason for keeping to any strict chronological order; indeed, there is not a little to be said for a start being made with the present volume.

The great movement which we call the Renaissance, "the rediscovery of Nature and of Man," reached English shores by way of France, and French history from 1483 to 1610 sheds light of all kinds on the England which was mediæval under the fourth Edward, and had all but forgotten the Middle Ages in the reign of James.

M. Batiffol, whose work has been crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris, is like his great fellow-countryman, General Joffre, a native of the far South, and like him, appears sent as a contradiction to the idea which Daudet embodied in his immortal "Tartarin," and which Gambetta did not entirely fail to

* "The Century of the Renaissance." By Louis Batiffol. Translated by E. F. Buckley. Introduction by J. E. C. Bodley. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

exemplify in real life. M. Batiffol is as cool in writing as is the General in action, and he holds the balance between Catholics and Protestants with a hand so equal that the severest task set to the reader would be to detect " tendency." M. Batiffol is, we fancy, a Liberal Catholic, a Gallican; he allows himself a friendly smile, with, and not at the expense of, the Bishop who spoke of the Pope as " Monsieur de Rome." M. Batiffol has an essential, perhaps we might almost say, *the* essential qualification, for writing about the Renaissance. He understands its ruthlessness. He tells us that the truth had to be faced. " If repression had failed to arrest " certain movements, " the conciliatory method produced effects very much more disastrous." It requires a bold man to say this; and, we may add, a fine spirit, when the author's whole leanings can be seen to be towards a broad and enlightened tolerance: if it could be applied.

On the side of Art and Letters M. Batiffol does full justice to the century of Clouet and Jean Goujon, of the Pleïade, and of the architects. Of the latter in especial he is commemorative and very usefully to us, for of them the average Englishman knows less than he should do. He makes, it may be, a little too much of what he calls the aristocratic side of the literary movement, but he recognises that Montaigne and Pasquier belonged to the middle classes, Amyot and Estienne to the *menu peuple*. Philippe Desportes, one of the really great French poets, is barely mentioned by M. Batiffol, though M. Dorchain includes no fewer than three of his pieces in that most exclusive of volumes, " The Hundred Best Lyrical Poems of France." Of Louise Labé, a Renaissance suffragette, if we may use the term, our author says that " her passionate accents were not always devoid of sincerity." He seldom allows himself so light a touch. There is a brief but important account of the Académie du Palais founded in 1570 by Charles X. and fully organised by Henri III. That the famous French Academy is the legitimate successor of this body, and that the foundation of Richelieu simply revived it seems tolerably clear, thereby adding to the record and antiquity of the most celebrated of all existing Academies.

The Introduction contributed by Mr. Bodley is of some length, and constitutes a most interesting document in itself. Not only does he say wise and pregnant things of the Renaissance period, but he looks before and after, and his thirty pages merit reproduction as a general preface to the entire series of volumes projected by Mr. Heinemann, of which series Mr. Funck Brentano is the editor. The translation by Miss Buckley is in all respects admirable. We may think at first that the Duke *of* Guise and the Admiral *de* Coligny are translations which should be uniform, but Miss Buckley will be found to translate on principle, and her distinction is, we think, sound. Claude of Lorraine, the warrior, is certainly very usefully distinguished from Claude the painter.

The book is wonderfully free from misprints. On p. 25 there is an error of fifty years in the marriage of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany. The diverse spellings Tremouille and Trémoille do not represent a misprint; Mr. Bodley in his Introduction prefers the modern spelling, while the translator adheres to the Renaissance form. The general format and printing are excellent; perhaps the indented marginal references in clarendon should have a little more open space about them. A glance at p. 131, " The Guises," will show what is meant.

C. K.-J.

SIX NOTABLE NOVELS.*

Mrs. Bell's novel, " Happiness," is instinct with a sweet and high atmosphere which, combined with literary quality and modern smartness of dialogue, gives the book a special cachet of its own. Though rather a sequence of clever impressionist sketches than a closely knit story, it is shaped and held together by the strong personality of its central figure: that of a noble, gracious, idealistic poet-woman. Pauline holds the stage firmly and richly from her opening love scene, through the agony of the Great War—the stress and poignancy of which are presented with much power and artistry—through wifehood sharply tried at moments, motherhood, and again wifehood more smoothly conditioned. The husband, Keith Wendover, is, to the present writer, a less successful figure. Keith comes before us as a soldier-in-grain, one so far over-possessed by his profession as to miss the true height of his wife's qualities of heart and genius; hence his plunge into parsonhood is too sharp a surprise for ready acceptance. Should not such a transmutation, to be convincing, be handled by older, slower fictional methods than now obtain ?

The metamorphosis once accepted, however, the second stage of the book can be freely enjoyed. The study of life at Dera Ismail Khan is true, effective, untainted by exaggeration. The minor characters—notably the cold, hard little American, Doris, who makes a mixed marriage, and Col. Deering—are sketched with a swift and strong hand. In such a figure as the latter may be read the whole secret of Britain's hold upon India; indeed, the relation between the ruling and native races, as here implicitly portrayed, would be a little education in itself to anyone whom duty may call to the assumption of the White Man's Burden in the Punjab.

From Mr. Jack London one looks for power, virility, stimulation, and in this context " The Little Lady of the Big House " will fully satisfy his admirers. It is a work of amazing vivacity: in its earlier part the epic, seemingly, of a huge Californian ranch, with its quarter million acres, its nickering stallions, its " flowing ribbons of Angora goats," its capable crowd of foremen and managers—all operated like a machine by Dick Forrest, its millionaire head and owner. So vast is the spacing, so loud the trumpetings of splendid beasts, so grandiose the hacienda itself, that the scene's mere human contents seem likely to be dwarfed; yet, later, the human figures, emerging strongly, attain their proper dominance.

Dick's wife Paula, the " Little Lady," is a woman of bewildering charm and protean talents. Behold her as first viewed by Dick's friend Graham: " In the tank, the centre of the picture, a great horse, bright bay and wet and ruddy satin, vertical in the water, struck upward and outward into the free air with huge forehoofs steel-gleaming in the wet and sun, while on its back, slipping and clinging, was the white form of what Graham took at first to be some glorious youth." . . . In the saddle, too, and as musician, vivid entertainer, admired hostess of the Big House, Paula shines resplendent. It is apparently a perfect marriage; the man a Great Heart, the woman on a plane above all feminine weakness: nevertheless, the situation develops later into the eternal triangle of two men and a wife. To the ensuing drama, with its flare of passion, some quaint philosophers and a pair of lightsome girls form a good chorus; but the solution of the triangle, with its powerful *dénouement*, must by no means be given away in a short notice.

In " The Men Who Wrought " Mr. Ridgwell Cullum gives us a romance, seamed with thrilling situations, of the paulo-post-bellum period. The big submersible, both naval and mercantile, is the clou of the story. Its inventor, a Pole of genius but a German subject, gives away his secret—in the interests of humanity—to a young British Cabinet Minister, Ruxton Farlow; and the issue is a well-knit series of adventures, cross-plottings and climaxes. The chief characters are Farlow, the beautiful Princess Vita, Prince von Hertzwohl the inventor, and the two well-drawn typical Prussians, Von Salzinger and Von Berger; and through all the Secret Service work, adventures at a secret German arsenal in the Baltic, spiritings away of the heroine, romantic doings at a lonely old mill hard by the North Sea, runs the thread of a sweet, if conventional, love story. Devotees of the plot-novel,

* " Happiness." By John Travers (Mrs. Bell). 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—" The Little Lady of the Big House." By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—" The Men Who Wrought." By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—" A Slack Wire." By Marion Hill. 6s. (John Long.)—" Love by an Indian River." By F. E. Penny. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)—" Let Be." By Sybil Campbell Lethbridge. 6s. (Methuen.)

with its titilating surprises and clever interweavings, will be delighted with Mr. Cullum's present work.

Commonly the phrase " work of art," soiled as it is by use, battered and dinted like an over-worn golf ball, must be handled with an almost tremulous diffidence : yet there are moments, rich and rare, when to use it becomes a sheer necessity. Mrs. Marion Hill's " A Slack Wire " is nothing less than a finished and delectable work of art. The mere handling of her material—as graceful, assured and subtly economical as the Maris brothers' manipulation of pigment—would in itself compel the phrase ; but, furthermore, its human interest is so possessing, so tense and progressive, that no lover of good fiction will lay it down, until finished, without a pang—or thereafter without a sigh of admiration. To attempt to outline such a work in brief would be to rob it of its charm ; better it is, in so small a space, just to hint at its bare ingredients. For background there is a quiet little American country town. Into a chastely decorous home, ruled by the gracious figure of his mother, a steady-going young man brings home a bride from the vaudeville stage. There is a third figure in the house, Carrie Dangler, sketched with telling originality and humour. The man is rather well-studied than interesting ; the actress-bride is an amazing amalgam of beauty, charm, slangy wit, and seeming insensibility. For the former character Mrs. Hill uses delicate half-tones ; to the bride she applies a brilliant brush with telling abandon. There is a second young man, a strike at a works, a surprise revelation. Let the reader discover for himself how brilliant, vital, and, withal, beautiful a whole a gifted pen has evolved from these simple-seeming ingredients. It must be admitted that Syd Pride's exposition of cross purposes is, viewed by the light of Violet's previous callousness, difficult to accept. It seems, to borrow one of his own phrases, " to queer the whole act."

Mrs. F. E. Penny's " Love by an Indian River " is a pleasant, quiet-toned story of Southern Madras. And although Margery Longford, the American heroine, with her two English soupirants, Basildon and Warradaile, are not very strongly individualised, the setting of broad-flowing river, camp and native village life, and secret German propagandism, is interesting and effective. In finding the bridge-builders, faced by the great flood of the coming rains, held up and thwarted thereby, one realises, marvelling, the unfathomable deeps of native superstition. A certain tree is the hinge of the situation because, being the home of the demoness, Amma, the river god's wife, it is sacrosanct. A plan for its removal leads to weird scenes of *poojah* and devil-propitiating pageantry. The grotesque old sadhu, the grave and quaint child Sunnee, and the evil-eyed mahunt are all effective figures ; and very appropriately both the bridge-building problem, with its threat of serious native trouble, and Margery's love affair are brought to a conclusion by the river itself, roaring down at length in beneficent flood.

" Let Be " is the curt title not only of an excellent novel, but of a carefully studied, close-textured picture of life and nature. It has the welcome quality of harmonious and balanced unity. Taking our old friend the eternal triangle, Miss Lethbridge has infused new blood into it, not so much by originality of type as by the introduction of fully realised, genuinely created personalities. Of the two sharply-contrasted women, Alice, the staid, handsome, narrow-souled wife is, in the writer's view, the more complete success, as imposing the precise impression intended by the author. The half-captivating little Stella is a clever, but perhaps less convincing study. One feels at times (*e.g.*, on pp. 194 and 236) that there is needless insistence on the girl's lack of human sensibility, whereby one is robbed, as it were, of a half-fledged fondness for a likeable little minx. Towards the sister Mildred, however—a character who would have been merely odious in inferior hands—one retains a tolerance which must be marked down as a distinct tribute to the author's own tolerance and good artistry. All through the scenes at the squalid home, the forlorn studio, the " at home " in Kensington, the Swiss scenes of pine wood, ballroom and chalet—these latter enhanced by the pleasant personality of Gilbert Olshaw—the interest is steadily maintained. The solution of the main crux is a well-conceived, aptly-finished stroke of ironic nemesis. Emphatically " Let Be " is a book to be studied and enjoyed.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

THE POETRY OF ARTHUR MAQUARIE*

In his latest books, " A Rhapsody for Lovers " and " The Meaning of Love," Mr. Arthur Maquarie has given us two lyric outbursts which are as fascinating as they are fresh, alike in form and spirit. Taking the oldest of all themes of song, he has struck a new true note which will surely win ever more admirers. " Gather the rosebuds while ye may," sang Herrick in a brief figurative lyric. Live and love—for living and loving are life, rhapsodises Mr. Maquarie in impassioned lyrics which no lover of song or of love can read unmoved, rhapsodises with a rush of words that while they have the feeling of inevitability, give the satisfaction of perfect craftsmanship. It is difficult to indicate the rapture of the whole by quoting but a part, yet the philosophy of it may be said to be summed up in the snatch :

" Death is but death
For it lacks of breath ;
Choose life with its panting laughter.
The hours that ye live
Have that to give
Which ye cannot grasp thereafter.
Time's wreck and rust
Will turn all to dust,
The pillar falls and the rafter ;
The temple sleeps in its primal sand,
And the clay retakes the lover's hand.
O man, O maid,
Be never afraid
To clasp what the warm arms yearn to,
For the deep grave mould
Must be ever a-cold,
And that ye must all return to ;
Let the living coal
Glow red, for the toll
Is lost on the ash ye burn to.
And think on this, 'tis the heart's warm red
That holds the living awhile from the dead."

Live—do not waste life in mere theorising as to what life may be ; that may be said to be the " moral " that is to be gathered from the poet, if we are to seek to crystallise his rhapsodising into anything so foreign to it as a moral tag. It is the closing note of the " Rhapsody " :

" Broad on the surface of life lies the secret for all to descry :
O man, thou art man ! There is naught that for manhood remains to be known.
Be the flight of thy soul where it will ; be the how what it may and the why ;
Thou art man as thou art ; by that name must thy state and thy nature be shown.
And the bones of thy body are builded with cunning and proper design,
And the press of the flood in thy veins is the tide of eternal desire,
And for man to be man is the whole of his duty and purpose and fine ;
Let him sing without theme, and his song will attune to the infinite choir."

In the second Rhapsody, " The Meaning of Love," the same note is struck again with fresh force, and rings through a number of passionate and beautiful lyrics in which it is insisted anew that love is enough. Meredith has written with scorn of those who " sniff at vice and daring not to snatch do therefore hope for heaven," and something of the same scorn has fired Mr. Maquarie to a fine piece of

* " A Rhapsody for Lovers " and " The Meaning of Love." By Arthur Maquarie. 1s. net per vol. (Bickers.)

poetic rhetoric in half a dozen stanzas, showing the power of the weak in ordering the life of all.

"Heed not the mournful tales
Told by the dour and wry;
Only a sickness wails
Under a happy sky:
Seeing the rosy cheek
Turned to a brighter song
Ever the joyless weak
Envy the fair and strong . . .

Heed not the talk of tithing
Joys for a jealous God;
Fear not the threats of writhing
Under His ruthless rod;
Pride and perversion and pique
Seethe in the thewless throng;
Ever the halt and weak
Struggle to maim the strong."

Here, too, in the latest of his writings we get what may be regarded as the poet's dominant note struck in:

"Soon ends the day, and too soon we must fall as the rose,
Die and be dust; but the blood that is warm in us knows
Life hath abundance and bounty of bliss ere it close."

Each page of these two little books is decorated with deliciously dainty border designs by Mr. Lindsay Symington, and the volumes are altogether delightful examples of the book beautiful, despite the "popular" price at which they are published.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE.*

No better time than this could have been chosen for the issue of a volume whose general theme is the glory of France. The titular "Renascence" has no limited application. Most of Dr. Sarolea's pleasant little essays were written before the war, and deal, not with warriors, but with certain large and compelling figures in French life and thought—with Pascal and Montaigne, with Balzac and Flaubert, with Bergson and Rousseau, with Mirabeau and Marie Antoinette, with Madame de Maintenon and "Madame" of Orleans, and with Napoleon in important and unfamiliar aspects. The subjects are great and grateful, and there should be a large public for such a volume. We wish it had been more carefully produced. Bad misprints abound, and certain of the essays show signs of the sudden termination familiar in pieces that have to be fitted into the rigid columns of periodicals. A little re-writing and extension here and there would have been labour well expended. The paper on Bergson, for instance, is merely a prelude to a half-implied sequel which doesn't appear. Regarded in externals the book is spacious and dignified, with additions of real value in the shape of spirited portrait sketches from the pencil of Mr. W. H. Caffyn. We wish there were more of them.

Dr. Sarolea has prefaced his essays with a lofty hymn of praise to France. If we venture to criticise this, it is with the intention (which I am sure he will appreciate) of enforcing his main argument even more vigorously. His thesis, generally, is that for many years past England has been steadily overvaluing Germany and undervaluing France. There is some truth in this; but it is not all the truth. It is true only of a minority—an important and prominent minority, we must admit. Thus our professors were Germanised, their ideal being, not brilliant and creative originality, but the painful mole-like activity of the Teuton. Our theologians were already Germanised. Our education was rapidly becoming Germanised. The administrative officials aspired to Prussian autocracy and went in person to Germany to find schemes of education that they could import ready-made into England. It was actually proposed in one quarter that every child at its birth should be equipped with a book that, duly stamped, signed, and viséd by appropriate officials, should record the life history of the human unit from the cradle to the grave! Our militarists were, and still are, utterly Germanised. Our "intellectuals" were becoming Germanised. They can't say anything bad enough now against poor Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain; but it is a very little while since his book, "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" (the ideas of which he stole from the Frenchman Gobineau and spoiled in the stealing) was solemnly issued by Mr. Lane, introduced by Lord Redesdale and reverently accepted by the more portentous of critics as the most thrillingly important work

* "The French Renascence." By Dr. Charles Sarolea. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin).

that had been written for many years. From Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Bernard Shaw the hierophants all prostrated themselves before this apostle of Teutonism. Read the current references to Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain and then turn to almost any review of "The Foundations" and you will laugh with the wrong side of your mouth. It is just as well to rehearse these things "lest we forget." The Germanisers are still with us and still dangerous.

So far the facts support Dr. Sarolea; but no farther. The big-wigs piped their Prussian music; but the man in the street declined to dance. The hearts of the people at large remained obstinately un-German. Germans were easily the most unpopular of all foreigners, and gibes at the German attachments of our Royal Family were the most applauded topical allusions in the music-halls. Far different was our feeling about France. Even in the Fashoda days an Englishman broke the windows of *Punch* when he thought that France had been insulted in a cartoon. We had French heroes, never German heroes. There are few figures dearer to the hearts of English people than that of Joan the Maid who defeated us, and drove us from France for ever. As for our old foe Napoleon, he is now the most popular of English institutions. We throng to his shrine in the Invalides; we read and write innumerable books about him; and we hang his portrait in our houses as a favourite picture. Long ago Sir Philip Sidney wrote of "that sweet enemy, France"; no one has ever called Germany "sweet" even as a friend. Dr. Sarolea adduces Carlyle as an example of our Germanisation. He forgets to say anything of Swinburne and Meredith.

No! in spite of all appearances, we are French and not German in our real attachments. We may have dissembled our love rather crudely at times, but to France we always gave our respect and esteem; to Germany we gave only our least reputable fears. And so, at the first real danger of war, when the professors penned their manifesto (which they have now conveniently forgotten) protesting against our making war upon the friendly and innocent German people (and saying nothing at all about the impending sacrifice of friendly and innocent France), the great heart of England chose by instinct the only way of honour—the path that sent us to stand by the countrymen of Joan in their struggle with the dominion of darkness. And that, after all, is the essential truth about us.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

ALCHIMIE GOLD. By B. Paul Neuman. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

When two young men set out to fight the world with apparently unequal weapons, the depth of our interest depends upon a just appreciation of the under dog's handicap, and the advantages enjoyed by the favourite of fortune. Exaggeration in either case is easy, but it would be fatal to a discriminating and convincing handling of the theme. Mr. Paul Neuman holds the scales even, and that is the primary reason why his new novel arrests and holds the attention. Denis Mowbrey, a 'Varsity graduate who embraces a legal career, and Hugh Quarle, an elementary school teacher, each strive for a prize. Their ultimate meeting-place is a social welfare club in Walworth, where Denis figures as a kind of tutor, and the young man handicapped by circumstance is a student. On this common ground gather Julia Craig, niece of Miss Elviston, a rich and eccentric spinster, and Janet Elsom, a girl who earns her own living in London. Ironic circumstances test the young men shrewdly, and also winnow the nature of Janet searchingly. As the reader watches the unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, no violence whatsoever is done to his sense of the probabilities. The development convinces by its inevitability, and escapes any suggestion of fabrication, save in the case of the extraordinary climax to Miss Elviston's uneventful life—and there the author overdoes his effects. The whole of the action takes place in London or the country in the far-away pre-war days. The characters are human and natural. It is Denis, the victim of an easy inheritance, and Janet, who are brought to the golden touchstone. When his chance of winning real moral distinction arrives—"just for a moment he saw life transfigured by love, aflame with God in every bush, a divine adventure, an ecstasy of joy." What happens to him, to her, to Julia who made a great sacrifice, and to Hugh Quarle, who knew how to seize his nettle, is described in a novel which is thrillingly interesting without the aid of literary tricks, and written throughout with the author's usual excellence. "Alchimie Gold" will leave very pleasant memories in the reader's mind.

MISS MILLION'S MAID. By Berta Ruck. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Beatrice Lovelace had her home in the suburbs with an aunt who expected her to live up to the traditions of her great-great-grandmother, whose portrait painted by Gainsborough hung in the drawing-room, sole relic of the former Lovelace splendour. Beatrice resented this attitude of her aunt's; since it prevented her from making the acquaintance of any young people of her own age. So when her aunt's maid, Nellie Million, came into a fortune left her by an American uncle, Beatrice succeeded in persuading Nellie to accept her services as lady's maid, Beatrice having a knack of dressing hair and choosing clothes. The experiences which the two girls meet with, first of all when established at the Cecil Hotel, and later when transplanted to a home for destitute "stars" run by a famous music-hall *artiste*, are described with all that mingled wit, humour, gaiety and narrative skill which Berta Ruck has so readily at her command. Of the plot we need say no more than that, while Nellie, the million-heiress, marries her cousin, an American inventor, Beatrice duly conforms to the conventions of heroine by wedding an Irish peer. In celebration of this gentleman's personal and conversational charm the author becomes at times rather rhapsodical and Ouidaesque. But Beatrice's lover is really quite a taking and amusing young man; while Nellie's boy, the American, is quite the most excruciatingly funny exponent and example of sexless chivalry which we have come across in recent fiction. "Miss Million's Maid" is of its author's best and should be immensely popular.

CUPID, V.C. By J. A. Steuart. 1s. (Dent. Wayfarers' Library.)

These short stories of love and war, centring round a girl who, disguised as a man and serving as a medico, has her share of perilous adventures at the front and subsequently wins the V.C., are written crisply, and romantically and with a sympathy and humour that make thoroughly delightful reading. Dr. Pat is a lovable character, a combination of virile manliness and tender womanliness, and her experiences in the fighting line, her noble sacrifices for the wounded and suffering, and her many narrow escapes, will keep the reader keenly interested until the last story brings her not merely triumph and glory, but a crowning happiness that she richly deserves. Mr. J. A. Steuart writes in an engaging manner, eminently suited to the occasion; his war-pictures are vivid, but not gruesome, and there is plenty of wholesome excitement throughout. It is a book to pick up at odd times, as each tale, despite the connecting link, is practically complete in itself, and nobody should fail to make the acquaintance of the plucky "little man" who is the soul of them all at the earliest opportunity. They will never forget her charming personality.

ONE OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS. By Ethel Colborn Mayne. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Characterisation is the main strength of this well-written novel; and Millicent North is the main character. Of dramatic incident there is really nothing to speak of. It is a story of a girl, her father, two lovers, and an interesting sprinkling of relatives and friends; but the girl is so distinctive that, without achieving any great task, or realising any ambition, she impresses her personality upon the reader; and the good and ill which come to her take their importance from that personality. William North, Millicent's father, was an unlovable, "hollow" man, not to be relied upon for anything whatever—he was not unkind, but not kind either; not selfish, but not unselfish, not dissipated, not extravagant, though infinitely wasteful. And when he had, as one might say, negatively broken his wife's heart, he left England and went to live in Ireland. "In Ireland you could 'run' bills for years and years; with his life-interest in Charlotte's fortune he would be able to live like a fighting-cock." Millicent in 1860, was living with her father in Killarney—"the most talked of girl in the place. It was not, at first, her looks or her behaviour which thus distinguished her, but that great gift she had for playing on the piano." And the story reveals to us the anachronism of her nature. Millicent lived in the days when mauve muslins were worn over large crinolines, but in the twentieth century she would have struck out for herself and become a professional pianist. As it is, we see the girl's nature crying out for larger things than 1860 could give her, proud and silent when her handsome lover kissed and rode away; yet chafing, restless, yearning for more than life was giving her, when the second lover came. The minor characters are well and carefully presented, also and the story remains in the memory.

THE INTERIOR. By Lindsay Russell. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

There are three women with whom readers fond of novels in a Colonial setting are familiar. There is the haughty, fickle jade who has her being in the whirl and wickedness of London society; the dusky beauty with the total lack of morals and the hibiscus flowers in her hair; and the pure-hearted, sun-tanned Colonial girl. We renew our acquaintance with these types in "The Interior," a novel in which most of the incident happens on an island off the Coast of Australia, where the inhabitants live (or fail to do so) by pearl fishing. A mercenary English girl sends the fiancé who trusts her implicitly to Australia in search of a fortune, while she with all possible speed breaks her promises to him, and marries a somewhat beefy millionaire with a fortune nearer at hand. Naturally this is a nasty blow for the hero; but the Colonial girl comes along, and is beginning to console him quite nicely, when, owing to a series of misadventures, he falls into the power of the dusky siren, whom he marries. The dusky beauty—as dusky beauties often do—providentially drinks herself to death, and while the hero himself hovers between living and dying, the millionaire quits this world. His widow (the mercenary English girl of earlier chapters) whom he has carefully arranged shall not inherit his money, remembers her old lover, and comes out to see how the fortune hunting is progressing. Owing to the thoughtful way in which the lives between the hero and the succession to an earldom have been swept away, and not thanks to the pearl-fishing, the fortune business is going nicely: and for awhile one fears that the little Colonial will be badly left. Yet at the end she gets what she wants, which by the way is rather a habit of Colonial young women of fiction. The story moves briskly all the while, and is eminently worth reading by reason of the atmosphere the author creates. Miss Russell undoubtedly has the gift of writing poetic description which will linger in the heart of the reader long after the story has faded from the memory. For this we must be grateful to her. She has brought us close to a part of Australia little known to stay-at-home Britishers.

UNHAPPY IN THY DARING. By Marius Lyle. 6s. (Melrose.)

This novel has already distinguished itself by appealing successfully to a tribunal composed of Messrs. W. L. Courtney, A. E. W. Mason, and H. G. Wells, from which ordeal it now emerges in the triumphant wrapper of the Melrose £250 prize novel. Its outstanding quality—the quality that impressed Mr. Wells, as indeed it must impress the most novel-worn reader—is originality. In atmosphere, in plot and characterisation, the story has nothing in common with the machine-made article. It has faults; it is garrulous, it reiterates, it sprawls ungainly, its flavour is not always pleasant. But the flavour is never insipid, and the interest never flags. The scene is the West of Ireland, and the story opens with the wedding of Shelagh Lynch and Rupert Standish—a handsome but ill-assorted pair. Shelagh's interests centre in horses, clothes, and the amusements of the sportswoman, while Rupert has the temperament of the scholar and the Bohemian. The stress and strain of their early married life, their divergent interests, and the separate circles of friends arising therefrom, are realistically described. Love, however, looks like weathering the storm, when Shelagh's half-sister, Hester, joins the household. Fresh from Newnham, with protruding eyes and gargoyle features, Hester is presented as a morbid and embittered girl whose brain has been developed at the expense of character. Something in the girl's warped nature prompts Hester to wreck her sister's happiness, and in doing so she pays a frightful penalty herself. It is a grim and tragic sequel to a story bubbling throughout with vitality and the talk of live people. "Unhappy in Thy Daring" is a promising as well as an uncommon first novel.

TIGER'S CUB: A ROMANCE OF ALASKA. By George Goodchild. 2s. net. (Jarrold.)

The novelised drama is becoming as familiar to us as the dramatised novel, and is usually the more successful of the two forms of translation. In "Tiger's Cub" Mr. Goodchild makes a novel of Mr. George Potter's play of the same title which is achieving such enormous popularity just now at the Garrick Theatre. It is a tale of those snowy Alaskan wilds that play so large a part in the vivid, virile stories of Mr. Jack London. Mr. Goodchild pictures Dawson City, in the latter days of the great gold rush, and the motley, lawless society of the place, with a very vigorous and picturesque realism, and unfolds an exciting, full-blooded narrative with no little skill. The romance of it all centres on "the Cub," the reputed daughter of a grim and callous ruffian known as the Tiger, and through a rush of exciting, sensational incidents, the story develops absorbingly after the arrival of young David Summers, for whom the first glimpse of the Cub, with her unconventional dress and speech and manners is like "a flash of sunlight in a gloomy wilderness." It is a capital yarn, with a crowded, strongly melodramatic plot, and should be as popular with the general reader as the play is with the theatre-goer.

BRENDA WALKS ON. By Frederick Wedmore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The first things you are moved to say of Sir Frederick Wedmore's new novel, when you sit to write about it, is that it has charm and is entirely interesting; but when you look back over it to explain the secret of its charm and the sources of its interest you find they are not so easily definable. There is no elaborate plot to snare your attention; the whole thing is as simply and pleasantly natural, as quietly realistic as if it were an exactly true story of an actual person, and the interest of it is enormously accentuated by the fact that Brenda is a very delightful person indeed. Her character is drawn carefully, with the nicest attention to detail and the most sympathetic understanding; and you follow her development from the hour when she obtains her first theatrical engagement and "walks on" at the Theatre Royal, Scarborough, to a momentous day a year or two later when she has won something of a reputation in her profession and is on the verge of taking a new and important step in her career. The interval has been mainly taken up with her training, her stage experiences, and the everyday adventures of herself and her associates. The pictures of life with a provincial touring company are intimate and unexaggerated; they have atmosphere, and the mingled light and shadow that really belong to them. Incidentally, there are scattered through the book shrewd hints that the stage aspirant would do well to lay to heart, and in occasional asides and digressions Sir Frederick has interesting and suggestive comments to make on the drama and on actors and acting of yesterday and the day before. Perhaps the charm of the book lies even more in the grace and freshness and glancing humour of its style than in the story it unfolds—it is enough that the charm is there, and that either the style or the story, or both combined, make "Brenda Walks On" a uniquely attractive and enjoyable piece of work.

The Bookman's Table.

FRIENDS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson is among those modern poets who may be said to have definitely "arrived." His earlier work, with its robust and vivid realism, had already won for him a well-deserved popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, while his recently-published volume entitled "Battle" has been very generally acclaimed as one of the few vital contributions to the poetry of the war. We have come, therefore, to expect considerable things of Mr. Gibson, and, if we do not find anything very remarkable in this slim, new collection of his poems, it contains at any rate, much good and characteristic verse. The poet has not, apparently, attempted in these pages any very ambitious work; the volume is composed of short pieces, each capturing, with strong, unadorned fidelity to life, some passing sight, experience or mood. Mr. Gibson specially favours the sonnet, and handles this form with great elasticity, though perhaps the liberty which he takes with it borders occasionally upon licence. Among the best of the sonnets are the four which celebrate the imperishable memory of his friend, Rupert Brooke. We quote the second of the quartet:

"Once in my garret—you being far away
 Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,
 Or so I fancied—brooding in my chair,
I watched the London sunshine feeble and grey
Dapple my desk, too tired to labour more,
 When, looking up, I saw you standing there,
 Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,
Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
 Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
 That, if I listen very quietly,
Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair,
And see you, standing with your angel air,
 Fresh from the uplands of eternity."

One of the pleasantest poems in the book is "The Ice-Cart," which, however, is reminiscent of Mr. John Masefield. Indeed, there is no overlooking the source from which Mr. Gibson has drawn much of his technique, if not of his inspiration. It is only regrettable that, in deriving so much from Mr. Masefield, he has not caught something of the spiritual interpretation that runs, for instance, through "The Everlasting Mercy." While Mr. Masefield has vision, Mr. Gibson has only very good sight, and much of his work remains, in consequence, a little cold. But, when all has been said, the author of "Fires" and "Daily Bread" is one of the poetical forces of our time, and his new volume will be read with abundant appreciation by his many admirers.

THINGS THAT DON'T COUNT. By Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P. ("Sub Rosa"). 1s. 3d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)

Everybody must have heard of "Sub Rosa"; most people have read some of his writings, and many have read much of them, for until recently he had contributed a daily article to a certain newspaper for twenty-three years. He tells you of that and of why he is not doing it any longer in an essay "About Myself—and Some Others," and in the telling perhaps edges his satire with a little bitterness, but in all the other essays he is himself again—the whimsically humorous, genially satirical, joyously hard-hitting "Sub Rosa" whose house of fame covers twenty-three years of ground and is reared on seven thousand newspaper columns. Apart from the opening chapter, his new book is concerned with various phases of the Great War. He discusses the prowess of war prophets past and present, and supplements this later with a consideration of ancient and modern experts. He does not neglect spies, the anti-luxury and economy bores, war poets, nor the Mons angels; he does justice to the courage of the "nut," has something to say in defence of politicians; pursues an enquiry into whether Shakespeare was a soldier and, to say nothing of other subjects, becomes a temporary pessimist in a last chapter on "Will War Ever End?" It is the book of a laughing philosopher, to be read no less for its sound common-sense than for the tonic gaiety of its wit and humour.

THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY: A MYSTERY. By Paul Claudel. Translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

To the general reader the short appreciation of Paul Claudel, who "worked for more than twenty years in silence and in an almost complete obscurity," which is reprinted on the wrapper of "The Tidings Brought to Mary" will prove of deep interest, and will perhaps help to throw some light on the mystery he unfolds before us in this dramatic play. For Paul Claudel is not an easy poet to read and understand, though his mode of expression appears direct, and his style, like all beautiful things, is unaffected and simple. "He has a speech peculiar to himself: he has invented a form which is neither prose, nor regular verse, nor ordinary *vers libre* . . ." wrote Pierre de Chavannes in an article on Claudel in *The New Statesman* recently. ". . . and to-day writers, who are by no means young, rank Claudel with the small company of the very great: Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe." "The Tidings Brought to Mary" is a fine sample of Claudel's work; in four acts, with a strongly written prologue. The tragic story of beautiful Violaine grips the imagination, and haunts the memory.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE.

We are glad to note the re-appearance of Mr. R. K. Weekes' clever novel, **The Laurensons**, in the Westminster Library of Fiction. (2s. net.) It is a remarkable household with which Mr. Weekes makes us acquainted, and it is no small triumph that he has been able to differentiate so clearly the six Laurenson brothers, the easy-going mother, and the elusive cousin and adopted daughter. The brothers are all rather exasperating, and Mr. Weekes' method of describing them exasperates also. And when the curtain falls on the little drama, we are yet more exasperated by all that the author mockingly leaves us to guess. The story of two brothers in love with the same girl is of ancient origin, but Mr. Weekes has refashioned it with striking originality. The strongest part of the book is the account of the runaway husband's life in a Jesuit seminary and of his mental experiences as he strives to forget the world and become the slave of discipline. The various types of seminarists are described with shrewd insight and humour, and with a rare economy of words. It is a novel refreshingly off the beaten track.

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

The handbooks on Home Economy which the Singer Sewing Machine Company are publishing under the title of **Making and Mending** (6d. each) should prove extremely useful to every housewife, if one may judge from the first booklet in the series, which concerns itself with "Simple Household Sewing." The writer deals with her subject in a most practical and concise

manner, and mothers, sewing guilds, teachers of sewing, and all, indeed, who have to meet the problem of making necessary articles without involving great expense, will welcome the little volume and gain much valuable information from its pages. It is fully illustrated and neatly bound.

MR. HERBERT JENKINS.

Fortune telling from the hand has an unceasing fascination for everybody, and **Cheiro's Palmistry for All** (1s.) gives the rules of palmistry simply and concisely, so that even a novice at the study of hand-reading will find it easy to follow, and a most entertaining hobby to take up. The palmist is a welcome addition to any party, and, as Cheiro says in his opening chapter, people are only sceptical of such a study because they have not the subject presented to them in a logical manner. His arguments in support of Palmistry are cunningly convincing; a more brief, yet detailed explanation of the subject has never been published. Of particular interest is Cheiro's account of how he met Lord Kitchener in 1894 and secured an autographed impression of his right hand, which is printed, for the first time, as a frontispiece to the volume. Everybody with an inclination to study palmistry should buy this book—those who have already taken it up will have read Cheiro's other publications, and so will not need the recommendation to obtain this one.

WAR BOOKS.

THE ASSAULT. By F. W. Wile. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A vivid and very interesting account of life in Berlin just before and immediately after the outbreak of war. Mr. Wile says many shrewd things about the German spirit and the general progress of events, but he is "talking through his hat," as his countrymen say, when he repeats the disgraceful and discredited slander that the British working classes have shirked their duty. Most of us know that from these classes have come some ninety per cent. of our volunteer armies. No class has shirked its duty; but naturally a few of all classes have done so.

GERMAN BARBARISM. By Leon Maccas. With a Preface by M. Paul Girard. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Maccas is a Doctor of Law of the University of Athens, and his rigorous examination of the German theory and practice of war is one of the most powerful indictments of German militarism that have yet been written.

FOR THOSE WE LOVE AT HOME, AND OTHER WAR SONGS AND BALLADS. By MacKenzie MacBride. 1s. net. (London: Jones & Evans.)

There is the right fire of patriotic enthusiasm in these stirring verses. Such songs as "Shouther Airms" and "Clansmen Yet," and ballads such as "Montrose's March" should set a good Scot's blood dancing, for Mr. MacBride's British patriotism has its roots in a sturdy love of his own nation.

DEMOCRACY AND MILITARY SERVICE. By Jean Jaurès. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

An abridged translation of the "Armée Nouvelle" of the great French Socialist who was assassinated on the eve of the war. Jaurès believed that as disarmament was outside practical politics it was necessary that every free nation should be a nation in arms for self-defence, and that the effect of such an army would not be to militarise the democracy but to democratise the military system. The problems we are facing now and shall have to face in the near future give a special timeliness to these frank and fearless utterances of a man who stood for all that was best in French republican thought and feeling.

THE UNSEEN HOST. By Charles L. Warr. 3s. 6d. net. (Paisley: Alex Gardner.)

A series of suggestive and admirably-written stories and sketches of the war, touching more especially on those spiritual influences that men become conscious of in supreme moments of stress or danger. An uncommon and uncommonly interesting book.

PRISONER OF WAR. By André Warnod. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

A story of the experiences of a French prisoner among the Germans, illustrated with sketches by the author. Its power lies in its absolute simplicity and naturalness. We have read no book of its kind that is more quietly realistic, more vivid, more poignantly effective.

GERMAN POLICY BEFORE THE WAR. By G. W. Prothero. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

A valuable exposition of the policy, ambitions and carefully-fostered public opinion of Germany that led to the war.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 298. Vol. L. JULY, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

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NOTICES.

***All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.**

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield on our cover is from the portrait painted of him in 1852 by Sir Francis Grant, and is reproduced from the "Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," by permission of Mr. John Murray.

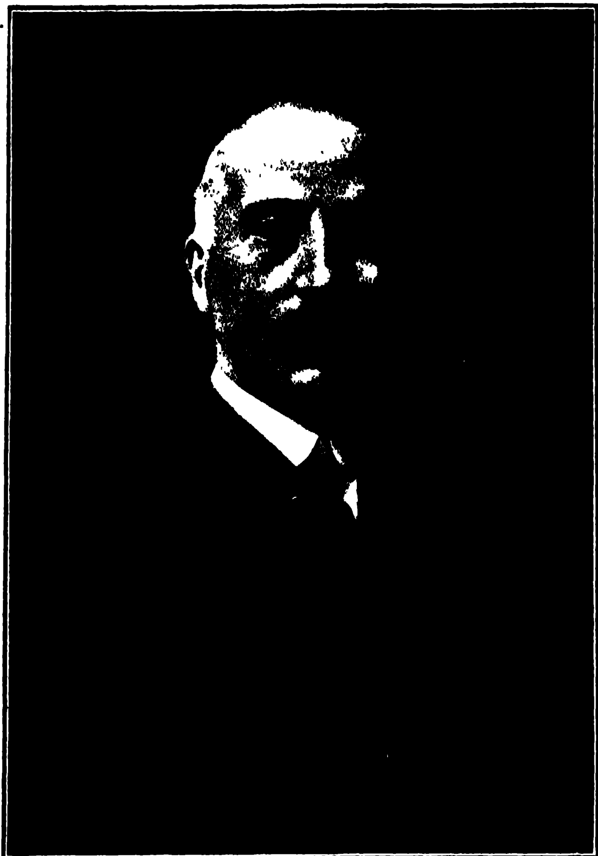
Mrs. Henry Dudeney has completed a new novel which she is calling "This Way Out." Usually she makes more of her women than of her men characters: but in this story, which deals with the life of a brother and sister who share chambers in Gray's Inn, the man is the principal figure. It will be published early next year by Messrs. Methuen.

"From Boundary Rider to Prime Minister," by Douglas Sladen (Hutchinson), is an able study of the life and personality of Mr. W. M. Hughes, Australia's great Prime Minister. One half of the book deals with Mr. Hughes' romantic and brilliant career; the other half is concerned with his speeches and writings. Mr. Andrew Fisher, the High Commissioner of Australia, has written an Introduction. Mr. Sladen may be congratulated on a careful and interesting book about an extraordinarily interesting man.

Mr. Douglas Goldring, whose new novel, "Margot's Progress," has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, is still a young man under thirty, and has already some ten books to his name. He left Oxford in 1907, and joined the staff of *Country Life.* In 1909 he became sub-editor of the *English Review,* under Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. A year later he was editing that admirable but short-lived literary magazine, *The Tramp,* and since its demise he has been actively connected with the publishing trade. His books include three novels, three collections of essays and travel sketches, and four volumes of verse, one of which, "A Country Boy," was his first book, and made its appearance in 1910, and two, "In the Town" and "On the Road," are reviewed in this Number.

A tender and very human book that will come home to the hearts of many in these days is "The Beautiful Thing that has Happened to Our Boys," and other messages in war time, by Charles Allen. It is published by Messrs. James McKelvie & Sons. The author is a Scots minister who has himself lost a son in the great fight.

"The West Wind" is a new novel by Katharine Tynan which Messrs. Constable are publishing. It is the life-romance of a famous Irish actress.



Sir Algernon Methuen, Bart.,
the distinguished publisher, on whom the King has conferred the honour of a baronetcy.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett are reissuing Miss Gertrude Page's novels in a series of shilling volumes, beginning with "The Edge o' Beyond," which is already in its thirtieth edition.

"Trooper Bluegum at the Dardanelles," a record of Trooper Oliver Hogue's personal experiences with the Anzacs, will be published shortly by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

"Studies of Contemporary Poets," by Mary C. Sturgeon, which has just been published by Messrs. Harrap, comprises fifteen admirable studies of modern poets, including Rupert Brooke, John Masefield, W. H. Davies, James Stephen, Lascelles Abercrombie, W. W. Gibson, Ralph Hodgson, Ford Madox Hueffer, Margaret L. Woods and Walter de la Mare.

Referring to our reviewer's comparison of his work with that of Mr. John Masefield, Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson reminds us that his first poems of modern life, "Stonefolds," were published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1907, and "Daily Bread" in 1910, and that "Fires" had been passed for press before "The Everlasting Mercy" appeared in the *English Review*. There have been many workers in the field of contemporary life ever since Chaucer's time. It is a large field and there are many ways into it; there is no reason why all the workers should be suspected of following each other in by the same gate.

"Their Lives," the story of the love affairs of a middle-class artist's family in the 'eighties, by Violet Hunt, will be published this summer by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

Mr. Erskine Macdonald is starting a wartime organisation which he is calling the Malory Fellowship. It is to be a society of writers and lovers of literature with the special object of fostering an interest in new verse of real quality.

A most useful little book, "Arabic Without a Teacher," by Alexander R. Khoori, was published a few months ago by the Anglo-Egyptian Supply Association, at Alexandria, and is already in a second and revised edition. It should be an invaluable aid to those who are studying colloquial Arabic, for it contains all sentences, phrases and a vocabulary of words that are in common use throughout Egypt and especially needed nowadays by military men.



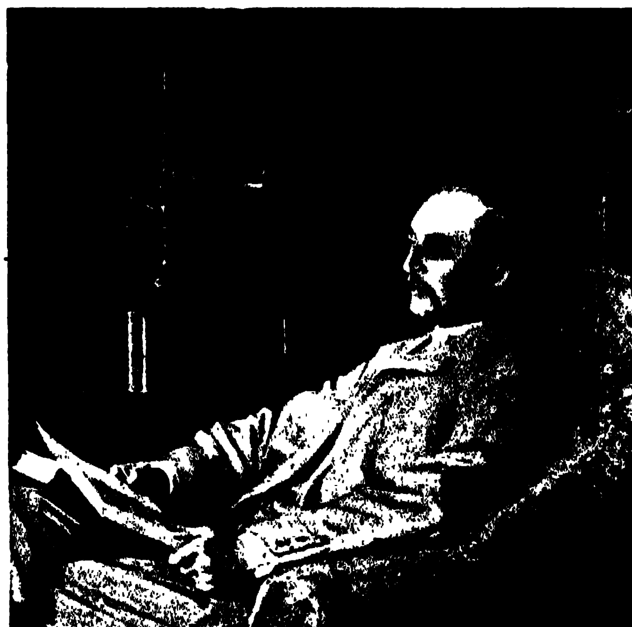
Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

Miss A. M. Wood,
whose brilliant novel, "Sand-Face," was published last month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Arrangements have been made, with the approval of the Foreign Office, for extending to British prisoners of war interned abroad the benefits of the scheme, which has been in operation for the last year in connection with Ruhleben, for supplying selected books of an educational character to those of the interned who may be desirous of continuing their studies in any subject. Under this scheme several thousands of carefully selected volumes, mostly standard works, have been supplied to the Ruhleben Camp which is now provided with excellent libraries (class, reference, and lending). These books, which have been sent out through the agency of officers of the Board of Education, have proved a great boon to the interned and have enabled sustained educational work of a definite character to be carried on by the Camp Education Department formed among the prisoners. An appeal is, therefore, now made for a plentiful supply of new or second-hand books of an educational character (light literature and fiction is available from other sources) to meet the needs of the many thousands of British prisoners interned in enemy or neutral countries. It is hoped that to this appeal there may be a liberal response. A circular explanatory of the educational book scheme can be obtained by sending a postcard addressed at the Board of Education, Whitehall, S.W., to Mr. A. T. Davies, who is in charge of the arrangements.



Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne,
whose new novel, "One of our Grandmothers" (Chapman & Hall), we reviewed last month.



Mr. Eric S. Robertson,
whose new Book, "The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons," has just been published by Messrs. Williams & Norgate.
From a painting by Elwood Hargrave.

"The Navy at Work," a new book by Mr. Cecil Roberts, is to be published immediately by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. Mr. Roberts was one of the special correspondents invited by the Admiralty to visit the Grand Fleet and was on the *Invincible* four days before she was sunk.

Messrs. Jack have added six new volumes to their "People's Books" series, including careful and helpful studies of "Browning" and "Keats," by Professor A. R. Skemp and Edward Thomas; a very useful volume on "Common Faults in English Writing," by H. Alexander; "India: A Nation," by Mrs. Annie Besant; "The Roman Civilisation," by A. F. Giles; and "Home Nursing," by Sister



Mr. E. C. Booth,
whose new novel "Fondie," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

Matilda. The editors are to be congratulated on the uniform standard of excellence that the books in this series maintain.

Mr. F. T. Wawn, whose new novel, "The Road to the Stars" (Eveleigh Nash) is reviewed elsewhere, scored a very considerable success with his first novel, "The Masterdillo," which was published anonymously by Mr. Andrew Melrose in 1913. That book, like his new one, was largely autobiographical. It told of the struggles of a young author and his wife with such charming sentiment and unaffected realism that one reader was moved to send the publisher a cheque for twenty-five pounds to help the anonymous writer, who was not so much in need of it as he made the hero of his story seem to be, so it was returned. Mr. Wawn began his career as an Assistant Naval Store Officer at Sheerness Dockyard. After four years of that, he went to London and for six unhappy years struggled with ill-health as a clerk in the Bank of England. Then he gave up the struggle and went to recuperate at the little village of Lane, near Newquay, in Cornwall, where he still lives and remains very much of an invalid. He has found much of the setting of "The Road to the Stars" in his immediate surroundings there. Mr. Wawn has an almost equal love of all the arts, but devotes himself especially nowadays to fiction and modelling.


Photo by Bennetto, Newquay

Mr. F. T. Wawn.


Mr. John Murray Gibbon,
whose new novel, "Hearts and Faces" (John Lane), is reviewed in this Number.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately "On the Trail of Stevenson," by Clayton Hamilton. It is the record of pilgrimages taken to Stevenson's homes and haunts in Scotland, England, America and about Europe. Mr. Hamilton has gathered information from many of Stevenson's friends and relatives on both sides of the Atlantic, and his book adds much that is interesting to our knowledge of one of the most fascinating personalities in nineteenth century literature. The book is illustrated from drawings by Mr. Walter Hale.

Miss F. E. Mills Young, whose new novel, "The Bywonner," was published last month by Mr. John Lane, has spent twelve years of her life in South Africa, and owns that she feels more familiar with that land of her adoption than with the Mother Country, for which reason most of her stories have a South African setting. She lived in Cape Colony during the Boer War, and the first novel she wrote, "A Dangerous Quest," had the war for its background. Miss Mills Young is engaged on a new novel, which she is calling "The Bigamist." It portrays a purely English side of life in the Colony.

THE READER.

DISRAELI IN WAITING.*

By Walter Sichel.

THIS title, perhaps, best sums up the crowded and critical years that succeeded the first establishment of Disraeli's fame, and preluded its gradual popularisation. His brief though significant term of office in 1859, undone by cabal, proved only an interval in the long spell of transition which enabled him to impress his will and ideas on and beyond his country and generation. In width, grasp, and insight he towers above his contemporaries, and not least above the patricians. For more than a decade he was in power, even when he was not in place, though his influence was often maligned and his aims thwarted. Throughout this period his gaze was fixed on the future. He was absolutely a founder.

" . . . Looking on, without party bias, during fourteen years, I could not help being struck by the fact that you appeared the only man in England working for posterity. Your genius bore, to my eyes, always the historical stamp, and I never listened to a speech of yours without thinking, this word, this sentence, will be remembered a hundred years hence. . . ."

Thus wrote a celebrated foreign diplomatist after Disraeli's great triumph in 1867—the climax, and not as ignorance has whispered, the betrayal of a cause for over twenty years steadily purposed and artistically compassed. The fourth volume of his "Life" bears this out to the full, unfolding as it does so many of his intense and variegated energies. Disraeli was, indeed, a man of both worlds. He knew, and knew how to mould or modulate, the world around him, while, as if by magic, he looked into the world to come. He was always a seer, and there is the detachment of clairvoyance in his divinations. From a mount of vision he seems to survey the march past of the mighty future. This faculty distinguishes his unique force of characterisation and analysis, applied equally to men and movements—and with an expressiveness as vivid as it is vital. Take this, for instance, on the European situation of 1859, which most statesmen were inclined to view quite easily and parochially: " . . . Remember always that England, though she is bound to Europe by tradition, by affection, by great similarity of habits, and all those ties which time alone can create and consecrate, is not a mere Power of the Old World. Her geographical position, her laws, her language and religion, connect her as much with the New World as the Old, and although she has occupied not only an eminent, but I am bold to say, the most eminent position among European nations for ages, still, if ever Europe by her shortsightedness falls into an inferior or exhausted state, for England there will remain an illustrious future. We are bound to the communities of the New World and those great States which our own planting and colonizing energies have created, by ties and interests which will enable us to play as great a part in times yet to come as we do in these days, and as we have done in the past. . . ." This, surely, is large and luminous—a magnificent utterance amid the deafness of the late 'fifties. Nor did he—despite a word or so torn from its context—ever abate his trust and hope in the Colonies, or his belief both in the Empire and his capacity to consolidate and cement it. As with tendencies so with individuals. Take a single passage out of a long *précis* of Napoleon's character which belongs to that same crucial period, and is followed by suggestions of great moment: " . . . Ever since the Orsini business he has been more or less fitful and moody, and brooding over Italy. The letter of Orsini produced a great effect on him. He is alarmed for his life. Having himself belonged to the Carbonaro Society, he knows that he is never safe while they continue to look upon him as a renegade. He is resolved, therefore, 'to do something for Italy.' It is purely a personal impulse in its origin, but, indulged in, it necessarily mingles with political ideas, since reconstruction of Italy has been developed by personal apprehension. Cavour, too, is always on the watch. But nothing is yet definite, though it may be resolved on in an instant. Sometimes he talks of placing himself at the head of the army of invasion, as he once talked of going to the Crimea. And he would do it, for in dealing with this



Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli, 1867.
From a portrait in the possession of Major Coningsby Disraeli.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By George Earle Buckle (in succession to W. F. Monypenny). Vol. IV.—1855-1868. 15s. net. (Murray.)

personage we must remember we are dealing with a mind as romantic as it is subtle."

He recognised some degree of affinity. Both he and Napoleon—so long known to him—were men of destiny, and this last touch, if we add creativeness, wit, humour, and the big and loyal simplicity revealed by this volume, forms no poor miniature of Disraeli. Romance was his essence. It flickered, fantastic as firelight, luminous as moonlight, over every scene. We find it in his attachments, in his union of mastery and mystery, in his attraction for and of coincidence, in his energetic fatalism, in his strong sense of race and mission, in his ironies as well as enthusiasms. All the passion and fantasy and adventure that glowed within him came more and more to be concentred—as a musician throws his soul into his instrument—on his clear yet vast ideas—social, political, imperial—on the career, too, that was to develop and realise them. He has commerce with half the leaders of Europe; he has his emissaries in Paris; he is himself secretly a Court, and hardly has Leopold of the Belgians met him than he begs him to enter on a regular correspondence. And, as Life's coloured pageant proceeded, he ever transferred to its persons and combinations the names and qualities of the past. Everything passed through the library—or theatre—of his mind. These dramatic counterparts are improvised equally in his letters and conversation as in his books and speeches. Everywhere his imagination plays on his knowledge and perception, so that, with him, history becomes a continuous mirror, and all ages reflect themselves. In the Peelites and the Derbyites, for example, he descries the two traditional factions of the Bourbons, and when the Tyrwhitt Drakes of Amersham at last beg a favour of him, he playfully tells Stanley that "it is the Hapsburgs soliciting something from a parvenu Napoleon." Again, when France supported the Papal States against the Sardinian Government: "In this age," he notes, "of jubilant nationality, Rome is still garrisoned by the Gauls," and in 1855, during a burst of administrative changes, he finds "a popular reform and administration far exceeding that brought about by Mr. Burke in 1780." When the Treaty of Paris is in sight he assures his close confidant, Mrs. Brydges Willyams, that, had it happened otherwise, we might have dreaded "a financial convulsion worse than that of Chevalier Law." Of Garibaldi he asks in 1860: "Is he a Masaniello, is he a Washington?"

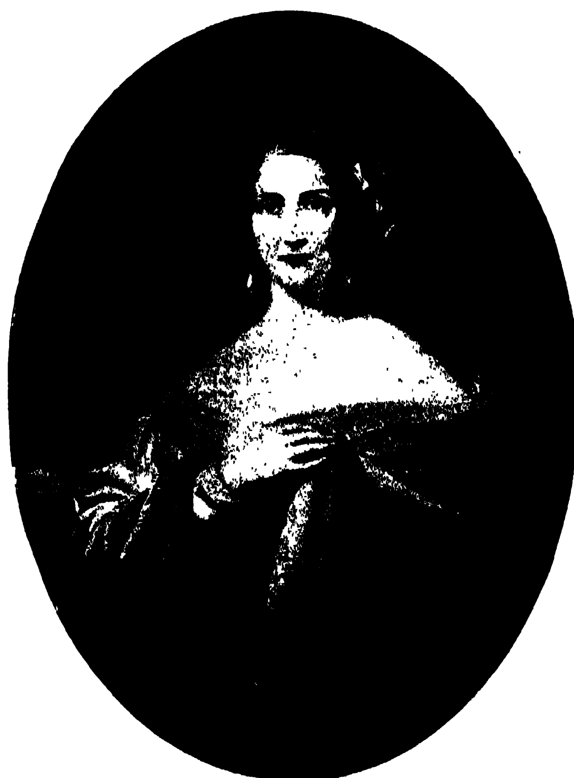
These historical figures had inspired the reveries and ambitions of his boyhood. Alberoni, of course, figures; Spanish policy, too, is applied; and alike as regards commercial treaties and his transformation of high-and-dry Toryism into the flexibility of its origins, he never forgets Bolingbroke and Pitt. Aiding the Government from the Opposition benches, he quotes Swift, and, smiling under onslaughts both direct and oblique, he avows that he prefers the tortures of Torquemada to the insinuations of Loyola. He alludes to Addison as well as to Addington, and throughout he is saturated in the eighteenth-century atmosphere I expect that Joseph, before he was Pharaoh's prime minister, often spoke in the symbolism of his early dreams.

This book presents the uphill distance that separated Disraeli from the supreme command which was his birthright. It displays him in all emergencies infinitely resourceful, tactful, magnanimous, in the midst of cross-currents and cross-purposes, offering to lie down, now to Palmerston, that "gay old Tory" who led the Whigs, now to Graham, now to Stanley, now to Gladstone—in the fine letter adjuring him to deign to be magnanimous, and reminding him that every man fulfils his office, and that there is a Power outside ourselves which disposes of all this. While at the close of the 'fifties Gladstone was dedicating his great gifts to Divorce with a faith ecclesiastical, Disraeli, with a faith intellectual, riveted his eyes on the Empire, on India and the Colonies. During his short shrift of office, both in 1859 and 1867, he settled the government of India and of Canada, and even earlier he discerned the need for striking the Oriental imagination by the Sovereign's personal relation not as the Crown, but as



Hughenden Manor House.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

Empress. And at home he would make any and every sacrifice if only he could establish a truly national, as opposed to an abstract, cosmopolitan, arithmetical or theoretical, system of government. If the Tory party did not represent the nation, he always said it was nothing. He wished it to assist progress and resist revolution, to prevent that *unlimited* democracy which he held to be "the tyranny of one class—and that the least enlightened," to acclimatise the new ideas to the ancient soil, to forward progress in the spirit of growth instead of upheaval, to fulfil and not to destroy, to preserve the balance of a Constitution which is at once the safeguard and the reflection of *character.* He desired "to build up a community . . . upon popular principles which assert equal rights, civil and religious; to uphold the institutions of the country because they are the embodiment of the wants and wishes of the nation, and protect us alike from individual tyranny and popular outrage, equally to resist democracy and oligarchy, and favour that principle of free aristocracy which is the only basis for constitutional Government . . . to be as jealous of the rights of the working man as of the prerogative of the Crown and the privileges of the Senate. . ."



Mary Anne, Viscountess Beaconsfield.
By Middleton.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

All along, the author of "Sybil," who had already initiated and forwarded social and sanitary reforms, stood for an extension of the franchise as a privilege based on duties; but till the early 'fifties, when Lord John Russell re-opened the question, he had upheld the settlement of 1832 as final. Once mooted, however, it was no monopoly, he maintained, of the Whigs, who promised without performance, or of those new Radicals who clearly purposed unmitigated mob-suffrage, under the purely numerical sway of which "The old England, the England of power and tradition," must vanish. Disraeli looked backwards and forwards. In 1859 he had at first intended Household Suffrage, safeguarded by a rating basis. But he had to reckon both with the party and the country. Accommodations, delays, the policy of waiting until England had steadied herself at home and abroad intervened, and the need for "educating" the country, the party, and Lord Derby. For years the demand for reform seemed mainly political: it cooled off as soon as it seemed warm. Curiously enough, when the Queen urged the matter on Disraeli soon after his return to office, he hesitated and held back, regarding it as an expedient, afraid, apparently—after Russell's breakdown and Gladstone's alternate compromise and clamour—to tempt Providence, uncertain, perhaps, whether a movement of Opposition-manœuvred riots could be opportune, whether he would be experimentalising at the national expense, whether, in fact, the worn plaything of parties had at length become deadly earnest. But all along he saw quite clearly that if a fatal Manhood Suffrage were to be averted, if agitation were not to endanger institutions, if, in a word, the nation were to remain organic and united, sooner or later this "leap in the dark," as Derby termed it, must be taken.* Gladstone's sudden declaration for admitting every man not morally or physically disqualified to the vote, precipitated the hour. And despite the future Lord Salisbury's retreat and invectives—his "stab in the back"—he carried a Household Suffrage on a rating principle through a co-operating House of Commons.

Space forbids the pursuance of his intuition into the whole Indian problem, and his desire for the Queen (instead of the Crown) as a personal ruler; into the Chinese question; into the American question, which, in 1860, he at once discerned to be imperial; of his persistent foreign policy—one of dignity without fuss, assertion without intrusion, and—notably in the Danish crisis, when he prophesied his own mission some fourteen years later—of never promising without performing; of his vigilance for effective retrenchment; of his desires and designs for the Church, based on the same aspirations which he had developed in "Tancred." All along his purposes were hampered by the curious deadlock and dead-level of parties, rendering some appeal on congenial points to Peelites or Radicals a necessity for the Tories till their cause re-entered the hearts of the nation. Throughout, —and inevitably—he was attacked and intrigued against, mistrusted and misjudged by the complacently commonplace, by that *bourgeoisie* who counted on Palmerston in power for escapades abroad, and on Disraeli in opposition to bar busybodying at home. Their common sense was occasionally right. But his uncommon sense usually triumphed in the end.

Mr. Arthur Baumann asks in an able *aperçu* in the *Fortnightly Review*, why Disraeli not only survives but vibrates, while so many loud-compelling names have become pegs for History to hang her hats on. But why catalogue reasons? Surely the glamour of romantic genius is enough. In all that Disraeli ever did we catch unexpected lights and shades; like his own Sidonia "he said many things that were strange, yet

* It was Lord Derby, too, it now appears, who spoke of "dishing the Whigs." Not only did Disraeli shrink early in 1867 from pressing home his old idea of safeguarded Household Suffrage, but he wanted Lord Derby to finish matters immediately by a moderately reduced franchise, of course on the rating basis. His "counterbalance of fancy franchises," to my mind invaluable, were stoned out by Gladstone and Bright.

they instantly appeared to be true." It is not the abstract reasoners and characters or the prosaic impeccables who live on. Byron survives, not Bentham. It is dullness that dies, and not his "dearest foe" could call Disraeli dull. Imagination, personality, these own the talisman of survival, and this posthumous power is evidenced by the magnetism of the man. Wherever Disraeli went he conquered elements the most inveterately opposed. His charm conquered, he was intensely human, and a part of it was the striking sense of fun and of perspective, which tempered his extraordinary wit and irony. Often as not his persiflage was turned against himself, for other people's gravity often upset his own. The keenness of his most poignant sarcasm had something magnanimous about it, and this his enemies well knew. He simply shrugged his shoulders, and they passed on—or out. Rarely has a man so patient been so buoyant. He was a poet-politician—in his invective a poet-satirist. And fantastic, too, as were the delightful forms of his satire they did not outrun reality, as Derby testified in that wonderful speech about the "extinct volcanoes." When he wrote that a majority of eighteen was hardly a majority, because it was still "in its teens," that was typical. Perhaps, however, a passage about the Statistical Society at Lady Palmerston's sounds less so: ". . . I confess myself to a strange gathering of men with bald heads and wearing spectacles. You associate these traits often with learning and profundity, but when one sees one hundred bald heads and one hundred pairs of spectacles the illusion or the effect is impaired." Excellent also is the following, of 1857—also to Mrs. Brydges Willyams: "The world is very much frightened about the comet, Dr. Cumming having declared the last day is certainly at hand, Sebastopol meaning Armageddon; but it seems that Sebastopol literally means 'blessed city,' and the received version of Armageddon is 'a cursed plain' so they don't exactly agree. . . ."

It has been imperative to dwell on his public supremacy, but the tender portions—too few of them, alas! from the mass of papers—are not only the most pathetic but the most penetrating. We would fain have heard more of the sweet and gifted sister whose death in 1859, on December 19th for him a fatal number—desolated his wife as well as himself. Of that devoted wife and his deep devotion to her we catch glimpses—we see his loving gratitude to her when she tends his sleeplessness at critical moments; we see him at his hour of shared triumph evading the Carlton Club celebration and hurrying back to the supper which *she* had prepared for him at home—the raised pie from Fortnum & Mason's, and the bottle of champagne. She was already past seventy, but no lover could have been more ardent or enthusiastic than was he to the large-souled if odd-minded woman, whose heart and head alike owned him for her "man of men." That moment must surely have recalled to him Lady Mary Montague's classical pæan on her own experience:

> "But when the long hours of public are past
> And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
> May every fond pleasure that moment endear,
> Be vanished afar both discretion and fear!
> Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
> He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
> Till lost in the joys, we confess that we live,
> And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive."

Mr. Buckle, who has threaded his mazes with so much tact and insight, has not included Disraeli's tribute in 1867 at Edinburgh, when her health was toasted: ". . . I do owe," he said, "to that lady all I think that I have ever accomplished, because she has supported me with her counsel, and consoled me by the sweetness of her mind and disposition." With what pride and joy she announced his attainment of the premiership to Lady de Rothschild, and how touching are Disraeli's *billets doux*, pencilled in bed when they were both severely ill in separate rooms at Hughenden in the December of 1867. It is a pity that only a few extracts have been published. Here are most of them: "You have sent me the most amusing and charming letter I ever had. It beats Horace Walpole and Madame de Sévigne." "Grosvenor Gate has become a hospital, but a hospital with you is worth a palace with anyone else. Your own D." "I have had a sleepless night, and in agony the whole time. . . . I have been nearly a week in bed, and am much worse than when I took to it. . . . My only consolation that you are better and stronger. . . ." "We have been separated four days, and under the same roof! How very strange." His affections were very deep, and his friendships, though few, as he owned, intense. At this time she was seventy-five, and still his Egeria. From that ordeal of the sick bed he offered to be carried into the House of Commons (his other Egeria) if Lord Derby should deem it necessary at a moment so crucial.

I feel sure he was thinking of Lord Chatham.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

HIS EARLY LIFE AND LOST WRITINGS.

By Stephen Wheeler.

By Walter Savage Landor those officious persons—commentators, critics, compilers of introductions and appreciations—who thrust themselves between an author and his audience, were held in low esteem. He himself never sought their services, and was apt to scoff at their best meant endeavours. In his "Imaginary Conversations" a Landorian Porson draws a fancy picture of them performing monkey tricks on some illustrious man's shoulders, pleased at and pleasing by the volubility of their chatter. A Landorian Cicero complains that a great writer suffers more from little friends than from potent enemies. Had a little friend volunteered to make Landor known personally to any reader of The Bookman, promising him a civil welcome, the odds are that he would curtly have declined to avail himself of the opportunity. There was talk once of his paying a visit to a nobleman in high office. "You will find his lordship," somebody remarked, "quite easy

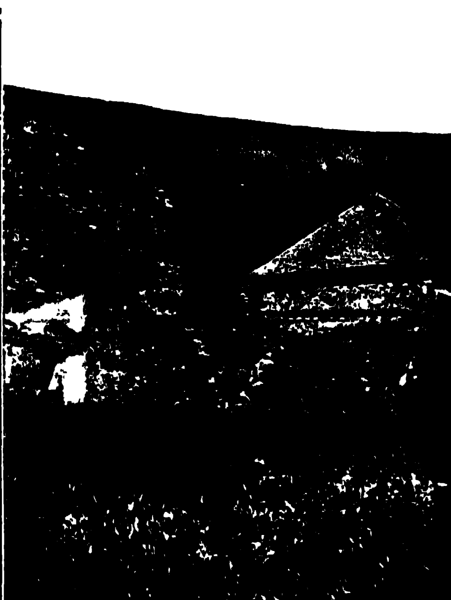
to get on with, for he does not stand on his dignity." Landor was unable to relish the notion that there were mortals who would have to condescend before they were on a level with him. "Not stand on his dignity!" he burst out. "Well, to speak the truth, I stand on mine," and the visit was never paid. So in handling the subject of Landor and his works, one might inadvertently say things which, could he hear them, he would resent as insults; and what is perhaps of more importance, praise or censure might be dealt out in exactly the way which he pronounced to be altogether reprehensible. But let us quickly obliterate the impression that he must be classed among those unamiable men of letters whom in everyday life we should prefer not to meet. It is true that when he was in certain—or rather, uncertain—moods, it was as well to respect his solitude. At other times he was the best of good company, if not stroked the wrong way.

People who read these lines may be divided, no doubt, into two classes: those who have already formed their own impression of the man Landor, and others, few or many, for whom he is little more than a name. It might be rash to feel hopeful of arousing the interest of this latter class. Nothing is more apt to bore one's fellow creatures than singing the praises of some person unknown to them. Charles Lamb was bothered by a gushing lady who persisted in extolling a particular friend of her own. "Bless him, I know him well," she declared. "Ah!" said Lamb, "I don't know him; but d—— him at a hazard." On the other hand there may be in Landor's case something in the nature of misconceived knowledge to be cleared out of the way. To judge his character solely from his books is assuredly not the safest method. What Southey said on this point should be borne in mind. "Never did man represent himself in his writings so much less generous, less just, less compassionate, less noble in all respects than he really is." Nor will it do to trust no other guidance than what is given in the most elaborate biography of Landor that has yet been produced, namely, John Forster's; though it will always be among the works one is obliged to consult for matters of fact. He knew Landor intimately and was in his confidence. He was able to use many letters and documents which have since vanished. All who wish to study Landor's life, as the life of a great writer ought to be studied, must sooner or later go to Forster. But how often it happens that the biographies which we can least afford to dispense with are the least pleasing to read. What could be more irritating than a hint at every turn that Landor's tribulations mostly arose from his not having a counsellor like Mr. Forster at his elbow to guide his steps and correct his errors? And that arbitrary gentleman overdoes the part of moralist. He is terribly afraid lest we should condone any of Landor's faults; and for each imprudence he preaches a sermon. Mrs. Lynn Linton called the book a cold, carping biography; "a disgraceful thing for a friend to have written."

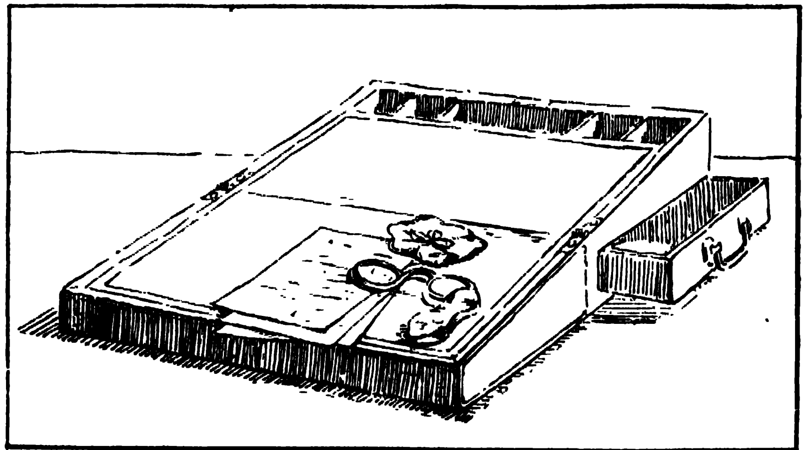
But let us hear what other people who knew Landor said and thought about him. The earliest recorded observation, indeed, does not reveal him in an altogether favourable light. In 1782 a Mrs. Butt went to see his father, Dr. Walter Landor, who practised as a physician at Warwick, living in the fine old house near the East Gate. It is now a girls' school. Miss Mary Butt, the future Mrs. Sherwood, author of "Little Henry and His Bearer" and other edifying fiction for the young, accompanied her mother; and was profoundly shocked at the behaviour of the big rough-haired boy who sprawled on the carpet before the fire and who, when his mother bade him get up, answered "I won't." Walter Savage Landor was eight years old at the time; exactly the age of the little girl who so justly reprobated his bad manners. From the same intelligent if unsympathetic witness, something may also be learnt about his parents; Mrs. Landor, anxious to be hospitable but fussy and even fuming if a servant made mistakes, and her husband, "a hearty old-fashioned sort of man," who said more than once "Come, Betty, keep your temper." Miss Mary may have exaggerated the good lady's impatience under small vexations, and have


Central tower of Llanthony Abbey (more properly called Priory). A monastic house founded in the reign of Henry VIII., by the St. Augustine Order.


The bridge of Maes-y-Beran (the field of the pear) on the river Honddu, Landor's "sparkling Hondy," below Llanthony Abbey.


Ruins of the house built by Landor on Cwm Siarpal, a dingle above Llanthony Abbey. The coach-house, now a cattle shed, alone retains its roof.

mistaken a standing family jest for a serious remonstrance; yet one cannot but surmise that a tendency to fume, with which Landor must certainly be credited, marked his descent from the Savages of Tachbrook, forbears on his mother's side. However this may be, it is the earliest pen-portrait, if neither distinct nor flattering, we have of him. A few months later he was sent to Rugby; and Forster could tell one or two stories about his schoolboy days. To these may be added the reminiscences of a contemporary Rugbean, to be found in the obituary pages of the Annual Register for 1864. According to this authority his first fight was with Arthur (afterwards General Sir Arthur) Clifton; and we also learn that he got decidedly the worst of it in an encounter with Walter Birch, who presently became one of his dearest friends. In the volume of poems published a year before he died, there is one in which Landor, in verses addressed to General Sir Richard Clarges, gave his own account of these combats:



Landor's Writing Desk,
made from the wood of a cedar tree at Ipsley Court and given to him by his sister. In the drawer, here shown half open, were found a miniature of Ianthe and a lock of Rose Aylmer's hair.

" Three score and ten the years since Rugby saw
My bloody battles on the cricket ground,
And Clarges, you remember that I fought
Never with any but an older lad,
And never lost but two fights in thirteen "

By the same unnamed schoolfellow we are told that Landor when, as a præpostor, he had to read the roll-call, would persist, greatly to the annoyance of Dr. James, the headmaster, in omitting a " Mr." before the names of noblemen's sons. It was owing to this, the boys believed, that Dr. Landor was requested to remove his son and heir from the school; but we may safely accept the positive statement that the real reason was young Landor's audacious habit of embroidering his Latin verses with satirical hits at the masters, Dr. James included.

This is my last will, cancelling all former.
Having laid out on my estates in Monmouthshire more than forty thousand pounds, accruing from property not entailed, my eldest son Arnold engaged in a writing, now in the hands of his brother Walter, to pay to him and his brother Charles each an annuity, after their mother's death, on whom was settled a jointure of five hundred pounds. Their brother Arnold hesitates to confirm the agreement thus made. They would accept an equal division of four hundred pounds annually instead of five, as stipulated.
I bequeath my upright Salvator Rosa, and my Holy Family by Taddeo Gaddi, and my S. Peter by Guido (next to it) to my friend Robert Browning, and all my Latin books to his son Robert.
I bequeath all my writings, papers, and other books, to my friend Arthur Walker, together with my writing-desk and all its contents, and also two landscapes by Wright of Derby, and the S. Andrea by Guido over the one near the window.
I bequeath all the rest of my pictures to be divided between my sons Walter and Charles, saving and excepting those unframed, which together with my plate I bequeath to Mrs Romagnoli, with whatever else I may leave in the house, hoping that a due remuneration may be made to her for attendance on me during my illness. written and
Signed by me Walter Savage Landor
December 23 1802
I desire that only an upright stone three feet high, be placed over my grave, with simply the letters -
Walter Savage Landor
born January 30, 1775, died 185 —

Facsimile of a Will in Landor's handwriting,
found in the desk bequeathed by him to Arthur Walker, who left it, with its contents, to Mr. Stephen Wheeler.

Between Rugby and Oxford there was an interval of private tuition at Ashbourne, where he lived with a clergyman spoken of in " Letters of a Conservative " as " the good old fatherly Langley," and not less gratefully in a note to one of his imaginary conversations. Of Landor's college days there is little to be said beyond what is told in Forster's volumes; though it is a pity that instead of quoting merely a few lines from the " Address to the Fellows of Trinity on the Alarm of Invasion," his biographer and editor did not reprint the whole of that curious *jeu d'esprit.* Trinity College, Oxford, it may be noted—and not, as stated in the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Cambridge Trinity — numbered Landor among its students. In the " Address " he apostrophises his *alma mater* as " our Latin-laced mother, good dame Rhedycina," a synonym seldom to be heard now. It is a Latinised form of Rhyd-ychen or Ridichen; "*quæ lingua Saxonum,*" says Geoffrey of Monmouth, "*Oxineford nuncupatur.*" There is, however, one allusion in the same poem to Cambridge:

" Old Cam in his dotage ranks no one so high as
A scribe of Scobeus, one Billy Mathias."

This was Thomas James Mathias, whose "Pursuits of Literature" Landor was much addicted to deriding.

The story of his rustication has been told often enough. What one would like to have is fuller knowledge than Forster chose or was able to impart of his studies and diversions, his wanderings and adventures, between the date of that event and his marriage in 1811. For within the space of those seventeen years he made his mark in literature, at any rate as a poet. He wrote, in English and Latin, his most ambitious poem, "Gebir," and a goodly number of the exquisite lyrics which, more than anything else, establish his right to be ranked with Herrick and Prior. Two at least of his "Hellenic Idyls" were written, in Latin, during this period. *Pudoris Ara*, the first version of "The Altar of Modesty," was printed in "Simonidea" with a note saying that the story was taken from Pausanias. To the same classic he may have been indebted for the idyl of Coresos and Callirhoe, which, also in its Latin dress, he sent to Southey in November, 1809. But that "sad love story of Calydon" had been told in English prose by Sir George Wheler, in his account of a journey in Greece in 1695; and, in English blank verse, by William Thompson, Dean of Raphoe. The Dean, by the by, indited verses to an Ianthe some decades before Landor adorned his song with that harmonious name.

"Gebir," however, was Landor's most important poem whether at this time or later. Not long ago a German scholar, Dr. Robert Schaalk, made it the theme for a learned disquisition. He had evidently taken voracious pains to digest a work described by a Quarterly Reviewer as a thing distressing to read and unconquerably obscure; but he does not exhaust its interest. Nor is the last word about "Gebir" said in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," where Dr. Saintsbury expresses a doubt whether Miss Clara Reeve in her "Progress of Romance" directly suggested the plot of the poem. Surely there is no valid reason for rejecting the tradition that the Hon. Rose Aylmer borrowed that now forgotten book from a Swansea library and showed it to Landor; while we have his explicit statement, in two prefaces, that if it contained nothing remarkable, "except we reckon the pertness and petulance of female criticism," it nevertheless presented him at its conclusion with the story of Gebirus and Charoba. What is more, Miss Aylmer's niece and namesake, the late Lady Graves Sawle—who may well be thought to have heard the facts from Landor himself—often gave me to understand, when recalling "this and other tales of old," that Forster was right as regards the happy accident which led to the writing of a poem, obscure in parts, perhaps, but bearing the hall-mark of genius. Of course, when Dr. Saintsbury observes that Clara Reeve did not "originate" the Gebir legend he is on safe ground; provided we do not endorse Landor's pronouncement that the use of the verb "to originate" in a transitive sense should be left to people of fashion and slaves. She lighted on Gebir in a translation from an Arabic manuscript, made when Louis XIV. was king by Dr. Pierre Vattier. His "L'Egypte de Murtadi," is cited with approval by Gibbon; so Sir G. Maspero, who also relates the Gebir legend in his "Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt," may be wrong in his conjecture that Western historians have never heard of it.



Landor's "Ianthe."

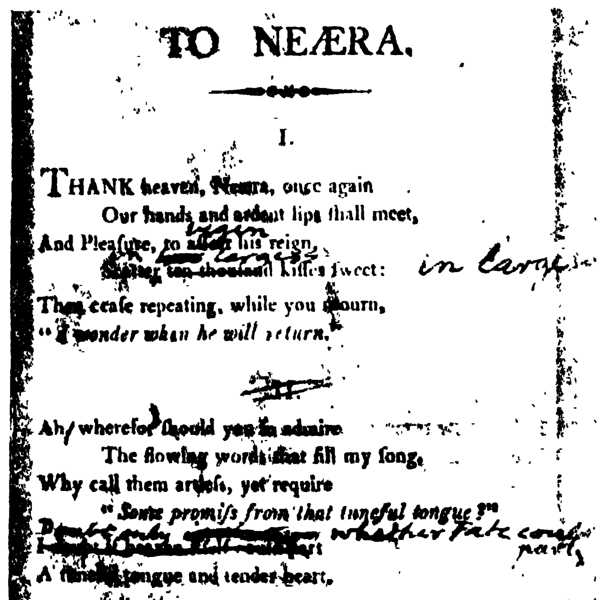
From a miniature by Horace Hone, which was found in Landor's desk. Sophia, daughter of Richard Swift, she was descended from Godwin Swift, Dean Swift's uncle. She married, first, her cousin Godwin Swift, of Lionsden (*ob.* 1814), and, second, in 1816, Count Lepelletier de Molandé. She died at Versailles July 31, 1851.

Of Landor's loves and friendships in his earlier years it would be easy to compile a sufficiently sentimental record from the poems he published in 1802 and 1806. Ione is met with in both; Ianthe only in "Simonidea," though her name was afterwards substituted for that of the Neæra to whom one of the poems of 1802 was addressed. In prose the golden-haired Ione was Miss Nancy Jones; and Landor wooed her at Tenby. It has even been thought that her charms were the magnet which attracted him to the coast of Wales; but as his cousin, Charles Norris, lived near Tenby, there may be another explanation. Mr. Norris, who had been an officer in the King's Dragoon Guards, was a talented artist and published some admirable etchings of Tenby, as well as other views of Welsh scenery. His brother John owned Hughenden Manor, sold after his death to Disraeli. A grandson of Landor's artist cousin, Mr. C. N.



Rose Aylmer.

From a miniature believed to be a portrait of the Hon. Rose Whitworth Aylmer, daughter of Henry, 4th Baron Aylmer. She was born Oct. 15, 1779, and died of cholera at Calcutta, March 2, 1800.


TO NEÆRA.

I.

THANK heaven, Neæra, once again
Our hands and ardent lips shall meet,
And Pleasure, to assert his reign,
Scatter ten thousand kisses sweet: in large
Then cease repeating, while you mourn,
"I wonder when he will return."

II.

Ah! wherefore should you so admire
The flowing words that fill my song,
Why call them artless, yet require
"Some promise from that tuneful tongue?"
[illegible] whether fate consent part,
[illegible] heart
A timid tongue and tender heart.

Facsimile of page 53 from "Poetry by the Author of 'Gebir.'" 1802,
with emendations in Landor's hand. In the version published in 1846 "Neæra" was altered to "Ianthe."

Williamson, ranks high among the novelists of to-day. Robert Eyres Landor, who alone of Walter Savage's brothers was an author like himself, often visited the Pembrokeshire Norrises, but, when Mr. Charles Norris in 1832 married a second time, vowed he would never go to Tenby again. All this, however, throws no fresh light on Walter's philanderings with the gentle, young Ione. Her death was mourned by him in "Simonidea"; but he does not seem to have told Mrs. Lynn Linton whether this was one of the "four great loves" which at various times had warmed his heart.

There is less mystery, however, about Ianthe, the charming Irish lady, Countess de Molandé by her second marriage, who was the idol of his youth when the flowers he chose danced in the shade her dark and wavy tresses made; and to whom, when both were well past middle-age, he was still devotedly attached. A miniature portrait of her, painted by Horace Hone in the early years of the last century and religiously guarded by Landor till within a few months of his own death, may help to secure the fulfilment of his prediction that even in distant ages their names would be coupled. She was far more beautiful than this miniature, he assured an American friend to whom he showed it in 1861; "but much she cared," he added, "about my poetry! It couldn't be said that she liked me for my books."

It is unlikely, however, that any verses he addressed to Ianthe will be as often called to mind as the eight lines in which he consecrated a night of memories and sighs to Rose Aylmer. Inscribed on marble they have recently been affixed to her tomb in the old graveyard at Calcutta. It may be of interest to point out that the phrase, "a scepter'd race," a puzzle to some commentators, may be explained by supposing that Landor failed to distinguish between two kindred branches of the Aylmer family. The Aylmers of Donadea, the branch to which General Sir John Fenton Aylmer, V.C., belongs, can trace back their lineage through the wife of Sir Andrew Aylmer to Edward I.; whereas Sir Gerald Aylmer, ancestor of the first Baron Aylmer and of his successors in the peerage, was a brother of the Aylmer from whom those of the Donadea branch descended, and could not, therefore, boast of having the blood of the Plantagenets in his veins.

The composition of poetry, grave and gay, must have absorbed a considerable portion of Landor's time during the seventeen years that followed the termination of his brief University career. But every now and then it looked as if he were on the point of finding other outlets for his energy. When in London he would often go with his friend Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Adair to hear Charles James Fox or Canning speak in the House of Commons; and he seems to have tried his hand at political journalism. After the Peace of Amiens he spent some weeks in Paris, where he saw Bonaparte more than once. In complexion and figure, he told his sister, the Emperor was very like their cousin Charles Norris. On one occasion, according to his later reminiscences, Bonaparte looked insolently at him. "If I had not," he declared, "had a lady on my arm, I should have knocked the fellow down." Six years after that he was in Spain, intent on fighting the French; but owing partly to a misunderstanding with the British envoy, and more, perhaps, to the negotiations which resulted in the Convention of Cintra, he was soon back in England again. Meanwhile, having come into a fortune on his father's death, he had bought an estate on the Welsh border, and at the time of his marriage he was preparing to settle down as a country gentleman.

A fuller record of Landor's life from the age of nineteen to thirty-six, and during the next three years when his headquarters were fixed at Llanthony, is the more needed in view of the incompleteness and, in some respects, the proved inaccuracy of Forster's narrative. Even the circumstances which led in 1814 to his flight to the Continent, have never yet been thoroughly investigated. "Why livest thou in Italy, being an English gentleman of genius, education, rank, and estate?" was the question asked in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1824. Neither his disputes with Welsh tenants and neighbours, nor his plea that you cannot live in England unless you are rich enough to have a solar system of your own, will suffice for an answer; and in regard to the Llanthony troubles, Forster's account requires both correction and addition. Landor's biographer and literary executor must also be held responsible, in some measure, for the loss or occultation of much that he had written up to this date. The book of poetry he published in 1795 has never been reprinted His "Moral Epistle dedicated to Lord Stanhope" is equally inaccessible to the general reader. Of the "Postscript to Gebir" two copies and no more are known to have survived. "The Dun Cow" (London: 1808), Landor's retort to a malignant attack on Dr. Parr, has but lately been included in the list of his published writings. A fortunate owner of this "hyper-satirical dialogue in verse" will do well to insure it against Zeppelins. Of the "Commentary" on Trotter's "Mémoirs of Charles James Fox," which was printed but suppressed in 1812 and reprinted in 1907 from the Marquis of Crewe's unique copy, Lord Houghton was of opinion that it contained a greater number of fair and moderate judgments, political and literary, delivered in Landor's peculiar humour, than any production of his earlier or maturer years. A quotation may be permitted from the "Letters of Calvus," another pamphlet not to be found in the British Museum or any national

The Bookman



VOLUME XLIX.

OCTOBER, 1915—MARCH, 1916.

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

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CONTRIBUTORS.

A. St. John Adcock.
A. H. Anderson.
Henry Baerlein.
Dr. William Barry.
F. G. Bettany.
W. A. Lewis Bettany
Francis Bickley.
Laurence Binyon.
Reginald Buckley.
Major S. Butterworth.
Sir Sidney Colvin.
Mrs. Warre Cornish
Richard Curle.
S. M. Ellis.
C. S. Evans.
Darrell Figgis.
S. Gertrude Ford
F. E. Green.
F. R. Harris.
Tighe Hopkins.
Roger Ingpen.
John H. Ingram.
Walter Jerrold.
C. E. Lawrence.
Robb Lawson.
Mrs. Archibald Little.
J. A. T. Lloyd.
Harold Massingham.
Annie Matheson.
Lewis Melville.
Professor James Moffatt.
F. A. Mumby.
T. E. Page.
I. E. Patterson.
G. H. Perris.
F. E. Phillips.
Edwin Pugh.
W. P. Ryan.
George Saintsbury Hon. D.Litt.
George Sampson.
Thomas Seccombe.
Wilkinson Sherren.
Walter Sichel.
Keighley Snowden.
Winifred Stephens.
Gene Stratton-Porter.
Gilbert Thomas.
Katharine Tynan.
Harold Vallings.
A. E. Waite.
Frederick Watson.
Arthur Waugh.
Richard Whiteing.
Wilfred Whitten.



From a Painting by George Dance, R.A.

Walter Savage Landor.
Aged 29 (1804).

or public library. "A minister in these times" (1813) 'requires no more abilities than a washerwoman. We have collected, we have disciplined, and we pay a mighty force: to render it *all* efficient, and to direct it against one point, until there is nothing to resist it, or until it is driven back, is our only policy."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best commemoration in three four-line stanzas of the British Naval Victory off Jutland.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is awarded to Evelyn Simms, Junior House, Roedean School, Brighton, and Madeleine Constance Munday, of St. Ives, West Park, Leeds, for the following:

THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

They have builded magnificent bridges
 Where the nations' highways go;
O'er perilous mountain ridges,
 And where great rivers flow.
Wherever a link was needed between the new and the known
They have left their marks of Progress, in iron and steel and stone.

There was never a land too distant,
 Nor ever a way too wide,
But some man's mind, insistent,
 Reached out to the other side.
They cleared the way, these heroes, for the march of future years:
The march was Civilisation—and they were its Pioneers.

Now through a nation's sinning
 They are building a bridge so wide
That those at the work's beginning
 Scarce dreamed of the other side,
They spared no thought for a future with the need for "now" so plain;
They sowed for others' reaping—they have died for others' gain.

And what has gone to the making?
 Courage and sacrifice,
And a thirst that knows no slaking
 For the Right at any price;
Comradeship caring nothing for riches or rank or birth,
For builders like these build only with things of eternal worth.

Be comforted, wives and mothers'
 Your men, in their splendid youth,
With a thousand thousand others,
 Have opened the way for Truth.
They are building into a future where terror and strife shall cease;
And the span of the bridge is Honour, and the goal that it leads to—Peace.

EVELYN SIMMS.

THE COAST ROAD.

Oh! you'll take the land road thro' storm and sunny weather,
 But I'm for the coast road, it will not let me be,
And you'll pass mid meadows of clover and of heather,
 But I'll take the coast road a-winding by the sea.

Oh! you'll take the safe way, the broad way, the high way,
 And you'll have a gilded coach and dappled horses three,
But your way is your way, and my way is my way,
 And I'll take the roughened track that leads beside the sea.

Oh! you'll ride in satin, with rings your bondage showing,
 But I'll walk in tatters, rejoicing to be free,
And you'll take the way where the honeysuckle's blowing,
 But I'm for the coast road that follows by the sea.

Oh! you'll have the guest-room and mattress made of feather,
 And silken sheets of lavender and quilt of tapestry,
But I'll have the hedgerow in every kind of weather,
 The breezes thro' my tatters and the stars above the sea.

Oh! you'll take the land road in all your splendid hiring,
 Your heart will be weary of life's futility,
But I'll take the coast road, with bare feet never tiring,
 The wild track and rugged that winds beside the sea!

MADELEINE CONSTANCE MUNDAY.

We also select for printing:

THE WOOING.

Gold and ivory, lutes and jewels, ribbons of royal hue,
Out of the length and breadth of the world I sought to give to you.
Stars of the evening, moons in their glory, these I brought in my hand,
But you turned your face away from me and the triumph I had planned.

Out from your sight I went again, with a petulant toss o' my head.
"Verily, she is proud!" quoth I. "I have brought her roses red,
I have brought her gold from the gates of heaven, stars from the feet of the moon,
And the flowers of faith and loyalty under her feet I have strewn."

Skulls and sword-blades, blood and fire, for two long years and more,
Then I went back to you once again, and found you as of yore,
Tall and haughty and very proud in your shining silver gown,
With all my silks upon you for robes, and my stars in your hair as crown.

I stood up straight in your sight again, and looked at you face to face,
"Verily, you are proud!" quoth I. "But now, by your lady's grace,
I have brought you that which is worthy of pride, a man and an unsheathed sword.
Speak now, my lady, and answer me; wilt deign me one gracious word?"

"Skulls and sword-blades, blood and fire—these are the gifts you bring?
Verily, you are bold," you said, "that you treat me like a king.
You brought me gold from the gates of heaven and offered it on your knees,
And now you offer me love alone—do you flatter you that will please?"

Words of bitterness—eyes of glory I looked in your face and saw,
So I caught and gathered you in my arms as I had not dared before.
"I bring you love, dear heart!" quoth I. "Oh lady high and fair!"
And you bent your head to hide your face as my kisses crowned your hair.

(Joyce O'Dwyer, Temple Bank, Beetham, Milnthorpe, Westmorland.)

SPRING IN ENGLAND, 1916.

Oh! Spring's abroad in England, love,
  And I'm beyond the sea,
Yet here its magic wood-notes move
  A yearning song in me.

I long to see the virgin corn
  Above the rich red earth,
And watch the rooks beside the thorn
  Stalking in solemn mirth.

Anenome and celandine
  Will haunt the primrose-way,
And forest smells arise and twine
  Into the twilight grey.

And does the blackbird in the oak
  Still pipe at break of dawn,
Which came and searched, as I awoke,
  For food upon the lawn?

From winding trek to trek I find
  Eternal sunshine here;
But give to me the rude March wind
  And April's shining tear.

And for my sake, dear, will you get
  And send on fleeting wing,
A tiny, wild, white violet--
  A breath of England's Spring?

(Lance-Corporal Malcolm Hemphrey, British East Africa, April, 1916.)

We also select for special commendation from the large number of lyrics sent in this month the thirty written by Mrs. Robertson Matheson (Dollar), Walter P. Dawson (Winnipeg), Lilian Daly (Ceylon), Paul Harding (Yorks), Margaret Curle (London, S.W.), Eileen Norton (Whitby), Alec H. Ashworth (Kimberley), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Ivan Adair (Dublin), C. Lambert Bayne (Westminster), Octavia Gregory (Parkstone), Christine Chaundler (London, W.C.), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Irene Wintle (Portland), B. Garlique (Bridgwater), Mary Carolyn Davies (New York), M. Harvey (Oxford), Mona Douglas (Laxey), E. Whitehouse (Horsham), E. M. Rutherford (Dorking), Gunner T. A. King (Plymouth), B. Harriss (Hull), G. H. Browning (Watford), Berenice Harland (Durham), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), Eileen Carfax (London, S.W.), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), M. C. B. (Golder's Green), K. F. Morris (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), Derezinska (Paris).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Dorothy Sanders, of 37, Woodhouse Road, Mansfield, Notts, for the following:

THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL. By M. C. LEIGHTON. (John Long.)
"For I listened at the keyhole in the door."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads* (*Prince Agib*).

We also select for printing:

AN OUTRAGED SOCIETY. By A. FFORDE. (Allen & Unwin.)
". . . strangest of these social twirls,
The girls are boys—the boys are girls!"
W. S. GILBERT, *My Dream*.

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

GERMAN POLICY BEFORE THE WAR. By G. W. PROTHERO. (Murray.)
"To put a girdle round about the world."
CHAPMAN, *Bussy d'Ambois, Act I., Scene I.*

(Miss Hinds, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.)

UNHAPPY IN THY DARING. By MARIUS LYLE. (Melrose.)
"Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose."
GAY, *Fables*.

(Hilda Wyatt, 11, Hamilton Road, Wimbledon, S.W.)

EVELYN ON THORNS. By H. MAXWELL. (John Long.)
"Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."
THOMAS GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*

(Helen Standert, 12, Montrell Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.)

THE HONEST LAWYER. By G. V. MCFADDEN. (John Lane.)
"I don't believe there's no sich person!"
R. TROWBRIDGE, *To Betsey Prig.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best appreciation in four or eight lines of original verse of the Woman Gardener is awarded to A. Welch, of 8, Fairfax Road, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W., for the following:

THE WOMAN GARDENER.

This is no new work, where her hands are needed
  Ever she laboured to make sweet the earth,
Rank growths of want and woe she long has weeded,
  And sunned with smiles a thousand flowers to birth.

She has brought beauty unto barren places,
  And bound the broken where she bent to bless.
It is no new career she now embraces,
  Making a garden from a wilderness.

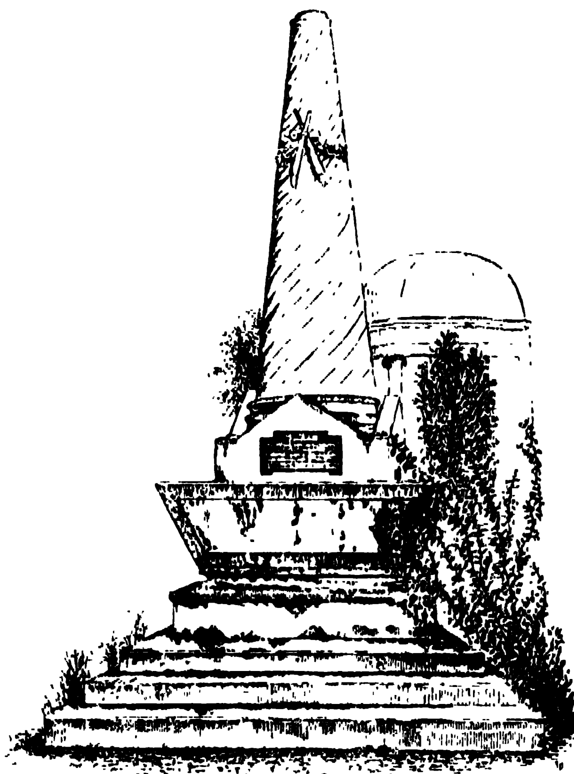
A. WELCH.

This competition has proved amazingly popular and we should like to print several of the other replies received if space could have been found. We specially commend the twelve best of them by Catherine A. Munro (Glasgow), A. Percival Needler (Hull), Mrs. W. Stewart (Glasgow), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Mrs. F. E. Jones (Birmingham), Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), D. J. Darlow (Woking), Alice M. Hillier (London, N.), Marguerite E. Coles (Guernsey), Mrs. K. B. Spencer (Jarrow-on-Tyne), Mary G. Muston (Wood Green), M. Hurst (Ramsgate).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to L. Mahony, of 35, Albert Terrace, Middlesbrough, for the following:

ABOVE THE BATTLE. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. (George Allen & Unwin.)

Romain Rolland stands "Above the Battle," and looks with far seeing vision beyond the conflict. Feeling the pulse of suffering Europe and ministering to its relief, he holds aloft the torch which to him represents the highest truth even though it



Rose Aylmer's tomb at Calcutta.

Her death was thus recorded in the *Calcutta Gazette*, March 6, 1800:—"On Sunday last at the house of her uncle, Sir Henry Russell, in the bloom of youth and possession of every accomplishment that could gladden or embellish life, deplored by her relatives and regretted by a society of which she was the brightest ornament, the Honble Miss Aylmer."

cost him the friendship of his countrymen. He decries the blind submission of the German intellectuals to the spirit of militarism, and deplores the writings of those who, remote from the conflict, fan the flame of hatred and bitterness, which can only be assuaged by the blood of the combatants. His work is for the healing of the nations.

We also select for printing:

DAVID BLAIZE. BY E. F. BENSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
In most school tales there is a boy whom the reader thoroughly dislikes: a sneak, a slacker at work and games, and bad all through; but there is a refreshing change in Mr. Benson's new book where we read of "all sorts and conditions" of boys and none wholly despicable. He agrees with R. L. Stevenson that there is bad in the best of us and good in the worst of us. The charm and interest of the book lies, not in the plot, but in the realistic character sketches and vivid descriptions of modern school life.

(Irene F. Armstrong, "Heather Dene," Major's Loan, Falkirk.)

PIERRE NOZIÈRE. BY ANATOLE FRANCE. (Collection Nelson.)
PIERRE NOZIÈRE. TRANSLATED BY J. LEWIS MAY. (John Lane.)
In "Pierre Nozière," M. France is at his best. Here we have those quaint autobiographical touches, those delightful glimpses of the old bookshops on the "Quai Voltaire" which never fail to charm. The latter part of the book entitled the "Promenades de Pierre Nozière" takes us rambles in country towns, full of historical associations, where M. France's erudition comes into play. But for those who can read more deeply there is a profound philosophy, such as one would expect from this modern sage, underlying this simple tale of childhood. The whole is informed with a genial spirit of sarcasm, irony and humour.

(Sissie Hunter, L.L.A., 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield.)

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND. BY IAN HAY. (Blackwood.)
Kitchener's Army! How often have we heard the name in the past! A typical regiment of this now famous army, with its training, trials, labour and life is the subject of Ian Hay's splendid work. He reflects on to paper the inwardness of a regiment, its splendour, its shortcomings; the humanity of the men which fill its ranks and the giving up of liberty in the cause of the greater freedom. It shows the understanding between officers and men, the sacrifice of all in a common cause, and the spirit of Britain, that spirit which can never be overcome.

(Private H. S. Pridham, 2/3rd Wessex F.A. (R.A.M.C.), "C." Section, 57th West Lancs Division, Kent, or Elsewhere.)

YPRES AND OTHER POEMS. BY WILLIAM G. SHAKESPEARE. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
Here is true poetical feeling, the verse being original and fanciful, yet never bizarre in thought or in technique. The range of subjects, considering the size of the book, is wide. Mr. Shakespeare's gift is essentially lyrical, though the language shows a dignity and restraint reminiscent of Matthew Arnold. Unfortunately the rhythm halts a little in some of the more thoughtful poems, though in the main there is excellent command of metre. In the best poems, such as the Ypres sonnets, "Bittersweet," "A Vision of Hampstead Heath" and "Alpha Centauri," there is a touch both in tone and diction of Browning.

(M. J. West, 10, Northbrook Road, Bowes Park, N.)

We select for special commendation the twelve reviews by Catharine Ritchie (Merstham), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), H. A. Moody (Harrow), Alice M. Hillier (London, N.), J. Victor Stalker (Dundee), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), F. M. N. Fall (Ilfracombe), Alf. J. Goodman (Holloway), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Edith Beechey (Pentre), Percival Hale Coke (Weston-super-Mare), Rev. H. A. Cotton (Ealing).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. Webster, 5, Turquand Street, Walworth, S.E. NOTE.—The same suggestion was received from five competitors. The prize has been awarded to the one that reached us first.

New Books.

THE GERMAN EVIL AND THE WAR—HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.*

The generalising produced by the present war ought to have been such as to reduce the professional ethnologists to despair. At the outset of my historical studies in regard to the Teutonic invasion of England in the fifth century I remember being warned of the utter inconclusiveness of ethnological and craniological corroborations, and I have certainly never had reason to question the soundness of this advice. After the mob of Germanisers, beginning with Mme. de Staël and continuing to Miss Austin and Mrs. Sidgwick, we fluctuate to the opposite extreme with Sarolea and Saunders, Halsalle and Dr. Smith of Erlangen. We were better off perhaps in Shakespeare's time when our knowledge of Germany was purely romantic. We idealised the Germans of Tacitus and Luther, we had heard great things of German cities and inns and printing presses, but we attributed to them as a race a peculiar sottishness and a grobian bestiality. Their black Reuters were the biggest bullies alive. Then came the Thirty Years' War which with the conflict of Anabaptists at Munster and the Peasants' War in Luther's time could lay claim to the title of most terrible, most inhuman of all episodes of Modern History. After 1715 we found it increasingly difficult to believe that good could come out of Germany. But then in the seventeen-nineties came the romantic period, the clouds in which German pulpits and lecterns managed to envelop themselves suited Coleridge better than any other, Scott imitated German ballads and made Oldbuck a compliment to Germany, while men like Carlyle, John Sterling and J. S. Mill with some help later from Kingsley and Froude raised a most resounding pæan in praise of the German virtues, and the next generation of English historians with Freeman, Green and Stubbs did their utmost to make a German treatise out of English history. It can hardly be supposed that this was a subtle act of perfidy on our part, but if it, by any chance, contributed to strengthen the prevailing tenets of the Germans as to their own superiority and infallibility it will in the end have done them a pretty bad turn. Racialism and Nationalism which promised so much have discovered their ugly sides to us. They have done havoc elsewhere, but nowhere have they committed such ravages as in Central Europe. The Germans boasted interminably of the three B's (Berlin, Byzantium, Bagdad) which were to be the keys of their world power. But the three B's of the German Kultur it seems are Boasting, Bestiality and Blood-guiltiness. And the worst of these is their Germaniacal Boasting, for self-praise so continuous and profound ends by closing the avenues to all the more amiable emotions. We agree completely with Mr. Robertson in his new book on "The Germans" that Europe's lesson to-day must connote the collapse of the Physiology of Race. The race-prejudice which serves as prop to this ludicrous self-laudation on the part of the Teutons is destined to extinction by sheer derision. It gets some hard knocks here. And it is clearly shown to have perverted the modern quasi-civilised German into a tribal devil-worshipper. One can to some extent understand the cruelties of sensual pagans or of Christians so afraid of contamination as to sanction the tortures of the Inquisition. But for our modern Germans out of the sheer madness of self-esteem to perpetrate such horrors as have been evidenced lately in their treatment of prisoners and captives is almost beyond conception. Wherever German culture has come in contact with the average citizen it

* "The Germans." By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)—"Treitschke's History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Vol. II. 12s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

has become characteristic, nationalistic, racialistic, Germaniacal. The economists are become imperialistic in their economics, the historians and ethnologists racial in their theories and delineations, the theologians Prussian in their ethics and their politics, the litterateurs trumpeters, the soldiers butchers by explicit precept, the people implacable in their hunger and thirst for cruelty and blood. And this terrible Hohenzollern Creed or Cultur, after all the saints of all the ages, culminates in the tribal cry of *Krieg ist Krieg*, imposing upon the rest of the world that remains still Christian in ideal the horrible task of ramming it down their throats until the vomiting point is reached. This will indeed be the "nemesis of docility" as Mr. Holmes points out in his brilliant book. Unlike Mr. Holmes, unfortunately, Mr. Robertson has hardly a glint of humour. His books are all out to prove something. Either that Mill is greater than Carlyle, or that Shakespeare and not Bacon wrote the plays, Christ a myth and Shelley a metrical bungler, Keats a sensuous fop. The book it seems was thought out some years ago. By what unhappy whim of humour was its presentation delayed until now? Then it would have been invaluable. Now it is something of a drug, cogent after the event, converting the faithful. One can hardly help inquiring with considerable curiosity: When was it that Mr. Robertson himself was converted—before or after he got such short shrift from Mr. Asquith? There is a grim power about his analysis of the tumour of World-Power springing out of the imperceptible germ of insensate national pride. This book, Thayer's "Germany versus Civilization" and "The Nemesis of Docility" (Constable) should be studiously compared—the impartial reader would then be able to get a synthetic vision of the Idea—intolerable spectre!—against which the world is in arms.

The Germans by reason of their Self-Worship have become in the twentieth century the most insulated race in the world. One of the greatest insulators, perhaps the greatest of all (Wagner being a good second) was the historian Treitschke. Historians can do more than other folk to spread the poison-fumes of national and racial self-adulation. It is a dangerous amusement to which historians of all nationalities have been far too prone. Michelet I should say was a bad offender, Gibbon was free from the taint to an extent most abnormal, but Freeman and Green indulged in orgiastic excess. The French have become the best history-compilers of to-day (I am thinking especially of Monod and his group), not more by reason of their lucidity than owing to their dispassionate and equitable outlook alike over past and present and to the manifest *justesse* of their purpose. But Treitschke has carried tribalism in History to a point of sublimity so egregious as to border upon dementia; and after his spiriting, Nationalism in Germany has become what a narrow orthodoxy was for Early Victorian England, a strait-waistcoat in which Common Sense and Fairness, still less Originality, cannot breathe. He brought great powers to bear on the subject, and in order to get into the mental skin of a modern German, it is imperative that his interpretation should be mastered. This is a main reason why we should welcome the present second instalment of the History of Germany from Friedrich to Bismarck. It is true that all his conclusions are perverted basely enough to the exaltation of Prussia and the depreciation of her rivals; but when these matters are not in question he is interesting, keen-sighted, energetic and inspiriting. Nothing could be more absurd than his assumption that in comparison with English selfishness in 1815 Prussia was actuated by a magnanimous enthusiasm for European freedom! Prussia, which had compromised the security of Europe hopelessly at Vienna by her predacious desire to swallow Saxony whole! But when he is talking about Wellington, Gneisenau and Blücher, their special qualities and interrelations, he is interesting and piquant. There is something heroic about his manner and he reminds me at his best of the traits of the bellicose American historian Parkman. His account of Belle Alliance, given his prepossessions, is lucid and stirring. But when he says that in the blossoming time for the arts and sciences and *belles lettres* that followed the interminable wars of Napoleon the nations contended in the competition of a free world literature, and that in this peaceful rivalry "Germany took the first place" he is led away by the grotesque perversion which leads men, bemused as by Circe, into the sty of *Deutschland über Alles*. That Germany indeed with all her opportunities and self-exhortations should have written so little capital prose and should have produced so little first-rate literature is one of the puzzles of the period. Apart from Faust and a few lyrics by Goethe and Heine, how much of it all remains now enshrined in the world's literary consciousness? Next to nothing at all. To this day a good German book, as opposed to a process of research, is a rarity of rarities. Mann, Frenssen, Viebig, Suderman, have they produced a single novel even up to the second rate standard, say, of Dumas' "Dame aux Camélias" or Kingsley's "Ravenshoe?" Weird extravaganzas about German authorship have been written by English, American and French humanists, but they themselves (though they have produced a few first-rate historians) have never acquired the habit of good literature. Mr. Robertson indeed observes with characteristic gravity and responsibility in his tone, "The relative rarity of literary genius in Germany through a period of four hundred years is an interesting problem in view of the law of averages."

Two such egocentric fanatics as Nietzsche and Treitschke were enough, one would say, to make the Earth the madhouse of the Universe—unhappy Earth. But N is so elusive that I must say I regard T as the most potent and most interesting lunatic of the pair. Slavic by descent, Saxon by birth, anti-Prussian by education he was nevertheless caught by Berlin and fell under the spell of Prussia's categorical imperative, the coercion of that eternal "Do as you are bid." The thought of England, which he wanted to spell with a small E, made him ill. Cold as an icicle, remorseless as sin, deaf as an adder, arrogant as a junker, he dreed his weird of Hate against this country. His pupils became disciples who carried the seeds of his doctrine to thousands whose ears were well attuned to the music of the anti-English hymn. Such a book by such a man cannot fail to be a mine of interest. It is a copious mine, 720 pages in this volume, well translated, and nearly every page teems with interest.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

TWO POETS.*

The phrase "before the war" has already fallen into usage, and we are constantly reminded that now and henceforth we may expect violent changes in our literature. In these three volumes of verse there are no discernible signs of any departure more or less from older forms, nor any evidences that most of these poems were written during these months of war. But as it is probable that every book bears traces, sometimes very subtle traces, of the age in which it is written, it is noticeable that the work of both these poets is marked by a sustained vigour that a few years ago would have been exceptional. Neither Mr. Freeman nor Mr. Goldring have sought for themes among those subjects that concern the world at the moment. It is true that Mr. Freeman has written some war poems, but they are not poems on the war, inasmuch as they are no more applicable to the great war, than to any other conflict. Nevertheless, his "Stars in their Courses" deserves to rank as one of the most outstanding poems that has appeared since the commencement of hostilities. Mr. Freeman made no attempt in this poem to guess what the world might be thinking about Armageddon, but he frankly and simply recorded his own thoughts during the early days of "these magnificent cruel wars." The poem

* "Stone Trees and Other Poems." By John Freeman. 2s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.) · "On the Road: a Book of Travel Songs," and "In the Town. a Book of London Verses." By Douglas Goldring. 2s. 6d. net each. (Selwyn & Blount.)



Mr. Douglas Goldring.

is too long for quotation, but we will give a shorter piece, " The Return " :

" I heard the rumbling guns. I saw the smoke,
The unintelligible shock of hosts that still,
Far off, unseeing, strove and strove again :
And Beauty flying naked down the hill.

From morn to eve : and then stern night called Peace !
And shut the strife in darkness : all was still ;
Then slowly crept a triumph on the dark—
And I heard Beauty singing up the hill."

This is perhaps not a particularly characteristic specimen of Mr. Freeman's poetry which is generally intensely introspective, revealing a mind ardently alive to the wonders, colours, lights and shades of life and nature, and abounding in felicity of phrase and beauty of imagery. In turning over the pages of his slender volume one feels how aptly the word " wonder " may be applied to his poetry. Beauty and wonder he sees everywhere as he tells us in his poem " Discovery." There is work in this volume which is, we think, sure sooner or later, of receiving that wider recognition which is Mr. Freeman's due.

Mr. Goldring's poems offer an almost complete contrast to Mr. Freeman's. The methods and outlook of these two writers have little in common, except that both eschew the obvious and commonplace. Mr. Goldring is often very daring, and sometimes, in the most airy manner, carries the reader over the thinnest of ice before he has time to scent danger. Those who are familiar with his clever, worldly-wise novels will be prepared to find in his poems a not unkindly vein of satire in dealing with romantic actualities. All tricks of phrase and literary affectations he shuns, and he confesses to a horror of new movements :

" Mr. Hellis (the Thinker) reviews with pious elation
Of one who's *performing a duty* that's quite unsought
He likes to talk of ' we men of the young generation,'
And belongs to a club called the Leaders of Modern Thought. . . ."

Disdaining to shackle himself either in the choice of his subject or his forms, he frequently runs into free verse. The result is pleasing even to one who does not specially care for the work of those who habitually write *vers libre*, because this easy form best suits his matter which, with him, is never a negligible consideration. For the most part his poems consist of word-pictures, and impressions, scenes that he has called up out of his memory. The verses " In the Town," which include some of the contents of his former volume " Streets," issued in 1912 and now out of print, chiefly commemorate some little story connected with a street or place ranging from Kingsland Road, N.E., to Leicester Square, and from Mayfair to East Sheen. Much the same method is followed in the collection called " On the Road " which comprises pieces with the names of provincial or foreign towns, but half of this volume is composed of lyrics and songs in conventional metres. Without suggesting that Mr. Goldring has consciously followed in the steps of Henley, these poems, with their dry humour, are sometimes reminiscent of the earlier work of W. E. H., such as in the " Hospital Verses." But Mr. Goldring's lines contain much of sensuous beauty which is entirely his own and is never sickly or over-ripe.

MR. WELLS AND PROPHECY.*

Mr. Wells has been a reader of the future for many years, and now, for the first time I think, he stands aside from himself and contemplates with all reasonable pride and modesty his achievements in this domain. He reckons up his " lucky shots " and his " misses." But why does he call himself a prophet ? " The present writer is a prophet by use and wont." I question this designation. It is true that Mr. Wells uses the word in its sense of a reader of the future, and so far it is accurate. Yet I have an obstinate belief in the unconscious revealings of words, in their psychological indication, so to speak. Where a man contemplates several words which would seem to express his meaning, his choice is a subtle matter : it is governed by his life-long feeling about that word, his sense of its history and office. Not that I see Mr. Wells groping even momentarily for the word prophet as a description of himself, or for the word prophecy as defining his work. They seem to have flowed easily from his pen, because for him prophecy has meant prediction and nothing more. But the power to predict is not the first mark of a prophet.

Mr. Wells uses these words, I suggest, because they do not come to him laden with their majesty of meaning. He has not thought of a prophet as an interpreter between gods and men. Yet that is what a prophet is, and always has been. That is the meaning of the word. It is only because prophets have told men what the gods will and intend in the future, in ways of promise or threat, that the word has taken the secondary meaning of a foreteller of future events apart from divine messages or emotional inspiration. Since Mr. Wells does not claim to have a divine message, and does not arrive at his conclusion through emotion, his fancy-free use of the word is significant. It suggests that he is not encumbered with a knowledge of the prophetic character. Thus he is able to begin his book with the amusing and rather scandalous remark : " Prophecy may vary between being an intellectual amusement and a serious occupation." No writer of to-day has a closer command of words and their lucid ordering than Mr. Wells, when he is on his own ground. But his vocabulary is born of intensive thinking in certain directions ; it is not the vocabulary of a poet, or of a prophet, or primarily of a literary man, for the simple reason that Mr. Wells is not any of these things in essence.

Accurately, Mr. Wells is a prognosticator, that is to say, a man who is accomplished in the art of foretelling future events and developments from unnoticed signs or beginnings. In his own words, " The scientific training "—the training which has made him illustrious—" develops the idea that whatever is going to happen is really here now, if only one could see it." It is because Mr. Wells so often sees it that he is great in prognostication. He is our lightning calculator of current tendencies, but he is not a prophet.

Of course if it were only a verbal matter all this would be pedantry, but it is just this lack of the prophetic spirit

* " What is Coming ? A Forecast of Things after the War " By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Cassell.)

that seems to impose a moral curve upon Mr. Wells's faculty. I am immensely interested in his prognostications about all sorts of methods and contrivances—international, political, social, industrial—and yet in the end I sink. I see him proposing to improve the world as a going concern rather than life as it is lived by each of us. He is more interested in the road from Bocking to Braintree than in the journey from the cradle to the grave. I keep asking myself, " But how will this better the main part of life, which is within us ? " The doctrine that improved outward conditions must react on the inner life does not seem sufficient, because such improvement –according to Mr. Wells's own account—is to be attained by processes which seem to place the social machine above the man, not merely (as it ought to be) in ways of reasonable government, but as an idea, as an ultimate value. I do not think that the great religions do this, as Mr. Wells seems to imply that they do when he writes :

" For everyone there are two diametrically different ways of thinking about life ; there is individualism, the way that comes as naturally as the grunt from a pig, of thinking outwardly from oneself to the centre of the universe, and there is the way that every religion is trying in some form to teach, of thinking back to oneself from greater standards and realities."

This seems to me excessive. The only way in which man born of woman can cultivate the universe is to work from himself outwards, and to continue doing so to the end, with the aim of being himself to the advantage of other selves. It is a question of degree, of the way of putting it, no doubt, but here the accent of Mr. Wells seems harsh and non-prophetic ; he does not take stock of the human heart and he compares its cry to the grunt of a pig. Yet the human heart may have as a good a claim to be considered the " centre of the universe " as the town hall of a united Bocking and Braintree.

Mr. Wells's contentment to prognosticate, not the weather or the collapse of dress fashions, but even volcanic things, without prophesying—to handle the future as a jig-saw puzzle without reference to the old needs of the human heart – is nowhere more surprising than in his remarks on woman, marriage, and the home. He tells us that we are even now entering a period of a low birth-rate, the grouping out of solitary children, the replacing of the home by the comradeship of man and wife as the strongest link in marriage, and the greater amenability of such marriages to divorce. He may be right, but the contemplation of these changes without some manifest anxiety as to their bearing on the individual life, its thirsts and throes, seems rather Arctic in temperature. Mr. Wells, indeed, is constrained to add, " These things are not stated here as being desirable or undesirable " No, but the prophetic mind would boil with such statements.

I find something illustrative, also, in Mr. Wells's laughter at Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc. He laughs because they

" believe that this war is really a war in the interests of the Athanasian Creed, fatness, and unrestricted drink, against science, discipline, and priggishly keeping fit enough to join the Army, as very good fun indeed, good matter for some jolly reeling ballad about Roundabout and Roundabout, the jolly town of Roundabout."

I say nothing about the justice of this, and so far as the attitude to war goes I am, I hope, as sanely pacificist as Mr. Wells, but I cannot help seeing that Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc have a tincture of that prophetic spirit which I respectfully miss in his own outlook. Mr. Chesterton may be sufficiently crazy, but his craziness is a kind of fermentation of insights, and his insights are those of a man who does take stock of the human heart, and who is more interested in the journey from the cradle to the grave than in the roads between all Bockings and Braintrees, and more concerned that a man should get wisdom and understanding than that he should " get *there*." And these are the things that will prevail. Mr. Wells has had glimpses of this greater curve, and he has even touched the robe of Prophecy—in his moments of misgiving. Some think that he will yet wear it—in hours of illumination.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

THE HISTORY OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY.*

There can be no doubt, as Mr. E. R. Pease himself discloses in one of his chapters on the origin and development of the Fabians, that a chief reason for the success of the Fabian Society was its early good fortune in attracting to itself a number of young men of exceptional ability who subsequently established for themselves reputations which spread, in more than one case, far beyond the bounds of their own country. So the history of the Fabians is to a great extent a record of the outstanding personalities who composed them. Accordingly Mr. Pease has for the most part grouped his narrative round the notable men and women who have controlled the Society—which may be said to represent intellectual Socialism in England—since its birth in 1884. It was the late Frank Podmore who provided the Fabian motto which reads like a quotation, though it is discoverable in no author ancient or modern :

" For the right moment you must wait, as Fabius did most patiently, when warring against Hannibal, though many censured his delays ; but when the time comes you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be in vain, and fruitless."

The Society was founded at a moment when the teaching of Karl Marx was the most important Socialist propaganda in Europe ; yet definitely it did not identify itself with Marxian doctrines, and from quite early days the aim of Fabian policy has been to " permeate " the machinery of government and existing institutions with its own principles by peaceful means.

The three names which are particularly associated with Fabianism during these first thirty years of its career are of course Mr. Bernard Shaw, who represents Fabian Socialism in its militant aspect, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, who may be called its most important representatives on the side of economics and social research. Mr. Pease's book contains numerous footnotes and an admirable appendix by Mr. Shaw, and is further enlivened by long quotations from his tract on the history of the Society in its quite early years. Some idea of Mr. Shaw's energy and activity—no less then than they are now—in those restless 'eighties may be gathered from his remarks on " How to Train for Public Life," which Mr. Pease gives *in extenso* :

" I made all my acquaintances think me madder than usual by the pertinacity with which I attended debating societies and haunted all sorts of hole-and-corner debates and public meetings and made speeches at them. . . Every Sunday I lectured on some subject which I wanted to teach to myself ; and it was not until I had come to the point of being able to deliver separate lectures, without notes, on Rent, Profits, Wages "—here follows a list of about a dozen more, all congenial topics—" that I was able to handle Social-Democracy as it must be handled before it can be preached in such a way as to present it to every sort of man from his own particular point of view."

For the rest, Mr. Pease's History is a mine of facts and names, dates and statistics ; and not the least interesting of the sections is that describing the sudden and revolutionary intervention of Mr. H. G. Wells with his exciting proposals to set to, " make Socialists " and " achieve Socialism."

VIRGIL'S "GATHERING OF THE CLANS."†

From all who, like the present writer, keep fresh in memory the pleasure of listening to Mr. Warde Fowler's lectures at Lincoln College on " The Age of Augustus," this little commentary on a well-known passage of Virgil (Æneid VII., 601–817) is sure of a friendly welcome. The passage in question—the muster-roll of the armies of Italy against Æneas and the Trojans—is first quoted in full, with the English blank verse translation of Mr. James Rhoades on the opposite page ; then comes an Introductory note on the political circumstances in which Virgil wrote the lines, and his aim in writing them ; this is followed by comment, archæological, historical, or literary, on various points ; and the book ends with an

* " The History of the Fabian Society." By Edward R. Pease. 5s. net. (Fifield.)

† " Virgil's ' Gathering of the Clans ' : Being Observations on Æneid VII., 601–817." By W. Warde Fowler, M.A., Hon. LL.D. Edin., etc. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

appendix on the Virgilian "half-lines," with special reference to the instance in line 702.

When the Æneid was written, Augustus, at length established as master of the Roman world and restorer of peace, was trying to foster among the Italians a national feeling which should unite all Italy and focus itself on Rome. Such a feeling did to some extent exist. Even in the previous generation Cicero could write "I will never deny that I am a townsman of Arpinum, but at the same time I will never forget that Rome is my greater fatherland, and Arpinum but a part of Rome." And Cicero, though he had apparently forgotten the fact, was by birth a Volscian, descendant of a race which in olden time had been the bitterest enemy of Rome. Still, the feeling was more potential than actual, or Augustus' policy, as Mr. Warde Fowler points out, would have been superfluous. In support of this policy he enlisted the help of the great writers of the time, and Virgil's contribution was the Æneid. It was a task of no little difficulty. "Italy is not a country that lends itself easily to unification," and Rome in Italy was, to put it bluntly, a greedy and overbearing usurper, at any rate from the Italians' point of view. Yet Virgil attempted to write an epic which should foster a truly national patriotism and "hold firmly together the sympathies of Romans and Italians." How did he do it? Mr. T. R. Glover, in his "Studies in Virgil," has remarked on the emphasis constantly laid, especially in the earlier books of the Æneid, on the idea of Destiny. This insistence on Destiny as it were *universalises* the conception of Rome, lifts it above and beyond the sphere of ordinary human affairs and the strife with the Italian cities. To be conquered by Rome is not to suffer defeat at the hands of an alien foe; it is to take one's place in the ordered progress of the world. Once this idea is grasped the pride of the Italian in his native city is transmuted into a pride in his "greater fatherland," living and effective in proportion to the strength of the local patriotism on which it is founded. In the particular passage here treated of, the difficulty which Virgil meets is to arouse, to exactly the right extent, the interest and sympathy of his readers for the cities of Italy which at the moment are fighting on the wrong side.

"It is most interesting to notice," says Mr. Warde Fowler, "that Milton" (in the first book of "Paradise Lost"), "where he marshals the heathen gods and devils against the hosts of Jehovah, had much the same difficulty to face as Virgil, and that he dealt with it victoriously in the very same way. He had to engage the interest, nay, the emotion, of his reader, in these gods and devils, as Virgil had to enlist the admiration of the Roman reader for the *wrong side* in the strife. Each poet achieves his object in his own way, but the method is in the main the same, the secret is in the skilful selection of detail, and in the high dignity and poetic beauty of the language used."

The Introductory Note is the most interesting part of the book. In the notes *ad loca* questions are in several instances raised only to be left unanswered, as the mention of the river Amasenus in connection with Præneste, from which "it is full thirty miles away" (p. 60), or the first five cities named in the muster-roll, for the selection of which Mr. Warde Fowler can find no satisfactory reason. It is where a personal touch comes into play that the comment is happiest, as for instance in the finely imaginative picture of the Centaurs desçending from the mountain peaks (pp. 55-56). The three lines following the hemistich of line 702 are rejected on the ground, first, that they add nothing, and are in fact only "as an awkward translation from Apollonius Rhodius," and second, that the half-line here as in most cases indicates a pause, and that "to take up the same subject again (after the pause) with another simile of the same kind, is quite unlike Virgil." But to argue that because Virgil does one thing in fifty-four of the cases where a broken line occurs, he therefore cannot have done something different in the fifty-fifth, is perhaps not altogether convincing, and the contention that the lines are "absolutely inadmissible" seems to require some further support.

We note two small errors in the printing. On p. 82, line 1, "its" should be "his," and in the first of the *Errata* both page and line are wrongly given.

THE SOUL IN BABYLON.*

Mr. L. W. King has not yet issued the third volume of his "General History of Babylonia and Assyria," to the second division of which I had the opportunity of giving the welcome which it deserves at the hands of students in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN, and here now in the interval is another excellent and authoritative work, a speaking witness to the state of archæological knowledge in America. Mr. King's *magnum opus* was preceded by several important publications, the "Letters and Inscriptions of Hammurabi," the "Seven Tablets of Creation," etc., and Professor Jastrow is well known to scholarship by his "Aspects of Religious Belief in Babylonia and Assyria," and his "Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions." The one writer deals more especially with the history of their common subject, the other with civilisation, language, religion, art, and literature, so that however much they overlap one another here and there, the two works cover distinct fields, and readers of Mr. King's "History" will find in Professor Jastrow's study of Babylonian and Assyrian civilisation not only a valuable supplement to the larger undertaking, but one which must be called essential.

Of its several divisions of subject-matter, as enumerated in the sub-title, I can mention two only within the limits of the present notice. The vestiges of Babylonian literature, though not inconsiderable in themselves, bear no comparison in extent or importance with Egyptian remains. They include a poem of Creation; a story of the Deluge and that ship of life which weathered the flood and the tempest; the descent of the goddess Ishtar—the great mother goddess, ruling over vegetations and fertility—into Aralû, which is the lower world; and an analogue of the Book of Job. There are also prayers and penitential psalms, not to speak of incantations and other magical formulæ. The Ishtar poem is a magnificent Nature-myth, full of fine descriptive passages, especially the unclothing of the goddess to go down into the nether world and her re-investiture with all her draperies and ornaments on returning to light in the springtime. Babylonian literature, like that of Egypt, is imbedded in the religious life of the nation, but an abyss divides its memorials from the "Ritual of the Dead" and its dependencies. I am instituting no comparison when I affirm that this "Ritual" is one of the great books of the ancient world, just as the "Sepher Ha Zohar" so unlike it in every respect, is one of the great religious books of the Christian centuries.

With few exceptions, the keynote of Babylonian and Assyrian literature is gloom, and there is no issue from the darkness. Professor Jastrow gives specimens of certain prayers, which he describes quite truly as "beautiful and simple in diction, and filled with a deep religious fervour." They show us—as he says also—the religion at its best. But that religion has to be judged by its ultimates, which are doctrines concerning life beyond the grave and the destiny of souls therein. A sad and gloomy fate awaited the sons of humanity. "In Aralû the dead lie, like prisoners, bound hand and foot, doomed to perpetual inactivity, subject to pangs of hunger and thirst, unless their needs are provided for by surviving relations through food and drink placed on the graves." A cruel goddess and a grim god acted as keepers of the dead, "assisted by a host of demons, headed by Namtar, the demon of pestilence." Professor Jastrow speaks of some "faint beginnings of a timid reaction against this primitive conception," suggesting a way of escape for certain favourites and heroes who entered into "a genuine immortality like that of the gods." But such exceptions serve only to reveal the darkness, and so also the fear of the living lest the dead should escape and haunt them, for which reason the body was anxiously secured, that it might keep fast in the tombs. There was, apparently, no certain distinction between that which was bequeathed to earth and that

* "The Civilisation of Babylonia and Assyria." By Morris Jastrow, Jun., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. With Maps and 164 Illustrations. 25s. net. (Lippincott.)

which was remitted, still retaining consciousness, into the pantheon of the underworld.

It will be seen, therefore, that Babylonia and Assyria knew nothing of the soul going forth on the quest of God, nothing of attainment in God, like the great religions of India, and nothing of those strange, far off reflections of a Divine union which are suggested in the religion of Egypt by the intimate possible relationship between the human spirit and Osiris. So, also, the Babylonian pantheon suffered transformations suggesting an approach toward Monotheism, and Professor Jastrow speaks of a spiritual impulse being given to this idea of Divine government in the universe, especially in Assyria, but the Monotheistic conception was never reached in reality. There are some respects in which the ethical standard was high, the gods were on the side of justice, while justice was tempered with mercy, and after the basis of worship in an animistic notion of Nature there was an advance to " more abstract views of the relationship of man to the powers around him." But it remains that Babylonia and Assyria, however we may judge them otherwise, were the centres of a false religion, without hope or prospect, in comparison with which Egypt had a religion of light, long ages before the light of truth and life shone upon the world in Christ.

A. E. WAITE.

A CHANCE THREE.*

To take three novels at random from among a season's output is generally to be struck anew by the excellent average of current fiction, for one thing, and by the way in which our novelists have taken all knowledge, actual and speculative, for their province. The much-canvassed problem novels of a couple of decades ago dealt with mere matters of conduct, now our writers are not content with problems concerning the laws, they pass on to problems that have hitherto belonged to the realm of speculative philosophy. The mere relations of a pair of lovers whose experience shall illustrate anew the old saw that the course of true love never does run smooth no longer satisfy our storytellers; the complications consequent upon the Meredithian triangular tangle —" the usual three, husband, and wife, and lover "—has been varied incessantly and our novelists have sought many other worlds for their interpretation in the illimitability of the relations of men and women not only to each other but to the Universe.

The latest three books to impress me afresh in this direction are as diverse as can well be in character and colour, and yet it might be shown that there are points of similarity, and, incidentally, the impression left by each is of life's more sombre tones. All deal as it were with the essentials of life but how differently! The one vaguely, with eternity as the setting in which the drama is played out; another with the whole world of men and women as a background; the third confined within the limits of a few square miles of agricultural Essex.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood is a master of the art of presenting weird and wonderful things in a fashion that hypnotises the reader into a reading-while belief. Not for him the romance of everyday men, women and affairs. In his latest story he has to tell of modern schoolboy and student life, but only as it were as something accidental. His three are John Mason, the narrator, Julius Le Vallon and one who becomes Mrs. Le Vallon, but who some thousands of years ago was wife of the man whose soul was that which now informs the clay of John Mason. All those many centuries ago, in some vague religious ceremonies the three souls which have once more synchronised on earth, were concerned in an offence against the powers of Nature and of this fact Le Vallon has become conscious. It is up to them to put the matter right that their souls may be free for further progress. The culminating scenes take place among the Swiss mountains, and the forces of Nature and their relations to human souls as part of the sum of those forces are presented with all that eerie impressiveness to which Mr. Blackwood has accustomed his readers.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, in his simply-named story, shows again his rare skill in delineating character. The man who is known first derisively as " the Sailor," is known figuratively as the mariner to his later friends. Henry Harper is a waif, a piece of human flotsam, ill-nourished, ill-treated, uneducated, he is driven as a boy of thirteen to attempt suicide on the railway but he puts himself across the wrong rails. After that failure, whatever happens and much does suicide is not for him. As one of the two great friends he makes put it, he was " always a nailer for keeping on keeping on." Running away from the only " home " he has known he is befriended by a railway man, is sent to sea, as the only possible opening for such a waif, and has an awful experience of life knocking about the world. When he returns after some years he falls in with a football zealot and bids fair to become a big player, but fails his club at a crisis, and for a second time runs away from his native town. On board ship he has made one friend, a roving ne'er-do-weel known as Klondyke, who has tried to teach him reading and writing. Sensitive of his ignorance —he cannot even read the " football results "— he seeks help, and in his successive occupations masters the elements of learning. Having read a sea story he sets about writing one and achieves great success with it, thanks in no small degree to the prompt appreciation of the man to whom it is submitted. Meanwhile he has been victimised, in his naïve ignorance and natural chivalry, into marriage with a woman of no reputation. Then he meets his " goddess Athena," a " real Hyde Park lady " who happens to be a sister of Klondyke and daughter of a Lady Pridmore of much social importance —and in the hour of success comes a new trial which makes that success seem worthless. It is a fine, full story, finely told, and one that should serve to heighten yet further its author's reputation.

Mr. J. E. Patterson's novel is a fresh study of Essex life —perhaps, rather, a study of the relations of men and women from specimens observed in an Essex agricultural locality, for the emotions dealt with are those of humanity though they are worked out in a small district with abundance of " local colour " in the cleverly-delineated and contrasting characters. In its presentation of the central couple —the upright, idealistic young farmer Ben and the attractive, paganistic wife of farmer Ramzern, in whom mutual passion is suddenly aroused— there is something Hardyesque. We see a woman who has married without love falling in love with another, and resolving that love has higher claims than duty, and we follow the working out of the drama to a close with real interest, and with something of pity for the offenders against duty as well as for the taciturn and misunderstood husband. Ben's elder brother, would-be " gentleman " farmer, seeks love but as a step on the ladder of social ambition and comes to a bankrupt's tragic end. The relations of matrimonial " bondslaves " are further indicated in the orderly course of one couple's wooing, and in the story of an intriguing maid servant driven to an emergency marriage with an oddity, after seeking to scandalize herself into the position of a farmer's wife. The author might give us more in the vein of Waygood, Mabel and Bargate —they may be of the earth earthy, but they are capitally sketched and as memorable as the more closely studied central characters of a clever piece of sombre realism.

WALTER JERROLD.

* " Julius Le Vallon." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Cassell.)—" The Sailor." By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)—" Bond Slaves." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Simpkin.)

MR. WALPOLE ON JOSEPH CONRAD.*

If all critical studies were like Mr. Walpole's on Joseph Conrad we might less often feel how much a Tower-of-Babel is the world. Here is no fulsome adulation, and here is no unjust censure.

Mr. Walpole carries us with him when he speaks, early in this volume, of Mr. Conrad's partiality for " cases."

* " Joseph Conrad." By Hugh Walpole. (" Writers of the Day " Series.) 1s. net. (Nisbet.)

It is a case, not a type, which interests Conrad. To this finding Mr. Walpole reverts again, after an interval devoted to the production of much interesting evidence, and talks of the "juxtaposition of the lyrical and the realistic" in his work. And again: "Conrad had, from the first, a . . . romantic . . . mind, and his determination to use that romance realistically was simply his determination to justify the full play of his romantic mind in the eyes of all honest men," which is perhaps more than another way of saying that he sought verisimilitude; for elsewhere he says: "It is, finally, a world that Conrad offers us . . . a planet that we know." Conrad has said much the same of himself in a self-revealing passage in, I think, "Some Reminiscences."

It is pleasing to find this critic who is also creator giving so high a comparative place to "Typhoon," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and "The Mirror of the Sea." "Chance" and "Victory" have had a recent public success; but to some of us it seems that Joseph Conrad has not ever eclipsed, in quality, his wonderful achievement of "Typhoon"; while, as for "The Mirror of the Sea," I know this Conrad admirer will turn to it more often than to "Chance." By the way—I can never hear the name of Amsterdam but I must read again Francis Jammes' poem of that name, and reopen Conrad's "Mirror of the Sea." Both men have seen, and made magically memorable for us, the snow-covered wintry roofs, the knockered doors of that old city. "The Mirror of the Sea" is full of this magic, this glamour, its only flaw perhaps being a touch of spleen toward land-lubbers over their mistakes in nautical parlance. And even that is, maybe, more a pretended than a real spleen. Doubtless his eyes twinkled as he wrote the denunciatory passages.

Mr. Walpole reassures those who cherish firstly "Typhoon," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "The Mirror of the Sea," regarding their tastes. To those who put down "Victory" with the queerest blend of admiration and doubt (that might be voiced in: "What a wonderful skill in narration to expend on such a freakish yarn!") he brings confirmation of their admiration—and their doubt. He speaks of the "wanton conclusion," of "the fantastic characteristics of Mr. Jones and Ricardo," and asks: "Will he allow his imagination to carry him wildly into fantasy and incredibility?" It is, to us, as though "The Ancient Mariner" had turned into "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Conrad will not, as they say, "mind" the remark, being a sincere artist. And perhaps we are wrong.

In this monograph on Conrad a very difficult task is performed with much more than aplomb. The writer has really diagnosed his subject. ". . . this quality," says he, "he has beyond his contemporaries—namely, the assurance that his characters have their lives and adventures both before and after the especial cases he is describing to us." And again he remarks: "It is the very essence of Conrad's art that one thing so powerfully suggests to him another that to start him on anything at all is a tragedy, because life is so short."

How true these words are, of the protagonists whom we meet in the midst of their lives, as they find themselves "cases" in some affair that Destiny has meshed round them, and also of characters that come in for only a few pages, and that some authors might be content to make of sawdust, merely to "walk on." Consider that French naval officer, in "Lord Jim," whom, by the merest chance, Marlow met in a Sydney restaurant. He haunts us as if he were real. He haunts us, comes up in our memory—and we almost wonder where he is now, if he is alive or gone hence, as we do of such men of flesh and blood, remembering them, men we ourselves have met at the ends of the earth and experienced liking for—for a day, or a month (while Chance cast us together), and then parted from with a word of farewell that we made as stoically casual as possible, weighted by the sense of how vain would be a full statement of our regret at parting, in a world meshed over by trails.

"We bowed together: we scraped our feet at each other with much ceremony, while a dirty specimen of a waiter looked on critically, as though he had paid for the performance. 'Serviteur,' said the Frenchman. Another scrape. 'Monsieur,' . . . 'Monsieur' . . . The glass door swung behind his burly back. I saw the southerly buster get hold of him and drive him down wind with his hand to his head, his shoulders braced, and the tails of his coat blown hard against his legs."

The last chapter, on "Romance and Realism," climax to this sound study of Conrad, is well worth the thoughtful perusal of all who are really interested in the developments of literary work to-day, people with the capacity to travel, not stereotyped, who feel that it is a mistake to have a pigeon-hole labelled "Realistic" and one labelled "Romantic," one labelled "Tragedy," one labelled "Comedy," and there an end. To "sort out" all authors so is less than justice. Mr. Walpole finds Conrad a "case" in point, the best case possible to lead the way toward the discussion in that concluding chapter. He considers him as Realist, and Romancist, at one and the same time, as Novelist and Poet: "If, as has often been said, Browning was as truly novelist as poet, may we not now say with equal justice that Conrad is as truly poet as novelist?"

To those folk who are neither, by profession, critics nor (by love, or hunger) authors—those who are just unworried readers and care for their Conrad—the book, lucid and reasoned as it is, should also be welcome.

Frederick Niven.

Novel Notes.

TRAVELLERS' SAMPLES. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

To say nothing of men, there is probably no woman novelist of our time who writes the short story with a subtler mastery of that difficult art than has been achieved by Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Her tales are not novels in a nutshell, but essential short stories. Each centres on a single episode, but the episode is so related that it suggests the whole life and character of the persons involved in it; and however slight the episode may be it is handled with such skill, such a swift touching in of poignant, illuminating detail, and such a sympathetic knowledge of human weakness and human goodness that it never fails to capture your interest. "Reported Missing" gives you little more than an interview between two women who find they are both married to the same officer who has gone to the war, but it develops into a tense and powerful little drama in the course of which the characters of the two women and of the absent man are vividly revealed. "The Bodice" tells of a poverty-stricken parson whose invalid wife is slowly dying; you have all the discomfort of his small home under the rule of a charwoman and his young daughter; the sense of failure that clouds all his thoughts; the deep love between his wife and himself, and his horror, then his wonder at her heroism, when he finds that, because of their poverty and the young daughter's incapacity, she is secretly adapting an old black, crape-trimmed blouse for the girl to wear after her mother is dead. This discovery marks a turning point, and results in a happy instead of a gloomy end for the story. Out of such intimate, homely incidents of common life Mrs. Dudeney has made a book of short stories that are immensely enjoyable both for their narrative interest and the art with which they are written.

THE SECRET SYMPATHY. By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

It would not surprise us to hear that the author of this story had been approached by a Cinema Film Company for permission to adapt her work for the picture-palace. It would make a capital drama. We will not reveal the plot; we will only divulge the facts that a charming baby boy is, one wet day, left in a basket in a cab; and is adopted and loved by the drunken cabman who found him. How everything came right in the end is told with


Miss Mary L. Pendered.

engaging confidence; and all along we see it coming. Every misfortune leads to good fortune; every accident brings the right persons together, and brings them together in the right place. If rich James Knollys had not unexpectedly died poor, and left his pretty nieces penniless, Katharine Knollys would not have become a chauffeuse. And if Rupert Follyatt's car had not broken down just when Katharine was passing she might never have met him or his chauffeur. And if Katharine's garage had not happened to be near to Lord Ramault's home but there—there are no "if nots" in this story. The good people are always charming, *the* villain is unmistakably a villain, and everyone gets his right reward; and the baby-in-the-cab gets, and gives "The Secret Sympathy."

HEARTS AND FACES. By John Murray Gibbon. 6s. (John Lane)

There are several features in this novel that proclaim it a first book. A more experienced novelist would have been less lavish with his materials, and an admirable story would have been better if Mr. Gibbon, like his principal character, had had a critic to warn him of the danger of mixing dialogue and narrative. But some defects of construction are fully atoned for by excellence of writing and faithful characterisation, and it is a pleasure to encounter a book that is so plainly a record of first-hand experience and personal predilections. Mr. Gibbon's subject is the making of an artist, and without the slightest parade or pedantry he manages to convince the reader from the very start that this is the "real thing." The opening chapters give a very faithful picture of life at a northern university towards the end of last century, and Mr. Gibbon, always keeping resolutely within the limits of his knowledge, describes the artistic world of Soho and Paris as brilliantly as he does the undergraduate world of Aberdeen. George Grange and his counsellor, Nathaniel Reid, are both finished portraits; they are, indeed, so lifelike that there will be much guessing in the north as to their originals. Mr Gibbon has scholarship as well as a shrewd knowledge of the world, and very special praise is due to his masterly rendering of one of the most expressive of Scottish dialects. These rare and excellent qualities make us regret that Mr. Gibbon should have troubled himself so much about his plot. That side of the story is never uninteresting, but Nathaniel Reid would have advised him to blot out Wolseley Greville, a sinister cad who takes his revenge on his historian by trying to steer his story to the edge of melodrama. The studio scenes on the other hand are worthy of Du Maurier, and lead us to expect much from Mr. Gibbon in his next attempt.

A CATHEDRAL SINGER. By James Lane Allen. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

The new story which Mr. Allen has given us will appeal, we think, more strongly to his American admirers than to his readers in this country. It is a slight and simple sketch of a mother and son; the son, a child with a rarely beautiful voice; the mother, a poor widow of gentle birth, who poses at an art school, to earn money to give the boy the training which may make him famous. The boy sells newspapers in the city streets. At the moment, so to speak, that Fortune smiles upon the devoted pair, and a cathedral training is offered to the boy, a motor-car runs him down, and he dies in the hospital which faces the cathedral he has longed to enter as a chorister. The little story strikes us as being over-sentimental. The mother is presented to us at the beginning with all the personality of a queen of tragedy; and no tragedy is allotted to her (except, of course, at the end of the book) beyond the quite usual one of poverty. Mr. Allen lets his fancy play gracefully about the hill on which the cathedral is reared, and about the characters of mother and son, art-master and choir-master, but we confess we prefer him in his robuster mood.

THE ROAD TO THE STARS. By F. T. Wawn. 6s (Eveleigh Nash.)

A book of unusual charm is this sequel to that delightful novel "The Masterdillo"—it is a continuation of the story of the happy young husband and wife whose youthfulness and intense love for each other make them so intimately human and appealing. Those who enjoyed the first novel will be glad that the author has now disclosed his identity, and in renewing the history of the Masterdillo has maintained the same spirit of youth, the same quaint humour, the same abounding sympathy and understanding He tells how Wyndham and Phyllida Merrion, being enormously rich in love and desperately poor in the goods of this world, undertake to chaperone a party of unruly young Americans who are being banished by their respective parents to an island in order to cure them of their various follies. The enterprise lacks neither excitement nor humour, and the author knows how to make the most of a telling situation. There is a great deal more in the book than this that subtle tenderness and those little natural touches of feeling and philosophy which have already endeared "The Masterdillo" to so many, make up much of the charm and attractiveness of "The Road to the Stars." To realise the real quality of the book one must read it for oneself; it is refreshing both in its joyous whimsicality and in its pathos, and relies for its success less on the tale it has to tell than on the manner of its telling.

DESMOND'S DAUGHTER. By Maud Diver. 5s. net. (Blackwood & Sons.)

It is not an easy task to find fitting words of praise for this book, because it is so different from the average novel of to-day. To say that it is powerful and realistic gives but a poor description of the real strength and humanness of the tale, and the sympathy with which it is told Although the plot was conceived and partly written down before the war broke out, there is much in it that is of special interest at the present time, dealing as it does with the effect of the Army on personality. Vincent Leigh, a reserved, dreamy young man who has no inclination fo soldiering whatever, is nevertheless persuaded to try the Army as a career; for special reasons he does so, and, passing through Sandhurst, goes out to India as a second-lieutenant. He hates the life at first, but is determined to see it through. His reserve, his diffidence, his almost morbid sensitiveness is deftly portrayed, and he becomes a living personality to the reader long before the story is half told. His character makes a splendid contrast to the vivacious heroine, Thea Desmond, a true daughter of General Desmond (once "Captain Desmond, V.C."). The story is a sequel to Mrs. Diver's other Anglo-Indian novels, and we meet again many of the characters that appeared in the earlier books. Mrs. Diver's work acts as a tonic - its wholesome, clear-minded atmosphere giving one renewed hope and vigour to face the troublous problems of to-day.

THE HUT BY THE RIVER. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Once again Mr. Burgin takes us to the familiar "Four Corners." This time it is a story of mystery and murder

that he unfolds for us in "The Hut by the River": an engrossing story, told with the practised skill that we have long learnt to expect from its author. In the Prologue to the story a little boy saves an Indian chief, Yellow Stone, from the disgrace of imprisonment, and as the plot develops we see how the grateful Indian repays with interest the kindly act. But that is only one of many dramatic incidents that go to the shaping of the romance. There is the flight of the beautiful "leading lady" of a light-opera company, after she has murdered her faithless husband and the "second leading lady." She and her child, Lola, make a perilous journey, manage to escape from wolves, and reach a place of safety. In her escape from the country she is obliged to leave Lola to the care of Old Man Tucker and his wife who live in the hut by the river. Lola grows up into a lovely young girl, ignorant of her mother's crime. There is a secret panel which hides a cave in the hut, and in the cave weird and mysterious events take place; it is in this cave that Yellow Stone finally pays his debt. There is no lack of excitement and interest in this well-constructed tale, and it should add another success to Mr. Burgin's long list of successful novels.

FLOWER O' THE PEACH. By W. A. Mackenzie. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. W. A. Mackenzie's latest novel, "Flower o' the Peach," is one of the most dramatic and skilfully concocted stories anybody could wish for. Taking for his setting the flat, marshy wastes of Essex, he weaves around a foreign duke and a pretty little English girl a plot of striking ingenuity, in which love and hatred and a host of minor passions play their various parts. The duke, seeing Brenda Dapifer in a crowd, instantly falls in love with her, takes a snapshot of her, and determines to move heaven and earth to find her again. Find her he does, but surrounded by tragic circumstances and overwhelmed with a bitter sorrow. How he helps her, and spares no effort to solve the murder-mystery that has darkened her young life, and whether his efforts are successful, either in that direction or in the winning of her heart, the reader must discover for himself. He can be sure that it is worth his while to make the discovery.

The Bookman's Table.

DOSTOIĖVSKY, HIS LIFE AND LITERARY ACTIVITY. By Evgenii Soloviev. Translated by C. J. Hogarth 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

THE INSULTED AND INJURED. A RAW YOUTH. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. 4s. 6d. net each. (Heinemann.)

Here is another volume bearing witness to the fascination exercised by Dostoyevsky first upon his own countrymen and next upon his countrymen's allies. It is a helpful and suggestive study of the man and of the part of him that went to the making of his novels. It does not, as several studies of Dostoyevsky have done, devote its space to a mere re-telling of the stories, but it deals with them as revelations of a soul-state, and it frankly relates their undeniable defects to defects of the author's character and methods. In particular it attempts to explain how it came to pass that a novelist so difficult and a man so harassed became something like a popular hero. We notice by the way that the translator adopts a now rather unusual form of the novelist's name. Whenever English readers see "toy" or "toi" in the middle of a Russian name, they inevitably pronounce it to rhyme with "boy." But the "toy" grouping is wrong. The name should be divided "Dosto-yevsky." Doubtless to avoid the "boy" sound, Mrs. Garnett transliterates the name "Dostoevsky"; but if the other sound is inserted, "y" is better than "i." Mr. Heinemann has now issued two further volumes of Mrs. Garnett's excellent translations. We sincerely hope the series is to include some of the

miscellaneous works, especially the "Diary of a Writer." Discriminating readers have already noted Mrs. Garnett's volumes as books to buy and not to borrow. Not to know Dostoyevsky nowadays argues yourself unknown; and for English readers there is no better way of knowing him than in Mrs. Garnett's faithful versions.

CONTENT WITH FLIES. By Mary and Jane Findlater. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"As cats when they can get no mice
Content themselves with catching flies."

That is the keynote of the delightful little book that the Misses Findlater have written round an experiment they tried last summer. Taking a small furnished cottage in Scotland, for a few months, they tried doing things for themselves—without servants—and without much knowledge in the arts of housekeeping and cooking. To those who are skilled in these arts their adventures will be entertaining; those who are not skilled should certainly learn "something to their advantage" from this book. For the latter, the following six "hints" may be of use; though Hint No. 1 is (as the authors themselves would admit) a piece of deplorable backsliding:

"1. If at all possible, engage some one to light and clean the kitchen stove every morning.
"2. Don't rise too early.
"3. Don't do any hard work before breakfast.
"4. Resolve to have *no* makeshift meals.
"5. Take a long rest after dinner.
"6. *Eat in the kitchen.*

"This last rule we consider the secret of comfort in a cottage. . . . The above axioms do not mean 'don't work'—only don't do work at unaccustomed hours."

The book is not all about housekeeping, though; there are many delicious glimpses of country life, of snow-capped mountains, fields of bluebells, moors, and lochs, and pine woods. Written with sympathy, charm, and humour "Content with Flies" is a refreshing lesson in war economy.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WELLS GARDNER & CO.

The scheme of this little book of "**Short Plays About Famous Authors,**" by Miss Maude Morrison Frank (2s. net), can be gathered from its title. Each sketch has for its principal character some well-known author; the first, for instance, is based on an incident in the early life of Oliver Goldsmith; the second is entitled "When Heine was Twenty-One"; and the others represent Fanny Burney, Dickens, and Shakespeare. They are ingeniously contrived, and the dialogue sparkles with a lively humour. The author's object in introducing these immortal figures into the amateur theatrical world is that they may become, in some slight degree, more real to the boys and girls who read and act the little plays. The production of the plays need incur few difficulties, the setting in all cases is very simple, and the costumes easily procured. Anybody with a taste for private theatricals will find something useful and something decidedly fresh in Miss Frank's collection.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

The Confessions of a Wife (1s. net) ran as a popular serial through the *Evening News*, and will receive a ready welcome on its appearance in book form. The confessions are those of a very average wife who is devoted to her husband, and has adequate reasons for jealousy and sorrow. Edited by a friend, they are taken mainly from correspondence and diary, and tell the story of Margaret X's love, her disappointments, her mistakes, and misunderstandings in an intimate fashion that will evoke the sympathetic interest of the general reader. Despite the wife's unchanging love for her husband, the many excuses she makes for his behaviour and her pathetic readiness to forgive his shortcomings, little toleration can be felt for him; he is selfish, inconsiderate, and does not attempt to understand her point of view; but because of this, and her willingness to please him, the mingled joys and sorrows of her married life make interesting reading.

WAR BOOKS.

BOY OF MY HEART. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is not a book to be criticised—it is the record of a mother's love for a son who has fallen in the war, and of his love for her. She tells over the dear memories of his childhood and youth; all the sweetness and strength, and waywardness and fine nobility of his character; how she guessed even before he knew it that he was falling in love with the sister of a college chum; with what ardour he took up military duties and could not rest contented until he was passed for service at the front. He went away a young lieutenant, and out in the firing line soon became adjutant of his regiment. Once he came home on leave, and the intense happiness of that brief reunion is lived through again in these pages with all the poignancy that such happiness always has in remembrance. Then he is to come home on leave again, and when the hour for his arrival is past, and the household of father, mother and sister waiting in anxious momentary expectation of the sound of his coming, a telegram brings news that he has died in action. The author, a well known novelist, remains anonymous; in telling her personal story she has told the story of many a mother nowadays, who may read her own hopes, her own great sorrow, her own deep pride in her soldier son written into this vivid and touching record.

"CONTEMPTIBLE." By "Casualty." 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

There are some stories one never tires of reading, and that of the great retreat from Mons is one of these. This is one of the most intimate records we have had of it; written by a subaltern who was wounded after the victory of the Marne, it narrates with the simplest realism all his daily discomforts, uncertainties, hopes, disappointments, and, without obviously attempting to do so, makes you realise the dogged endurance, the unflagging spirit and determination, the careless, almost casual, heroism of officers and men that turned the great retirement into a triumph and give it an absorbing dramatic interest that no episode of the war is likely to surpass.

DOING THEIR BIT. By Boyd Carpenter. 1s. 3d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In "Between the Lines" Mr. Boyd Carpenter gave us one of the ablest and most realistic of the books that have pictured life among our men at the front; and in "Doing their Bit" he has done equally well by the men and women who are engaged on munition work at home. It is a book that every man and woman of us should read, and then send to some friend in the firing line, for both the troops and the civilian public may learn from it, as Mr. Lloyd George says in a prefatory note, "how great is the industry and devotion of those who are supplying our armies with materials of war."

BALLADS AND ADDRESSES. By J. E. Patterson. 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Anyone who is looking for something to recite at camp concerts and other such entertainments may be recommended to get this collection of Mr. Patterson's war verse. There is the right stirring patriotic ring in "An Empire Chantey," which tells of the rolling in from the ends of the earth of all the peoples who make up the British Empire, and are standing four-square in defence of it. Perhaps the best of the ballads are those which tell in vigorous, picturesque fashion some of the heroic incidents of the war, such as "Six to One," the great tale of the fight of the small ship, *Clan MacTavish*; "The Rime of Gaston," the romantic story of a young Breton Corporal of Cuirassiers, who rescued a vine-grower's daughter from two Uhlans and slew them both, though the second had wounded him; or "The Ballad of the Farrier," a rugged, rousing chronicle of how there was a tremendous charge of the 6th Dragoons, and their shoeing-smith rode in it with them, armed with nothing but his hammer.

OURSELVES AND GERMANY. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Dr. Dillon is no easy optimist. He knows Germany from the inside, and is not disposed to underestimate her great qualities merely because she happens to be our enemy. As the Australian Prime Minister says in an Introduction, "The remarkable man who has written this book knows those who lead the warring nations in this titanic conflict very much better than ordinary men their own townsmen." He makes it clear to you that "Germany is wholly alive, physically, intellectually and psychically. And she lives in the present and the future"; and that if we are to maintain our place in the world now and in days to come, "we must awaken or be awakened, ere it be too late." One does not like the suggestion that we must organise as Germany has done, and drudge more strenuously disciplined henceforth for commercial ends. It is a question whether such a life is worth living by rational men; whether it is not better to go on fighting at all costs till we can utterly smash such a soulless system and clean the world of it for ever. But it is not perhaps so much a matter of what we would wish to do as what we can do; and the problems that Dr. Dillon raises and the conclusions he arrives at are such as no thoughtful man in these times can afford to ignore.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 299. Vol. L. AUGUST, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"The Wonderful Year," a new novel by W. J. Locke, will be published by Mr. John Lane in the autumn. Mr. Locke has just finished another story, "The Red Planet," which has the great war for a background.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing this month "Gilded Vanity," a new novel by Richard Dehan. It is a comedy of society life. From Mr. Heinemann, too, we are to have shortly "The Song of the Plow," the verse chronicle of the English peasantry on which Mr. Maurice Hewlett has been engaged for the last ten years. A record of the thousand-years struggle for life and freedom of the men who work on the land, it is perhaps best described as an Epic of the Peasant.

Messrs. Macmillan have just published a five shilling revised and enlarged edition of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," with an admirably written Epilogue of nearly two hundred pages, by Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, which carries the History on from 1815 to 1914. It is well supplied with maps, useful chronological annals and genealogical tables.

Miss Isabel Elisabeth Henderson (Elinor Marsden Eliot), whose delightful book, "My Canada," was recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is a descendant of the Selkirk settlers; her great-grandfather went out to the Red River in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. For these last eight years unfortunately she has been an invalid, but since the war started, propped up in her bed, she has knitted over two hundred pairs of socks for the men she calls "my boys in the trenches."

The story of what is done by our mine-sweepers and patrol ships and how they do it is told by Mr. J. J. Bell in "Little Grey Ships," which Mr. John Murray is publishing immediately.

One of the novelists who have laid the pen aside since the war began is Mr. Desmond Coke, and the many admirers of "The Bending of a Twig," and "The Golden Key" will be glad to have news of him. He has written nothing since "The Art of Silhouette," which was published by Mr. Martin Secker nearly three years ago. In the early days of the war he obtained a commission in



Mr. Philip Sidney Woolf.



Mr. Cecil N. Sidney Woolf.

the Army; he went to France as Adjutant of a battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment in July of last year. After being mentioned in Dispatches last April, he was invalided home in May, suffering from trench fever, and is now convalescing at Bournemouth, but it is likely to be some weeks yet before he is fit either to return to the front or to resume his literary work.

Mr. Cecil N. Sidney Woolf, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mr. Philip Sidney Woolf, joint translators of Stendhal's "On Love," which Messrs. Duckworth have published, are in the 20th Hussars and on active service in France. They are sons of the late Sidney Woolf, Q.C.

Miss Mary L. Pendered, whose "Book of Common Joys" (Dent) we review in this Number, is the author of many admirable novels, the latest of which, "The Secret Sympathy," was written in response to a request from her publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, for a novel of the lighter kind to follow her successful story of "Plain Jill." She wrote it under difficulties, for Miss Pendered lives near Herne Bay and the continued and violent practising of the big guns at Sheerness made writing a misery to her. She found the noise so intolerable that she was driven to take refuge with her brother in her old home in Nottinghamshire, and there finished the novel, though its scenes are laid by the sea, where she lives. She is now home again and, since she finds writing impossible, is occupied in her garden and in helping to run a Soldiers' Club in the village of Beltinge. She is chairman of committee, entertainment organiser, accompanist at the piano, and takes her share in the general housework and canteen management. Incidentally she is registered as a voluntary worker and does a great deal of sewing. Two of her nephews are serving with the Colours and a third is leaving school to join this autumn.



Photo by Browne, Eastbourne

Capt. Desmond Coke.

The Book Trade Provident Society has decided, in consequence of the price of paper, to suspend the publication of the "Odd Volume," and Mr. G. H. Grubb, an energetic member of its Committee, is appealing to authors to help them to make up the revenue the Society will lose from this source. Several have already responded, and Mr. W. L. George in doing so has written to him: "I am ashamed to think I have never before subscribed to the Book Trade Provident Society. I am only sorry that in these times of ruin all I can send is a guinea. But I hope you will believe in my sincere interest when I add that in future I propose to subscribe every year as much as I can afford. For among the booksellers there are people who love books for their own sake—and as I do too, they are my friends. The author who does not remember them is not playing the game."

Roger Wray, whose first novel, "The Soul of a Teacher" (Chapman & Hall), met with a very favourable reception last year, has completed a new story, "Madcaps and Madmen," which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It is a tale of mining life in the Midlands.

We are always hearing of the books that are being read by our men in the trenches, and that poetry old and new is wonderfully popular with them. It must be gratifying to Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (a civilian poet, but one who has thrice offered himself for enlistment and been rejected on physical grounds) to find a French soldier bearing testimony to the realistic truthfulness of the verses



Jean Webster
(Mrs. Glenn Ford McKinney).
Author of "Daddy Long Legs" and other popular books.
Died 11th June last. She was a grand-niece of Mark Twain.

in his recent volume, "Battle." Reviewing the book in the *Revue de l'Enseignement des Langues Vivantes*, Professor Eugene Gondry, who is now a lieutenant of artillery, says the poems voice the very feelings of the fighting men and describe what is seen and done by them with amazing accuracy. "We have just read them," he adds, "some yards from our trenches, in the hush that follows the thunder of battle." And he dates his review from Verdun. Mr. Gibson has arranged to go on a tour through America next year, under the auspices of the Pond Lyceum Bureau. He will give readings from his poems in the chief towns of the principal States, beginning at New York on the 7th January, and returning to finish there on the 5th March.



Photo by Cyril Stedmore, Taunton.

Miss F. E. Mills Young,
whose new novel, "The Bywonner," was published recently by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. F. A. Mackenzie, the well-known war correspondent, has written the story of the recent rebellion in Ireland, and Messrs. Pearson are publishing it immediately under the title of "The Irish Rebellion: What Happened and Why."



John Travers
(Mrs. Eva Mary Bell),
whose brilliant new novel, "Happiness" (Hodder & Stoughton), was reviewed in the June *Bookman*.

"A Book of Laughter," by Edwin Pugh, which Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing, is neither a novel nor a collection of short stories. It is an exposition of the philosophy of laughter, punctuated with numerous anecdotes and tales illustrative of every kind of humour, conscious and unconscious, that moves men to laughter. The same firm is publishing this autumn "The Girl and the Faun," a fairy story for adults, by Eden Phillpotts, and a new volume of Mr. Phillpotts's verse, "Delight, and other Poems."

For nearly half a century, Mr. Edward Clodd has lived on terms of intimate friendship with the most interesting people of his generation, and into his



From a photo taken at St. Moritz. **Mr. J. F. Harris,** whose new book, "Samuel Butler, Author of 'Erewhon,'" has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

"Memories," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing almost immediately, he has written his recollections of Meredith, Huxley, George Gissing, Andrew Lang, Grant Allen, Holman Hunt, Samuel Butler, Sir Alfred Lyall, Mary Kingsley, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, and other such famous men and women. The book will contain many hitherto unpublished letters and twelve autographed portraits.

Mr Eric S. Robertson, whose new book "The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons," was published last month by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, was until recently vicar of a parish in the Westmorland Lake District, and his "Wordsworthshire" is one of the most delightful guides to that glamorous neighbourhood. In the '80's, before he went to India as Professor of English Literature and Philosophy at the Punjab University, he was editor of Messrs. Walter Scott's "Great Writers" series, for which he wrote the volume on Longfellow.

We have grown so accustomed to regarding Mr. George Moore as a novelist of modern life, and an uncompromising realist, to boot, that his new story, "The Brook Kerith," which Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing this month, will probably come as a surprise to most of his readers. He handled the same theme to some extent in his drama, "The Apostle," in 1911, but only as an artist makes a first rough sketch before he elaborates the finished picture. "The Brook Kerith" is not only a new book, in its relation to Mr. Moore's other novels it is also a new departure, at all events superficially. If you say as much to Mr. Moore he is not disposed to agree with you. "All my books are new departures," he says. "I have never cared to deal twice with the same subject in any two novels I have written. My chief interest as a novelist is in human nature—in human character, which is essentially the same to-day as it was two thousand years ago, and my new book studies human life in the past instead of in the present—that's all. There is an ancient legend that can be traced back as far as the second or third century, and is probably much older, that Christ remained living on earth after the Crucifixion, and in his later years went on a preaching mission into India. This legend has always had a strong fascination for me, and I have founded my story on it. Although I wrote the book in eighteen months, I spent some years in studying all available records that could help me in my undertaking, and then felt it was impossible to make a start until I had seen for myself the places that were to be the scenes of my story. I must feel the ground under my feet before I can get to work on a book. For instance, when we think of a desert we invariably picture a flat and sandy waste; but when I went to Palestine I found the desert I was to write of was a dreary expanse



Photo by Lawson Taylor. **Mr. W. Hope Hodgson,** whose new book of stories, "The Luck of the Strong" (Eveleigh Nash), is reviewed in this Number.

of barren and stony hillocks. I travelled all about the country of the Gospels, and visited every place I have described." Listening to him as he outlines something of the developments of "The Brook Kerith" you cannot but feel how profoundly his subject has impressed and taken possession of him. "It has no theological significance, of course, and I hope nobody will be so foolish as to try to read any into it," he says. "It is purely a work of imagination, with its interest centred on the greatest figure that ever walked the earth." This romance, novel, story—one scarcely knows how to class it—being off his hands, Mr. Moore is now busy again with the revision of all his other books for the collected edition of his works which Mr Heinemann is publishing.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

PATRICK MACGILL.

"'Do you expect an Irishman to cook bully beef when his regiment is going over the top?' asked Felan, the company cook, who, according to regulations would not cross in the charge. 'For shame!'

"We rose, all of us, shook him warmly by the hand, and wished him luck."

IT was the night before the charge of the London Irish at Loos. It is good to read these words put into the mouth of an Irishman by a representative Irishman to-day. The new war-sketches of Mr. Patrick MacGill have rapidly followed the first volume, named "The Red Horizon." The one before me is entirely given to the great fight at Loos. The narrative is very powerful and dramatic, and the rapid incidents in the turmoil of battle are massed with fine intensive effect. But I had in mind when "The Great Push"* appeared to write of the author and of all he stands for in Ireland at this hour. And we will turn at once to his Irishmen, and to Felan, who was company cook that week of the great advance:

"Rifleman Felan, my mate, went up the ladder of the assembly trench with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. Out on the open his first feeling was one of disappointment; the charge was as dull as a church parade to start with. Felan, although orders were given to the contrary, expected a wild, whooping, forward rush, but the men stepped out soberly with the pious decision of ancient ladies going to church. In front the bilious yellow gas receded like a curtain . . ."

The Irishman disappeared into the opening formed by the caprice of the breeze in the gas-cloud, and beheld the parapet of the German trench. He was quite solitary, the mist hid him from view of his comrades, and none would have witnessed his turn-back. But his regiment was "going over the top," and he would go forward. "A big, bearded German faced him, adjusting the range of his rifle." Felan adjusted his. Before he knew the result of his shot he was out of the battle. A stretcher-bearer picked him up, and left him in a shell-hole all the tormented day till he was found by the narrator.



Mr. Patrick MacGill.

Felan, first described in "The Red Horizon," was "an Irishman with a brogue that could be cut with a knife," who sang on the first night before the trenches, when the London Irish boys tasted "first blood" in France. Felan was no trained artist, but he knew how to carry his audience with him. "It's a song about the time Irelan' was fighting for freedom, and it's called 'The Rising of the Moon.' A great song entirely it is, and I cannot do it justice," he said then.

Now, before the great charge at Loos:

"'Well, what will I sing?' Felan asked.

"'Any damned thing,' said Bill.

"'The "Trumpeter," and we'll all help,' said Kore.

"Felan leant against the wall, thrust his head back, closed his eyes, stuck the thumb of his right hand into a buttonhole of his tunic and began his song.

"His voice, rather hoarse but very pleasant, faltered a little at first, but was gradually permeated by a note of deepest feeling, and a strange passion surged through the melody. Felan was pouring his soul into the song:

"'Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?
Is it the call I'm seeking?
Lucky for you if you hear it at all,
For my trumpet's but faintly speaking—
I'm calling 'em home.
Come home! Come home!
Tread light o'er the dead in the valley,
Who are lying around
Face down to the ground,
And they can't hear——'"

We have to look on a forbidding picture. Realistic Art and War never met more grimly than in that fight when the rifleman-narrator, framed to be a vivid painter of battle-shambles, found himself stretcher-bearer on the battle-field. As narrative the work is masterly. There is no tedious

* 2s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins).

length, but the story of attack and counter-attack is carefully and clearly told. And yet, to all praise, it must be added that "The Great Push" is not an advance on its predecessor. We miss the wide impressionism so manifest in Mr. MacGill's work when it is touched with the spirit rather than the letter. The narrator at last, amidst the general disarray and confusion, is left wounded on the field. Then all is lost in fever dream. Was a morbid dream all that was left of a heroic experience at Loos?

I had occasion to speak here of "The Red Horizon" and it's picture of the greatness and the littleness of the soldier's life. But I am left asking now: Is War the subject which claims the fulfilment of Mr. MacGill's great promise?

I shut up the book, and turn to the author.

In his two first novels* he took us by the hand, as it were, and led us along the deserted roads of Donegal in a narrative leisurely as the valley we reached. It was one morning in spring that I set my face to Glenties. But I would not ask for the house. The father of the poet had died: his mother dwelt there with her other children, who are still young. Without seeing her, I gained a good picture. She is a dignified person, swaying the profits of the farm, going seldom from the house, "keeping things together." She values her children's farm gifts far above fame. It is not in the traditions of their forefathers to win fame. To find the way to heaven whilst farming in the valley, or if away still farming, is the object of life in the Glenties home. The mother is a knitter, and has a very excellent gift of story. A child asks for one at the end of the day, and the quiet, even tones narrate the tale of familiar and fabulous things closely interwoven. The familiar never rejects what is unseen, and the fabulous implies common knowledge. She is a person of deep piety. Nor did I see the children brought up on the tales of their beautifully-narrating mother, but I heard of maidens and boys "supple-limbed and clean," as Mr. MacGill sings. I could guess the small homestead standing above the valley, and many like it following the ridge of the stream and the road which leads from the quiet glen to the wide world.

In the school Gaelic is taught. But the Irishman told me that he was never concerned with its revival; like several of the great narrators—notably George Sand—he knows but one language: that of his own verse or prose. He reads or recites English poetry with perfect feeling, inflection, and intonation, though rarely persuaded so to be heard.

It is well known how he read and studied, self-trained, at the age of eighteen, and how a short passage through journalism won him notice, and friends gave him work in a Chapter Library with leisure to write.

The art of Patrick MacGill did not have its rise in the valleys of Donegal which he describes so well, but in the worst slums of Glasgow, city of the blackest poverty [illegible]wn, fed through starving farms of West Ireland. He there found the purpose of his life, after discovering the secret of prose narrative. He was first known as a singer,—for me he was the inspired writer of the Irish ballad "Mated Dolorosa." The most languid review reader must have become aware in 1910 that there was a Navvy Poet. Songs of the pick and shovel, of the dark tunnel and steep cutting, of the desert road and hungry tramp, must here and there have awakened curiosity. But the Navvy Poet was not to be found amongst Mudie's books. A scheme of private publication was followed of rather a romantic character. It was not till MacGill had written his first novel that "Songs of the Dead End" appeared, published under that title.

But whilst a somewhat sentimental success imperilled MacGill's serious achievement, and whilst journalism offered him an income, he was not idle.

At the age of twenty-one he discovered French literature without knowing French. It was in this wise. He translated for himself "Fables de la Fontaine," word for word, and made verse transcriptions into more or less English or Irish fables. And then one day he spelt out in the same fashion Daudet's "Contes de Mon Moulin." It contained a revelation for MacGill. Here were stories about the poor, written without exaggeration, without sensational effect, but inherent tragedy. He began writing the story of Dermod O'Flynn and Norah Ryan. It seemed easy at first. Irish memories furnished a sweet monotonous rhythm to a narrative of primitive life and primitive needs, and of self-taught literature leading to the abnormal life of journalism. The escape was to be into the humanitarian life amongst the slums of Glasgow. Such is the story of the "Children of the Dead End." It was the fruit of a deeply intelligent study of the French Impressionists.

The rise of young authors met with a fate unparalleled at the outbreak of European war. When the thunderbolt fell from a clear sky, the first surprising result was that the writers could not write. It was an experience shared by the young with the veterans. "I cannot write." So said Patrick MacGill with others in the August of Mons. His whole outlook was altered by the appearance on the globe of trench warfare. He had started for a holiday in Ireland at the end of July with the MS. of "The Rat Pit" left far advanced in his desk, and a mind full of the social aims embodied in his second novel. He returned hastily with every humanitarian idea tested through and through by the one searching question of enlistment. It was a case of conscience with Patrick MacGill. His whole inclination was for service in France, but former Tolstoian ideas barred the way. What Victor Hugo has called "A storm beneath a skull" was enacted in the mind of a reflective Irishman. It was, I believe, the instinct of art that solved the problem. He had found the purpose of his life in challenging the oppression of the poor, and a greater challenge appeared before him, altering all standards of life, and he was willing to risk his life to see war face to face. "The Amateur Army" showed fine balance of thought concerning our reply to the German challenge.

How his Art has flourished in war time the future must decide. In every case the author of "The Great Push" must be encouraged by knowing that the Irish novel of the future is looked for from his pen, and that his name alone carries us far from the sound of parties and politics and the din of controversy.

BLANCHE WARRE CORNISH.

* "The Children of the Dead End," "The Rat Pit."

THE READER.

W. J. LOCKE.

An Appreciation.

By F. G. Bettany.

THAT stoop which takes somewhat from his height betrays at first meeting what a glance round Mr. Locke's library shelves, loaded with well-thumbed books, many of them, as I seem to remember, yellow backs with the imprint of Paris, would no less confirm. It is the scholar's stoop; here is a novelist who waited to learn something of life and letters before employing his pen. To his readers, of course, this is an open secret. The written page bears evidence which no knowledge of the author's appearance, no frequenting of those "Noctes Ambrosianæ" he used to hold for men friends a while ago in Chelsea could possibly better. Marcus Ordeyne might almost serve as his own portrait. It is the way in which he tells a story, the happy allusiveness of his style, the little signs of scholarship and meditation, the harvest of a quiet eye and a retentive memory—it is these that charm quite as much as the story itself. Behind all his books can be felt at work a scholarly mind; behind them all can be detected a writer who has read widely, travelled well, touched life at many points, gained broad views and a fine taste. His scholar's taste is to be recognised in his favourite books—"Tristram Shandy," for example. Not for nothing was another scholar-novelist, Anatole France, the delight of his youthful days long before the Frenchman had won by translation his big English constituency of admirers. The influence of M. Thibault on the author of "The Beloved Vagabond" is not easily overrated; the two men have affinities in their impatience with pharisaism and their trick of irony as well as in their literary sophistication.

There are a couple of sentences in one of Mr. Locke's earliest novels which may be taken as his own confessions, though they are placed in the mouth of an Oxford don, "The idyllic always strikes me as a bit flimsy. I never could lie under a tree and pretend to read Theocritus. I'd sooner read Rabelais over a fire." Boccaccio might almost as well have been mentioned as Rabelais, for Mr. Locke has given many a leisure hour to the "Decameron." Yet he loves his Marcus Aurelius, he is steeped in classical lore. Odd to reflect that a man with such preferences should have taken the Mathematical Tripos, though doubtless the grind at mathematics had its uses when he became secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Notwithstanding the beauty of "John's" red-brick courts you are tempted to think of him as having been sent by fate to the wrong university. Oxford, you say, should have received this humanist, not Cambridge; "Greats" ought to have been his school. Or should it be reckoned a tribute to the unstereotyped character of the Cambridge system that it sheltered so Oxonian a type?

No matter whom we have to thank, Cambridge or himself, the first feature that any appreciation of Mr. Locke's art must fasten upon is the scholarly note in his writing. It lends his work distinction, urbanity, a touch of that fastidiousness, refinement, eclecticism, call it which you will, which is his personal quality; and one can but be glad that that brief spell of tutorial experience which preluded his service of architecture did not spoil in him, as such experience has often spoilt, the instinct for letters. In point of fact his first book was composed in Scotland, was actually published two years before he made his change of professional duties; and already his manner was formed, already the graces and elegancies are evident.

France, I should add—and I mean the country of France and not Anatole France—has left its mark on Mr. Locke's fiction, perhaps may be said to have shaped and fostered his talent. How came about his precocious mastery of the language, his early fondness for things Gallic, I must have forgotten. Or are they to be connected in some way with his West Indian birth and schooling? This much I seem to recall that he was pretty soon familiar with the Paris of the students and the cafés, and he has always read largely in French literature. Especially the novelists, from George Sand and Balzac onwards. His first holiday journeys, too, appear to have gravitated inevitably towards France, and soon he knew its byways and unfrequented nooks. The atmosphere reacted on him like an intoxicant. It does so still, despite his much wider range of travel. A lightness gets into his



W. J. Locke.



W. J. Locke,
at the age of six. He is seen defiantly wearing his first trousers. They were tried on and he refused to take them off again, so was taken straightway from the tailor's to the photographer's to celebrate the event.

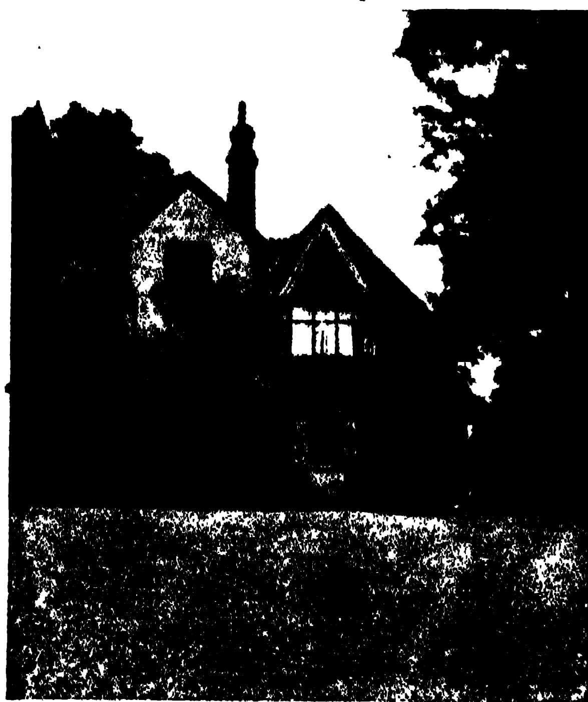
stories the moment he touches French soil in them—a rise of spirits, a gaiety of heart and speech which is the more notable for being probably unconscious. France helped him to his best descriptions even in his prentice novel, and it is the scene of all that is brightest and quaintest and most humorous, yes and idyllic in his master work, the fantasy of Paragot—the beloved vagabond. Beauty, we are told, is in the eye that sees it, and so too is romance, so are the elements of the grotesque and the fantastic. Other men, even Frenchmen, tramping or motoring along French lanes might see in the inns and their frequenters the ordinary matter of fact, but into the air that he finds so tonic Mr. Locke brings his own wizardry with him, and hey presto! adventures, situations, startling, affecting, comic, abound.

If what is dramatic and picturesque suggests itself in incident, what is droll presents itself in type. Trust Mr. Locke to turn to the most humorous account any example of Gallic eccentricity! His Aristide, for instance. I have a vivid recollection of being privileged years ago to listen to the author's reading of the first of "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol." There is no harm now in saying that I lent my ear to this with some misgivings. A series of almost farcical episodes in which you must strike twelve o'clock at once every time! Were not the novelist's methods too leisurely, too delicate for this? But I was wrong, of course, and most happily disappointed. Paragot should have taught me better wisdom. The jollity, the enchanting freshness, the buoyancy of the thing still linger in my memory. Mr. Locke knew his own powers. His kindly rogue of a Provençal is a creation, always kept at concert pitch. Note, however, his nationality and then bethink you where the other and only more "beloved" vagabond felt most at home.

There were no painful fumblings in Mr. Locke's literary history; he jumped into the arena a fully fledged novelist. "At the Gate of Samaria" bears his stamp in style and shows plenty of ease after a slightly nervous opening. Just a few sentences he would have toned down had he had the handling of them to-day. But the book, for a first effort, is surprisingly mature. With its Puritanical household, its revolting daughter, its idea of a platonic friendship broken up by misunderstanding, if not with its clever study of the explorer whose brutality of temper is hidden under the glamour of his feats, it dates, as a book of its time, the time of problems and thesis novels. But once its ingenuous treatment of sex is discounted, it is an excellent piece of craftsmanship. It is, however, much more of a human document, a much closer transcript from life than the Mr. Locke of this decade cares to affect; and the first really characteristic stories of his may be reckoned "Derelicts" and "Idols."

Here it is that chivalry and quixotry begin to play rôles in the motivisation of his characters which, as time goes on, will be made dominant rôles. The penitent gentleman-criminal of "Derelicts" carries self-abnegation to such lengths that after supporting for long his cousin's discarded wife whom he has learnt to love, he is ready to tear out his very heart-strings and give her back to the victim of bigamy without murmuring a word about his own feelings. The melodramatic heroine of "Idols" is such an altruist that she smirches her reputation to save her husband's innocent friend from the consequences of a murder-charge. From this point on you will find nearly every one of Mr. Locke's leading men a quixote, and the sacrifice of self a constant *motif*. Paragot goes into exile to take another man's sins on his shoulders. Marcus Ordeyne recklessly adopts a stray girl he meets in the street, and as chivalrously receives back his ward when she has eloped with a scamp and been deserted, nay, marries her, and would, had it lived, have fathered her child. The prevalence of such generosity of emotion and such obedience to sentiment Mr. Locke expects you to grant him as a postulate.

"Everything noble, beautiful, and splendid," declares one of his men, obviously echoing the author, "that has ever been written, sung, painted, or done since the world began has been born in sentiment, has been carried through by sentiment, has been remembered and reverenced by sentiment." And *à propos* of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," he has said himself, "Thank God, there are yet remaining some sentimentalists of fifty



Corner Hall, Hemel Hempstead.
Entrance porch of house.

who can read them with pleasure and profit." Sentiment, then, he may be said to have nailed to his mast, to have chosen as his motto, and if sentimentalists are the exception in the world Mr. Locke's novels must be regarded as dealing well nigh exclusively with such exceptions. Of course he is a believer in men's friendships. Again and again in his later work your interest is solicited for a modern David and Jonathan or Pylades and Orestes who confide in each other, share purses as well as thoughts, and make the most whole-hearted surrenders for each other on occasion. John Risca and Walter Herold in "Stella Maris" will serve as instances. If as his intimates all aver the novelist himself has a genius for friendship, it is not surprising that he has met what he has given or that he takes the liberty of shaping his world in his own image; nay more, he has a right to insist, as he does in the practice of his art, that man's devotion to man is a much commoner fact than the cynic or realist is disposed to allow. He claims the right, and it is amusing to observe, as in one of the passages quoted above, that he has his own sophistic foi silencing objectors.


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mrs. W. J. Locke.

His policy, at any rate, brings romance into tales of modern life, creates heroes out of otherwise ordinary flesh and blood, enables his folk to make the most of the offers of chance and the emotional potentialities of human nature. Think where his characters would be, where Marcus Ordeyne would be, without this sentimental responsiveness. Thanks to it we can go abroad with them with the delightful conviction that the strange or the thrilling, or the piquant is waiting for them, and for us, only just round the corner, and will not be let slip by. No worldly-wise scruples check Marcus when he stumbles across his Carlotta. Simon takes both his dwarf and his lion-tamer to his heart at once. Aristide—yes, no doubt events go more breathlessly and magically in France; but Mr. Locke has made even this old London of ours a place of magic. And his fancy is rendered the more captivating because always playing upon its vagaries, smiling at them, as it were, with indulgence or excuse, we see that ironical humour of his. Thus there are two Mr. Lockes busy in every story, the one indulging his zest in invention, the second shrugging his shoulders and jesting over the other fellow's escapades.

Popularity came to this author with the issue of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." So when pressed he himself admits. But indeed the facts are too much for him. For once the public showed a right instinct, for the book was a marked advance on all that had gone before and revealed the true Locke in his twin phases of scholar and magician. He had had to wait ten years to enter into his kingdom and now success was crowded on him. "Marcus" brought an American public to his feet and won him an entrée to the stage. "The Beloved Vagabond" proved that success was doing him no harm and justly extended his vogue. There was a risk that the theatre might claim all his time. He had always been extremely interested in the stage, I may remark, and a keen critic of acting. The lure therefore was great. But the novelist kept his head and stuck to his old love. Even his decision to break finally with architecture and concentrate on authorship was taken with plenty of deliberation. That secretarial position had been a good stand-by and had widened probably his acquaintance with art. (The Persic apparatus of the interiors of some of his later romances owe something we may suspect to the experience.) But the commissions of the magazines left him no alternative save freedom. Not that he lets serial writing mortgage his brains. He has always been wise in preventing his agents from binding him too tightly. His contracts, he tells me, leave him from fifteen to eighteen months for work, and if a man cannot turn out a novel in less time than that, he thinks, his case must be parlous. Well under the twelvemonth was the time he spent on his new and rollicking romance of France and the East and love's tangles which is now appearing serially as "The Wonderful Year." The book which cost him the least labour to compose—seven months in all—was "Jaffery." But that, he declares,


Corner Hall,
Mr. W. J. Locke's house at Hemel Hempstead, in Hertfordshire.



"The lady's hand tenderly patted the cardboard nose of her lover."

From "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," by W. J. Locke (John Lane).

was a joy to write, it almost wrote itself. No wonder, with its fine plot of the novel that was stolen and the agony the poor thief went through to live up to the reputation of which he had defrauded the dead.

But I am hurrying on too fast, for "Jaffery" was Mr. Locke's last published novel, and in between "Aristide Pujol" and that came two books which showed a very interesting development. Some of the author's harsher critics—they are not many—had told him that his novels were too much like fairy tales. His answer was characteristically courageous and piquant. Half of "Stella Maris" is pure fairy tale, a drama of sordid domesticity and violence serving as contrast and background. "The Fortunate Youth" goes one better, it is a story of a fairy prince and his progress in modern setting. "I have taken you at word," says Mr. Locke in effect, "I have done deliberately what you say I do unconsciously. Now, how do you like it?"

Well, it is just the fantastic side of "Stella Maris" which carried us all away. I am one of those heretics who think Stella's final choice between her two champions a caprice—Mr. Locke is always very wilful in arranging and re-arranging his heroine's love affairs; and I confess to preferring Stella bed-ridden and fed with legends to Stella cured and in her tantrums, notwithstanding the novelist's poetic treatment of her awakening to a knowledge of evil. That room overlooking the sea in which the girl, innocent as a baby, accepts homage from her little court of chivalry and diffuses an atmosphere of love is a little world of *féerie* in itself. But the later work is all fairy-story, full of youth's gay daring and optimism and adventurousness, as well as adorned by the old narrative felicity and play of wit and neatly-turned epigram—a golden book with sunshine on nearly every page. And looking at this tale and Pujol's adventures and the pilgrimage of Paragot, and remembering how easily he creates fantastic character—Barney Bill, Quixtus, Papadopoulos, Aristide himself—I see my way to defining Mr. Locke's quiddity. His forte is picaresque romance, his gift is that of the improvisateur. He has no need to resent the label, he has had distinguished predecessors.

There are a dozen and a half novels to Mr. Locke's name; he has written half-a-dozen plays if you count as two one that has been done in two forms, and has lately collected a volume of short stories. If we dismiss the adaptations, the pieces he has written definitely for the stage amount only to a couple, "The Palace of Puck" and "The Man from the Sea." Both were fanciful but in different manners. The former had too gossamer a structure, too wayward a scheme to conciliate the impatience of playhouse audiences; in the latter I can recall but one figure distinctly, but a very engaging figure, the sailor who brings a breath of fresh air into a stuffy *milieu*. Mr. Locke is very modest over his "Far Away Stories." He tells us he has two favourites, and without mentioning which they are, hopes they may excuse some of the companion tales. The apology is unnecessary for the general level is high. I believe I know one of the two he loves best, for he showed me once near Wallingford the old house in which its scene is laid. It is one of three "Studies in Blindness," and is a pretty fable turning on the moral that it is sometimes more blessed to be blind than to see. Of the rest, which include the popular "Christmas Mystery," it may be said that all are welcome improvisations, which take us away from this time of world-conflict and horror to happier, serener times.



Stella and the great Dane.

From poster of "Stella Maris," by W. J. Locke (John Lane).

Mr. Locke's war-services have been very thorough, if unobtrusive. He has given up time to act as head of the committee of the Society of Authors which concerns itself with the relief of literary men who have been impoverished as a consequence of the war. For eighteen months also he maintained, with his wife's sympathetic co-operation, a hospital for invalid soldiers at his Hertfordshire home. But now that organisation is more complete private hospitals are not the necessity they were in early days, and his has just recently therefore been closed. He himself has gone through the phases most writers have experienced during war-time: first, the incapacity to do anything but read of and think of the war, then the struggle to take up the old routine again, and finally the discovery that authorship can be a refuge from the obsession of war-thoughts. The novel on which he is occupied now will have the war for background. It is as absurd, says he, to try to keep this all-important thing out of one's fiction as it is to make it the prime matter of fiction. The war is at the back of all our minds, it must affect our attitude towards life; as the emotional background of a story, he thinks it can be legitimately used.



W. J. Locke
In Venice, 1914.

As I glance back at what I have written, it occurs to me that I have not attempted to relate Mr. Locke with his literary contemporaries and elders. It is not easy to "place" him among his English colleagues. I am far from sure that his models have ever been English. One book of his, "The Usurper," has always seemed to me in the Harland manner, but then Mr. Henry Harland was an American with a Parisian training. This has to be added that there are forms Mr. Locke has avoided the historical novel, the romance of the supernatural and that story of local manners Mr. Hardy has made classical. He may have some slight kinship with Sterne, and all Thackeray's successors owe something to Thackeray in the matter of conversational style. But I am convinced it is from the French school that Mr. Locke has learnt most, and if there is one Frenchman more to his mind than all others—and I do not forget Anatole France—it is surely Alphonse Daudet. The "sentiment" or sensibility of the two men can be compared; there is a strong family likeness between Pujol and Tartarin. But at the same time there are differences. Mr. Locke has never bitten into print satires of his times as have both Daudet and the author of "Penguin Island." He has far too kind a heart for satire. Indeed, he is the most genial novelist we have had since the partnership of Besant and Rice. The geniality he owes to no one. It is himself.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four lines of original verse on Holidays in Wartime.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The Prize for the best original lyric is divided, and Half a Guinea each is awarded to Eileen Newton, of White Haven, West Cliff, Whitby, Yorks, and Annie Lee, of 295, Waterloo Road, Manchester, for the following :

COQUETTE.

All that I said before was--lies !
Now you shall have the truth of it, stark and bare,
Now you shall see me with passion-purged eyes,
See, and perchance despise,
Why should I care ?

Lovers were playthings, there to enjoy,
You, like a dozen more, when the game began ;
Yet when I broke it, the beautiful toy,
Stripping the soul of the boy,
I found—the man !

As a white-hot flame your fury shone,
Bitter and biting and black were the words you said,
The while I laughed at you, on and on ;
But, when I knew you had gone,
I bowed my head.

Then, in a heart all tempest-torn,
Whipped awake by the searing scourge of your hate,
Stung into life by the stab of your scorn,
Quivering love was born . . .
Too late ! too late !

Eileen Newton.

JULY PERFUMES.

The ferns I tread distil for me
The essence of the earth ;
The lindens swing their thuribles
Of incensed bloom ;
The spikes of meadowsweet toss out
Their scent with sprightly mirth,
And elder's luscious fragrance fills
The wood's green gloom.

Between the blossom's revelling
And riot of the fruit,
The quiet year is sleeping, dressed
In Hope's fair green,
Her brightest robe is yet undonned,
Her choristers are mute ;
But sound and hue could tell not all
Her perfumes mean.

The Muse's pen has named the notes
That ripple from the lark,
And caught the curvéd fluting of
The blackbird's throat ;
But who can leash the hushéd sweets
That steal through summer dark,
When scents of rain-washed woodlands on
The night air float ?

And Art can grasp the pearly mists
On distant curving shore,
And hold the poppy's glory in
The sun-kissed corn ;
But who can snare the subtle scents
That, full of Earth's deep lore,
Express the inexpressible ?—
Oh ! not Earth-born !

Annie Lee.

We also select for printing :

IN TWO KEYS.

How strange to think
When echoes of your laughter linger still
Amid the silence of these empty rooms,
That you will never laugh in them again.

How strange to know
When, like an opening rose beneath the sun,
Your love laid bare your golden heart to me,
My love was powerless to keep you here.

How hard to face
The world that your bright presence filled for me
With sunshine, laughter, harmony and joy,
And feel no more your hand within my hand.

How far to go
Before I reach your side, and feel again
The clinging pressure of your lips on mine,
And rest my head once more upon your heart.

* * * * *

How sweet to think,
When silence echoes to your laughter rare,
And your dear presence haunts my empty rooms,
That you have come to laugh in them again.

How sweet to know
That you are always mine—so spirit-near
I need not even reach my hand to you
Before I feel your soul's kiss on my soul.

How fair a world
Because you loved it, breathed its air, and trod
Its happy earth ; you showed its heart to me
And taught me all its secrets—love the chief.

How short a time
Before I come to where you wait for me,
All eager youth and radiant deathless love—
And, one with you, pass into endless life !

(Grace Cracknall, 33, Cambridge Gardens, North Kensington, W.)

BALLAD OF MY LADY.

Oh ! you are fashioned daintily, my lady, my lady,
And every little part of you is lovely to behold,
Your wrists are fit for bangles and your neck for precious stones,
But your little slender fingers are too slim to carry gold.

Oh ! you are fashioned daintily, my lady, my lady,
But a crown is far too weighty for your graceful little head,
And heavy robes of purple silk and stiffened gold brocade
Would drag your fragile shoulders down as tho' they were of lead.

Oh ! you are fashioned daintily, my lady, my lady,
Too daintily to rule the land and bear the cares of State,
Methinks you will grow tired in a little span of years
And wish your old life back again, when wishing is too late.

(Madeleine C. Munday, University, Leeds.)

We also select for special commendation the fifty lyrics by Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), Miss Ritchie (Merstham), Christine Chandler (London, W.C.), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), Mona Douglas (Isle-of-Man), Josiah Turner (Walsall), Alex C. Welsh (Victoria, Australia), Halcyon (Wandsworth), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Vivien Ford (Bristol), J. Bernard McCarthy (Cork), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Private R. L. Niegroz (Egypt), Muriel I. Baker (Golders Green), Olive Turpin (Llangollen), Winifred Bourne Medway (Bristol), Violet Sykes (Harrogate), W. K. (Derby), Eva A. Spurway (Birmingham), Elsie Hunting (Farnworth), A. M. Richardson (Guisborough), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Percival Hale Coke (Weston-super-Mare), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), Marjorie Crosbie (Barnes), W. M. E. F. (Liphook), L. Withall (Peaslake), Hilda Fairfax-Brown (Braunton), Derezin (Paris), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), E. Wray (Antrim), Norman J. Bickle (St. Mary), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), A. Welch (Chiswick), E. M. Cubison (Stowmarket), Gunner T. A. King (Plymouth), D. P. Thomas (Clarence Gate), I. L. Watts (Streatham), S. S. Chipperfield (Hull), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Alberta Vickridge (Bradford), Ida Hearn (Croydon), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), William Clasper (Gateshead), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), E. R. L. (Durham), E. Stanley (Sheffield), E. Cobbold (Worthing).

II.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation is awarded to Miss E. R. Patton, of The Manse, Rathkenny, Co. Antrim, Ireland, for the following :

CONTENT WITH FLIES. By Mary and Jane Findlater.
(Smith, Elder.)
" Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long." Goldsmith.

We also select for printing :

STONE TREES. By John Freeman.
(Selwyn & Blount.)
" To one who to tradition clings
This seems an awkward state of things."
W. S. Gilbert, *My Dream.*

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

BILDAD THE QUILL-DRIVER. By William Caine.
(Lane.)
" . . . I have seen a Swan."
Shakespeare, *Henry VI., Part iii.*

(Charles Powell, 82, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.
(Simpkin, Marshall.)

"Much depends on dinner."
BYRON, *Don Juan, Canto VIII.*

(Miss J. Shaw, 65, King's Road, Harrogate.)

THE ROAD TO THE STARS. BY F. T. WAWN.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

"The Cow jumped over the moon."
Nursery Rhyme.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, c/o W. J. Stead, "Likoma," Roundhay, Leeds.)

THROWN OVER. BY CORONET. (John Long.)

"He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John."
T. HOOD, *Ben Battle.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best commemoration in three four-line stanzas of the British Naval Victory off Jutland is awarded to Evelyn Simms, of Junior House, Roedean School, Brighton, for the following:

THE BATTLE OF HORN REEF.

What of the fight, O rolling sea, what of the fight?
O never a better fight was fought in my great history;
For you met their Fleet with the half of yours, and battered them all that night,
And they fled away in the shielding dark—those that were left to flee!

What of the men, O mighty sea, what of the men?
Courage and strength incarnate, they—in body and mind and nerve;
For the glory of England's Fleet was left in the hands of her Fleet again,
And her men were true to the splendid Past, and the high ideal they serve.

What of the dead, O sheltering sea, what of the dead?
They gave, for the sake of that high ideal, all that they had to give.
Thus is the strength of an Empire won, and thus, when the Night has fled,
In the crowning strength of a world at peace their sacrifice will live.

EVELYN SIMMS.

Many other replies have been received but few that are not very inadequate. We specially commend the three poems by A. Percival Needler (Hull), Ida Hearn (Croydon), Percy B. Farrar (Kilmarnock).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to the Rev. W. J. May, of Wesley Manse, Benwell, Somerset, for the following:

DAVID BLAIZE. BY E. F. BENSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Everyone who is privileged to make the acquaintance of David Blaize will fall in love with him. He is one of the jolliest, finest characters English fiction has given us for many a day. David is a very human boy; yet has no trace of priggishness or weakness. But Mr. Benson has done much more than write a brilliant character study. David Blaize is a delineation of "what it feels like to be thirteen," and all who have to do with boys in their teens will feel that the reading of "David Blaize" is a fine equipment for their task.

We also select for printing:

ACTION FRONT. BY BOYD CABLE. (Smith, Elder.)

"During the night, only patrol and reconnoitring engagements of small consequence are reported." From such texts the author preaches to us War-as-it-is. He breathes life into the dry official lines until we see, with quick inward vision, just what happens in these "reconnoitring engagements," just how an enemy gun is "put out of action by our artillery." They are not sugary stories—this War is made of sterner stuff, but they show us very simply the everyday doings and endurings of our fighting men, and they show us the glorious spirit which alone makes these things possible.

(Cecily Fryer, Bury Hill, Woodbridge, Suffolk.)



From poster of "Far Away Stories," by W. J. Locke (John Lane).

THE RUSSIAN ARTS. BY ROSA NEWMARCH.
(Herbert Jenkins.)

Mrs. Newmarch has long been considered an authority on Russian music. In this volume she devotes her knowledge and energies to the capable but little-known group of Russian painters, revealing much of genuine interest to all who are interested in the Russian Revival. Her book is distinctly Slavophilic in tone, but is somewhat narrow in its conception of what constitutes Russian Art. Russian Art is not represented on canvases alone. It has completely permeated national life, and finds expression in ornamented ikons, in mosaic work, in architecture, and even in ordinary domestic utensils. The book breaks entirely new ground.

(W. Curran Reedy, Pangbourne House, 37, Earlham Grove, Forest Gate, Essex.)

AFTERMATH. BY MARY E. BOYLE.
(Cambridge: Heffer & Sons.)

This little collection of sonnets "to the memory of a very gallant young soldier, and a great mutual love" is truly a literary gem. The poems are perfect, and, as a sonnet-sequence, form one of the most touching in our language. To read them is to peruse every bereaved heart—as it passes from the lowest depths of despair to the brighter light of hope in a future re-union, and the peace of resignation. All those who have suffered loss will find comfort in this little volume, though it may be gained through the medium of sympathetic tears.

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

BOY OF MY HEART. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This one-volume soliloquy written at the moment of expectation from the Front of one who never came because he had "consummated" there "the supreme sacrifice," is pathetic without being mawkish, tender without being foolishly sentimental. The infinite longing of the mother-heart which desires the best for her boy is felt only too plainly, and the delightful little humorous touches with reference to "hot baths," *The Bystander*, and others, add a touch of reality which brings the matter home to the reader. The sincerity of the writer soon vanquished the scepticism with which, I confess, I began the story.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

We specially commend the twenty reviews by Alice Nike (Croydon), N. R. McIntosh (Gosport), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), Fanny Hardy (Forest Hill) Ivan Adair (Dublin), F. Webster (Walworth), Mrs. Charles Hill (Edinburgh), Freda Elwang (Kentucky), C. E. Thompson (Norwich), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), Irene F. Armstrong (Falkirk), M. A. Newman (Brighton), A. S. Falkner (Bath), Gladys A. Kaye (Harrogate), Guy Lord (Hull), J. J. Southall (Norwich), M. T. Horton (Amberley), Irene Harrison (London, S.W.), A. H. Baird (Pimlico), E. K. White (Barnes).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Miss H. Barrow, All Saints Rectory, Hastings.

KITCHENER'S MARCH.

Not the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men,
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again.

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, build your hero's cairn!
He was worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep,
There's a spirit cannot die
While one heart is left to leap.
In the land he gave his all,
Steel alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men!
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

A. J. B.

TENNYSON.*

By George Saintsbury.

A question—rather perhaps of the kind which is, or used to be, called in academic and scholastic circles an *aporia*—may present itself at the beginning to the reader of this book; and there is even a stronger probability that something like it will occur to him before or when he reaches the end. It is not only a posthumous book, but one which is, even on the most limited accounts of its author's plan, incomplete. Indeed, from the statement of its editor, Professor Wilbur Cross, "incomplete" is itself an incomplete word for its condition. Professor Lounsbury's method of composition seems (partly owing to physical hindrances with which some people can sympathise pretty vividly) a very elaborate one; and it appears never to have reached its final stage in regard to any part of the present work; while the first and last chapters at least have had to be pieced and patched, and eked considerably. Now the question is: "How far is publication in such a case justifiable"?

We say "in such a case" with very special reference to the character of the book itself. In definitely "original" work—poetry, fiction, the higher essay-writing, etc.—although justification is not to be asserted too absolutely, it is almost always present when the author is great enough, and the work not in mere chaos. Who would wish to be without the fragments of "Adonais," or (to take a sufficiently different example) of Ben Jonson's "Fall of Mortimer," or who would relinquish many an uncompleted novel, from "Marianne" to "Weir of Hermiston"? But in literature of knowledge merely, the case is altered. Things may have been changed in a way that the writer could not, or at any rate did not, know; and expressions may have been left which he would, in probability sometimes coming near certainty, have changed of himself. Of the former predicament there are several examples here, but one especially. It is now, and for some time has been, known that the famous article on Tennyson's early work in the *Quarterly* was Croker's. But Professor Lounsbury apparently did not know this when he wrote, and the consequence is that he not only has an entire chapter on "Lockhart's Review of Tennyson's Second Volume," but in the later part of the book, again and again, refers to the article as "Lockhart," describes the more favourable one on the 1842 poems as "a bitter pill for the editor to swallow," and so continually does injustice and helps to perpetuate error. Of the other type, unadvised expression, a less important instance may be given, less important because it is mere opinion and cannot actually mislead, but still not quite trivial. It is possible that the late Mr. Stopford Brooke may (in a phrase once used by another speaker of another person) have been "praised quite enough," both before and even since his death. But it was positively indecent for Professor Lounsbury during Mr. Stopford Brooke's life and old age to say, after quoting an unfavourable but extremely defensible opinion on the "Poems by Two Brothers," "In the production of foolish criticism no limitations are imposed by age." Yet a third instance of something that the author might—that a wise man certainly would—have cut out, is more amusing than offensive. In referring, without naming its author, to Mr. Lang's book on his *bête noire* Lockhart (whom by the way he is so unlucky as to call "fat-witted"), he speaks of it as "a defence by a brother Scotchman," and (after Johnson) proceeds to remind us that a Scotchman often loves Scotland better than truth and always than enquiry. It is unnecessary to discuss the general truth of the

* "The Life and Times of Tennyson from 1809 to 1859." By Thomas R. Lounsbury. (New Haven: Yale University Press. London: Humphrey Milford.)



Photo by Histed.

W. J. Locke.

proposition, though the present writer could do so with some knowledge and complete impartiality. But the application of it in the actual instance must certainly cause some readers to chuckle. It was not precisely as sacrificing truth or research to patriotic affection that his countrymen regarded Andrew Lang.

Although, however, these instances, and not a few others, bring rather forcibly before us the fact that disapproval of half-done work need by no means be confined to the two classes of the proverb, there is undoubtedly much in the book which was worth printing. A great deal in it, indeed, concerns much more the "times" than the life, or, to be correct, the work of Tennyson. We are not told on what scale Professor Lounsbury projected the treatise, except that he meant to take in at least the 'Idylls of the King"; and it seems very unlikely that, if he had got so far, he would have stopped there. Moreover, there is strong evidence that, as the work progressed, detailed criticism, of a more or less original kind, would have figured more largely in it. There is little of this on the earliest poems; and indeed we can spare it, for Professor Lounsbury, once in terms, and several times inferentially, proclaims his opinion that the volume of 1830 could not, at the most favourable estimate, have estated Tennyson as "more than a third-rate poet." He is more generous on that of 1832, and still more on those of ten years later; but it is not till "The Princess" that he gives much particular opinion of his own. "In Memoriam," the account of which is but a fragment, would clearly have had much more; "Maud" probably not less; and the "Idylls" might, on Professor Lounsbury's fashion of proceeding, have had a volume. In fact, "the red and raging eye of imagination," to quote a person to whom our author is astonishingly kind, foresees in the completed book a sort of parallel to the author's "Chaucer," a kind of "Tennyson Cyclopædia." As it is, one solid block of more than a hundred pages contains nothing directly concerning Tennyson at all, but an account of the chief poets and writers of just before his time, while his own scanty and hardly more than in one case important contributions to the "Annuals" serve as excuse for an extensive account of that curious and not quite ephemeral growth—nineteen parts weed, to a twentieth of wild-flower—in our literature.

Yet these excursus, and other chapters more closely connected but similar to them in subject, contain on the whole the most valuable part of the book. Professor Lounsbury does indeed seem to be under some delusion as to the necessity of proving that the criticism of the second quarter of the nineteenth century was "in a loomp" bad. There is absolutely no doubt about the fact that between the deaths of Lamb, Hazlitt and Coleridge, and the appearance of George Brimley and Matthew Arnold, the average critic was, for the most part, hopelessly incompetent: while those who were not so were either, like Carlyle and Macaulay, not primarily *literary* critics, or like others, from Wilson and De Quincey downwards, too often untrustworthy crotcheteers. But this fact has been more than once recorded. It has not, however, been supported by such minute examination and quotation as Professor Lounsbury's; and one owes him very sincere thanks for having taken the trouble to explore and "gazetteer," if only in reference to one author, this now distant province of the realm of Dulness. If his raid tempts some brazen-bowelled junior to complete the exploration in reference to Carlyle himself, and Browning and Ruskin and others, why so much the better. But here at least is a solid piece of research in the gruesome void—a *vacuum*, that is to say, of taste and sense and wit, but a *plenum* of ignorance, prejudice, blindness, deafness and the like.

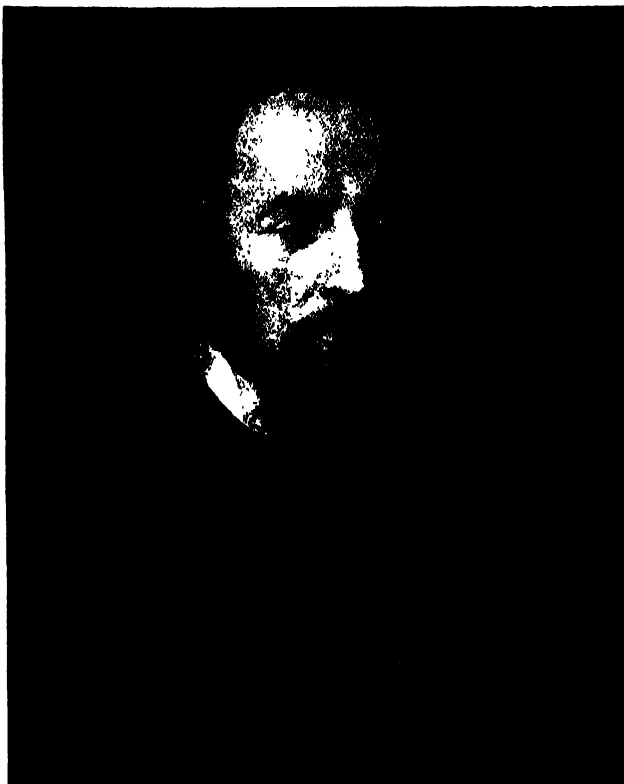
The more original parts of the book are, perhaps rather unfortunately, ushered by a somewhat extravagant encomium of the editor's. "Remarkable qualities as a literary historian" may certainly be assigned to Professor Lounsbury; and he sometimes (especially in parts of an examination of "The Blot i' the 'Scutcheon," which we remember) showed real critical insight. But if "nothing ever displayed better [than this volume] his brilliant wit and humour, and that mastery of style which places him among the foremost prose writers of modern times," one is afraid that some may question the applicability and value of the praise. Professor Lounsbury was not a dull man, and he wrote a good, plain, forcible style. But the nearest approach that we have discovered to "wit and humour" is the phrase "the particular tale of fiction which does duty for the life of St. Agnes"—a jibe at hagiology, which can hardly seem very "brilliant," even to those who do not take the *Acta Sanctorum* for gospel. As for "style," a "sale which might be justly called phenomenal" would surely have been more satisfactory to the author, as well as to the critic, if it could have been justly called "real." But "save me from my editors" is a cry which has too often been justified, and which should ever ring in the ears of the virtuous editor himself—even more when he praises than at any other time.

Adopting less dangerous standards, one has no difficulty in endorsing what has been already said, that the book is welcome. Its additions to the knowledge of all but one or two special students must be very large; in fact, it is doubtful whether some of the American criticisms which Professor Lounsbury gives could be found at all in any English library. The points of view are often interesting, as for instance that from which Professor Lounsbury practically starts, and to which he returns again and again—the view that Tennyson's extreme reluctance to let anybody know anything about him was a grave fault, and that it prejudicially affected not merely the satisfaction of other people's curiosity, but even his own life and work. This dislike, so common among English gentlemen, he seems to regard as almost wholly due to a morbid fear of criticism, and he traces in turn to this fear the famous and memorable "Decade of Silence," going on to regret, in a fashion not a little surprising, that silence itself.

One had certainly thought that if there was one point on which the usually discordant and "battailous" voices of criticism were subdued to a cordial agreement, it was this: that the decade of silence was of enormous advantage to Tennyson and to his readers. Professor Lounsbury, on the other hand, thinks this silence a great misfortune; and still more oddly seems to imagine that it somehow lost us a quantity, and prob-

ably a large quantity, of additional work of the best "vintage of '42." He puts it down, as was said, to that unreasonable sensitiveness which also, according to him, occasioned Tennyson's reticence as to personality; and going still further in this eccentric direction, he will not allow to the actual critics of the early years and the interval even the modified credit of having unintentionally contributed to the improvement of the corrected work.

Now all this, we must confess, seems to us one huge and complicated blunder. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating; if the fig-tree is justified of its fruits; what can you ask of a single decade in a poet's life better than the correction of the earlier work and the addition of the later to be found in the volumes published at its close? And what reasonable reason is there for asking more and for assuming that more (besides what we actually know to have been printed much later) could have been given? Survey the work of the next decade, and rather more to "Maud," of the next again, or rather less, to "Enoch Arden"; consider the rate of production of the poets of Tennyson's general class; and only obstinate prejudice can, after such consideration, maintain the view that, in some singular fashion, an abortion of more things like "Ulysses" and the "Morte D'Arthur" took place in the very time when these things were born. No doubt there are vegetables which the oftener you crop them, the better they bear; but we never heard that poets were thus gifted.



Tennyson, 1859.

From the painting by G. F. Watts.

The case may not be quite so clear at first sight in regard to the influence of the early unfavourable criticism, inept as it was in itself for the most part; but the result of dispassionate consideration will not, we think, be very different. Professor Lounsbury here tries the "enumerating" method. Tennyson did not alter all the poems, or all the passages that had been found fault with; therefore he paid the fault-finding no attention. The very process sometimes leads to awkward results, as when we find that, while J. S. Mill had censured seventeen pieces in his generally favourable review, six continued to be retained. One cannot help suggesting that in that case eleven had been discarded, and that eleven, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, is nearly double six. But it is the weakness, not of this or that detail, but of the whole argument, which should be dwelt on. Once more, can any reasonable and unprejudiced creature deny that the early critics, blind as they generally were to beauties, did hit some, nay a great many, faults, and that these were, on the whole, the very faults that Tennyson corrected? Professor Lounsbury seems to have been blinded to the fact by a curious craze of his about Tennyson's "affectation." He will have none of it, and abounds in abuse for every critic who uses the word. Now the present reviewer will "keep the bridge" for Tennyson's merits as a poet against any Astur of them all; but he will not defend untenable bridgeheads. That Tennyson in his first work *was* undoubtedly affected, and that though he cured himself of the worst forms of affectation, there always remained at least some mannerism, no real critic will deny. The reduction of the positive fault to a simple, a not omnipresent and a by no means always disagreeable failing, dates from 1842; and that the earlier attacks served as what used to be called a "corsive" to treat the disease seems undeniable by any one who is not merely maintaining a thesis.

Even these weak places, however, might have been removed, softened, or in other ways made good if Professor Lounsbury had lived to complete, revise, and issue his own work. Still more might he have cut out such hasty sayings as that when Byron is called "rhetorical" it means that he is "not profoundly reflective," a meaning which probably no other soul, dead or alive, has ever attached to the charge. And so the doubt expressed at the beginning of this review must be repeated at the end of it. But it may be also repeated that there is value and interest in the book, and that its merits may compensate its defects in the estimate of any fairly lenient critic.

New Books.

GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA AND GENERAL BOTHA.*

At the beginning of the war Germany had not many Colonial possessions. She has less now; in fact the only one that has not yet been wrested from her is German East Africa, with an area of 384,079 square miles and a population of over seven-and-a-half millions. German South-West Africa is almost as extensive, its area being 322,348 square miles, but with a much smaller population, one hundred and twenty thousand. Here the Kaiser was the owner of two farms and of a diamond mine.

When war was declared by England against Germany the Government of the Union of South Africa almost immediately suggested to the Home Government that the Imperial troops might be withdrawn and that it would itself "gladly employ the Defence Force of the Union for the performance of the duties entrusted to the Imperial troops in South Africa." This generous offer was gratefully accepted and the Union was then urged "to seize such part of German South Africa as will give . . . the command of Swakopmund and Lüderitzbucht, and the wireless stations there or in the interior." This it was declared would be "a great and urgent Imperial service." It was added that "any territory must be at the disposal of the Imperial Government for the purpose of an ultimate settlement at the conclusion of the war." The reply was that the ministers "cordially agree to co-operate with the Imperial Government and to assist in sending an expedition for the purpose indicated, the naval part to be undertaken by the Imperial authorities and the military operations to be undertaken by the Union Government." The telegram was signed by the Prime Minister, General Louis Botha.

Such an attitude on the part of the Union must have been most gratifying to the Government that had itself with no little opposition granted self-government to the lately-conquered republics of the Transvaal and Orange Free State. That the Dutch should have identified themselves with the Imperial cause must have been inexplicable to the Germans. "One of them, an officer, observed to a Dutch officer that 'it was strange you Boers should be helping the British who fought against you.' 'Yes,' replied the Burgher, 'it is strange how things turn. I have a relative of German descent who had in his sitting-room a picture of your Field-Marshal Blucher shaking hands with the Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo. And now to think of the *Lusitania*!' The German had nothing further to say."

As originally planned there were to be four columns known as "A," "B," "C," and "D." "A" Force, under Brigadier-General Lukin, was to land at Port Nolloth and proceed to Steinkopf, where its base was to be, and attack by way of Raman's drift on the Orange River, the southern boundary of the German territory. "B" Force, under Lieut.-Colonel Maritz, in command, at the outbreak of hostilities, of a training camp at Upington, British Bechuanaland, was also to force the Orange River line at Schuit Drift acting in conjunction with the before-named General. "C" Force, under Colonel Beves, was to land at Lüderitzbucht, and "D" Force, whose commander was Sir Duncan Mackenzie, was to proceed to Walvis Bay and Swakopmund. Forces "A" and "C" took up their positions as ordered, but "B" Force did not come into being on account of the treachery of Maritz. The column under General Mackenzie instead of going to Walvis Bay was landed at Lüderitzbucht and another column took its place. Operations began on September 19th, 1914, with the landing at Lüderitzbucht, and by the first week in May, 1915, the southern part of the country had been conquered. In February General Botha took over command of the Northern Force, and the campaign was over in July. When the nature of the country and the tremendous difficulties overcome are taken into consideration, the successful issue of the Expedition is an outstanding testimony to the skill, energy and loyal co-operation of all concerned in the undertaking.

Messrs. Rayner and O'Shaughnessy, Reuter's war correspondents, have given us a very good general account of the whole campaign. Mr. Robinson's book is more ambitious from a literary point of view. He was a soldier in the force which had its base at Lüderitzbucht, and his account deals chiefly with the incidents of the campaign relating to that town and its immediate neighbourhood. The writer appears to have a keen sense of humour, and is a good descriptive writer, but here and there are to be found grave lapses from literary grace. He is, one would judge, a young man; time and experience in writing should correct some of his transgressions, and in spite of these he is to be congratulated on having produced a very readable and most amusing book.

In his Leslie Stephen Lecture on "Principles of Biography" delivered in the Senate House, Cambridge, on May 13th, 1911, Sir Sidney Lee laid down the principle that no man is fit subject for biography till he is dead, a principle which is too frequently ignored. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Mr. Harold Spender has done wisely in writing his very welcome sketch of General Botha's career. It will be read with interest by all who take it up and with no little feeling of satisfaction by those who by their votes helped the Liberal party to give responsible government to the people whom, not so very long ago, we were doing our best to kill and who were trying to kill us. It may be safely said that of the Dutch Afrikanders no better upholder of the South African Union could have been chosen than General Botha. He has again and again approved himself as great a statesman as in the field he was a consummate soldier. It is mightily disconcerting to conjecture what might have been the consequence if some other Dutchman had been at the head of affairs at the outbreak of the European War. The Empire is greatly to be congratulated that this wise, honourable, far-seeing and noble man was at that juncture the ruler of the destinies of South Africa. Although a devoted servant of his country he is also, perhaps, no less on that account, a loyal son of the Empire.

In 1899 when war or peace was under discussion he was strongly opposed to the Republic's pitting its strength against the might of England, but was overruled. But on the issue of war no one strove more zealously, persistently or gallantly than he. His greatest achievement was at Colenso when with his 5,000 men he set at naught Buller's 18,000 of the best troops in the world. Colonel Long, that gallant and intrepid artillery officer, whose action on that never-to-be-forgotten day was much criticised, was unknowingly the saviour of the army, for but for his impetuous action in advancing his batteries ahead of the infantry it is quite possible that our crossing of the Tugela would have been unopposed, as was Botha's intention that it should be, and then would have followed for us the inevitable end, for we should—the most of us at any rate—have been simply wiped out. A chance shot from our batteries unnerved some of the Boers and they replied, and this action set the others going and our advance was stopped. Consideration of space prevents a detailed account of this delightful book, but it may be said for the information of our readers that here is a work that will be read from cover to cover with absorbing interest, and one which will leave them full of admiration for a fascinating personality and gratitude to the author. The style is excellent and the slips, of which there are one or two here and there, will not be noticed except perhaps by the close student of the

* "How Botha and Smuts Conquered German South-West Africa." By W. S. Rayner and W. W. O'Shaughnessy. 2s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—"With Botha's Army." By J. P. Kay Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"General Botha." By Harold Spender. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

South African War or by those whose pride it is to have been present.

It may, perhaps, be helpful to the author to point out that Botha took no part in the battle of Elandslaagte which was fought the day after that of Talana Hill at which he was present as a private soldier or burgher, and that there was really no battle at Dundee other than of Talana. Further, the battle fought outside Ladysmith on October 30th was not that of Rietfontein. The latter engagement took place on October 24th and was fought to protect the wing of the column which on that day was almost at the end of its famous march from Dundee to Ladysmith—a most trying ordeal which will for ever linger in the memories of those who took part in it.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

BERNARD SHAW AT PLAY.*

Of the three plays in Mr. Bernard Shaw's new volume, "Pygmalion," which is third, really comes in first; the other two are merely among the "also ran." As plays they are what Wordsworth's "Goody Blake" is as poetry and unworthy of their author's genius. "Overruled" is sheer farce, and not even a solemn preface which describes it as a "clinical study" of how polygamy occurs "among quite ordinary people" can make anything else of it. Neither ordinary nor extraordinary persons behave or talk to each other as do Mr. and Mrs. Lunn and Mr. and Mrs. Juno. Characters and dialogue are purely farcical, and as a farce it is an amusing trifle, the humour of which is sometimes badly overstrained; if you follow the directions of the preface and regard it as a study of actual life it is a complete failure because it is completely lacking in verisimilitude.

"Androcles and the Lion," which takes pride of place in the book, is a blend of farce and pantomime, and even as that it is not good. The fun of it seldom rises above facetiousness, and often degenerates into the crudest schoolboy sniggering. What else can you make of Androcles' absurdly exaggerated love of animals, of his rallying from his terror and saying to the lion, "Did um get an awful thorn into um's tootsums-wootsums?" of his waltzing with the lion, of the whole scene in which the Christians are on the way to martyrdom, when, being ordered forward for the lions' dinner, Lavinia calls to the others, "Come along, the rest of the dinner. I shall be the olives and anchovies," and the other Christians, laughing, say, "I shall be the soup," "I shall be the fish," and so on. One needs to be very youthful to see any humour in such cheap jests as that. Yet you have Mr. Shaw writing a preface of over a hundred pages and a footnote of seven more to palm this stuff off as a significant presentation of "one of the Roman persecutions of the early Christians." Frankly, the play is clotted nonsense. There is nothing real about it—not even the humour. Apart from the play, the preface is a brilliant piece of work: it has lapses of taste, but there are profoundly true and suggestive things in it that the most orthodox Christian would be the better for reading.

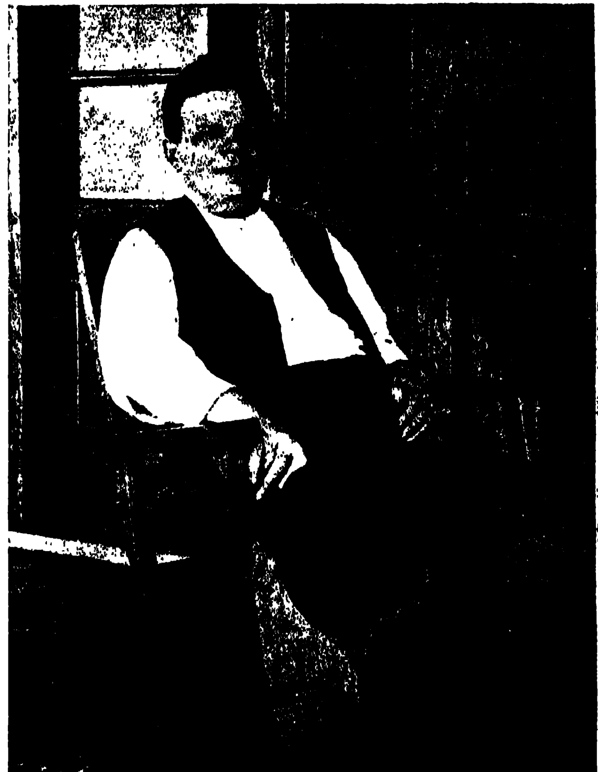
This preface and "Pygmalion" are the salvation of the volume. "Pygmalion" is comedy of the finest and most sparkling Shavian brand. It is interesting to compare the interview between Higgins, Pickering, and Mr. Doolittle in Act 2 with the interview between Mortimer Lightwood, Eugene Wrayburn, and Rogue Riderhood in "Our Mutual Friend." Throughout that scene, in his manner of thought and speech, Doolittle is a reincarnation of Riderhood, even to using some of Riderhood's pet phrases. But that is of no moment; what does matter is that the whole play and all its characters are vigorously alive; story and dialogue breathe the true spirit of comedy, the inevitable problem is such as comedy can carry lightly, and it is nowhere portentously insisted on. You can forget that any problem is involved and read "Pygmalion" for the wit and humour of its dialogue, its shrewd, satirical study of character and the delightful fantasy of its story, and this is as it should be. The obvious parson in a play is as tiresome as a clown in the pulpit. Here, in "Pygmalion," Mr. Shaw shows himself again a master of comedy, a lord of laughter; in "Androcles" and "Overruled" he is only trying to be funny in print after the fashion of the lion *comique* who paints his nose and wears a battered hat before the footlights. Probably he was himself conscious of this, and that is why he has bolstered up the other two with long and pretentious prefaces, but was not afraid to send "Pygmalion" forth with one of the shortest prefaces he has ever written.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "Androcles and the Lion"; "Overruled"; "Pygmalion." By Bernard Shaw. 6s. (Constable.)

BRAIN AND WINGS.*

The whimsical modesty that dictates the title of Mr. Mason's book is the quality that makes him print his rhymes as prose. He is like Mark Antony—a plain, blunt man, who "only speaks right on." He takes the facts



Walt Mason.

and lessons of every-day life and puts them to the reader in a style of verse that has had no superior in the art of simplicity since Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," or Watts's hymns. Where, then, lies their freshness and their charm? It cannot be in the deft use of Americanisms alone, though here Mr. Mason compares with the best masters in this line—Lowell and Bret Harte and Mark Twain. It lies much deeper than the axiomatic faculty or the clever use of slang. "Slang," as a matter of fact, is being recognised as it never was before, and we are having to revise our definitions. But those who study Western dialect have long perceived that the best of it is not the element of Hibernianism as Mr. Dooley uses it, or Teutonism as we find it in Breitmann, but a transmutation, sometimes merely a transfer, of old English terms which, to our discredit, we have let go out of use. But Mr. Mason is not content to go about the surface, picking up tarnished jewels of discarded folk-speech, and polishing them up again. He goes much deeper; he quarries for himself in

* "Horse Sense." By Walt Mason. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

the homely wisdom that underlies it all, and this is the secret of his shrewd mother-wit. The fact that he has perfected himself in the rudimental metres that he uses is a minor matter; the main thing is that he sticks to his broad and convincing message, and hammers home the elemental virtues, prudence, contentment, honesty, duty, and the rest of it. Where he excels especially is in clothing the gaunt didactic purpose with a fancy that reminds us of Æsop, and a subtle humour worthy of "Uncle Remus." No wonder his "pomes" are syndicated and used by more than two hundred American papers; no wonder his peculiar gifts have been proclaimed not only by compatriots like Howells and Roosevelt, but also by Mr. Masefield and Sir Conan Doyle. Here, though it seems like taking two bites at a cherry, is the beginning and the end of one of his pieces, one likely to appeal to readers everywhere:

"In the spring the joyous husband hangs the carpet on the line, and assaults it with a horsewhip till its colours fairly shine; and the dust that rises from it fills the alley and the court, and he murmurs 'twixt his sneezes: 'This is surely splendid sport!' . . .

"In the spring the model husband carries furniture outdoors, and he gaily helps the women when they want to paint the floors; and he blithely eats his supper sitting on the cellar stairs, for he knows his wife has varnished all the tables and the chairs. . . .

"In the spring this sort of husband may be found—there's one in Spain, there is one in South Dakota and another one in Maine."

In the States Mr. Mason has published half-a-dozen volumes of these inimitable things, and we hope it will be possible to give us more of them over here, and especially a selection of the ringing war verses in which he has kept the Allied cause alive in parts of the States where indifference or worse would otherwise have reigned. Until then let us heartily commend this handy and refreshing little book. To carry it in the pocket and take it in frequent doses is to possess a sovereign tonic for heart and brain. What's more, it is the very thing for our best friend, Thomas, in the trenches.

J. P. C.

SIR HENRY LUCY'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

No other journalist of our day, not even the late Mr. G. W. Smalley, has seen so much of the inside of politics and society as Sir Henry Lucy; and for the task of writing reminiscences none has a more delightful pen. This is the third volume. Sir Henry says it is "positively the last." For his positiveness we are sorry.

He writes here of Ireland and Home Rule; of trips at sea; of men and manners in the Lords and Commons; of Mr. Punch's young men (whatever their ages they are ever youthful), from Thackeray and Charles Keene to Du Maurier and Sambourne; of captains in the Boer War; of great theatrical hosts like Irving; of poets like Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne; of painters like Holl and Leighton and Millais. There is no repetition in the volume. Everything is fresh, intimate, and sparkling; and as for anecdotes, they are as plentiful and racy as ever.

There is one of Lord Kitchener which seems entirely characteristic. Among Irving's guests at the Beefsteak Club one night was Neufeld, who had spent twelve years in captivity at Khartoum, and was released by Kitchener in 1898.

"I asked him what were the first English words he heard spoken in his captivity. 'It was,' he said, 'the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, who, coming in to see me after the battle of Omdurman, said, 'Well, are you all right?' '"

It is as good as Stanley's historic greeting: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Sir Henry Lucy met Blowitz, when in 1892 that potent journalist was for a week the social lion of London.

"He has learned English lately and talks it with fluency, if not always with precision. There is a charming story told of his greeting to his host and hostess when he visited Bearwood on his arrival in England.

"'And are you well off, Mr. Walter?' he asked, anxious for the state of his host's health. 'Ah, and there is Madame. She is well off too, I can see.'"

But nothing is better than Sir Henry's story of his total discomfiture by Mr. Lloyd George. The catch-word of the day was the Chancellor's formula, "You give me fourpence and I return you ninepence." Mr. George was Sir Henry's guest at luncheon, and the host saw the chance of a deal. Taking fourpence from his pocket, he passed the coppers across the table with the remark: "Now, my dear Chancellor, there's my fourpence. Hand over your ninepence." Mr. George quietly pocketed the coppers, and tried to turn the conversation. "That," said Lord Londonderry, "is an excellent and accurate illustration of the working of the Chancellor's scheme of National Insurance." The stream of benefactions, replied the Chancellor, with a twinkling eye, would not begin to flow till some months later. Sir Henry said he would call in due time on Mr. Lloyd George and demand his ninepence.

"'Very well,' said the implacable Chancellor, 'but you'll have to be brought to the door in an ambulance with a medical certificate . . . the sole intention of the scheme is to benefit men and women broken down in health.'

"The end of the story is that Lloyd George still holds my fourpence, and I never got his ninepence."

But Sir Henry has dispensed with the ambulance and the medical certificate.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

* "Nearing Jordan: Being the Third and Last Volume of Sixty Years in the Wilderness." By Sir Henry Lucy. With Frontispiece by E. T. Reed. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

CHILD LOVERS AND OTHER POEMS.*

These poems are chiefly songs of joy tasted, missed, or desired. I think Mr. Davies enjoys the owl though he is thinking about the moon and a skeleton lover. He enjoys the woman "big with laughter," though he does cry

"Oh God, that I were far from here,
Or lying fast asleep!"

He enjoys the robin's song as he would those tunes to which he compares it:

"Those sad tunes
In homes where grief's not known."

In fact, his sad tunes are of the same kind: or is it that they are not for the fashion of these times and are so clear and simple in their sadness that they may be mistaken for their opposites? It is the same with his anger at the Zeppelin. The thing is out of place:

"An ugly, boneless thing, all back and belly,
Among the peaceful stars—that should have been
A mile deep in the sea, and never seen:
A big, fat, lazy slug that, even then,
Killed women, children, and defenceless men."

It is as a spoiler of joy that he hates it, so different from the stars "that never did the earth a moment's harm." The only other reference to war is a verse of "Child-Lovers":

"Then in a while to a green park they came,
A captain owned it, and they knew his name;
And what think you those happy children saw?
The big, black horse that once was in a war."

He strikes no doubtful, difficult, or mixed notes. Thus he sometimes appears to be Jacobean or thereabouts. But he can be just as plain without a touch of archaism, as in "The Power of Silence":

"And will she never hold her tongue,
About that feather in her hat;
Her scarf, when she has done with that,
And then the bangle on her wrist;
And is my silence meant to make
Her talk the more—the more she's kissed?

At last, with silence matching mine
She feels the passion deep and strong,
That fears to trust a timid tongue.
Say, Love—that draws us close together—
Isn't she the very life of Death?
No more of bangle, scarf or feather."

* "Child Lovers and Other Poems." By William H. Davies. 1s. net. (Fifield.)

So, too, in "The Two Children":

"'Ah, little boy! I see
You have a wooden spade.
Into this sand you dig
So deep—for what?' I said.
'There's more rich gold,' said he
'Down under where I stand,
Than twenty elephants
Could move across the land'

'Ah, little girl with wool!
What are you making now?'
'Some stockings for a bird,
To keep his legs from snow.'
And there those children are,
So happy, small, and proud:
The boy that digs his grave,
The girl that knits her shroud."

Here, I think, perhaps the last two lines are a shade too explicit. If only he could have forced us to think that the boy was digging his grave, without saying so!

Three of his better pieces are a complaint that he has "nothing in his mind to say" though it is May; a request that wonder should come to him:

"Sweet Wonder, by whose power
We more or less enjoy our years";

and this ambition:

"Thinking of my caged birds indoors,
My books, whose music serves my will;
Which, when I bid them sing, will sing,
And when I sing myself are still;

And that my scent is drops of ink,
Which, were my song as great as I,
Would sweeten man till he was dust,
And make the world one Araby;

Thinking how my hot passions make
Strong floods of shallows that run cold—
Oh, how I burn to make my dreams
Lighten and thunder, through the world!"

If his ambition is to be satisfied it is because we feel so often what he says in "April's Charms" that he can taste joy:

"When I go forth on such a pleasant day,
One breath outdoors takes all my cares away;
It goes like heavy smoke, when flames take hold
Of wood that's green, and fill a grate with gold."

He fills this grate with gold.

Edward Thomas.

THE BESSBOROUGH LETTERS.*

The chief lesson of history seems to be that nobody ever learns any. In one sense everything that happens is unprecedented, and therefore incalculable; in another sense, everything that happens has happened before, and stands as an example for our reproof or consolation. Some such reflections as these (*quantum valeant*) will occur to every one who, during the great war of 1914–19*xy* reads the present collection of letters touching the great war of 1793–1815. Nothing seems to have changed. The spectators of that great drama learnt nothing from the past or from the eloquent events happening before their eyes; and we, like them, remain obstinately uninstructed by what was present to them and what is present to us. A few quotations may show this; but first let us introduce the persons of the comedy.

Lord Granville Leveson Gower (1773–1846), afterwards Earl Granville, is perhaps most remarkable as the person whom the assassin of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister, did not kill. Bellingham, a Liverpool merchant, believing that Granville's Russian policy had ruined his business, went to the House of Commons seeking revenge. Encountering Mr. Perceval in the Lobby, Bellingham instantly shot him, either mistaking him for Granville or else believing (like some modern enthusiasts) that a Prime Minister in war time is a proper target for any missiles. But perhaps we are unjust to Bellingham.

Granville was related to half the Peerage; Henrietta Spencer (1761–1821), Countess of Bessborough, was related to the other half; and it is their correspondence that gives the present work its chief interest. There are some very dear, earnest and affectionate letters from Granville's mother, and there are a few others from Pitt, Fox and Canning; but these might all have been omitted with advantage, for the volumes are very long and very large. If they had been limited to the correspondence between Granville and the Countess, and had been called conveniently and briefly "The Bessborough Letters," I think all concerned would have had more reason to rejoice.

Lady Bessborough is a real discovery. A woman of remarkable character, intellect and charm, she attracted a large circle of admirers. Sheridan lost his head about her, and in the extremity of his infatuation descended to peculiarly odious misconduct, and died with a threat that he would pursue her from beyond the grave. The handsome and fickle Granville, who met her at Naples when he was twenty and she was thirty-two, became deeply attached to her and they remained passionate friends till her death at the age of sixty. We can piece out her character and gifts from these sibylline leaves of correspondence; but we ought to meet her in some high and gallant comedy by Meredith, who alone could do full justice to her own charm and radiance, and to her brilliant circle of admiring nobles, statesmen, ambassadors and generals. He, too, would have dealt movingly with one tragedy of her life, the mad infatuation of her married daughter, Lady Caroline Lamb, for Lord Byron.

Fortunately for the interest of the reader, Lady Bessborough was the contradiction of Lord Granville in opinions. He was always the aristocrat insistent on privilege and prerogative. Writing to his mother in 1792, he is all for the loftiest measures against the French Revolutionists. "The authority of the King must be perfectly re-established, and any liberty the people may afterwards possess should be considered as coming from his indulgence." It is hard to think that any sane person could ever have held seriously such an opinion in such times. The combination of Austria and Prussia against the French constitution, and the insolent, atrocious and very German Declaration of the Duke of Brunswick that he would kill without quarter any prisoners wearing the uniform of the National Guard, were hailed as master-strokes of right



The Children of Earl Gower.
From the mezzotint after George Romney.
From "Lord Granville Leveson Gower: Private Correspondence, 1781–1821." (John Murray.)

* "Lord Granville Leveson Gower: Private Correspondence, 1781–1821." Edited by his Daughter-in-Law, Castalia Countess Granville. 2 vols. 32s. net. (Murray.)

and dignity; but the desperate reply of the infant Republic—the resistance at Longwy and Verdun and the triumph at Valmy—suggested a doubt in the Granvillian mind that the Brunswick manifesto was perhaps impolitic. And with the example of France before their eyes, Granville and his mother agree that any concession of civil liberty made to the people of England would be a crime and a disaster! So to this very day we go on believing that the only remedy for evils produced by repression is still more repression.

Lady Bessborough dared to hold more liberal opinions. She made fun of Granville's blue-blooded haughtiness:

"You cannot bear Lord Granville Leveson Gower being treated exactly the same as Captain Thomson or Johnson, who have only long services, and perhaps the loss of health and limbs to plead for notice."

And writing later, when he had seen something of France, she says:

"I am glad you have found out that republican hands can cultivate the Land, and that a state may flourish even without a despotic Monarchy to govern it."

Even more apposite to affairs of to-day are her views on the Irish rebellion of 1798:

"As an Englishwoman and as an interested person I must rejoice at Ireland's being subdued; but had I been an Irishwoman and proud of my Country, I should possibly have thought a struggle for independence more glorious than submission, as I should do were I a Swiss. . . . As long as we treated and spoke of Ireland as a conquered Country, we left them the right of treating us like conquerors—that is, watching every opportunity of throwing off the yoke."

Another letter of Lady Bessborough's touches very acutely on difficulties that we thought peculiar to these times:

"What frightens me is that both Governments here and abroad seem to set themselves against receiving unpleasant intelligence and only to give credit to what they like, which is helping to deceive themselves. They do not, either, I think, prepare enough for the disadvantage of fighting under various Leaders of different Countries, with often jarring interests to adjust, against one Leader who has the peculiar talent of knowing human Nature and how to animate his Soldiers, and has no one to consult but himself, and with supreme power to put his plans into execution."

One more quotation:

"War has relapsed into all the savageness of old times without the bright honour and brilliant courage that used to make one overlook its cruelty."

The date of that is 1805!

Specially interesting are the letters from Paris after the Peace of Amiens describing the conversation of Napoleon's generals and their reminiscences of the Revolution. But the volumes do not deal wholly with war. You may read of an English duke who, apparently, had not washed his face for two months, and of an English Prime Minister who was heard by a member (momentarily disturbed in his sleep) to utter a sentence beginning "For as this is that which was said to——" The member turned over to sleep out the rest. Canning will give the anxious reader a full recipe for preparing a maiden speech, and the "Infant Roscius" will enact his short-lived triumphs all over again. By the way, it is interesting to recall that the fullest activity prevailed at the theatres in the year when the invasion of England was hourly expected.

The reader will have gathered that these volumes have an unusual interest for their own sake and a double interest for their unconscious commentary on the present times. They are, in fact, the most important and attractive collection of documents issued for many years, and they reveal, in Lady Bessborough, a new and fascinating character. The notes need some reconsideration. There is a great deal of unnecessary repetition and some rather questionable omissions. Has Monk Lewis so entirely lost his historical interest that a note on the once popular "Castle Spectre" is denied us? A note should certainly be added to the passage where Granville says, in 1797: "There is a new weekly paper coming out which I think My Father would like to take in. The Prospectus of it is very well done. Perhaps one has been sent to My Father. I am sure he would approve of its professions and its objects." The reference is plainly to the *Anti-Jacobin*, the issue of which began in November, 1797. And surely such forms as "Kutusow" and "Suwarrow" ought not to appear in modern notes, however tolerable they may be in ancient texts. But these are trifles. They do not really injure a work of unusual interest and permanent value—issued, appropriately, by the historic house of Murray.

George Sampson.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.*

It seems to me that none of these four books is really in the first class. They are all alike mediocre. And yet, you know, one might say that it is rather a splendid mediocrity, after all. Indeed, I doubt if at any time in the history of the novel there has been such a high level of general excellence, general mastery of technique, and good craftsmanship.

This first book on my list, "Fondie," may be taken as a typical example of the sort of well-conceived and well-written novel I mean: the sort that floods the libraries and bookshops, and is read and enjoyed and then discarded and forgotten—to be picked up again, perhaps, a year or two hence, and re-read and enjoyed again. Mr. Edward Booth is an accredited favourite who has already won a widespread popularity in his three former books, and deservedly. He has a fine sense of character and a fine sense of humour: two attributes lacking which no writer of a novel of manners can hope to attain success. He has, moreover, a piquant, ambling style, which is diffuse without being obscure, and somehow suggests the leisurely progress of a broad, placid stream meandering through lush meadows and dim woods . . . until gradually it begins to bubble and froth as it approaches the rapids, and at last the crashing waterfall, when suddenly its lazy, soft charm, its murmurous musical trickle, is quickened to a rending uproar of tragedy. The publishers of this book claim that the work of Mr. Booth will bear comparison with that of Thomas Hardy; and certainly, in so far as he has given us in "Fondie" a real woman, they are justified. And Blanche Bellwood is not only a real woman, but a real woman of a type that I do not remember to have seen presented in just this guise, with just this masterliness, in any other book of recent times. Blanche would be a feather in the cap of any author; even Meredith never dealt more faithfully with the eternal feminine. And Fondie himself, who belongs to that best type of man which is more than half woman and yet all the more manly for that—as poor Blanche, who is more than half man, is all the more womanly—Fondie is not less in the picture, not less a figment of fancy recognisably human. I have no space in which to dilate upon the skill which Mr. Booth displays in the envisaging of his background and in the delineation of his minor characters I can only send the reader to this book in the sure conviction that he will thank me for my recommendation.

"Helen In Love" is also mainly a study of a woman—by a woman, I should say—extraordinarily clever and penetrative. Her development is traced from girlhood to womanhood, and though the style has an effect of leisureliness, it leaves you breathless in the wake of the narrative by reason of the rapidity with which each fresh intorsion of the feminine mind uncoils itself, revealing new facets of character. Nothing much happens. The interest of the book does not depend upon incident—as incident is commonly misunderstood—but upon the truth and power of its psychology and its profound insight into

* "Fondie." By Edward C. Booth. 6s. (Duckworth.)—"Helen in Love." By Amber Reeves. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"Irreconcilables." By Elizabeth Hart. 6s. (Melrose.)—"Captain Calamity." By Rolf Bennett. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

human nature. The men are, perhaps, a little less successful than the women, but from beginning to end there is never a single dummy to obstruct the view or destroy the illusion. And the dialogue is particularly brilliant; not with any meretricious brilliance of glittering epigram, but with that more sober and sustained brilliance of the sun which, playing upon leaping flames, first dims and finally extinguishes them. This is the kind of novel to which we can pay no higher tribute than to say that one cannot be said to have really read it until one has read it at least twice.

As I write it would almost seem that we are within measurable distance of at last solving the Irish problem, or at least of arriving at some equitable compromise, which lends an added interest to "Irreconcilables": a truly wonderful and comprehensive study of contrasted and divergent Irish types such as could only have been achieved by one who has lived long in Ireland in the closest possible intimacy with its people. And as this book was written before the recent Irish rebellion had been even dimly glimpsed by the average Englishman, it sounds a note of prophecy. Not that it is in any sense political or polemical. The author's standpoint is wholly detached and impersonal; nowhere does she betray her sympathies. She is content merely to show us something of the warring elements that have made our sister isle "distressful," and incidentally to portray for our delight a number of people, unmistakably true to type, whom we are bound to accept as of our own flesh and blood. A most original and intriguing book that no one who would be abreast of the best modern literature should overlook.

And last of all, perhaps best of all, "Captain Calamity." I do not claim to be able to judge of the authenticity of its detail: I have little knowledge of the kind of ship that Captain Calamity commands, or the kind of ship he fights. But I do know that in his portrayal of this dour skipper, Mr. Rolf Bennett has achieved supremely. I have never met, either in a book or on the quarter-deck, a sea-captain more alive than this aristocratic adventurer turned privateer. I have never met, ashore or afloat, any group of seamen more real than these seamen. They are quite right. They exude vitality as the musk exudes its own peculiar odour. There is not one of them that is not palpitant with the breath of life. And then there is also a woman, Dora Fletcher: the most unconventional heroine I have encountered for a long time. If you don't make her acquaintance, and that speedily, you may as well never have learned to read. I don't want to overload this book with praise: it is not a great book; but in addition to its other virtues it has the virtue of a high spirit of adventure; it is aglow and aflame with excitement. The very text, the very form and colour of its phrasing, holds you perpetually in suspense, almost in dread of what is next to happen. And never does the next happening disappoint you. In this book Mr. Rolf Bennett has done a thing that I think has never been quite so well done since the spacious days of Stevenson.

Edwin Pugh.

W. B. YEATS.*

No contemporary author attained to the classical position quite so soon as did Mr. Yeats. Other poets of his day have been more popular, Stephen Phillips and, perhaps, William Watson; others have aroused more violent enthusiasm, for instance Francis Thompson and Rudyard Kipling; but no living writer, with the possible exception of Robert Bridges, is so definitely recognised by critical opinion as a poet of assured and inalienable position and quality. And Mr. Yeats has deserved this. Dramatist, critic, play-producer, occultist, controversialist, he is primarily a poet; he is a "professional" poet in the same sense as are Milton and Browning. He is one of the artists who compel almost any intelligent person to see that art, as a form of labour, is as serious and vital as ploughing or fishing; and as a method of human expression, as fundamental and essential—nay, more essential—as kingcraft or priestcraft. He and his work are a perpetual and effective protest against the idea that poetry and drawing-rooms have any connection: a protest against the tradition which separates art from common, ordinary life.

Mr. Hone's book is the most satisfactory I have read about Mr. Yeats. It treats its subject a little too much *sub specie temporis hodierni*; but it is evident that Mr. Hone's object was to write an informative rather than an appreciative essay. His early pages on Mr. Yeats' ancestry, on his horoscope, on his father's influence are full of interest to the student of poets' lives. One is struck again with the resemblance between Mr. Yeats' life and Browning's. His avid interest in other things, painting, music, occultism, Irish nationalism, the theatre, all show a character more many-sided, more open to impressions and to new thought than is usual among pure poets. Shelley and Browning share Mr. Yeats' capacity for life, while Tennyson and Swinburne are examples of the other kinds of poet—the poet who, outside his art, is rather below than above the intellectual standards of his contemporary workers. Mr. Yeats could never have become so stupid about politics as did Tennyson and Swinburne; and his critical interest, lively and helpful, in the work of younger men is worlds apart in spirit from the rather heavy smile of episcopal benediction so frequently bestowed by men of "established reputation" on the efforts of their younger fellow-workers.

Mr. Hone does not seem to me to be sufficiently enthusiastic over the amazing work done by Mr. Yeats in his revival of the Irish drama. It is true that he had great help and great helpers; but no one who knows him, or heard him talk of his schemes when they were still castles in London, could doubt for a moment that Mr. Yeats was as much the creator as he was the nourisher of the Irish National Theatre. His genius for the theatre, his strong sense of the poetically and dramatically, as opposed to the theatrically, effective, made a new standard not only for Dublin, but for London. As in his other work he trusted Beauty's power: and the people loved beauty, as the people will always love anything put into their care generously and whole-heartedly, instead of doled out as a kind of spiritual tonic.

About Mr. Yeats' own plays it is difficult to speak positively. Their quality as verse is, like all Mr. Yeats' mature work, superbly first-rate. No names lesser than Milton, Blake, Shelley or Browning ever come to the mind in discussing the craftsmanship, the poetical quality of his line. But the play, except the short play, does not show Mr. Yeats at his best; there seems, except indeed in "Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan" and "The Green Helmet," a certain irrelevance between the form and the matter. This is less true of "The Countess Kathleen" than of any of the ambitious plays: and that does remain infinitely the best verse-play in English written since the death of Shelley; and nothing written since has approached it for beauty and competence. In approaching the lyrical work, who can restrain enthusiasm at the mere memory of "The Folly of Being Comforted," of "When You Are Old," or of such lines as those which end "Adam's Curse":

"We sat grown quiet at the name of love;
We saw the last embers of daylight die,
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky
A moon, worn as if it had been a shell
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell
About the stars and broke in days and years."

Mr. Yeats introduced a new kind of verbal magic, a new fascination of style, a fresh exultation of manner as surely as any other great poet. He marks the beginning of a new kind of English as definitely as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge or Keats. His power of arranging common words so perfectly that the very letters seem newly-minted is as great as his power of combining strange words into a fashion magically wonderful. The

* "William Butler Yeats." By J. M. Hone. 2s. 6d. net. (Maunsel & Co.)

intense interior beauty of "The Wind among the Reeds," the vehement quiet of their flame, the intolerable glow at their heart have no parallel save in Blake or Shelley. Beside Mr. Yeats' love poems Keats' are too physical, Patmore's too intellectual; even Browning's suffer a little from that strange Victorian plague of apology. Mr. Yeats states no case, makes no plea, deigns no argument; absorbed, passionate, enclosed, he prays and praises the divine beauty, and his vision through the beloved . . . and those who will, may overhear. His reserve and reticence, his deep dislike of slovenly, turgid speech, give his verse an astonishing clearness and strength of outline.

Those who find Mr. Yeats' lyrical poetry too hard are, I think, generally people who are undisciplined by the luscious slackness of modern poetry. After the hot and feverish exuberance of Swinburne, and the closer, more troubled and even less bracing atmosphere of the decadents, Mr. Yeats' poetry needs some degree of asceticism for its full appreciation. What he has missed of admiration he has missed because he is too good. His very exuberances seem too visionary to the reviewer or the reader whose intimacy with Milton or Shelley is confined to the occasional dipping into anthologies and the collecting of new editions. But if you remove from your mind all thought of any poets save the greatest, you will get into a mood ready for the reception of the poetry of this one modern who is indubitably master.

R. Ellis Roberts.

THE PATIENT STREAM.*

In spite of wars and rumours of wars, in spite of the increased cost of book production and all the other troubles of the time, the stream of new verse continues to flow patiently from the press in undiminished volume. If any other proof were needed of the proverbial serenity of the English temper, surely that proof might be found in the calm persistency with which even in these days of unprecedented convulsion, the minor poets still find their way to the reviewer's table.

Here are four of the latest comers. The one which, by its very size, commands first attention is Mr. Philip Little's thick quarto volume. It is, however, the most disappointing of the quartet. The world, it is said, takes us at our own valuation; and, if we are unable to take Mr. Little very seriously, the fault is his own. "The aim," he says, "that all we poets have in writing is of pleasing ourselves, which is the object each one has when he is sneezing." Well, I know there are all kinds of modern theories both of physiology and of poetry, but, being a very old-fashioned sort of person, I still retain the conviction that people sneeze, not because they like it, but because they cannot help it. That, too, I have always believed, is the reason why people write poetry; nor has anything in Mr. Little's two hundred closely-packed pages persuaded me to the contrary. Mr. Little touches on many subjects, and shows often enough a gift of fluent and pleasant versifying. He has written to please himself, and he would seem to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. But only those who write because they cannot help it produce poetry.

Mr. Theodore Maynard's volume has an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, which is typically Chestertonian in that it deals with many other things than Mr. Maynard's poetry. Mr. Chesterton has evidently wielded a great influence over Mr. Maynard, for not only is the book dedicated to Mr. Chesterton, but Mr. Chesterton's is the spirit that breathes through all these pages. This is not to say that the author is a mere imitator. He has, indeed, very real gifts of his own—gifts of genuine mysticism, of imagination and humour, and sometimes (best of all) of clear and dignified austerity. But who would not detect Mr. Chesterton in this "Song of Colours?"

"Gold for the crown of Mary,
  Blue for the sea and sky,
Green for the woods and meadows
  Where small white daisies lie,
And red for the colour of Christ's blood
  When He came on the cross to die.

These things the high God gave us
  And left in the world He made—
Gold for the hilt's enrichment,
  And blue for the sword's good blade,
And red for the roses a youth may set
  On the white brows of a maid . . ."

It is pleasant to welcome a new collection of "Oxford Poetry," and we hope the success of this venture has already been sufficient to ensure its regular appearance as an annual. Not only is such an anthology particularly interesting to the reader, but it must serve the additional good purpose of encouraging the writing and the love of poetry among the generations to be. Both the quantity and the quality of work produced by the young men and women of Oxford is remarkable. The volume is full of good things, and many of them deserve quotation. But the small space at our disposal must be reserved for a few verses of Mr. H. C. Harwood's "From The Youth of All Nations," which is a poem of considerable originality and power:

"Think not, my elders, to rejoice
  When from the nations' wreck we rise,
With a new thunder in our voice,
  And a new lightning in our eyes.

The sins of many centuries,
  Sealed by your indolence and fright,
Have earned us these our agonies,
  The thunderous appalling night.

Though scattered wider yet our youth
  On every sea and continent,
There shall come bitter with the truth
  A fraction of the sons you sent.

When slowly with averted head,
  Some darkly, some with halting feet
And bowed with mourning for our dead
  We walk the cheering, fluttering street.

A music terrible, austere,
  Shall rise from our returning ranks
To change your merriment to fear,
  And slay upon your lips your thanks. . . ."

But alas! for those who will never return to "walk the cheering, fluttering street." Among their number is the author of our fourth volume. An anonymous Introduction gives a few details of the life and character of Robert Sterling, who, having made many friends at Sedbergh and Oxford, and having shown rich promise both in scholarship and literature, fell last year upon the bloody field of Ypres at the age of twenty-two. This little book of his will be treasured by all who knew him, and deserves, on its own merits, the attention of a far wider public. His work, much of which deals with his school and Oxford life, is chaste and simple and strong, and displays a fine spiritual sensibility rather than gifts of high imagination. But most readers will find it difficult to concentrate upon the poetry itself. They will be perpetually turning back to the beautiful frontispiece portrait of this young officer, and pondering afresh for themselves the mysteries of death and human sorrow.

Gilbert Thomas.

* "Thermopylæ and other Poems." By Philip Francis Little. 5s. net. (John Long.)—"Laughs and Whifts of Song." By Theodore Maynard. 1s. net. (Erskine MacDonald.)—"Oxford Poetry, 1915." Edited by G. D. H. C. and T. W. E. 2s. 6d. and 1s. net. (Blackwell.)—"The Poems of Robert W. Sterling." 2s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

Novel Notes.

THE BYWONNER. By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (John Lane.)

In "The Bywonner" Miss Mills Young has once again turned to brilliant account her intimate knowledge of South African life. Ransom, the Bywonner, is a distressing type of character in the degraded Englishman reduced almost to the level of a Kaffir labourer. Fortunately, the interest of the story does not depend mainly on this sordid but not unlikeable character. Ransom's son and daughter retain the pride of their ancestry, and the son wins through triumphantly to an honourable name and a happy marriage. The love story of Tom Ransom and May Richardson is a charming idyll that turns the balance of the sombre features of the novel. The daughter, Adela, is the truly tragic figure in this powerful story. Her beauty and her pride and the meanness of her environment make her an easy victim to the plausible tempter, and the doom which she made no effort to avoid awakened too late the lost honour of the Bywonner. The character drawing is uniformly excellent. The Conradie family is a very cleverly drawn portrait gallery of Cape Dutch life, and Zirk is something of a masterpiece. Love turns the lout into a hero, a phlegmatic, loutish hero, whose passion finally sinks into stolid resignation to fate. Miss Mills Young writes with ease and distinction, and all of her characters live. In all the things that distinguish professional from amateur writing, the experienced skill of Miss Mills Young is obvious. The local colour is convincing but never overdone, and the characterisation never prompts a misgiving of its truth. The book is excellently written and will enhance Miss Mills Young's reputation for sound and scholarly work. She wisely and resolutely keeps within the limits of her first-hand observation and knowledge, and the result is a real accession to contemporary fiction.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER. By John Foster. 6s. (Chambers.)

Mr. Foster has achieved the unusual. He has touched hackneyed ground, and escaped its perils. For here there is no trace of the expected and the hackneyed. This is a romance of the 'Forty-Five—a difficult period to deal with after Scott and Stevenson. If Mr. Foster's story is not of the first water it makes a good approach thereto. From beginning to end it is a living and enthralling record, answering to the best of all tests—a reviewer's inability to lay down the pleasant pages. Historically, the tale is true to fact; and its geographical setting displays a carefulness in which the modern novelist does not always shine. There are striking and memorable passages, sparkling episodes, playful flashes, and a due allotment of hairbreadth escapes, as was to be expected in a chronicle of Jacobite doings. Edmund Layton is a delightful figure, and his adventurous ride from the Solway to the Moray seaboard was certainly worth telling. If this is a first novel it is uncommonly admirable. But its author will do better work still, and the public will be sure to welcome it.

THE WISER FOLLY. By Leslie Moore. 6s. (Putnam.)

Somewhat superficial is this tale built round the old plot of a lost document. In the seventeenth century the eldest Delancey of Castle Delancey, a card playing, drinking fellow, not above doing a bit of cheating if it happened that the luck was going against him, killed in a duel a man whom he had swindled at the card table. Sir Anthony agreed to smuggle him out of the country if he signed a paper renouncing all claim on the property. This he does, but when his younger brother is owner, Henry turns up and claims the estate for his heirs. The dispute ends in Henry shooting Anthony with the idea of getting the document back. But Anthony's wolf-hound tears out Henry's throat and when they are discovered



Miss Margaret Peterson.

the paper has vanished. How it comes to light again when the estate is in peril, and how Lady Mary conceals the fact from the generous claimant are prettily described. The object of the book is to show the value of faith and to demonstrate that there is a folly which is very wise.

BUTTERFLY WINGS. By Margaret Peterson. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Fate gives to some women a soul with butterfly wings. And she comes among men, and they tear all the beauty to pieces." Peggy Waring was such a woman, pretty, vivacious, alluring, and as unstable as thistledown. Her butterfly nature prompted her to marry Ralph Vernon when her whole being cried out for Billy Diggot, the shy, nervous, blundering playmate of her childhood. Sorely wounded Billy breaks with the old life and turns to journalism, where early in his precarious career he meets Stella Dearing, a girl artist. Stella is good but unconventional, and when, after they have tasted success together, she finds she loves Billy she frankly tells him so. Billy does not love her, but pretends to do so in order not to hurt his little chum. Meantime Vernon has turned out a brute, and Peggy leaves him to throw herself upon Billy. When she discovers that he is sharing apartments with Stella tragedy dawns. But the war straightens out these complications, and the conclusion of a well-written story leaves Bill with a Peggy chastened by worldly experience and grief.

BROWNIE. By Agnes Gordon Lennox. 6s. (John Lane.)

The sentimental adventures of Brunhilda Courtney, otherwise Brownie, are told with a good deal of verve, but the novel would be all the better if the author had exercised a little more restraint. She makes the mistake of telling too much about Brownie; the things unessential to a right grasp of character are not eschewed as they should be. The man she marries wins her affection by rescuing her from a somewhat impossible scoundrel, who turns up again and again rather inconsequently. After she becomes the wife of Captain Roger Meade, Brownie's adventures grow fast and furious, and the "other man,"—

a certain colonel—a well realised character—plays a vigorous part. As is frequently the case with the work of a young novelist, the author is most successful with one or another of the subsidiary characters. For instance, there is a woman called Patricia—one of Brownie's friends, who disarms criticism by her charming naturalness. She does not help the plot very much, and yet she commands attention altogether out of proportion to her usefulness in the story. To use the old cliché, "Brownie" is like the curate's egg, good in parts.

A GREAT SUCCESS. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

I can imagine Mrs. Humphry Ward sitting down to write a happy little story *not* about the war, and she has succeded. Yet after reading her last book, "A Great Success," one is left wondering whether for so able an authoress it was quite worth while. Mrs. Humphry Ward is the latest convert to the short-story novel. The short book is a war-time innovation and a very welcome one, since novels of uniform length are apt to grow monotonous. In "A Great Success," the few characters are sharply drawn, and an effect is gained with the fewest possible words. Success comes to Arthur Meadows, and he and his artist wife Doris exchange their happy poverty-loving, debt-pestered days, for Fame, and the friendship of a very great and tyrannical lady with all its attendant troubles and responsibilities. For a time Meadows is completely swayed by Lady Dunstable, whom Doris dislikes with all a woman's thoroughness. This little artist wife is a wholly lovable character, combining with womanliness much piquant charm, since she is not always sweet-tempered, nor by any means a stranger to the little green demon. However, swayed in the same direction both by jealousy and the kindness of her heart—by the way one wonders what would have happened had these two not inconsiderable forces opposed one another—Doris succeeds in winning a victory over Lady Dunstable, bringing Arthur back to her feet, and thus achieving a great success. There is not a superfluous word or character in the book. It is a simple story, well and pleasantly told.

THE EDGE OF EMPIRE. By Joan Sutherland. 6s. (Mills Boon.)

This novel of India and England is good reading. It has colour, vivacity, and grip. The story centres round the trouble at Chitral in 1905, and moves between the grim realities of a rising on the Indian frontier, where the men are standing steady for the Empire, and the doings of their womenkind in the West. Lewis Chindon is a woman's hero, but he is also a man's. The whole business of the Chitral *émeute* is told with perfect mastery, and an air of vraisemblance or touching in of detail, which persuades one of the truth of it. It is just such a tale as many men might give the air of life to, but very few women. The whole book has a cosmopolitan woman-of-the-world air. At home it moves easily between the English country, London and Paris. The characters are delineated with distinction. The Laval family is particularly charming—all excepting Victor—and well described. Grizel makes a delightful heroine. The little girl, Dinne, is excellently observed and described. With a great many characters Joan Sutherland holds the threads clear and defined, so that the reader is never for a moment confused. There is something masterly in the delineation of a wayward and selfish woman. We are spared no single manifestation of her worthlessness; and yet—was the author sorry after all that she made Grizel so tolerant of Henriette? The book is a very long one, the interest is unflagging, and the issues of it, unlike many novels, are not out of keeping with the lofty air of to-day.

RICHES AND HONOUR. By W. H. Adams. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Those who want to get an idea of the kind of life which is passed by a Commissioner and his wife on the West Coast of Africa should by no means overlook Mr. W. H. Adams's new book "Riches and Honour." As fiction, it is not considerable. There is no plot, there is no sentimental interest, there is no interaction of character on character. And the story when it comes, merely tells how the Commissioner runs to earth a slave-raiding chief whom a Captain of a Hausa regiment ought to have tackled, but failed to tackle because he was brooding over an inheritance to which he had succeeded. But "Riches and Honour" is a work which undoubtedly has points in its favour. It gives an excellent and obviously first-hand account of unfamiliar native customs and conventions. And it portrays with admirable vividness the way in which these customs and conventions strike three very different types of white man, Ward, the Commissioner, who is interested and even sympathetic up to a point, Captain Tarleton, the soldier, who is fiercely and contemptuously hostile, and a middle-aged Belgian trader, yearning to get back to his native country, who is good-naturedly indifferent. These three men are very cleverly contrasted: before the reader closes the book he gets to know them thoroughly.

THE LUCK OF THE STRONG. By William Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"Rum things! Of course there are rum things happen at sea—as rum as ever there were. I remember when . . ." This alluring introduction to what perhaps is the best yarn in the book might have served equally well as an opening formula for the rest of the thrilling sea stories that make up the greater part of this entertaining volume of "rum things." Mr. Hope Hodgson is certainly an expert raconteur of "rum things," whether of the sea or of the land. He is an adept in the art of giving you the "creeps," and he sees to it that you extract the last ounce of fearful delight from the thrill before he lets you down with a comfortable explanation. In "The Stone Ship," an excellent example of the author's skill, the crew of a wind-jammer, becalmed on a misty night a thousand miles from the nearest land, are astounded to hear the sound of a brook running down a hillside! Next, they become aware of a frightful stench and a strange, fitful glow; and the mystery culminates in the discovery of a ship built wholly of stone, manned by a stone crew, and to all appearances floating on the Atlantic in defiance of the laws of buoyancy. And the explanation, while destroying none of the glamour of the mystery, is remarkably concise and satisfying. Hidden gold and rare sea monsters play important parts in many of the stories. In Captain Jat's quest for the island pearls, a mammoth man-eating crab figures prominently, while one of the biggest thrills in "The Stone Ship" is afforded by a giant sea-caterpillar. Another story tells of the ingenious ruse whereby Captain Gunbolt Charity smuggled "The Painted Lady" into the U.S.A. Ingenious too is the explanation of the ghostly ringing of the bell on the derelict "Laughing Sally"—a story noteworthy also for its amusing sketch of Dot-and-Carry-One Cargunka, shipowner and saloon-keeper. The author spins his yarns cleverly and neatly, has a crisp, racy style, and a bold imagination with a flair for the macabre and horrific that will always appeal to a wide public.

MR. WILDRIDGE OF THE BANK. By Lynn Doyle. 6s. (Duckworth.)

This book may be described as something akin to Birmingham humours, which is not to say that it is Brummagem: and although it is of the school of Canon Hannay that is not to say that it is derived. Indeed, Mr. Lynn Doyle may be on surer ground dealing with the towns in the foreign North, which is so very unlike the Ireland we know and yet has so much in common with it. For instance, in the town of Portnamuck the Rector takes the position which in a Southern town would be occupied by the priest: and the Catholic is as accidental a foreigner there as the Protestant in the Southern and Western towns. Yet despite the difference in conditions the book is racily Irish. Mr. Lynn Doyle has unflagging spirits, and the



Photo by W. Lawrence, Dublin. **Mr. Lynn Doyle.**

book keeps the reader on the grin very happily, while it is not all farce. Anthony Wildridge is a very delightful character, with his books, his classical quotations, his philosophy, his middle-aged young heart, and his barrier against drunkenness, which is never to drink anything but champagne. All the moving drama and dramatis personæ of Portnamuck are extremely exhilarating. The only one one is not sure of is the hoyden, Miss Nora. She is one of the simple man's heroines whom their own sex cannot abide.

A FLUTTER IN KINGS. By David Whitelaw. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Some people are never satisfied. Mrs. Horace van Dossemer had, among other things, a millionaire husband, a lovely daughter, a fifty-thousand dollar yacht, the best suite of rooms at the Ritz –and still she was not satisfied. Hence this novel. What Mrs. van Dossemer wanted was to beat " that cat, Emily Madgwick," she wanted something better than a mere earl for a son-in-law. Fortunately for her ambitions and the reader's entertainment, there happens to be a youthful, unmarried, and only a trifle dissipated, ex-king residing in a humble boarding-house not ten minutes from the British Museum, and a little bargain is soon struck whereby the young man pledges himself to come to the millionaire for his queen once he has been restored to his island throne by the aid of the millionaire's dollars. This " restoring " business proves to be a delicate matter, for a rival and decidedly dissipated claimant to the throne of San Pietro is in the field. The most dramatic scene in the novel is that in which the millionaire claims his bond—unsuccessfully, for the restored king wilfully breaks his pledge and defames his honour in order to set free the millionaire's daughter to marry the man of her choice. The atmosphere of intrigue is well sustained, and much amusement is manufactured out of the misadventures of Wally Burns, a shiftless actor fellow, who instead of " resting " after the pantomime season plays a fat part in this " flutter of kings."

THE ATONEMENT. By James Blyth. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The rivers and broads of Norfolk and Suffolk provide a delightful setting for this ingenious and exciting story of modern adventure, linked up, as it is, with supposed German machinations at the period of the great railway strike. From the time the owner of the little cutter *Dabchick* is kidnapped by members of a secret society, to the moment of the happy and successful ending, the action is kept going at a lively pace. Then, too, there is a strong love interest, rich with dramatic possibilities, though, to a fastidious taste, the treatment is here and there crude and commonplace. Several amphibious rustics play their part with native zest, and prove themselves formidable allies in the final conflict with old England's secret enemies. A great deal of care evidently went to the creation of the machinery of the plot in which an underwater boat plays a conspicuous part, and Mr. Blyth is a clever enough writer to give an air of great probability to his story. The Germans whom the hero finally encounters, however, exhibit a chivalry which, from all we know of the Huns, is almost incredible.

The Bookman's Table.

THE BOOK OF COMMON JOYS. By Mary L. Pendered. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Miss Pendered describes these essays as having been "written in autumn sunshine for those who have left summer behind." She does not believe that the good things of life are confined to youth. Rather, with Rabbi Ben Ezra, she would say that "youth shows but half" and that "the best is yet to be" for those who have passed what is commonly called their prime. Such, she tells us, is her own experience, and the joy ot it fills the seventeen papers which she has collected into this pleasantly produced volume. Perhaps the secret of Miss Pendered's happiness is that she has never aimed too high. As the title of her book suggests, she finds inspiration enough and to spare in the common people and things of life. She discourses in an easy, fluent, intimate style, upon such subjects as "The Delight of Talking," "The Delight of Planning," "The Delight of Possession," and "The Joys of Country Life." Indeed, there is no sort of homely pleasure that is not celebrated in one or other of these graceful discursions, through which there breathes an infectious spirit of faith and charity, of sweet and reasoned optimism, which will endear them to all who love the quieter backwaters of literature. To read these papers is to listen, as it were, to some familiar and well-loved voice, talking of familiar and well-loved things, in the glow of the evening firelight. It is essentially a companionable book, and such books as this have a very special mission to perform in these days when the hand of sorrow and loneliness and bereavement is heavy upon the world.

MY STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. By Joseph Keating. 7s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"The slope of any career is usually very steep," says Mr. Keating. "Some men are lucky enough to be half-way up the hill before they are born, and are pushed up the remaining half. Other men start their climbing lower down. Few commence at the bottom. I began a quarter of a mile below the bottom." And perhaps the most interesting and most vividly written part of this autobiography is that which deals with his childhood, his schooling, and with the years when he toiled in the coal mines. The life of the little Welsh village of his birth and of the country thereabouts is reproduced with a realistic power and a quiet but sometimes rather sardonic humour that prints the whole picture, with all its picturesque squalor and misery and happiness, as clearly on the reader's mind as if he had seen the things described. We have read few personal records more poignant or more impressive than that which makes up the first half of this book. Perhaps the second half only impresses us less because it brings us on to more familiar ground. It tells how Mr. Keating fought his way through to success as a novelist; then found himself compelled to get work in a city office because literature would not yield him a livelihood; then of how he began again and made a second reputation as a novelist, and added to it that of a successful playwright. The story of his vicissitudes grips your interest throughout. It is as good to read as any romance, but the romance of it lies in its stark reality.

THE FIRST EDITIONS OF THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS HARDY AND THEIR VALUES: A Bibliographical Handbook for Collectors, Booksellers, Librarians, and Others. By Henry Danielson. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Mr. Danielson is at work on a full bibliography of Thomas Hardy, meanwhile he issues this small volume for booksellers and collectors. The information here given is complete and well arranged; we have not detected any errors. In our own opinion it is hardly worth while for collectors to go for first editions of novels, which, as a rule, are both ugly and clumsy. The collector will do very well if he possesses the first issue of the "Wessex" edition, which has a value, because here, for the first time, the novels were printed exactly as written, and the first issues of every volume of verse, more particularly "The Poems of the Past and Present" and the volumes of "The Dynasts." It is an interesting and somewhat odd fact that "Poems of the Past and Present" is very much rarer than the earlier "Wessex Poems," it may be that on the appearance of this volume people realised more that Hardy was a real poet.

THE BRIDEGROOM. By Elizabeth Kirby. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The reviewer of poetry has, as a rule, a very difficult task; to find a unity amidst the general diversity of a volume of verse is not easy, because at one time it is necessary to sympathise with so many moods, and to enjoy so many different things. But Miss Kirby's volume has only one subject, viz., the thoughts of a lover about her beloved. If it is not exactly one poem it is a sequence. Miss Kirby has followed the prevailing mood in rejecting both rhyme and metre, but her phraseology and words are always simple and straightforward. She has contrived a real music of phrase, an underlying beauty which is not quite easy to catch at first, but which betrays itself on a sympathetic and intelligent reading aloud. In the whole volume there is no single strange or old-fashioned word, nor does she ever make her effects by contrasts or discords. The general theme in its treatment appears Oriental rather than English, but it is always restrained, and never approaches the erotic. The poems are all called songs, the ordinary drawing-room singer would find them very difficult, and a chattering audience would be frankly bored, but a musician should find inspiration in the words, and those who care for music and poetry. We have just space for "A Song of Transformation":

"'Now art thou a flower,' said my Belovèd; and I became a flower.
'Thou art a bird,' he said; whereat I stretched my wings.
'And, lo, thou canst fly,' quoth he; and at his word I flew.
'Thou art a magic thing,' he said, 'born of the moon.'
Then did I enter that kingdom and open its doors to him
And the people of earth smiled, saying, 'Who is she that goes lame and ugly into a world of wings.'"

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co.

Every one of us, even the most sceptical, has a secret desire to probe into the unknown, and is attracted by stories of the supernatural, especially when such stories are stated to be true and are supported by more or less convincing evidence. Miss Jessie Adelaide Middleton's **White Ghost Book** (6s.) is a weirdly fascinating production, and will particularly interest all who have a taste for occult lore and eerie happenings. Miss Middleton has collected a host of engrossing ghost stories and mysterious incidents; clammy-handed ghosts, heavy-booted ghosts, creeping ghosts, musical ghosts and grey gliding ghosts—all these and many others have a place in her volume. In many cases she is able to supply authentic facts and give names and addresses, and in all cases she relates her tale in a simple straightforward manner that adds greatly to its realism. The book is illustrated chiefly from photographs, four of them depicting ghosts; and the whole makes a welcome companion to the author's two previous publications dealing with the spirit world.

Oranges and Lemons (6s.) is not Mrs. Harding's first novel, and it is satisfactory to find it mark a distinct advance in her career as a writer. It is more judicious, more controlled and proportioned than anything she has so far achieved, and in spite of its faults it is a book that seizes the reader, and from episode to episode holds his attention even when arousing his opposition. That episodic nature of the tale is one of its blemishes, and perhaps its strength. For it does not compose wholly into a single central story. The earlier chapters, which introduce and build up the characters and the chief setting are sometimes admirable. Very swiftly and tellingly, though perhaps with old phrases and obvious touches, we are put in possession of the heredity and foredoomed character of the girl Dolores, the daughter of a gipsy girl and an artist, himself the son of a world-famous dancer and the consumptive representative of an old English house wearing down through generations of rather wild and wilful notoriety. Orphaned and picked up in Nice by a childless couple, brought to London at the age of eleven and planted in Bayswater, educated in a girls' school and Kensington

Gardens, she grew up wilful and flashing among the environing hum-drum Paddingtonians, a genius and a dancer. Dancer and genius, she jilted her correct young doctor fiancé and bolted with Hugo Amadis, a vagabondish theatrical bounder, not even marrying him, and becoming soon neglected and ill-treated. At the worst point she was sheltered by a strange, conventional hunchback, whose passion was for doing good by stealth, and who came to love Dolores and her boy. Her life moved on tragically enough, she made friends and lost them, met Amadis and fell under his influence again, lost her boy, lost her money, went down the hill and finally met her end tragically and miserably, mastered by fate, her own weakness and lack of discipline. Probably Mrs. Harding tried to work out too many themes, or touched upon too many, leaving them more or less in the air: the book is better imagined than thought out, but it is agreeable and interesting, and its realistic and actual pages are infinitely better than those which wander into sheer conventional romance. In that fact lies excellent promise for the future.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Not all Germans share Bernhardi's belief in the sacredness of war—one German author, Dr. Edward Stilgebauer, is so far from doing so that for the writing of **Love's Inferno** (6s.), a powerful story that has now been translated into English by C. Thieme, he has had to seek safety in exile. It is an impressive novel, grimly, terribly realistic, and yet bringing something of spiritual beauty into its darkest pictures of the war. It tells of the war from the German side, and incidentally is a bitter and mordant attack on Prussian militaristic methods.



Dr. Edward Stilgebauer.

MESSRS. PALMER & HAYWARD.

Ashton-Kirk: Secret Agent, by John T. McIntire (5s. net), is a capital tale of political intrigue and mystery, ingeniously contrived, and ably and imaginatively written. There is a pleasant love romance running through it, but the strongest interest centres on the strange doings, baffling disappearance and more baffling murder of Dr. Morse. Ashton-Kirk is set to unravel the problem underlying these things, and does so with a cunning and an art in holding the reader in suspense that should ensure a popular success. A former novel woven round the same hero won for Ashton-Kirk the name of "the Sherlock Holmes of America," and he deserves it.

THE KENNY PRESS, DUBLIN.

The Pope in Killybuck (6d.), a little three-act comedy by Louis J. Walsh, takes us into a corner of North-East Ulster during the autumn of 1913, and the glimpse of rural life in the hard North is very entertaining. Robert John Sloss, a younger son of a small farmer is very much in love with wee Lizzie. Unfortunately, his maiden aunt Rebecca, an Orangewoman of the fierce type, has other views for Robert John, and as his only hope of marrying any one at all is for his aunt to set him up on a farm, the poor young man is greatly troubled. Now it happens that the farm adjoining that of Aunt Rebecca's is to be auctioned. and Robert has set his heart on it. Knowing the uselessness of tackling his aunt, Robert goes to the good-hearted auctioneer who suggests a clever way out of the difficulty by playing on his aunt's Orange susceptibilities A number of other people are implicated in the plot—good Protestants all, with the exception of Dominick Convery, a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and a wearer of a flaming green tie in evidence of his sincerity. The day of the auction arrives, and the aunt is horrified when, at the last, the farm is all but knocked down to the Hibernian. The thought of a Papist for a neighbour is well-nigh intolerable, but to make matters worse one of the plotters suggests that the Italians are getting more enlightened every day, and it will not be long before the Pope is driven out of Rome. Where else would the "oul' boy" go but to Ireland, and maybe Dominick is buying the farm on his behalf. This is altogether too much, and Aunt Rebecca jumps at a settlement of peace with honour by *lending* the money to Robert, who gets the farm. In the last act the plotters are met to toast the purchaser and his wee Lizzie. Now amongst a set of Ulster Protestants the last toast to be expected is "The Pope," yet listen to this (its inner significance needs no interpreting):

"*Joe Paul*: Here's to the Pope, and may there be strife betwixt Orange and Green as long as Alexander McCracken has a bad farm o' land to sell.

"*Alexander*: Amen! It would be a poor day for the auctioneers and lawyers if there were no fools in oul' Ireland."

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER.

Jock, by Quinton McCrindle (1s. net), is likely to have a wide appeal and was well worthy of being reprinted after its serial appearance in a well-known Scottish church periodical. It is a simple and moving little story of a foundling who came into the life of Tom Ramsay, a rough horse-dealer, and Jean, one of nature's gentlewomen. Jock is a delightful study of boy life, and the author describes with great truth and humour the manner of Tom Ramsay's conquest by his adopted son. Jock's triumphs at the university were prematurely cut short, but he lived long enough to repay in full measure the love that had been lavished on him. The pathos of the little story is never forced, and the dialect and the humour and the characterisation are of unusual excellence.

WAR BOOKS.

THE WAR FOR THE WORLD. By Israel Zangwill. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Zangwill has always been a consistent opponent of war, and in these days has been misjudged accordingly, for some of our keenest patriots pay our enemies the undeserved compliment of assuming that every devout lover of peace is a pro-German. In these essays Mr. Zangwill ably vindicates himself against any such suspicion; he is no pacifist even with the pen, and is scathingly satirical in dealing with the illogical preachments of the civilised warmonger, religious or otherwise; he holds fearlessly by a high, idealistic philosophy and keeps his course in the teeth of a gale sooner than trim his sails to accommodate blasts from hell as if they were airs from heaven. He has reasoned out his own position and writes of the great problems of the hour thoughtfully and suggestively. The worst you can say of him is that he is sometimes too exasperatingly rational.

LIFE AMONGST THE SAND BAGS. By Hugo Morgan. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A series of vivid sketches and stories picturing the lives of our soldiers at the front. The author has a clever descriptive touch and a delightful sense of humour.

THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST. Compiled by C. Field. With an Introduction by Gilbert Thomas. 2s. net. (Headley Bros.)

This is an anthology on Conscience—a collection of what has been said of it by poets and prose writers, to which the vexed problem of the conscientious objector gives a timely interest. Mr. Gilbert Thomas's admirable Introduction suggests as many questions as it answers.

OUT THERE. By Charles Igglesden. 1s. net. (John Long.)

Under the auspices of the War Office Mr. Igglesden paid a visit to our Eastern front, and has here set down graphically and interestingly his impressions of a tour "along the firing-line, where all branches of the service could be seen 'carrying on' under the grim conditions of modern warfare." He has done well what was well worth doing.

A WEEK WITH THE FLEET. By Cecil Roberts. 1s. net. (J. Clarke & Co.)

A few days before the battle of Jutland Mr. Cecil Roberts went, with the consent of the Admiralty, on a visit to the Grand Fleet in the North Sea, and these impressions of the Fleet at work are an enthusiastic and stirring tribute to the might and the wonderful efficiency of Britain's sure shield. Mr. Roberts is best known as a poet, and it was with the eyes of the poet that he looked on that splendid pageantry of dockyards, munition works and waiting warships, and with the imagination of the poet that he has written of them.

SONGS OF THE SPECIALS, AND OTHER VERSES. By E. W. Fordham. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton, and Illustrations by Hugh G. Riviere. 1s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

Mr. Fordham is himself a special constable; from internal evidence one would say in the Hampstead district; and in these lively verses he makes merry over various aspects of his official duties. One hopes that special constables in general are not subject to the perils suggested by "A Ballad of a Presumptuous Virgin"; nor that the effect of their nightly vigils is often so demoralising as "The Call of the Wild" hints that it may be. Special constables and ordinary people will find it an amusing little book, and Mr. Chesterton's whimsical Introduction adds to the joy of it.

THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA. By Cleveland Moffett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A powerful, realistically imagined romance of the conquest of America by Germany in 1921. The German landing, the ruin and devastation that follow in their tracks, the helplessness of the inadequate American army in face of their well-equipped hordes—the whole thing is skilfully planned in every detail and thrillingly worked out to its disastrous conclusion. It is made the more uncannily real by the introduction of actual people into the story.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 300. Vol. L. SEPTEMBER, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

***All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.**

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"Boundary House," a new novel by Miss Peggy Webling, will be published next month by Messrs. Hutchinson. The story takes its title from a house which stands on the boundary between Paddington and Kensington. Some of its scenes are laid on the river, and some in Kent, but the main interest centres on the toyshop keeper, Old Fob, who lives in the Boundary House.

Before rejoining her regiment and leaving for the front, Miss Flora Sandes has written her war adventures as a hospital nurse and, later, as a Serbian soldier, in "An Englishwoman Sergeant in the Serbian Army," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish.

A new novel, "The Chaste Wife," by Frank Swinnerton, is to be published shortly by Mr. Martin Secker.

Early this month Mr. Heinemann will publish "Gallipoli," Mr. John Masefield's book on the Dardanelles campaign, in which he served as a Red Cross worker. It will be illustrated with official photographs and in letterpress and pictures gives a most striking presentment of the achievements of our troops under extremely trying circumstances.

"Damaris," the novel of life in India on which Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison) has been engaged for some years past, is at length ready for publication, and will be issued immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol has completed a new novel—a romance of modern life, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing in the autumn. The same firm has in hand for early publication "With Cavalry in 1915," by Frederic Coleman, whose "From Mons to Ypres with French" has been one of the most popular of this year's war books.

When the war broke out, Mrs. Frances Wilson Huard was living at the Chateau de Villiers, the summer home of herself and her husband, "situated near the Marne River, sixty miles or an hour by train from Paris," and she has written in "My Home in the Field of Honour," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, a graphic and intensely moving story of what a German



Gunner Westbrook,
whose volume of war verse, "Anzac and After," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

invasion means to the lands that suffer from it. The pleasant days in the Chateau immediately before the war are sharply contrasted with the misery and devastation that flowed round and over it with the coming of the German hordes. There are haunting pictures of the refugees streaming past her gates from outlying villages, and a thrilling narrative of the escape of herself and her household, and the perils they passed through before they arrived at safety. If anyone is still inclined to doubt the degeneracy and bestiality that are now commonly attributed to the Germans, he should read this book—of how civilians, especially women, fared at their hands, and the description of the looted and unspeakably defiled Chateau, which had been occupied by General von Kluck and his staff, when Mrs. Huard returned to it at the end of a fortnight, after the invaders had been driven back out of Villiers. This is one of the most grimly fascinating books we have had about the early days of the Great War. It is illustrated with twelve delicately finished drawings by the author's husband, the distinguished American artist, Mr. Charles Huard.

Mr. Louis J. McQuilland, who is known here and in America as an Irish poet of force and distinction, has made a first complete collection of his poems under the title of "A Song of the Open Road, and Other Verses," and the book will be published forthwith by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Co. It is illustrated by David Wilson, and will contain a proem in verse by Mr. G. K. Chesterton and a Preface by Mr. Cecil Chesterton.

Messrs. A & C. Black are publishing immediately Mr. E. Lipson's "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," a concise analytical study of the development of the chief European States during the last hundred years. A concluding chapter is devoted to an elucidation of the antecedents and underlying motives of the present war.

Two interesting new novels that Messrs. Stanley Paul are to publish this month are "Their Lives," by Violet Hunt, and "A Grain of Mustard," by Hamilton Drummond.

Messrs. Cassell have a strong fiction list for the autumn. It includes "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," by H. G. Wells; "The Lion's Share," by Arnold Bennett; "Malvina of Brittany," by Jerome K. Jerome; and "Mike," by E. F. Benson.

Miss Olga Racster and Miss Jessica Grove, the joint authors of "The Phases of Felicity" (Allen & Unwin), which we review in this Number, have collaborated in writing a patriotic one-act play, "From G.S.W." (From German South-West) which is to be produced in this country by Miss Ethel Irving when she returns from South Africa. Miss Racster, who was born in Russia of English parents,



Miss Jessica Grove.

is well known in South Africa as the musical critic of the *Cape Times*, and as a writer of many stories and popular serials. She has travelled widely and was at one time on the staff of the *Egyptian Gazette* in Cairo. For four years she was assisting with the revised edition of Grove's " Dictionary of Music," for which she rewrote several of the articles. She has written many songs, and some books, including " Chats on Violins " and " Chats on Violoncellos," which were published by Mr. Werner Laurie. Miss Jessica Grove belongs to the family of which Sir George Grove was the most distinguished member. Her musical beginnings date from childhood, when she showed extraordinary talent as a child pianist, but on revealing a soprano voice of great promise she was sent to study in France and Germany, and, amply fulfilling that promise, had entered upon a brilliant career as a singer when the failure of her health sent her to South Africa three years ago.

" The Harvesting," a new volume of poems by Mr. Fothergill Robinson, which Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing, will have an Introduction by Professor Selwyn Image. Mr. Macdonald also announces a memorial edition, in one volume, of " The Plays of Mrs. Percy Dearmer," with a memoir and introduction by Captain Stephen Gywnn, M.P. The plays will include " Don Quixote," a hitherto unpublished drama.

Mr. Sydney A. Moseley, who was a war-correspondent at Gallipoli throughout the Dardanelles



Miss Olga Racster.



Mr. Sydney A. Moseley,
whose new book, "The Truth about the Dardanelles," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Campaign, has written his experiences into " The Truth About the Dardanelles," which is published by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Moseley witnessed the operations from the start, and some of his revelations and opinions seem likely to rouse considerable controversy.

At this time of world tragedy the significance of prayer in daily life is everywhere becoming more widely recognised. With the object of gathering together a record of the thoughts of those who have realised its meaning and power, and of publishing what may seem helpful, The Walker Trustees of St. Andrew's University invite essays on Prayer, its meaning, power and reality, its place and value to the individual, to the Church, and to the State ; in the everyday affairs of life, in the healing of sickness and disease ; in times of distress and of national danger, and in relation to national ideals and to world progress. A prize of £100 is offered for the most widely helpful essay, in any language, open to anyone in any part of the world. Additional prizes may be allotted. Closing date, June 1st, 1917. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, The University, St. Andrews, N.B.

The three brilliant articles by Sir A. Conan Doyle describing his visits to the British, French and Italian battle lines have been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton in a sixpenny book under the title of " A Visit to Three Fronts."

A quaint little volume entitled "12 Occupations," written and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère, will be published shortly by Mr. Elkin Mathews. M. de Bosschère is well known in Paris and Moscow, but this is the first of his works to be published in England. Mr. Mathews has also in preparation a memorial volume entitled "Destur Mobed, and Other Stories," by Edgar Birnstingl, with a Prefatory Note by Elizabeth Lee. This comprises a collection of short stories of the mysterious, the unusual, the fantastic, written by a boy who died at the early age of sixteen.

The little known story of the great ruins of Ceylon and the forgotten kings of that island is told by Miss G. E Mitton in "The Lost Cities of Ceylon," which Mr. John Murray is publishing. Miss Mitton, who is the editor of "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book," has also completed another book, "The Cellar-House of Peroyse," which Messrs. A. & C. Black have in hand for autumn publication.

"From Warfare to Welfare," a book of essays on social reconstruction by R. Dimsdale Stocker, will be published this month by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

A second book of German experiences by Miss Anne Topham, "Memorials of the Fatherland," will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.



Mr. Sax Rohmer,
whose new book, "The Exploits of Captain O'Hagan," has been published by Messrs. Jarrold.



Mr. Harold Harvey.

Mr. Harold Harvey is author and illustrator too of "A Soldier's Sketches Under Fire," which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are issuing this month. He was well known as an artist before he became a soldier. Within a month of the outbreak of war, he sailed to France with his regiment, and after serving for some while in the trenches was seriously wounded at Ypres and invalided home. His sketches were made in his notebook under fire, and are said to be extraordinarily vivid and realistic. Mr. Harvey, who is now in the Royal Fusiliers, was formerly a trooper in the Hertfordshire Yeomanry.

"The Barton Mystery" has gone the way of all successful plays nowadays, and Mr. George Goodchild has translated it into a novel which will be published shortly, under the same title, by Messrs. Jarrold.

A life-study of Theodore Roosevelt by Charles S. Washburn is announced by Mr. Heinemann to be ready this autumn.

The Countess of Warwick, who has for long past been doing her share among the women war workers, has written a series of articles which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing in a volume to be called "A Woman and the War."

The first novel of a promising new writer, "Jane's Husband, or Two in a Caravan," by Susan Redgrave, will be published this month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. It is the romance of a hasty wooing and a headlong marriage, followed by a sort of caravan honeymoon during which the husband and wife fell happily in love with each other.

A war book of exceptional interest is one on "Naval Preparedness," by Mr. Winston Churchill, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in the press.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Frederick Niven has written round about a dozen books, all of them well above the average ruck of fiction and one or two of them memorable, yet I am not sure that he has written enough to warrant any critic making up his mind definitely about the importance of his work or his place in contemporary letters. Mr. Niven, in fact, presents the rare and somewhat extraordinary spectacle of a writer of undoubted power, well on in the creative thirties of his age, who is still experimenting with his medium. He has seen the vision of life and seen it clearly; every one of his books shows that, as well as those penetrating little essays on all sorts of subjects which he contributes occasionally to the newspapers and magazines. But he seems to be groping about, not indeed for expression, but for the choice of the suitable thing to express. His books are like those finished little studies which artists make towards the preparation of a larger work. Sometimes, as in "A Wilderness of Monkeys," it is a study in emotion; in others it is a study in composition or grouping; and even "Justice of the Peace," which seems to me the finest of his novels, is rather like a portion, worked out lovingly in great detail, of a larger and more complete conception.

It is, however, not in any depreciatory sense that I speak of Mr. Niven's novels as studies. They have the charm which all sincere work of a true artist has—the charm of potentiality. One admires each of them for itself and also for what it promises. It is not that the best of his books are not finished and harmonious in their proportions, but that in the very presentment of his subjects he seems to hint at bigger things preparing and to come. It is this feeling of eager anticipation which he has the power to arouse that has made me (and, I am bound to believe, others also) hasten to read every new book of his as soon as it is published. One has the tantalising consciousness of something just over the horizon, something which it will be worth much effort to glimpse, and which one is obliged to confess, is long in appearing. But personally I am convinced that one of these days Mr. Niven will write a book that will loom against the sky-line in any backward or forward view. What kind of a book it will be I am not quite sure, and the data that presents itself for the solution of the problem is contradictory. Is "Dead Men's Bells," for instance, merely a study in style, a reminiscence of Stevenson, or does it mean that one day Niven will write us a wonderful Scottish romance? Is "The *S.S. Glory*" a conscious exercise in the method of Conrad, or does the austere realism of it spring from a similar outlook? Are "Justice of the Peace" and "Ellen Adair" and "Two Generations" significant of a determination in our author to compete with the modern realists on their own ground, or are these books again the fruit of a subconscious seeking for the course which shall let the creative stream flow unhampered? It is all very puzzling. One may take Mr. Niven's books one by one and show how they might have been derived, for the comparisons force themselves upon one. And yet each of these books is so extraordinarily good that, as I say, they seem to represent a definite potential. Reviewing the work as a whole there is no apparent consistency, no apparent unity of purpose. One feels that an artist of unusual power is at work, but it is an artist who has not yet found himself; an artist who so far has been too much engrossed with technique and who has been content to show his excellence in conventional forms.

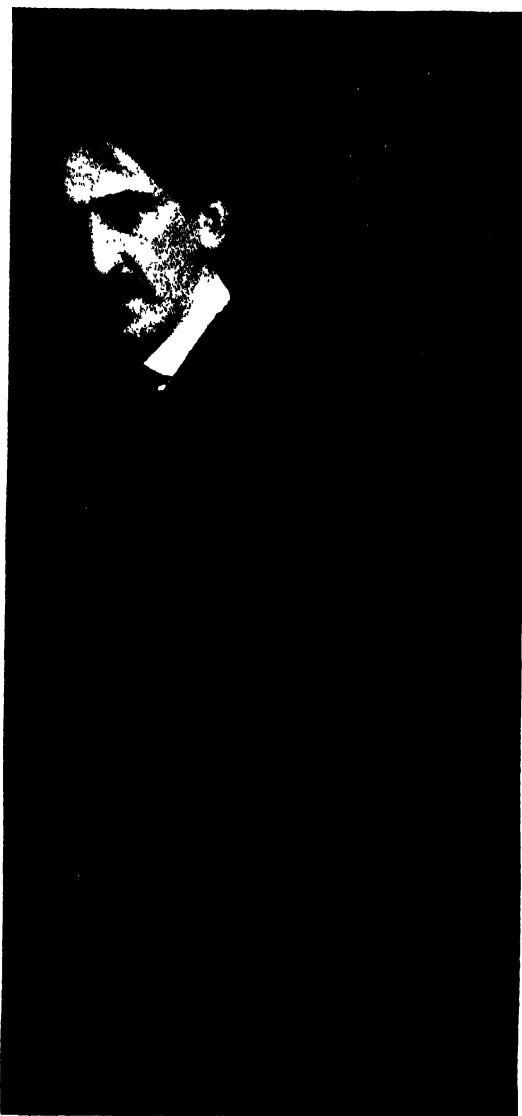


Photo by Annan. **Mr. Frederick Niven.**

I sometimes wonder whether the very variety of Mr. Niven's life has not had some harmful effect upon the unity of his writings. He has seen so much and been through so many extraordinary experiences that the temptation to follow the easier course, to record rather than to interpret, must have been difficult to resist. Mr. Niven has been a sailor before the mast and a librarian in a Scottish city. He has been a clerk and he has been a cow-puncher (or something equally adventurous in the West of America). He has eaten the bread of respectable monotony and rustled for his meals in wild places. He has probably lived more stories than the average man has experienced new ideas. He has seen human nature with the gloss of civilisation rubbed off it, and he has found it not less (and not more) interesting than the human nature which can be observed in any house in any suburb in any town. He has communed with his soul under the stars in lonely places and

become a philosopher; he has worked his way as a deck-hand on a cattle-boat and become a poet; he has fought life grimly with the gloves off and become a humanist. I do not think, having regard to his history, that it is any wonder that Mr. Niven has still his greatest work to do. He has not yet attained the placidity of remembered emotion. He has lived too fully and too recently for the web of his life to form a pattern in his artistic consciousness. He is not yet sure of what his life may mean.

Intelligibly enough, the first of Mr. Niven's books was a story of adventure. It was called "The Lost Cabin Mine," and was a really excellent example of the Wild West tale, which, judging from its popularity on the films, has a perennial charm for the youth in all of us. Indeed, I have always wondered how it is that the enterprising film producers have so far managed to ignore this book and its successor, "Hands Up," as materials for scenarios. The chief character in both of them is a chivalrous desperado known as The Apache Kid, and properly handled, he ought to make a fortune for the cinema playwright who has imagination enough to exploit him. The stories, though unpretentious enough, are much above the average of their kind, for they both have that indefinable thing known as quality, which is usually quite lacking in stories of adventure. "Hands Up" ran as a serial through a well-known American magazine before it was published in book form by Mr. Secker, and I believe that to this day in remote towns on the other side Mr. Niven's fame is kept green. Had he followed out this vein our author might have won considerable material prosperity as an exponent of the thing which O. Henry calls "The Great Heart of the West."

Two years after the publication of his first book, however, Mr. Niven was off on another tack. He was still preoccupied with romance, but this time he produced a buccaneer story called "The Island Providence." A very good buccaneer story it was; written with a kind of nervous terseness which was infinitely alluring. I shall never forget the delight I felt when I came across, on the first page of it, an expression, quite simply used which is almost biblical in its downrightness. In this book I find however the first indication of that preoccupation with technique (I had almost said, that precosity) which I cannot help thinking is going to mar Mr. Niven's creative development unless he puts it deliberately on one side. He is no longer concerned merely to tell a plain story, but is consciously striving after "atmosphere." This, indeed, he succeeds in achieving, but it is a question whether in doing so his art has not become too obviously artifice. Nevertheless "The Island Providence" is a spirited piece of work which even a jaded reader of romance should enjoy.

Mr. Niven's next book, "A Wilderness of Monkeys," marked an even greater change. It is nothing less than a delicate psychological study of the artistic mind: the scene laid in a Scottish town and the chief character a writer who is obviously modelled on Henry Harland. It is immensely clever and, in its presentation of the revolt of a man desiring and seeking beauty, against the sordid preoccupation of his fellows with the naked business of sex, it is quite justifiable satire. But it is precious to the last degree, and the very clean-mindedness of the hero in his pursuit of beauty strikes one as rather morbid. Following this book came a volume of short stories entitled "Above your Heads," a collection of tales which had been rejected by magazine editors as being beyond the mental grasp or comprehension of their readers; then in 1912 "Dead Men's Bells," and a year later "The Porcelain Lady." Of the first of these I have already spoken; the second is a story of journalistic life in Fleet Street, the record, undoubtedly, of another phase in Mr. Niven's career. The book is full of humour, and it contains perhaps the most lovable of Mr. Niven's female characters in the person of Ruth Winter. I am not going to say this is a great book or that it comes within measurable distance of "Little Devil Doubt," the finest story of Fleet Street ever written, but, in their genre one must rank these two together as representing the highest point of achievement so far.

Mr. Niven's latest phase is represented by the three novels, "Ellen Adair," "Justice of the Peace," and the new book, published only a month or two ago, "Two Generations." They are all three essays in the school of modern realism; but to say this is to remark upon the least essential of their qualities. In every way they are bigger and more ambitious than any work Mr. Niven has previously done, and more than all his other books they display that elusive quality of potentiality I have spoken of before. "Ellen Adair" is the story of an Edinburgh girl who became a prostitute, and had the author been less true to his art it might have been a big seller in those remote days before the war. But it is austere, like all Mr. Niven's work, and the author absolutely refuses to sentimentalise, which is probably the reason why it is not displayed large on every bookstall. "Ellen Adair" is the most coherent of all Mr. Niven's novels, and in spite of its entire absence of sentimentality, perhaps because of it, this simple story of an Edinburgh girl is both intimate and sympathetic. In this book too one finds the first indication that Mr. Niven is concerned with a reading of life rather than the mere telling of a story. The same tendency is even more plainly marked in "Justice of the Peace," and it comes quite clearly into the light in "Two Generations," which may be superficially described as a study of heredity in a middle-class family. I cannot help thinking that, in this last book, Mr. Niven has too consciously taken on the rôle of interpreter; but however one may be disturbed by it (and I have been disturbed by a kind of echo of the creative unrest of the author), one is bound to recognise that the pattern of the fabric on the artist's loom is taking form. I regard these three books as heralds of something very big to come. They are transition work; the author, whether he knows it or not, is beating his wings against the confining bars of a literary tradition, from which he will one day escape. Perhaps the very stress and agony of our modern days may open the door.

C. S. Evans.

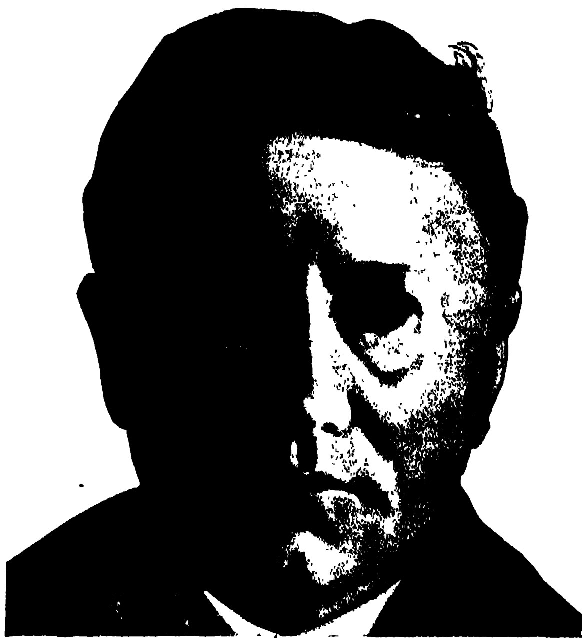
THE READER.

O. HENRY.

By A. St. John Adcock.

USUALLY, when we write of how the critics and the public of an earlier generation were slow to recognise the genius of Meredith or Mark Rutherford, we do it with an air of severe self-righteousness which covers an implication that we and our more enlightened age are not likely to repeat such blunders, that the general taste and critical acumen of our time may safely be relied upon to assess contemporary authors at their true value and put them, with unerring promptitude, into their proper places. The fact is, of course, that even our modern literary judgments are not infallible, and that we are really in no position at all to throw stones at our forefathers. It were sufficient for us if we devoted our energies to getting the beam out of our own eye and left the dead past to bury its dead mistakes.

Take the very modern instance of O. Henry. Thousands of us are reading his stories at present and realising with astonishment that he was a great literary artist—with astonishment because, though we are only just arriving at this knowledge of him, we learn that he commenced to write before the end of last century, and has been five years dead. Even in America, where he belonged, recognition came to him slowly; it was only towards the close of his life that he began to be counted as anything more than a popular magazine author; but now, in the States, they have sold more than a million copies of his books, his publishers announce in their advertisements that "up goes the sale of O. Henry, higher and higher every day," that he has "beaten the world record for the sale of short stories"; and the critics compete with each other in comparing him to Poe and Brete Harte, to Mark Twain and Dickens, to de Maupassant and Kipling. We cannot put ourselves right by saying that he was an American, for in the last few years at least two attempts have been made to introduce him to English readers, and both of them failed. Then a little while ago Mr. Eveleigh Nash embarked on a third attempt and commenced the publication of a uniform edition of the works of O. Henry in twelve three-and-sixpenny volumes. They hung fire a little at first, I believe, but by degrees made headway, and before the series was completed it had achieved a large and increasing success. This was recently followed by an announcement of the issue of the twelve volumes in a shilling edition by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton; the first six have appeared, and the remainder are to be published before the end of the year, and as the publishers estimate that by then, at the present rate of sale, at least half a million copies will have been sold, one may take it that, at long last, O. Henry is triumphantly entering into his kingdom.



O. Henry.

In a brilliant appreciation of "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry," in his new book, "Essays and Literary Studies" (John Lane), Professor Stephen Leacock speaks of the wide and increasing popularity of O. Henry in America, and of his "strange obscurity" in Great Britain. He thinks it "only too likely that many, perhaps the majority, of British readers have never heard of O. Henry." That was certainly true when it was written, but in the last six months our long-suffering public has risen above the reproach. Professor Leacock tries to suggest a reason for our indifference. "The British reader turns with distaste," he says, "from anything which bears to him the taint of literary vulgarity or cheapness; he instinctively loves anything which seems to have the stamp of scholarship, and revels in a classical allusion even when he doesn't understand it." But for the sting in its tail and the passage that succeeds it, I should suspect this sentence of irony, for the British reader received at once and with open arms the joyous extravagances of Max Adeler (who, by the way, should not have been entirely ignored in Professor Leacock's essay on "American Humour"), and there is nothing in "Elbow Room" or "Out of the Hurly-Burly" that is funnier or more quaintly humorous than some of Henry's stories, but O. Henry can move you to tears as well as to laughter—you have not finished with him when you have called him a humorist. He has all the gifts of the supreme teller of tales, is master of tragedy as well as of burlesque, of comedy and of romance, of the domestic and the mystery-tale of common life, and has a delicate skill in stories of the supernatural. Through every change of his theme runs a broad, genial understanding of all sorts of humanity, and his familiar, sometimes casually conversational style conceals a finished narrative art that amply justifies Professor Leacock in naming him "one of the great masters of modern literature." He is not, then, of that cheap type of author from whom, as the Professor says, the British reader "turns with

distaste." He has not been received among us sooner simply because, to repeat Mr. Leacock's statement, "the majority of British readers have never heard of O. Henry," and obviously until they have heard of him it is impossible that they should read him. Therefore, the blame for our not sooner appreciating him rests, not on our general public, but on our critics and publishers. If he had been adequately published, and adequately reviewed over here before, British readers must have heard of him, and their complete vindication lies in the fact that now, when at length he has been adequately published and reviewed, and so brought to their notice, they are reading his books as fast as they can lay hands on them.



O. Henry at the age of 6.

I.

A Life of O. Henry—or, to give him his real name, William Sydney Porter—is in preparation and will be published shortly; until then, we must content ourselves with such scattered fragments of biography as are available.

He was born in 1867 in North Carolina, probably at Greensboro, where, at all events, he spent his earlier years. His father was a doctor, a large-hearted, capable man, who was for some while editor of the local paper. His mother died when he was a child, and he was brought up under the influence of a maiden aunt who conducted a private school. He left school to go as a clerk in the drug store of his uncle, Clarke Porter, and it was here that he first revealed his natural bent by writing and illustrating a comedy-satire in which he caricatured the local celebrities who formed a social club which gathered of evenings round the stove in the drug store. It was read out at one of the gatherings, and so accurately caught the peculiarities of his listeners that some of his models recognised themselves and were seriously offended. His health beginning to fail, it was decided that town life and the sedentary work of the drug store were not good for him, and whilst he was still in his 'teens, he was sent away to a ranch in Texas, where he remained for three years. Among a little sheaf of miscellanies, given at the end of one of his twelve volumes, "Rolling Stones," are several letters written from Texas to his friends between 1883 and 1885, and in one of these, to Dr. W. P. Beall, he says he has "almost forgotten what a regular old gum-chewing, ice-cream destroying, opera ticket vortex, ivory-clawing girl looks like"; and adds, "If you see anybody about to start to Texas to live, especially to this part, if you will take your scalpyouler and sever the jugular vein, cut the brachiopod artery and hamstring him, after he knows what you have done for him he will rise up and call you blessed." Which may hold some indication of his real sentiments but is no more to be taken too literally than is this pen-picture of himself in the same letter:

"If long hair, part of a sombrero, Mexican spurs, etc., would make a fellow famous, I already occupy a topmost niche in the Temple Frame. If my wild untamed aspect had not been counteracted by my well-known benevolent and amiable expression of countenance, I would have been arrested long ago by the Rangers on general suspicions of murder and horse stealing. In fact, I owe all my present means of lugubrious living to my desperate and bloodthirsty appearance, combined with the confident and easy way in which I tackle a Winchester rifle. There is a gentleman who lives about fifteen miles from the ranch, who for amusement and recreation, and not altogether without an eye to the profit, keeps a general merchandise store. This gent, for the last few months, has been trying very earnestly to sell me a little paper, which I would like much to have but am not anxious to purchase. Said paper is my account, receipted. Occasionally he is absent, and the welcome news coming to my ear, I mount my fiery hoss and gallop wildly up to the store, enter with something of the *sang froid*, grace, abandon and *recherche* nonchalance with which Charles Yates ushers ladies and gentlemen to their seats in the opera house, and, nervously fingering my butcher knife, fiercely demand goods and chattels of the clerk. This plan always succeeds. This is by way of explanation of the vast and unnecessary stationery of which this letter is composed."

A more reliable portrait of him, as he was in those days, is to be found in this recollection of one of his associates:

"Porter was the littlest man in the crowd. He was about five feet six inches tall, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, had coal-black hair, grey eyes, and a long, carefully-twisted moustache; looked as though he might be a combination between the French and the Spanish and I think he once told me that the blood of the Huguenots flowed in his veins. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen I ever knew. His voice was soft and musical with just enough rattle in it to rid it of all touch of effeminacy. He had a keen sense of humour and there were two distinct methods of address which were characteristic with him—his business address, and his friendly address. As a business man his face was calm, almost expressionless, his demeanour was steady, even, calculated; but the minute he was out of business that was all gone. He always approached a friend with a merry twinkle in his eye and an expression which said, 'Come on, boys, we're going to have a lot of fun,' and we usually did."



Algernon Sidney Porter (O. Henry's Father).

From the ranch, O. Henry went to work on a newspaper in Houston City; thence, to become a clerk in a bank at Austin, Texas, and here he bought a newspaper of his own, which he renamed *The Rolling Stone*, and wrote and illustrated himself, letting his burlesque, whimsical humours run riot


Cover design
from "Whirligigs," by O. Henry
(Hodder & Stoughton)

in it and making it, surely, one of the queerest and most unconventional periodicals that ever got into circulation. But he abandoned it before long to go wandering to New Orleans, and all about Central America, where he "knocked around mostly among refugees and consuls." By-and-by, he returned to Texas for a spell, and then at length he went to New York, where, with occasional holidays in search of health, he spent the remaining nine years of his life. He had commenced his literary career in earnest whilst he was in New Orleans, but the best and greater part of his work was done in those last nine years. Working to the end, in the last sketch that he completed, "Let Me Feel Your Pulse," he tickled the gaunt ribs of death and laughed at the illness that was wearing him away; and in 1911, when his reputation throughout America was well established, and his powers seemed to be still maturing, when he had achieved popularity and was on the threshold of fame, he died in the Polyclinic Hospital of New York at the age of forty-four.

II.

While he was in the bank at Austin, O. Henry suffered a stupidly heavy-handed injustice; he had behaved foolishly and was punished as harshly for his folly as if it had been an unmitigated crime. He felt the shame of this acutely. It was the kind of wrong that would have soured and embittered most men, but its effect on O. Henry seems to have been to make him infinitely charitable, infinitely sympathetic towards all humanity, especially towards those who had been racked and broken in the world's torture chambers. It had the effect, too, of making him an exile from the places that had known him and sending him forth on that wandering, bohemian existence from which he was for ever yearning to return, and then yearning to get back to when he had returned from it. Just before his marriage to Miss Sara Lindsay Coleman, of Asheville, North Carolina, O. Henry wrote asking his friend Gilman Hall to make certain arrangements for the wedding, and added:

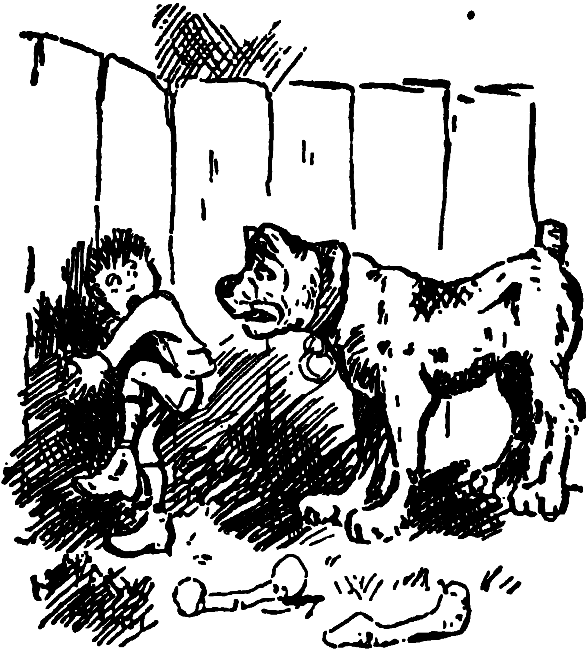

Cover design
from "Cabbages and Kings," by O. Henry
(Hodder & Stoughton).

"I'm right with you on the question of the 'home-like' system of having fun. I think we'll all agree beautifully on that. I've had all the cheap bohemia that I want. I can tell you, none of the 'climbers' and the cocktail crowd are going to bring their vapourings into my house. I'm for the clean, merry life, with your best friends in the game and a general concentration of energies and aims. I am having a cedarwood club cut from the mountains with knots on it, and I am going to stand in my hallway (when I have one) and edit with it the cards of all callers. You and Mrs. will have latchkeys, of course."

And in a scrap of autobiography, written after he had become a more or less orthodox citizen of New York, he looks back wistfully, remembers how at eighteen he "went to Texas and ran wild on the prairies," and observes that he is:


Cover design
from "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. Henry
(Hodder & Stoughton).


Cover design
from 'Sixes and Sevens," by O. Henry
(Hodder & Stoughton).



"See Tom and the Dog.
Will Tom hurt the Dog ?
Oh, no ! Tom will not hurt the Dog.
Tom will give the Dog a bite to eat."

From a drawing by O. Henry in "Rolling Stones" (Eveleigh Nash).

"Wild yet, but not so wild. Can't get to loving New Yorkers. Live all alone in a great big two rooms on quiet old Irving Place three doors from Wash. Irving's old home. Kind of lonesome. Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Sallie's and sit on the porch—not a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps, and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly (they say presently up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her, and pretty soon all of us would be singing the 'Swanee River' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight,' and—oh, gol darn it, what's the good of wishing ?"

But you can see, now, that the life he lived was the life that was best for him ; that every phase of it had its share in making him the prose troubadour that he became. Half his books are filled with stories that are shaped and coloured by his roamings, and the other half with stories that he gathered in the busy ways and, particularly, in the byways of "little old New York." For the scenes, incidents and characters of his tales he had no need to travel far outside the range of his own experiences, and it is probably this that helps to give them the carelessly intimate air of reality that is part of their strength. He touches in his descriptions lightly and swiftly, yet whether he is telling of the old-world quaintness of North Carolina, the rough lawlessness of Texas, the strange glamour of New Orleans, the slumbrous, bizarre charm of obscure South American coast towns, or the noise and bustle and squalor, and up-to-date magnificence of New York, his stories are steeped in colour and atmosphere. You come to think of his men and women less as characters he has drawn than as people he has known, he writes of them with such familiar acquaintance, and makes them so vividly actual to you. He is as sure and as cunning in the presentment of his exquisite senoritas, his faded, dignified Spanish grandees and planters and traders and picturesque rather comic-opera Presidents of small South American republics, as in drawing his wonderful gallery of Bowery boys, financiers, clerks, shop-girls, workers and New York aristocrats. You scarcely realise them as creations, they seem to walk into his pages without effort. His women are, at least, as varied in type and as intensely human as his men : he wins your sympathy for Isabel Guilbert, who was "Eve after the fall but before the bitterness of it was felt," who "wore life as a rose in her bosom," and who, according to Keogh, could "look at a man once, and he'll turn monkey and climb trees to pick cocoanuts for her," no less than he wins it for Norah, the self-sacrificing little sewing-girl, of "Blind Man's Holiday," or the practical, loyally passionate wife, Santa Yeager, of "Hearts and Crosses," or the delightful Mrs. Cassidy who accepts the blows of her drunken husband as proof of his love ("Who else has got a right to be beat ? I'd just like to catch him once beating anybody else !") in "A Harlem Tragedy," which would be grotesquely farcical if it were not for its droll air of truth and the curious sense of pathos that underlies it.

You may depend that the record a friend has given of O. Henry's habits when he was living in Texas, might as truthfully have been written of him during his years in New York :

"Porter was one of the genuine democrats that you hear about more often than you meet. Night after night he would call me to come along and 'go bumming.' That was his favourite expression for the night-time prowling in which we indulged. We would wander through streets and alleys, meeting with some of the worst specimens of down-and-outers it has ever been my privilege to see at close range. I've seen the most ragged specimen of a 'bum' hold up Porter, who would always do anything he could for the man. His one great failing was his inability to say 'No' to a man."

But I am not so sure that it was a great failing. He never valued money, but spent it or gave it away as fast as he made it.

May 19th 1901
My Dear Margaret
Here it is summertime, and the bees are blooming and the flowers are singing and the birds making honey. and we haven't been fishing yet Well, there's only one more month till July. and then we'll go, and no mistake I thought you would write and tell me about the high water around Pittsburg some time ago, and whether it came up to where you live or not And I haven't heard a thing about Easter. and about the rabbit's eggs — but I suppose you have learned by this time that eggs grow on egg plant. and are not laid by rabbits.
I would like very much to hear from you oftener, it has been more than a month now since you wrote Write soon and tell me how you are, and when school will be out, for we want plenty of holidays in July so we can have a good time
I am going to send you something nice the last of this week, what do you guess it will be? Lovingly.
Papa

Facsimile of letter from O. Henry to his daughter.

From "Rolling Stones," by O. Henry (Eveleigh Nash).

Even in the days when the editors were ready to pay him almost any price he liked for whatever he wrote, he was continually short of cash and would find it necessary to write a story and request prompt settlement in order to replenish his exchequer, or sometimes would call on an editor and show him a synopsis of a story yet to be written and draw payment for it in advance.

I am not going to attempt to say which is the best of his tales; they vary so widely in subject and manner that it is impossible to compare them. There were moods in which he saw New York in all its solid, material, commonplace realism, and moods in which it became to him "Bagdad on the Subway," and was full of the magic and mystery of romance, as Soho is in Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." His Wild West stories are a subtle blend of humour, pathos and picturesqueness; some of his town and country stories delight you by their homely naturalness, others are alive with sensation and excitement, others again are pure fantasy or things for nothing but laughter. Then there are such as "Roads of Destiny," which, with a strange dreamlike quality, a haunting, imaginative suggestiveness, unfolds three stories of the same man—as one might see them in prevision—showing that whichever way of life he had chosen he would have been brought to the same, appointed end. The eerie touch of other-world influences is upon you in this, as it is in "The Door of Unrest," an uncanny, queerly humorous legend of the Wandering Jew in a modern American city; and as it is in "The Furnished Room," which Professor Leacock justly singles out as one of the finest of O. Henry's works. "It shows O. Henry at his best," he says, "as a master of that supreme pathos that springs, with but little adventitious aid of time or circumstance, from the fundamental things of life itself. In the sheer art of narration there is nothing done by Maupassant that surpasses 'The Furnished Room.'" It could only be misrepresented in a summary, for though O. Henry always has a good story to tell, its effectiveness is always heightened immeasurably by his manner of telling it.



Miss O. Henry
(Miss Margaret Porter).

Miss Margaret Porter has lately made her debut as a story-writer in the American magazines, and has adopted her father's pseudonym.

It is in sheer art of narration, and in the breadth and depth of his knowledge of humanity and his sympathy with it that he chiefly excels. He was too big a man to be nothing but an artist, and the bigger artist for that reason. He has none of the conscious stylist's elaborate little tricks with words, for he is a master of language and not its slave. He is as happily colloquial as Kipling was in his early tales, but his style is as individual, as naturally his own, as a man's voice may be. He seems to go as he pleases, writing apparently just whatever words happen to be in the ink, yet all the while he is getting hold of his reader's interest, subtly shaping his narrative with the storyteller's unerring instinct, generally allowing you no glimpse of its culminating point until you are right on it. "The art of narrative," says Keogh, in "Cabbages and Kings," "consists in concealing from your audience everything it wants to know until after you expose your favourite opinions on topics foreign to the subject. A good story is like a bitter pill with the sugar coating inside of it"; and this art O. Henry practises with a skill that is invariably admirable and at times startling. More than once he leads you deftly on till you arrive at what would seem an ingenious ending, then in a sudden paragraph he will give the whole thing a quick turn and land you in a still more ingenious climax that leaves victory in the hands of the character who had seemed to have lost.

"Cabbages and Kings," a series of stories held together by a central thread of interest, is the nearest O. Henry came to writing a novel. Towards the end of his career his publishers urged him to write one, and among his papers after his death was found an unfinished reply to them setting out something of his idea of the novel he would like to attempt. It was to be the story of an individual, not of a type—"the *true* record of a man's thoughts, his descriptions of his mischances and adventures, his *true* opinions of life as he has seen it and his *absolutely honest* deductions, comments and views upon the different phases of life he passes through." It was not to be autobiography: "most autobiographies are insincere from beginning to end. About the only chance for the truth to be told is in fiction."

But his novel remains without a title in the list of unwritten books. Whether, if it had been written, it would have proved him as great an artist on the larger canvas as he is on the smaller, is a vain speculation and a matter of no moment. What matters is that in these twelve volumes of his he has done enough to add much and permanently to the world's sources of pleasure, and enough to give him an assured place among the masters of modern fiction.

THE LAST JOURNEY OF RUPERT BROOKE.

By E. Monro Purkis.

In these days of war, when life is cheap, and death is the portion of youth equally with age, many a bright career, cut short in the hour of its unfolding, has passed from public notice for ever with a newspaper paragraph, or the placing of a mural tablet in some obscure country church. One of the few exceptions has been Rupert Brooke. Probably not since Byron died at Missolonghi has the passing of a soldier-poet so moved that public of England which loves art and letters. Nor has that sorrow been the fleeting regret of a day. The succeeding months have deepened it in the hearts of those to whom he and his work were known, and widened it by extending the circle in which his poetry is read and appreciated. The manner of his dying spread the rumour of his quality, and many now know what some few realised before, that in Rupert Brooke lay the possibility of great things in poetry. To be sure, most of the poems he has left are only poems of promise, beginnings, foreshadowings, bourgeonings of hopeful augury. Nevertheless, even the earliest of his published poems are instinct with that force of high and original personality which is the first qualification for rank in literature. In contrast with most early work, his poetry contains very few traces of the influence of other poets. Occasionally one seems to catch an echo of Swinburne, or of Shelley, or a stray note of Milton, but there is ever present an impulse which is none of these, and in his later poems that impulse emerges from the bourgeoning to the bud, from the bud to the opening leaf, to something new and fresh and exquisitely rare. There death found him.

One seeks to learn all one can of such a life, but the circumstantial facts of the career of Rupert Chawner Brooke are few and simple, and do not differ materially from those of the life of the average young Englishman who passes through the Public School and the University. He was the son of a master of Rugby, Mr. W. P. Brooke, and was born at Rugby on August 3rd, 1887. He entered the school in 1901, and proceeded thence to Cambridge about five years later. While at Rugby he won the school prize for an English poem on "The Bastille." His University record was not without distinction, and in 1913 he gained a fellowship at his own college—King's—as his father had done before him. It is of some interest to record that social questions interested him deeply, but poetry was evidently his master-passion from the first. The only volume of poems which was published during his lifetime was that which appeared in December, 1911. The volume, "1914; and Other Poems," did not appear until a few weeks after his death. In the last years of his life he travelled much. He visited Germany and Italy, and in the year before the war he went to America and the Pacific, setting out in May, 1913, and returning on the eve of the outbreak of war. His journeyings in the South Seas yielded some poetic fruitage for his last volume; probably there would have been more if the war had not come.

When the war broke out Rupert Brooke's response to the call of arms was prompt and eager. It could hardly have been otherwise, for his was "a pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift." He became a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Naval Division in September, 1914, and in October accompanied the expedition to Antwerp. Coming back safely, he sailed with the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force on February 28th, 1915, never to return. His war sonnets reveal with pathetic directness his readiness for death, and, indeed, a premonition of its approach. Years before, he had written of death coming early and relentless, "'mid youth and song," "through laughter, through the roses," and all the delights of life at its fullest and happiest, and this is indeed the theme which, unfolded in the manner of a theme of loftiest music, runs through all his poetry until its consummation in those deathless sonnets of sacrifice. It is difficult to conjecture what measure of permanence Rupert Brooke has attained in his poetry, but one feels that those last sonnets, at any rate, will survive the scrutiny of the years and find an abiding place in English literature.

The fate which Rupert Brooke had foreseen was all too soon in coming. It is known that Sir Ian Hamilton - himself a literary soldier—would have given him an appointment of greater safety, but he was not of the mould to seek safety, and less than two months after he sailed with the Mediterranean Force he died on a French hospital ship in the Ægean from blood-poisoning, on April 23rd, 1915, being then twenty-seven years of age.

He was buried at Skyros. A touching account of his burial has appeared in the first volume of "Memorials of Old Rugbians who fell in the Great War," and through the courtesy of those responsible for that work, which was printed for private circulation, we are enabled to reproduce it. It was written by a comrade, Sub-Lieutenant W. C. Denis-Browne, subsequently killed in action, and calls vividly to mind the "last journey" of Robert Louis Stevenson in far-off Samoa, which Rupert Brooke himself had so recently visited. The narrative by Sub-Lieutenant Denis-Browne is as follows:

"We found a most lovely place for his grave, about a mile up the valley from the sea, an olive grove above a watercourse, dry now, but torrential in winter. Two mountains flank it on either side, and Mount Khokilas is at its head. We chose a place in the most lovely grove I have ever seen, or imagined, a little glade of about a dozen trees, carpeted with mauve-flowering sage. Over his head droops an olive tree, and round it is a little space clear of all undergrowth.

"About a quarter past nine the funeral party arrived and made their way up the steep, narrow and rocky path that leads to the grave. The way was so rough and uncertain that we had to have men with lamps every twenty yards to guide the bearers. He was borne by petty officers of his own company, and so slowly did they go that it was not till nearly eleven that they reached the grave.

"We buried him by cloudy moonlight. He wore his uniform, and on the coffin were his helmet, belt, and pistol (he had no sword). We lined the grave with flowers and



Photo by Wallace, N.Y.

O. Henry.

olive, and Colonel Quilter laid an olive wreath on the coffin. The chaplain who saw him in the afternoon read the service very simply. The firing party fired three volleys and the bugles sounded the 'Last Post.'

"And so we laid him to rest in that lovely valley, his head towards those mountains that he would have loved to know, and his feet towards the sea. He once said in chance talk that he would like to be buried in a Greek island. He could have no lovelier one than Skyros, and no quieter resting place.

"On his grave we heaped great blocks of white marble; the men of his company made a great wooden cross for his head, with his name upon it, and his platoon put a smaller one at his feet. On the back of the large cross our interpreter wrote in Greek. . . . 'Here lies the servant of God, sub-lieutenant in the English Navy, who died for the deliverance of Constantinople from the Turks.'

"The next morning we sailed, and had no chance of re-visiting his grave."

So passed Rupert Brooke. In our human view of things, the yielding up of youth to death is always a tragedy, the life that has not its full tale of years is always incomplete, but in truth it is not so. "Life is measured by intensity, not by dial, dropping sand, or watch." The broken pillar is no fit emblem for him whose mortal remains lie in that olive grove of Skyros. His life was completed in early sacrifice, and crowned with a peculiar glory. For the rest—the marble slabs that lie upon his grave, though they last a thousand years, shall be a poor symbol for the immortality of that spirit which once animated the dust beneath.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epitaph, in four or eight lines of original verse, on Captain Fryatt.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to May Herschel-Clarke, of 254, Burrage Road, Woolwich, S.E., for the following:

LA CAVALLINI.

Suggested by Doris Keane's characterisation of "La Cavallini" in "Romance."

Just what you are, you little dark-eyed thing,
Bewild'ring creature of a thousand moods—
One moment some shy fairy of the woods,
Elusive as a bird upon the wing;
The next a fair coquette, the beauty men
Have sold their souls to gain—to kiss that mouth—
Some rare exotic blossom of the South,
Made for the sunshine of a day; and then
A golden voice, a music well-nigh pain
So near the springs of Life and Death it seems,
That for a space man dreams nor knows he dreams
Till the last echo dies; or yet again
A sad-eyed child, whom Life too soon has taught
The meaning of that pearl-hung, jewelled cross—
The pain of love, the agony of loss—
Or just a simple woman passion-wrought—
I cannot tell.

Yet gazing at that face
Of southern beauty in its jet-black frame,
Those lang'rous, melting eyes whose hidden flame
Could warm, bewitch or sear; the poise and grace
E'en that stiff fashion of the long ago
Seeks but to aid; ah child, as there you stand—
Grace to the finger-tips of that small hand
So flower-like 'gainst your dress—one thing I know:
Something are you far more than all the art
Of pen or brush or gesture could devise—
Child-woman with the great appealing eyes.
Sometime, somewhere you had your counterpart.
Out of the past you rose (ah, witching glance!)—
A light, a star, "a warmth in all this cold,"
A breath of youth to hearts grown early old,
A perfume of that magic thing—Romance!

MAY HERSCHEL-CLARKE.

We also select for printing:

MEMORY.

Her laughter made the wild birds sing
And in her steps bright flowers would spring—
I see no flowers now.

For her the sun would chase the cloud
Until he reigned in splendour proud—
I see no sunshine now.

Her presence filled the world with light
So pure it blinded my poor sight—
I live in darkness now.

For me there are no songs, no flowers,
No sun to brighten my dark hours,
But only memories now.

(D. P. Thomas, 30, Park Road, Clarence Gate, N.W.)

THE SPINSTER.

I have no roses left to offer you,
No opal fragrance from the summer dawn:
Only the browning clover from the fields,
And white mist rising to the autumn stars.

You came so late, alack, my day is spent.
I waited all the golden morning hours,
Flushed with the dreaming vision of your face,
And the dear words your heart would say to me,

Till threads of grey are woven in my hair,
And I forget the merry ways of youth.
I have no roses left to offer you.
My heart is but a red rose overblown.

(Ethel Knott, Old Malden, Worcester Park, S.W.)

A FRIEND.

I love to pass your little house
  Beside the sea,
Your door is ever open wide,
  I know, to me.

I may not see you as I go,
  To call good-night,
But as I pass your gate I feel
  My heart grow light.

And I forget the weary world
  Brimful of care,
And all the way along I say,
  A friend lives there!

(Beryl Carter, Glyndebourne Farm, Ringmer, Sussex.)

We also select for special commendation the sixty lyrics by Madeleine C. Munday (Calvados, France), A. Welch (Chiswick), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Hylda Cole (Kilmacolm), Bombardier A. M. Reid (Cornwall), J. S. C. (Ripon), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Don A. N. Gardiner (Hyde Park), Christine D. M. Orr (Colinton), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Marguerite E. Coles (Guernsey), Eveline Ida San Garde (Accrington), D. E. Belfield (Northwood), P. Messenger (Alton), A. F. B. (Croydon), Gunner T. A. King (Plymouth), Muriel I. Baker (Golders Green), Cyril G. E. Bunt (Balham), Grace Cracknall (N. Kensington), D. J. Darlow (Woking), Beatrice Craig (Ireland), M. Whitford (Taunton), Marie Greening (Northampton), E. A. Porter (Birmingham), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Blake Kelly (Dublin), Christine Chaundler (Russell Square), Sergt. M. B. K. Hemphrey (Farnboro'), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Dorothy G. Clegg (Clapton), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), R. G. (Sheffield), Arthur Thrush (London, E.C.), M. McGuire (Byfield), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), Nora B. Fry (Willesden), E. R. L. (Durham), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), W. Siebenhaar (W. Australia), A. L. G. (Raynes Park), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), P. H. Coke (Harrogate), Winifred Barrows (Minchinhampton), T. Yarwood (Northwich), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), Walter P. Davisson (Winnipeg), B. Shotts (Glasgow), R. Scott Frayn (Silsden), Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), G. F. Simpson (Manchester), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), D. M. W. Glenridding (St. Albans), E. Cornell (Bromley), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hayes), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to S. M. Isaacson, of 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, W., for the following:

OUT THERE. BY CHARLES IGGLESDEN. (John Long.)
"Accept my thoughts for thanks;
I have no words."
HANNAH MORE, *Moses.*

We also select for printing:

A GREAT SUCCESS. BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. (Smith, Elder.)
"You balanced an eel on the end of your nose."
L. CARROLL, *Father William.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

ANDROCLES AND THE LION. BY BERNARD SHAW. (Constable.)
"Now good digestion wait on appetite."
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth, Act III., Sc. IV.*

(F. Webster, 5, Turquand Street, Walworth, S.E.)

WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF. BY SILAS HOCKING. (Ward, Lock & Co.)
"Why am I lying awake so late?"
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *The Sick Child.*

(Winifred Parker, Robertswood, Matlock, Derbyshire.)

RICHES AND HONOUR. BY W. H. ADAMS. (Smith, Elder.)
"I'll manage to submit to these
Luxurious superfluities."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Reverend Simon Magus.*

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

IRRECONCILABLES. BY ELIZABETH HART. (Melrose.)
"The Lion and the Unicorn Went fighting through the town."
LEWIS CARROLL.

(Mary Angell Lane, 41, Radley Road, Tottenham, N.)

CAPTAIN CALAMITY. BY ROLF BENNETT. (Hodder.)
"The rock he split upon was quarts."
HOOD

(Charles Powell, 82, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester.)



Cover design
from "Roads of Destiny," by O. Henry (Hodder & Stoughton).

THE GOLDEN MEAN. REVIEW BY EDWIN PUGH, page 138, August number, "BOOKMAN."
"Neither a borrower, nor a lender be."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

(Wm. Stewart, 17, Park Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.)

III. The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines of verse on Holidays in Wartime is awarded to Mrs. Guy Branson, of 272, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, for the following:

These holy-days are consecrate to thee,
  England, our mother! Proudly do we share
The common lot of those thy warrior sons
  Forging an endless chain of work and prayer.

From among the numerous other replies received we select for commendation the twelve by Helen C. Stone (Thornton Heath), Frank Noble Wood (Hull), Alice Wise (Leicester), John Oliver (Manchester), J. P. Thomas (Merthyr Tydfil), Ida May (Barnes), Winifred Parker (Matlock), W. Brown (Corostorphine), M. Whitford (Taunton), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Freda Sutterlin (Birmingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded



Cover design
from "Heart of the West," by O. Henry (Hodder & Stoughton).

to Vincent Hamson, of 107, Denmark Street, Bedford, for the following:

JACKS' SELF EDUCATOR. EDITED BY H. C. O'NEILL. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

When the seeker after knowledge wishes to break new ground, he often feels the necessity of a short outline of the new subject he is about to master, and of some guidance as to the proper course of reading. Here is a remarkable book that satisfies these wants in regard to thirty-eight widely varying subjects. There is no educational quackery about this volume; each article is to the point and readily to be grasped by the novice; and the whole work serves as a mind-refresher to those who have gone over these vast subjects and more or less forgotten them.

We also select for printing:

FROM DUG-OUT AND BILLET.

AN OFFICER'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER. (Hurst & Blackett.)

So simple and charming are these letters, that one feels convinced that they are real and not the imagination of an author who has never seen a battlefield. They are sad—tragic—but that also is real war, and not a "story" war. Running through all is the cry from the trenches to those at home—"Stop talking and get to work." No man who has failed in his duty can read this little book without a twinge of conscience. It should appeal to all, but especially to stricken mothers.

(A. Vanderpant, 37, Hampstead Lane, Highgate.)

LITERATURE IN IRELAND. BY THOMAS MACDONAGH. (Fisher Unwin.)

The posthumous publication of this scholarly, if somewhat discursive, work, tends to accentuate the neglect of Irish literature. Thomas MacDonagh, a Sinn Fein leader, it will be remembered, was executed during the recent rebellion. He has made no appreciable mask of his political opinions in this book. Indeed, if anything, he surprises us by his acknowledgment of the beauties and unbounded value of Anglo-Irish literature, inasmuch as we had deemed him one of the strictly Gaelic revivalist school. The book is more or less a tangled sequence of biography and quotation, and lacks the discerning criticism one would expect to discover.

(W. Curran Reedy, Pangbourne House, 37, Earlham Grove, Forest Gate, Essex.)

THE ABYSS. BY NATHAN KUSSY. (Macmillan.)

It is deep, dark, and exceedingly dirty, this abyss which Mr. Kussy shows us, but we go down into it with young Sammy Gordin, sharing his few joys, his many sorrows, impotent, as he was, in the grip of a criminal and soul-corroding environment, and handicapped by the limitations of a most sordid poverty. We see with the eyes of this Jewish boy, the poignancy of whose sufferings becomes our own. What MacGill did for the Irish navvy, Kussy has now done for the "hobo" of New York; we shall await the remainder of the promised trilogy with great expectations.

(Eileen Newton, White Haven, West Cliff, Whitby, Yorks.)

BATTLE. BY W. W. GIBSON. (Elkin Matthews.)

"Battle" expresses in an entirely exceptional and unequalled way the war as it is in the mind of the human and bewildered fighter suddenly thrust into this chaos of overwhelming experience. Mr. Gibson's power of simple forceful expression has never been seen to better advantage: here are the very bones of poetry—these poems are of the stark nature of an old ballad, securing, like it, that unparalleled effect implied emotion always has, made almost intolerably poignant and eloquent by extreme reticence. They are worthy to rank with Rupert Brooke's sonnets, "1914," as the best poetry this war has produced.

(M. St. Clare Byrne, 24, Queen's Road, Hoylake, Cheshire.)

THE ROSE GARDEN HUSBAND.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The optimism of the immortal "Mrs. Wiggs" would have been severely tried in the rôle of "Liberry Teacher." Phyllis Braithwaite, the heroine of this breezy American novel, survives the ordeal. She longs, however, for a change, and gets it. The plot is most improbable, indeed, impossible. But herein lies the merit of the telling—all happens quietly and naturally. The humour is unforced. We do not scream with laughter, we quietly chuckle. How a "marble crusader" is transformed into an ordinary mortal of flesh and blood we will not disclose. Phyllis unquestionably deserved her subsequent happiness.

(Miss M. J. Dobie, Willow Cottage, Mouldsworth, near Chester.)

We also select for special commendation the fifteen reviews by Private H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Alice M. Hillier (Highbury), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), A. L. Balasubramanian (Madras), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), Irene F. Armstrong (Falkirk), Evelyn Knight (Bakewell), Miss Crowder (Milford), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Miss Bradshaw Ishewood (Colchester), Amy Hurworth (Middlesborough), Mary C. Mair (Haslemere), Ida M. Birkin (Nottingham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Emily Kington, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

MISS S. MACNAUGHTAN.

THERE were not many points of likeness between Miss Macnaughtan and Mrs. Antrobus, one of the characters in that delightful novel of hers, "Snow Upon the Desert," yet they curiously resembled each other in this—that when news came last July that Miss Macnaughtan was dead you heard her friends speaking of her in much the same terms as she wrote about the death of Mrs. Antrobus. She was missed in England as Mrs. Antrobus was in India; she had been so "intensely alive, it was difficult to realise her enforced absence . . . there was no one like her. . . . We shall get over her loss, no doubt. None of us mourn for ever. But we know that not even custom will cure us all at once of missing her. . . . One of those women whose very brilliance caused it to burn itself out too soon. . . . A world in which there are not too many amusing people seems dull without her."

These things are literally true of Miss Macnaughtan. She was intensely alive, and intensely interested in all the life around her, and her interest was continually expressing itself in the most practical forms. A slight, rather delicate woman, she was never at rest and seemed to have unlimited reserves of enthusiasm and energy. She went much into society, and her home near Park Lane was one of the few literary salons that still survive in London. There was a time when she lived and worked among the poor in the East End, and you get something of her experiences there woven into her first novel "Selah Harrison," and into her last, "They Who Question,"* which was published anonymously last year. She was actively associated with the Women's Suffrage Movement though she was never a militant. She had travelled much in Canada, America, India, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt and other countries of the East. During the Boer War she went to South Africa with the Red Cross, and did good service in helping to look after the feeding and clothing of the wounded. Hearing that a private hospital in the Orange Free State was badly in need of a cook, she volunteered for that work, and rode miles across rough country in an ox-waggon to undertake it. She had had no lessons in cookery, but used to say that she knew that mystery by instinct; anyhow, she proved a thoroughly capable

* Smith, Elder & Co.

worker, and was so resourceful in emergencies that, on occasion, having no yeast to put into her dough she hit upon the notion of using Eno's Fruit Salt as a substitute, and the resulting loaves were a complete success. She was a witty and eloquent public speaker, and showed a wonderful power of swaying and rousing great audiences when she was touring the country delivering a series of thirty-two lectures at munition centres in the summer of 1915. Earlier than that, immediately the war broke upon us—for her patriotic ardour had to find outlets in active service—she went to Antwerp as a Red Cross worker, and was among the last to leave the city when it was evacuated before the incoming Germans. Thence she went directly to Furnes where, often under German shell fire, she helped to feed the wounded as they came through towards the French base hospitals, and became known as "the lady with the soup." Then she came home for a while, broken in health, but with no intention of giving in, for it was then that almost at once she set out as a lecturer to munition workers through Scotland, Wales and England, and a passage from an unpublished diary recording her visit to Wales, will serve to give an idea of what she was doing and how effectively it was done. You can picture the vast crowds of rugged toilers, and that fragile, slight, little woman—a trifle over five feet tall—passionately appealing to them from the lorry or the platform till the fire that was in her own heart blazed up in theirs:



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Miss S. Macnaughtan.

"The first day, I gave a dock-gate meeting and spoke from a lorry, and that night I had my great meeting at Cardiff. Dear Sir Frank Younghusband came down for it and the Mayor took the chair. The audience were enthusiastic and every place was filled. At one moment they all rose to their feet, and holding up their hands, swore "to fight for the Right till Right was won." It was one of the scenes I shall always remember. Every day after that I used to have tea and an egg at five o'clock, and a motor would come with one of my committee to take me to different places of meeting. It was generally up the Rhondda Valley we went, and I came to know well that westward drive with the sun setting behind the hills and turning the Taff Valley to gold. Every night we went a little further and a little higher—Aberdare, Aberystwith, Tonypandy, etc., etc. I gave fourteen lectures in thirteen days. Generally I spoke in chapels, and it seemed to give me the chance I wanted to speak with all my mind to these people and to ask them and teach them what Power and Possession and Freedom really meant. Oh, it was wonderful! The rapt faces of the miners, the hush of the big buildings and then the sudden bursts of wild cheering. There was a bumptious-looking man with a bald head whom I remember. He took up his position just over the clock in the gallery opposite and listened critically, talked a good deal and made remarks. I began to speak straight at him without looking at him and quite suddenly I saw him, as I spoke of our men at the war, cover his face and burst into tears."

It was apparent to her friends that the excitement and exertion of this recruiting had severely overtaxed her strength, but soon after it was finished she felt the irresistible call to serve and, rejoining the Red Cross—not as a nurse, for she had not trained for that, but to help in the stores and the general working organisation—she went out to Russia, and later into Persia, and it was the hardships and anxieties she endured and the exacting duties she fulfilled last winter and in the early months of this year that shattered her health irreparably. After a lonely and painful journey back, she reached home on the 6th of May with death in her looks and, cheerful to the last, died worn out with hard work on the 24th July.

Even as a child, Miss Macnaughtan showed her natural bent. Her sisters remember her tireless delight in telling them stories which they were as tirelessly delighted in hearing—stories which were continued from day to day sometimes for lengthy periods. She was much influenced by her father, a man of wide sympathies and fine ideals, and after she had commenced her career as a novelist would say that she always felt she could not write a line she would not like him to read, and this feeling remained with her all her life. "She was staying with me," says her sister, Mrs. Keays-Young, "when she first sent any writing of hers to an editor. It was a short story called 'Tom Cophetua, Esq.,' and was immediately accepted by *Temple Bar*, in 1894, if I remember rightly. She told me many years ago that she had never had any work refused by the publishers, though, occasionally, she and they could not agree about terms."

There is no trace of the 'prentice hand in her first novel "Selah Harrison"; the easy flow of its narrative and the quiet skill with which its characters are drawn show an instinctive art that ripened in her later work and reached its highest development perhaps in "A Lame Dog's Diary" and "The Fortune of Christina M'Nab." It is an art as clear cut, as careful of detail, and as cleanly and delicately realistic as that of Jane Austen, but she covers a much wider range of human interests, touches more spiritual heights and more emotional deeps. "A Lame Dog's Diary" was written whilst she was living at Cranbrook, and most of its men and women are modelled on people who were her neighbours there. The story, which does for modern village life what Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" did for the village life of mid-Victorian days, was written shortly after the



Photo by Percy Home. **Chart Sutton Parish Church** where Miss Macnaughtan is buried.

death of Miss Macnaughtan's brother. He met with an accident in the Argentine, which necessitated the amputation of his right arm and leg. He lived long enough to see his sister who started for Rosario without an hour's delay; and "A Lame Dog's Diary" is a sort of dream of the life Miss Macnaughtan imagined he and she would have spent together—for she had intended devoting herself to his care—had he recovered. There is a wistful, inevitable pathos about the figure of the "Lame Dog," who himself narrates the story, but the charm of the book lies no less in its tenderness for the weak and suffering than in its whimsical humour, its genial satire and its preoccupation with the queerness and quaintnesses of human character.

She must have been in her happiest mood when she wrote "The Fortune of Christina M'Nab," that brilliant comedy of the beautiful Scots lassie who came suddenly into an inheritance of eighteen thousand a year and resolved to improve her speech, go into high society, and marry a lord, and was wryly encouraged and aided in these sensible ambitions by her practical lover, Colin M'Crae, who stolidly recognised that it would be folly in her now to marry a man so poor and beneath her as himself. It took such hold upon her that she wrote it all in six weeks, and she was not in the habit of writing with such rapidity as that. Her last novel "They Who Question," occupied her for over twenty years, but that was a book of a very different kind. It was written less for the tale it has to tell than for the sake of presenting through the persons of her fiction her own philosophy of life, of uttering and seeking to resolve such religious doubts as come to all thinking people, of trying to understand the mystery of pain, to reconcile unmerited suffering in men and animals with the idea of a God of love. She published the book anonymously because she had opened her secret heart in it and could not bear the thought of being questioned and having to talk about it. But now that there is no further need to conceal its authorship a new edition is to be published with her name on the title page.

This was her last novel, but her last book was "A Woman's Diary of the War," in which she set down an account of her work with the Red Cross in Antwerp and in France. She has left a diary of what she saw and did and suffered later in Russia and Persia. There is a note of weariness in these unpublished pages at times, for the burden of the world's sorrow was heavy upon her, and she was ill and in need of rest; but her indomitable courage and humour flash out spontaneously at intervals, and there is this pleasant little sketch of how she spent her last Christmas, somewhere in Persia:

"*Christmas Day*, 1915.

"And may next Christmas Day find us at Peace! We lunched to-day with the Grand Duke and Duchess Nicholas—rather a stately and picturesque affair! We entered and began to curtsey to the wrong couple as we did not know T.I.H.'s by sight, but Madame X. was very nice and did all the presenting, so, as we were meeting about fifty new people, and most of them seemed to be different grades of Princes and Imperial Highnesses, I don't think we did too badly. The Grand Duke is quite extraordinarily and obviously GRAND DUKE. He measures 6 feet 5 inches, and it would take some trouble to find a match for him. . . . A nice little incident was in store for us when the Grand Duke got up and made a speech and every one raised a glass and toasted us. In Russia they do that sort of thing so well and so gracefully."

There is no need to attempt any more elaborate study of her character; she has put herself into all of her books, and you cannot read them without growing intimately aware of her eager, jovous, resolute personality. "No lack of time, strength or money," she said, in her younger years, "shall prevent me from doing anything that I want to do"; and it never did. She may well have been thinking of herself when she made Hubert Malincourt say, in "They Who Question," "With a woman the difficulty always is to restrain her ardour, and to make her remember her weakness." For her, as for Selah Harrison, "to the end, life was a stern warfare"; when it was a question of fulfilling what she conceived to be her duty, she could not restrain her ardour and would not remember her weakness, and so it came that she gave herself unsparingly and died for her country as surely as any soldier who has fallen in battle.

New Books.

SOME RECENT HISTORY.

Professor H. G. Rawlinson has written an interesting monograph on India and the Western World,[1] a subject interesting largely on account of its exceptionality. India, of course, was in fairly close touch with Asia Minor and the Persians, and well within the ken of Herodotus; the remarkable thing was that the real contact between Hellenism and Hinduism was postponed until after the conquests of Alexander, and even then the mutual influence was much slighter than might superficially be supposed. Thus the debt of the Pythagorean philosophy to India is shown to be almost entirely mythical, and India was totally unaffected by Greece until the days of Alexander. Between the two countries lay the insurmountable barriers of vast seas, deserts, mountains, and hostile nations. Indeed, it was not until Roman Imperial times that, in consequence of the discovery of the existence of the monsoon winds, commercial relations could be satisfactorily opened up.

The National History of France, published by Mr. Heinemann, of which we already possess one volume—"The Century of the Renaissance," from the highly qualified pen of M. Batiffol—is represented in a second volume now on the "Eighteenth Century," from the pen of Casimir Stryienski.[2]

The History will occupy, when finished, six volumes, completing the Period that concludes with 1815, and it has already had a considerable run in France. To a large extent it is a Memoir-History, and concentrates attention upon Court, diplomacy, and military history. There is a special chapter in the present volume on the Salons and the Arts, but there is very little about the people, about the middle-class, industry, commerce, the colonies or administration. Within its limits, however, the present History is admirable; it brings the personnel of French history into relief; it is enriched by plenty of Memoir blood, and it keeps one close to the events as they happened by means of conversation, extract and repartee. The volume of the present series on the *Grande Siècle* does not exist in English, but we possess two admirable delineations on the grand days of Versailles from slightly different points of view, one by James Eugene Farmer, idealising the regime of the Sun King, the other by G. F. Bradby, an equally picturesque and rather more critical performance. It is delightful to go on from these to the present volume, which begins with the words "Louis XIV. is dead, and his courtiers breathe again." The present author frees the Regency Period from a good deal of gratuitous obloquy; an American historian, Perkins, has done the Period in a more satisfying fashion to our mind from the military and diplomatic point of view. Stryienski is more felicitous in striking the note of personality within the limited space at his disposal. Here are one or two characteristic touches *à propos* of the accession of Louis XVI.:

"You have a very good King, my dear D'Alembert," wrote Frederick II., "and I congratulate you with all my heart. A king who is wise and virtuous is more to be feared by his rivals than a prince who has only courage."

The philosopher replied: "He loves goodness, justice, economy and peace. . . . He is just what we ought to desire as our king, if a propitious fate had not given him to us."

It became known that on May 20th he had received one of the most important dignitaries of the old Court unfavourably.

"Who are you?" he said to this individual.

"Sire, I am called La Ferté."

"What do you want?"

"Sire, I came to receive your orders."

"Why?"

"It is because . . . because I am Steward of the Menus."

"What are the Menus?"

"Sire, they are Your Majesty's Menus Plaisirs (amusements)."

"My Menus Plaisirs are a walk in the park. I have no need of you." Whereupon Louis turned his back.

Marie Antoinette failed to secure his reinstatement, but consoled herself by receiving Choiseul at Court with all the grace and charm of which contemporaries speak.

"Monsieur de Choiseul," she said, "I am charmed to see you here. You made my happiness, and it is right that you should witness it."

The King, who was somewhat embarrassed, found nothing to say but: "You have got fatter; you have lost your hair; you have become bald."

The whole policy of Louis' reign was to "please" either one Party or another. Louis had some of the ideas of a statesman, but could never carry them out. He always gave way to Marie Antoinette, and by degrees regular coteries formed around her, eager to take advantage of the inexperience of the young princess and the weak character of her husband.

There are good things on almost every page, with the exception of the passages devoted to the Seven Years' War, which are certainly dull, and at the end of each chapter there is a short résumé of the salient authorities.

The preceding volume in this series, the one we mean which relates the history from the death of Louis XI. down to the murder of Henri IV., contains an Introduction by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, which is well worth reading, and we are inclined to think that similar introductions to the individual volumes would be a valuable accession to the general utility of a series which promises so well.

The "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series has received a notable accession in a volume upon "Abraham Lincoln," by one Lord Charnwood.[3]

Not many people probably know who Lord Charnwood is, or to what achievements he may have owed his recent elevation to the peerage. We say this with no desire to slight him, still less taunt him with the obscurity of his title deeds, but to call attention to the inadvisability of a

[1] "Intercourse between India and the Western World." By H. G. Rawlinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

[2] "National History of France: The Eighteenth Century." By Casimir Stryienski. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

[3] "Makers of the Nineteenth Century: Abraham Lincoln." By Lord Charnwood. 6s. net. (Constable.)



Photo by Percy Home. **Road from Sutton Valence to Cranbrook,**

Miss Macnaughtan's old home

locution to which he seems unduly partial. To call a person "a Mr. So-and-So," or (writing of one who was then Vice-President of the United States) "one Aaron Burr" as a mark of indistinction, is a method usually restricted to a very parochial audience.

We have nothing but microscopic blame for a book so admirably done as the present study of Lincoln. It is, in fact, that very rare thing—an attempt at a philosophic exposition of a great chapter in the United States' history for English people from an American point of view. It is admirably planned, framed, and written; it is studied apparently mainly from the outside and by means of books rather than by residence among Americans, but since the great work of Bryce it would be difficult to name a better attempt by an Englishman really to penetrate the American point of view. The preliminary study of the growth of the American nation is indeed a valuable synthesis for English readers.

The author studies Lincoln's career philosophically and historically, and Lincoln himself took a thoroughly historical view of politics, and was frequently standardising contemporary ways with the ways of the Fathers, that is—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, and Hamilton. Lincoln himself disclaimed profound knowledge of history, and when he was told that Charles I. had often negotiated with the British Parliament during the Civil War, persisted that he couldn't treat with parties in arms against the Government. "On such matters," he said, "I turn you over to Seward; all I distinctly recollect about Charles I. is that he lost his head at the end."

The times were unfavourable to the idea of leadership during the government of Lincoln, and there was never a man perhaps who had less of the Sun King in his composition. He termed himself one of the common people. Once he dreamed he was in a great assembly which made way to let their President pass. As he passed someone said, "He is a common looking fellow." In his dream Lincoln turned to the critic and answered, "Friend, the Lord prefers common looking people; that is why He made so many of them." Lord Charnwood doesn't tell quite so many Lincoln stories as we should like, but he brings out Lincoln's greatness and his essential Christianity. "Give yourself no uneasiness," he once said to someone who had sympathised with him over the annoyance of being laughed at, "I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice, and have received a great deal of kindness not quite free from ridicule; I am used to it." The author finds in Lincoln's humour something plainly yet unaccountably akin with the graver, grander, strain of thought and feeling that inspired the greatest of his speeches. The rhythm of these is very grand, and has something of the cadence of seventeenth-century prose.

Finally, he discovers in the record which he gives us so conscientiously a steady ripening of mind and character to the end. The style of the biography is thoughtful and dignified throughout. It is a concentrated and therefore not particularly easy style, if only because the author has to condense the substance of Nicholay and Hay's four volumes into one of no great length or bulk. And in doing this he has omitted nothing that is vitally indispensable; he has given us a complete presentment of Lincoln.

Apart from the "Life of Lincoln," which is a bargain at 6s., Messrs. Constable have given us another valuable historical study, which is "The Normans in European History," by Professor C. H. Haskins.[1]

The writer is a well-known authority on the Normans, and he gives us here, in the form of collected lectures, a bird's-eye view of the whole episode of Norman history, a general view of Norman achievement in France, England, and Italy. Since the little book in Creighton's "Epochs of Modern History" on "The Normans in Europe," we do not remember to have seen the subject treated thus. It brings out with remarkable distinctness the Norman character and personality—or nationality we might now call it—and the Norman capacity for constructive work; a race of princes, State builders at home and abroad, who made Normandy the strongest and most centralised principality in France, and joined to it a kingdom beyond the seas which became the strongest State in Western Europe.

[1] "The Normans in European History." By Charles Homer Haskins. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

To the real student of history, the subject of our debt to the Normans can never lose its actuality. How vital it is is illustrated by two re-publications of the day. One, the new edition of Green's "Short History," the other Mr. Belloc's "Eye-Witness." Green, following Freeman, was the champion of the German Homeland theory, and insists on beginning English history in Germany, a view which is naturally not extremely popular at the present time. Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, is the champion of the view that without the Norman stimulus the activities of the old English would have wasted themselves in distraction and futility. Professor Haskins, it is interesting to notice, has gone over bag and baggage from the Nationalist view of the last generation, as represented by Stubbs, Freeman and Green. His characterisation of the Norman approaches nearly to the brilliant divinations of Mr. Belloc. In England the most permanent Norman work survives. Hastings remains the most decisive battle in the whole of our history, and the bullet-headed victors have exerted an influence upon our history out of all proportion to their numerical strength. The chief monument of the Normans is modern England, they created our central government, our jurisprudence, our diplomacy, and our dominant class. The heavy hand of Norman kingship turned the loose and disintegrating Saxon confederation into the English nation. Between 1066 and 1215 the Normans laid the foundation, for good and ill, of the England that we know. Under John they became French again, and gave England the opportunity of developing into an independent nation.

Something remains to be said of the new attempt to depict the English people by Mr. Stanley Leathes in his three-volume "Social History for Schools," and of the "New Cambridge History of Modern Germany Since 1815," from the experienced hand of the Master of Peterhouse; but verdicts of these volumes are better postponed, it may well be said, until the concluding volumes—which are expected this autumn—put in an appearance. And we must similarly postpone any remarks we should like to have made on "The Germans in England," and "England and Germany" to the same occasion, merely remarking here as we pause, upon the loss and gain that history has of late sustained. Loss, by the death at the front of Mr. Butler, the brilliant young Cambridge historian and author of "The Tory Tradition," and gain by the elevation of the doyen of Oxford history tutors, Mr. A. L. Smith, to the unique position of Master of Balliol.

Thomas Seccombe.

A NOOK IN THE NORTH.*

Elgin (the *g* hard) has already had its history written by the author's father, and filial-like, the son now seeks to round off the task undertaken many years ago. The result is a work which all lovers of the Morayshire cathedral city will desire to possess. Indeed, the story of Elgin cannot be truly known without recourse to Mr. Mackintosh's informative and learned record. It is to be feared that an extraordinary amount of ignorance prevails amongst the young and rising generation on matters of local history and tradition. How little interest many of them seem to take in such questions—even the most recent happenings being a kind of *terra incognita*. It is to combat that feeling of lukewarmness and indifference to the facts of history that this comprehensive account of Elgin has been compiled.

Elgin is proud to call itself a city, and along with Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen, its chief magistrate

* "Elgin Past and Present: A Historical Guide." By Herbert B. Mackintosh. 10s. 6d. (Elgin: Yeadon.)

rejoices in the title of Lord Provost. One gentleman who held the office in 1865 possessed even a wider appellation, and for his public spirit was dubbed "The Provost of Scotland." Elgin is a cleanly, attractive little city, famous for its scholastic institutions, in one of which Mr. Saintsbury served for a time. It is, however, the ecclesiastical lore of the place that is Elgin's prime glory. As was to be expected, Elgin's historian deals at length, and (as can be felt all through the book) *con amore* with the history of the Cathedral, said to have been the most beautiful kirk in Scotland—in its day of might, and in its decadence and ruin. This is a very fascinating study, and it could not have been in better hands—if only the youth of Elgin could be persuaded to read and digest chapters so full of historical and antiquarian meat. The "Old Mortality" pages, descriptive of the numerous tombstones and memorials with which the Cathedral and the adjoining graveyard abound, should have particular interest for the native, although the interest is by no means confined to Elginshire. So also should the story of the long line of Bishops who filled the coveted See of Moray for close on six centuries, as well as that of the humbler divines who spouted eloquently in the parish kirk. It may be remarked that Elgin has now *ten* kirks—a matter for reflection in times like these, when one remembers that the population of the whole parish does not exceed 9,000.

Elgin's sons have come to honour in all walks of life, and a feature of the book consists in the excellently reproduced portraits of several of those typically outstanding men of the North. Their faces proclaim their character. For none but strong and massive men—men of fixed purpose and sterling principle—could have so carved out the fortunes of this quaintly-picturesque town by the Lossie. It is a pleasure to commend so scholarly a contribution to the literature of locality.

W. S. Crockett.

DREAMS AND PRACTICE.*

Had this volume been published before the guns of the Great War had begun to blow away much of the selfishness and silly self-importance that afflicted our wealth-ridden community, it would have been received with more dislike and prejudice than it can suffer now. Edward Carpenter had made sufficient impression upon his times to have earned the anger of the Philistines. His frankness in dealing with the question of sex was enough to cause Mrs. Grundy to broaden her phylacteries; while his rejection of comfortable suburban circumstance, the surrender of his Cambridge Fellowship and Orders, his willingness to be one with the working-men, were sufficient to have gained for him the ire and resentment of the established well-to-do. His whole life has been a protest and a gentle revolution; and he is justified in regarding it (as, indeed, he does) with some complacency.

His effort after independence was a bigger thing than any similar adventure now would be, for his example has been widely spread and passably followed. He was a changeling of the Victorian age; and, if only to rouse Mr. Whiteing, I feel impelled to quote Mr. Carpenter's impression of that over-judged era:

> "A period in which not only commercialism in public life, but cant in religion, pure materialism in science, futility in social conventions, the worship of stocks and shares, the starving of the human heart, the denial of the human body and its needs, the huddling concealment of the body in clothes, the 'impure hush' on matters of sex, class-division, contempt of manual labour, and the cruel barring of women from every natural and useful expression of their lives, were carried to an extremity of folly difficult for us now to realise."

There, in convenient epitome, is condemnation enough. That many will disagree with it, goes without saying; but that there is an ever-enlarging minority, if not an actual majority, who hold with it is as true as Monday morning.

* "My Days and Dreams: Being Autobiographical Notes." By Edward Carpenter. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)



Edward Carpenter (1887), Age 43.

From "My Days and Dreams," by Edward Carpenter (Allen & Unwin).

It was an over-upholstered age, an age in which the institution of property proved at once a tyranny and a futility, a period when the second-best bed was an occasion for heart-burning among relatives. Who can help feeling an abounding sense of hope when one realises how much farther we have marched in progress since the days of the Manchester School and Toady? But now and then, in describing the conditions from which he escaped, has not Mr Carpenter, with his keen sense of humour, unconsciously exaggerated; as when he quotes a senior cleric, remonstrating with him for resigning his Orders, as saying, "It is all such tomfoolery that it doesn't matter whether you say you believe in it, or whether you say you don't. Look at my sermons in chapel now—are they not models of unaffected piety! You let the matter drop, and it will all blow over." That the intellectual life of the University should have been "a fraud and a weariness"; that the gossip of the Common-room should be trivial and stupid; that there should have been abundant absurdity and greediness in such a backwater as Cambridge then was, is possible enough; but can a Pillar of the Church and the University have given himself away quite so egregiously?

It is, however, sufficient that Edward Carpenter could not continue to endure the over-comfort and futility of his circumstances, and found that his personal happiness was lost except among simple folk. His work as a market-gardener and sandal-maker did not prevent his seeing a good deal of the wonderful world, and assuredly could not prevent his improving on the justified discontent of his less-fortunate fellows. What is so impressive in this life-story is the freedom from ecstasy and poses of its writer. There has been nothing of the shriek about Mr. Carpenter's protest. He has taken his part in lost causes and in social forlorn-hopes; but his real influence has been displayed in quiet work and sweet reasonableness; so that what he has to say and what he has done will be a help to the future. When the War has destroyed itself the old social weaknesses and bad habits will be re-asserted—not so insistently and viciously as before; but badly enough; for the acquisition of property will still be an obsession to the many and vulgarity will still consider itself gentle (or shall we say genteel?) because it can afford

to be rich and idle. The old battle-at-home will again be before us; and then it will help to have had Edward Carpenter's example; not only for the fact of its success, but also because of its genial spirit of helpfulness and its freedom from pretence and cant. He has shown, plainly enough for all to read, that the conventions can be ignored and defied, and the unorthodox brave remain not a penny the worse. C. E. LAWRENCE.

EVE AND HER SONS.*

One of the documents used in the composition of the present book of Genesis is named " J " by critics, as its favourite title for God is Jahveh. This collection of early stories traces the origin of man from the creation downwards; its characteristics are a realistic human interest in the relation of God and man, a desire to account for the beginning of certain customs and institutions, and a naïve delight in story-telling. Sometime in the ninth or eighth century B.C. these stories were put together by this anonymous author, who compiled and edited them with real genius. He drew upon the traditional materials of the story-teller among the Hebrew clans.

"When the fire of the nomads was still flickering, on some star-canopied oasis, after supper had come to an end, the entertainer took up his wondrous tale, into which history, philosophy and the ruder forms of poetry poured their materials, in order to teach the tent-dwellers how they came to exist, as individuals and as a tribe."

The document J consists of these stories as re-told, selected, and shaped by the final editor. What Mr. Robertson has attempted to do in this volume is to estimate his characteristics. This is, in the nature of the case, a rather difficult task. Although J can be disentangled from the present text of Genesis with a fair amount of certainty, we have not the narrative in its original and complete state. Then, again, the diagnosis of an ancient writer's mind across nearly thirty centuries is not a simple task. Mr. Robertson brings to it a mind which is untrammelled by professional and theological prepossessions. But this merit is apt to be counterbalanced by an ultra-modern tendency, which sees in the language of a primitive writer more than he intended to convey. Mr. Robertson is alive to this danger, however. He has not always escaped it, but it is present to his mind. The result is an entertaining, fresh study of this old document, with some repetition here and there, and occasional lapses into cleverness for cleverness' sake. The moral analysis of the imaginative materials of J has been already attempted on a broader scale by Miss Wedgwood in her " Message of Israel." Mr. Robertson's book concentrates on a narrower canvas, and, in Boswell's phrase, if it is not a new thought, " at least it is in a new attitude."

The conventional reader of the Bible may be startled by the apparent irreverence of Mr. Robertson's interpretation at several points, but he rightly shows that this "irreverence" belongs to the editor of J, and that it is really the frankness of a primitive mind, which seemed too frank even to the final composer of the Hexateuch. The author of J, we are told

" Regarded woman as a breeder without a soul "; " like all dramatists, this writer is interested in the naughty people "; " although J liked priests, Israelitish or Egyptian, and was possibly a priest himself, he is in Genesis as little of a ceremonialist as it is possible to be "; " J was a master of suggestion, sometimes sardonic."

Now and then, Mr. Robertson is too subtle in his interpretation of phrases and omissions. He reads into the stories what J can hardly have intended. But it must be admitted that, on the whole, he has produced a suggestive and extremely readable volume; the chapters on the Flood and Abraham are particularly fresh, and the two last chapters on " Sorrow in Sodom," and " Camels in Mesopotamia " are the best in the book. He has caught something of the daring, the irony, and the religious instincts which prompted this far-off Hebrew story-teller who brooded on the rise of religion and humanity in the misty past.

"The imagination that conceives of Abraham's Jahveh, and describes the righteousness of the majestic patriarch, could not be an imagination satisfied with the cruder ethics on which the legends of Paradise and the Flood are formed. Either we must assume that the author of the Abraham legend was not fully responsible for the character of the God of the Flood legend, and the Paradise legend, or we must believe that he is beginning, with the description of Abraham and Abraham's God, to deal in history, while his earlier writings are (as we have tried to interpret them) studies in ethical drama, and not offered as history, except to child-natures."

If we have to choose between these alternatives, in estimating the mind of J, the latter is preferable, But Mr. Robertson puts the alternative for the sake of drawing a moral from his studies of J. This moral, conveyed in an appendix, is that the doctrine of the Fall is a theological mistake which is due to St. Paul.

" Would to God that some scholars would form themselves into a Society for the Extirpation of the Doctrine of the Fall! Would that Cambridge or Oxford would produce such a Society!"

Well, of making societies there is no end. And if dogmas are erroneous they will never be upset by societies. Mr. Robertson's end, so far as it is healthy, will be better served by writing as he has tried to do in this volume. He has let fresh air into his subject, and fresh air is the best cure for deleterious germs. JAMES MOFFATT.

* " The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and Her Sons." By Eric S. Robertson. 6s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS HARDY.*

The philosophic creed of Mr. Thomas Hardy might be described, quite shortly, as a kind of modernised Deism—the belief, that is, in a Being who wound up the clock of the universe only to leave it immediately to its own devices. On more than one occasion Mr. Hardy breaks in upon his story, with an ironical aside, to express his indignation at the unhappy Fate which overtakes his characters. After the seduction of Tess Durbeyfield, for instance, at the supreme crisis of the book, he asks indignantly where, all this time, was the providence of her simple beliefs. " Perhaps, like that other god of whom the ironical Tishbite spoke, he was talking, or he was pursuing, or he was on a journey, or peradventure he was sleeping and not to be awaked." It is indeed just because Mr. Hardy has a definite theory of the universe that a unity and background appear so distinctly in the Wessex Novels. In modern fiction they remain the completest record of country life studied in a particular locality. And in this Dorsetshire setting the unsophisticated characters of the author's experience and imagination work out for themselves particular destinies, which again are shaped by the peculiar temperament of their creator.

More than half Mr. Duffin's book is devoted to Mr. Hardy's philosophy. Yet it is doubtful how far a study of the Wessex Novels alone—which is what Mr. Duffin attempts—can give an adequate view of their author. Mr. Harold Child, in a recently published book, finds the true fulfilment of Mr. Hardy's artistic purpose in " The Dynasts." Mr. Duffin, however, does not mention it, nor is he concerned with the lyric poems.

His object is to estimate Mr. Hardy purely as a novelist, to show his view of life as it is revealed in the behaviour of his characters and the blind forces of Circumstance which uses them as its playthings. " The Irony of Fate," as Mr. Duffin says, is the *motif* which underlies his work; his aim is to demonstrate, by an artistic method, the complete indifference of the powers set around the universe to anything that is going on inside it. It is tragic irony.

" Granted that he sees the world abandoned by God," says Mr. Duffin, " perhaps definitely given over to the Devil—and strangled by an evil system of society, nevertheless there stand out from his dark canvas the heroic forms of a mighty Adam and a beauteous Eve."

And he goes on to show quite fairly that the charge of

* " Thomas Hardy: A Study of the Wessex Novels." By H. C. Duffin. 5s. net. (Manchester University Press. London: Longmans.)

pessimism is not valid against a writer who, on the whole, has so much respect for the dignity of human character.

There is a further point in the Wessex Novels which may be observed here—namely, their ethical view. Good and evil, God and the Devil, as necessarily follows from Mr. Hardy's vision of the world, do not carry their ordinary, conventional meaning in these books. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is described on its title-page as the story of "a pure woman"; and Mr. Duffin has a good deal to say in his study about Tess's sin.

"It will be found hereafter," he remarks, "that I am not prepared to mitigate the gravity of Tess's error, and perhaps a sin is always essentially the same, whatever its setting; nevertheless it seems to me that even sin may be in a measure purified by the fragrant breath of forests and the blowing of winds from the all-seeing impenetrable sky."

As well as being childish and sentimental in itselt, all this is very much beside the mark. Whether Tess sinned in or out of doors does not affect the issue. Indeed, Mr. Hardy is not concerned with Tess's sin *as* a sin. He wishes to show, rather, the tragedy of a wasted life whose outlook at the beginning was so apparently favourable. The tyranny of society, the cynical, callous play of circumstances, the particular temperament—a charm of personality no less than physical attractiveness—inherited from her ancestors, all contributed to the final tragedy. It is these things that Mr. Hardy is concerned with.

Mr. Duffin does not consider "Tess" the finest of the Hardy novels; "Jude the Obscure," a novel essentially matured, "addressed by a man to men and women of full age" is, in Mr. Duffin's opinion, Mr. Hardy's crowning achievement in fiction. He finds in it two characters studied fully and profoundly; moreover, there is a sense of vastness about it which belongs to the greatest art; there is no end to the inspiration revealed in its pages. Perhaps Mr. Duffin is right. With probably unconscious *naïveté* he thus concludes his remarks on "Jude":

"To the fool it is a closed book from the beginning; to the wise man it must, as knowledge increases, ever open and unfold, yielding deep upon deep, light upon light, question and revelation without end, till it compass the earth and cover the very heavens."

This passage also may serve as an example of the affectation which continually creeps into Mr. Duffin's writing.

There can be no doubt, however, about his familiarity with the Wessex Novels. He has studied and scrutinised them with the minutest care. But too often he is irritating in the way he writes about them, and his book is marred by affectations and extravagance. Such pieces of jargon as "infra-psychic character" and "white radiance of supra-human personality," which occur on an early page, are not particularly illuminating in a critical sense. Mr. Duffin's summaries of characters and situations are frequently overweighted with rhetoric. He has too little reticence. A good deal of the chapter on the "Development" of Mr. Hardy is very trivial. And, perhaps, in his next book Mr. Duffin will abandon his abbreviated snippets from the "Encyclopædia Britannica." They serve no useful purpose; and the ingenuous comments with which he enlivens the "Encyclopædia" are not very amusing. In spite of these and other obvious defects there can be no hesitation about the writer's sincerity. He approaches Mr. Hardy in a genuinely appreciative spirit which at times leads his critical faculty a good deal astray. But Mr. Duffin shows that he has a sense of character; and most of the quotations that he gives from the Wessex books are well chosen and illustrate the character or situation they are intended to represent.

JOHN F. HARRIS.

HENRY JAMES.*

When one glances at the incomplete bibliography of the works of Henry James which Miss West has appended to her short criticism of them, one has instantly a feeling of surprise that so leisurely a writer should have been so prolific. It seems incredible that a man who could occupy a page and a half of a story with the statement that one of his characters possessed a face which might be called a Mug, could ever achieve so large a number of volumes as are here set out, although, considering the matter further, the achievement seems easy enough when one reflects that a page and a half can be filled with such little matter; for Mr. James had only to describe several faces which might be called Mugs . . . and behold he had written a book!

The conjunction of Miss West and Henry James is a curious one; for Miss West has precisely the kind of acute, modern, probing, flippant, traditionless, open mind that seems so alien to the mind of Mr. James. Miss West, I imagine, abhors reticence, while Mr. James, I also imagine, detested revelation. The oddity of this conjunction of very dissimilar minds is extraordinarily apparent in Miss West's book; for she has remarkable difficulty in concealing her dislike of most of her author's writing, and is only able to allay the reader's suspicion of her attitude towards him by periodically bepraising him with a generosity that is entirely beyond his merits.

"'Roderick Hudson' is not a good book," Miss West writes. "'The American' is an exposition of the ways things do not happen." ". . . until ten years had passed Mr. James was doomed to produce no work which was not to have the solidity of its characters and the beauty of its prose rendered slightly ridiculous by its lack of purpose and unity." ". . . . his strong sight of the thing that is was accompanied by blindness to the thing that has been." ". . . his criticism was bound to consist for the most part of . . . pleasant footnotes to the obvious." "'The Author of Beltraffio' is not one of Mr. James' best." "Decidedly 'The Golden Bowl' is not good as a novel . . ."

and so on; all these sentences lifted casually here and there from Miss West's book do denote that on the whole Miss West thinks that Mr. James was a tedious old gentleman even when he was a youth; and it was probably her sense of this irritation with him that induced her to such generosity as her final sentence:

"He died, leaving the white light of his genius to shine out for the eternal comfort of the mind of man."

It is as if she wished the reader to forget that she had been praising Mr. James with faint damns, and had tried to accomplish this purpose by damning him with loud praise.

Mr. James's work has become a kind of test of literary taste, and one wonders just how Mr. James succeeded in getting himself established in this fashion. Was he really an artist or was he really a Yankee bluffer? When I compare his page and a half of writing about a face which might be called a Mug with Meredith's interlude on a penny whistle, I feel certain that, whether he was a Yankee bluffer or not, he certainly was not an artist. A suspicion of his artistry haunts Miss West's mind, but she seems to have been imposed upon to some extent by the bluff; and so it is that she ends her book with that excessive sentence. I, perhaps, am not the person to write about Mr. James's work because I dislike it too heartily to have any poised opinion on it. "The American" seemed to me to be a fair story until I reached its conclusion when it fell into the baldest melodrama. "The Other House" impressed me as one of the silliest stories I had ever read. I could not be bothered to find out what it was that Maisie knew. "The Golden Bowl" gave me a sensation of interminable tediousness. "Notes on Novelists" contained more inept criticism and more finicky sentences than any other book I have ever read. Therefore, it is plain that I am not a fit person to discourse on Mr. James.

All I can do is to say that Miss West has written a book which, in spite of a certain breathless brevity, is in places extraordinarily acute. On page 27 she neatly and sufficiently describes the impediment in Mr. James's mind:

"The calm of Canterbury Close appeared to him as a remnant of a time when all England, bowed before the Church, was as calm; whereas the calm is really a modern condition brought about when the Church ceased to have anything to do with England."

* "Henry James." By Rebecca West. ("Writers of the Day" Series.) 1s. net. (Nisbet.)

Here and there, she lets her gift for writing vivid descriptive sentences lure her into mere silliness. The following sentence :

"Newman and the Tractarians and Monsignor Benson make the Ritualist seem as big a fool as the old woman who carries a potato in her pocket to ward off rheumatism,"

seems exactly to fit the situation she is describing until one reads the sentence which immediately follows it :

"Sabatier makes him seem the kind of person who takes sugar in his tea, paints in water-colour, and likes 'The Roadmender.'"

The second quotation seems to be clever, but it isn't : it is simply meaningless ; and the effect of it is to annul some of the effect of the first quotation ; for one wonders whether, after all, Miss West really knows anything about Newman and the Tractarians. Moreover, although I do not paint in water-colour and have never read "The Roadmender," I certainly do take sugar in my tea. Why not? But this is captious criticism of a very entertaining and, in major respects, acute and informing book.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

ON S'UTHERN SEAS.*

Captain Doorly's book is an account of a side issue of Scott's work in the Antarctic. It was to have been published long ago ; but circumstances prevented that from happening. However, it is not the less welcome now, for it fills a gap in the records of South Polar exploration. The book is not an ambitious one. Truth to tell, the material was slight, and if a gifted pen had made more of what there was to work on, it might not have told the story in the present author's simple and engaging manner. The account is, in fact, written in the fashion of a boy's book ; but, on the whole, and especially in the first half, it lacks the thrills of adventure. In place of these, however, it has humour of a quiet, engaging sort. In the earlier chapters Mr. Doorly tells how he and Commander Evans were fellow cadets aboard the training ship *Worcester* ; how a long, and apparently still maintained, friendship sprang up between them there—a record that is stated with some charm and is good to read—how he and his friend carried off the two chief prizes of the year, he getting the Queen's Gold Medal, and Evans the cadetship in the Royal Navy ; how they were separated, to wander about the world's great waters, one in the king's ships, and the other in the merchant service. Then came the manning of the *Morning*, to go to the relief of the *Discovery*, under the command of Captain Colbeck. England—afterwards commander of Shackleton's *Nimrod*—was chief officer ; but little is said of him, and, one is sorry to think, that the little has an underlying lack of respect. Evans had secured the berth of second officer, and at once set about getting his former chum in as third mate. After some doubts and delay this was accomplished, thus the ambition, or rather the desire, of their lives to sail together became a fact. It is the record of this friendship—at first the main interest, then as a substratum to the more strenuous doings, yet peeping to the front at times—that is the best part of the book. As for the voyage itself—it was made up of the usual accidents, narrow squeaks, humour and good-fellowship of modern Antarctic seafaring ; and as pretty nearly everything is treated lightly, often rather too scrappily, the whole thing races on in the merry fashion of a happy young man telling his pleasing tale.

It is a somewhat curious fact (yet why should it be curious? when it is plainly racial, despite the legend of our insular stolidity) that Mr. Ralph Stock's log of nautical ups and downs on the South Pacific is written in a similarly light manner to Captain Doorly's account of the *Morning's* voyages. Three of them ("Freckles"—whom we take to be the author—"The Nut," and "The Spinster") set off to spend six months in cruising about the South Seas on £150 a head. This, of course, meant steerage passages and other humble forms of travel. "Freckles" had, apparently, done it before ; but the other two had not, and thereby came much enlightenment to them, and many a piece of highly-relished humour. In Sydney, however, the cloven hoof of expenditure came in. "The Nut" had seen a small craft that was to be had at a ridiculously low price. Aboard of her the party could wander about the South Pacific almost at will ; for "Freckles" was an amateur seaman, and a fairly good navigator. (He is wise, all the same, in advising his readers not to expect accuracy in his nautical terms ; they do often bear but a semblance to the real things. This is especially the case in the matter of the packet's tonnage, which doesn't at all agree with her measurements and accommodation.) Anyway, the party bought her, and had a trying time, indeed, in getting her ready for sea. She was just about as much trouble to fit out as was Jack London's *Snark* for a similar cruise. The pity was that she gave in so soon, by going ashore and breaking up on the second island of call ; after which the three travellers had to get along by the usual methods of more or less chance transport that holds out there. We don't like Mr. Stock's English now and then, and still less his slang ; his book would have been even more enjoyable without these blemishes. His pages of dialogue we also take as being something like what was said, rather than the actual words used. But for the quiet jollity, the good fellowship, the likeable and unfailing qualities of each member of the trip—particularly "The Nut," who could be so human as to lose his temper on suitable occasions—we have nothing but praise. It is truly an entertaining, although an unambitious, narrative.

J. E. PATTERSON.

* "The Voyages of the *Morning*." By Captain Gerald S. Doorly, R.N.R. With Illustrations and a Map. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)—"The Chequered Cruise : a True and Intimate Record of Strenuous Travel." By Ralph Stock. With 44 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF NOVELS.

Some excellent American securities have been entering our country this year : to wit, good novels executed in an atmosphere unelectric with the shocks of war. English writers who are not actually engaged in cutting out the cancer from the core of Europe, are necessarily preoccupied with that righteous process. War is the only vital topic, and you cannot decant the tempestuous sea into a wine glass. Under the shadow of such a compulsion to silence, such English novelists as are still free to use their pens find it supremely difficult to attain their full mental stature ; they either run in well-worn grooves, or, properly sensitive, just allow war to colour their narratives.

But American novelists can still write as their hearts—or their publishers—dictate. Here, for instance, is Mr. Peter C. Macfarlane, who, apparently, is in the happy position of being able to harness all his virility to the service of his art. His latest novel, "Held to Answer,"[1] tingles with life. While reading the opening pages, devoted to John Hampstead, I feared the author was going to deaden his effects with violent and unusual adjectives. Happily, it was only the beating of a rather big verbal drum, thumped with energy in order to attract attention, and that gained, there was no more needless agitation of language. The publisher's wrapper calls "Held to Answer" "a big, dramatic story," and this statement is almost devoid of the exaggeration of advertisement.

Hampstead is a strong, fascinating fellow, a native of California, and the story of how he finds his best self held my attention unrelaxed. The two girls who influence his life, and the various commercial types are etched vividly on the memory, and if the reader is sometimes reminded of Mr. Harrison's "Queed," the comparison is unavoidable

[1] "Held to Answer." By Peter C. Macfarlane. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

because each novel is devoted to an elaboration of a strong, rugged American. The penetrating psychology never impedes the narrative; indeed, the unworded drama of mental states is as enthralling as the intensely human narrative. All the backgrounds help to hold the spell the author weaves, and this spell is enhanced by pregnant thoughts. The man who can write "He believed something hard enough to live for it" is a thinker as well as a born storyteller.

"Seventeen"[2] is the title under which Mr. Booth Tarkington writes of a youth's calf love in terms of summer and moonlight. Ever and again the angle of vision is shifted, and you see the little love affair through the eyes of parents, and are tempted to think it preposterous. Mr. Tarkington has done a very clever thing—he places "Willee," the young hero, in ridiculous situations, allows him to be the butt of Jane, his truculent little American sister, and yet never permits this slender story of his to degenerate into farce. Lola, a fascinating damsel, who coos baby talk at her young admirers, is presented just as she would appear to impressionable seventeen. 'Tis a gay and brilliant excursion into light comedy—a summer frolic to the lookers on, who, however, are not allowed to forget the high seriousness of budding manhood when the rose of romance is first distinguished from the other flowers in life's garden.

"The Supreme Desire"[3] is a pleasant and deftly told story of an attractive Irish girl who is exiled for a time from her native Donegal, and finds a temporary home with relatives in a Canadian backwoods settlement. Lutterworth, a rich young English squire, is *en route* to track moose in the Canadian wilds, and the way he becomes acquainted with Kitt is piquant. An innocent entanglement ensues at an hotel where they both stay, and a fruitful crop of complications result, though Kitt is too ignorant of evil to realise the gravity of the situation. A less resolute wooer than Lutterworth might have given up the chase of the supreme desire, for Kitt has reason to be prejudiced against him. Besides, there is lazy Pat away in Donegal, and in Canada, another wooer, who make the necessary running. All this makes attractive summer reading, for the characters are rendered with all Miss Page's accustomed skill, and with an artistic sense of their varying values in the scheme of the plot. Purists might cavil at the frequent omission of the verb in her dialogues—"I think not—icily," for instance; and a man of Lutterworth's education would not say "I have great hopes of marrying . . ."

It is a pity when a charming story is introduced under a title suggestive of a newspaper "stunt," and the new Williamson novel, "The War Wedding"[4] might suffer from a not unnatural prejudice, if the writers were not identified with a great deal of very acceptable fiction. The theme is occupied with a drama resulting from the false report of a soldier's death in action. It is narrated not only with an eye to the romantic situations involved, but with serious attention to psychology, and implicit reverence for the vast human issues raised. Credulity is somewhat strained when the soldier hero, who is thought to be dead, corresponds, without his identity being recognised, with his day-old wife, yet the hardened novel reader will not grumble, for "The War Wedding" is a tender story of never flagging interest, and to less practised writers shows how the war can be written about without offence.

[2] "Seventeen." By Booth Tarkington. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[3] "The Supreme Desire." By Gertrude Page. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
[4] "The War Wedding." By C. N. & A. M. Williamson. 2s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The conflict between youth and age in the stifling atmosphere of a social backwater, and the reckless precipitation of an ardent protagonist of personal liberty into London's vast maze, provides Miss Mears with congenial material for her new novel, "The Sheltered Sex."[5] This rebellion of young womanhood—once a pervasive element in modern fiction—nowadays strikes a note of novelty. Although Ruth does not set out on the quest for a vote, she has the courage of initiative, and in her ignorance, dares much for her Frank, an instructor at a provincial skating rink. Primarily, her object was to achieve economic independence; she gets her desire, and is landed among shabby and shiftless people, whose immortal birthright consists in an unsuccessful attempt to exist in circumstances of tolerable comfort. With such a theme, the tones throughout are necessarily neutral, and the general effect is somewhat depressing. The novel is certainly worth reading and worth thinking about when read, but Miss Mears might have spared us the undeserved slight she casts on Victorian literature.

"Vain Flirtation"[6] by Mr. James Blyth is an exciting story of mystery and intrigue, with Oakstead Manor House as the scene of action. The author knows how to use his sensational material effectively, being a practised writer, but his conception of human nature, as displayed in this novel, is not an enviable one.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

[5] "The Sheltered Sex." By Madge Mears. 6s. (Lane.)
[6] "Vain Flirtation." By James Blyth. 6s. (John Long.)

TWO BOOKS ON ART.*

Of these two books, the one, "The Russian Arts," by Mrs. Newmarch, makes interesting reading, and at the same time evinces a pathetic anxiety to atone for our ignorance of the peaceful arts of one of our great Allies during the unwarlike years, which now seem so long ago; the other "The Philosophy of Painting," by Dr. Ralcy Bell, which professes to be a more detached attempt to

* "The Russian Arts." By Rosa Newmarch. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"The Philosophy of Painting." By Ralcy Husted Bell. 5s. net. (Putnam.)



Bruitov (K). *Alexander III. Museum, Petrograd.*

The Last Days of Pompeii.

From "The Russian Arts" (Herbert Jenkins).

deal generally with the progress of world-art, "to assemble scattered material which it is interesting and convenient to have in a small compass," and to give his own opinions, speculations and reasonings on a hundred and one matters which may or may not come to be discounted by others more competent than himself, cannot receive such commendation.

Mrs. Newmarch's work is of that painstaking and thorough description which rather by a process of honest and careful compilation than by any very deep critical sense produces a valuable purview of an important subject. Indeed she herself frankly recognises that her work does "little more than lead to the confines of a great field for future study," and so to a large extent discounts criticism. We do not say that she is devoid of the critical sense. Indeed, her study of Verestschagin, the main part of which appeared some years ago in *The Fortnightly Review*, proves that she has qualities which might have stamped this volume as a work of unusual merit. Take the following passage:

> "Verestschagin's hatred of war, and his determination to show it in its worst aspect—which happens to be also its truest—proceeds from something deeper than the ordinary humanitarian tendency which has become more common in these days. His innate sympathy for the masses may also have had something to do with his attitude towards war; but its true origin lay deeper still—in his nationality itself. The absence of military ardour in the Russian people, as a whole, must have struck anyone acquainted with their arts and literature. It does not lie in their temperament as it lies in the Gallic, the Anglo-Saxon, the Teutonic character. The Russians have no genuine war songs, old or new."

That is well said, and it is a pity that exigencies of space and probably opportunity have prevented such being a true sample of Mrs. Newmarch's whole treatise. Nevertheless it contains much that is valuable and well worth the reading. It will at any rate prove a useful introduction for those who anticipate the yet unfinished and monumental work on this great subject upon which Benois is engaged.

Dr. Ralcy Bell also discounts criticism of his "Philosophy of Painting," though his method of so doing is hardly effective. "It might seem presumptuous," he says, "to write anything further on a subject that has received so much attention from authors and scribblers alike. Perhaps it is, at all events . . . here it is." Whether he classes himself with the former or latter we know not, nor do we clearly understand the difference that marks the two, but we cannot admit the cogency of his plea that execution should therefore be stayed. Every man has the right to present a volume of his opinions on any subject whatsoever to the world, but he should call it by its right name. What concerns us is that we do not find the Philosophy of Painting in any way advanced by this congeries of "scattered material." If Dr. Bell has any definite conclusions on the subject we fail to find them. He appears not so much to suffer from the two faults from which he himself says writers on art have always suffered—too much imagination, and too little knowledge—but from a lack of knowledge of what he himself has set out to prove. Had he styled his book "Scattered Notes on Art," we should not so much have quarrelled with him, but in a Philosophy we want something more than this. We want something that we can catch hold of. Open the book at random and we read almost in a breath that Constable's pictures "were as fragrant as the South," that David Wilkie "was a decided master of pigments," that William Blake "had lucid intervals," that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood "in their passion for microscopic truth, often lost the macroscopic truth," and so on, and so on, all of which statements may have some foundation in fact, but are not marshalled by Dr. Bell into any recognisable doctrine or principle. The only interest that his book arouses is in searching for the mentality that could call such a hotch-potch a Philosophy. All will admit, for example, that Palma "excelled as a painter of women," but we can find no philosophy in the statement that "their bodies are blushing with life," and that "their veins hesitate with gracious blue"! Nor can it further the Philosophy of Art to quote the gentleman who declared—"In case of fire it would be better to allow a live baby to burn than a Dresden Madonna —— One can get another baby any day," and to grow sufficiently wrath with the said gentleman as to accuse him of "having spiritually ingrowing toe-nails and outgrowing claws," incidentally hurling at him the fact that "it requires something higher than a jackass to father a child." This is not Philosophy, nor can it and its like find fitting place in any work making so high a claim. We are aware that this criticism is severe, but we should be lacking in our duty to the public and Dr. Bell were we to mince matters to an undeserved niceness.

G. S. LAYARD.

Novel Notes.

FORKED LIGHTNING. By Keble Howard. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is a novelised version of Mr. Keble Howard's comedy, "The Green Flag," which ran successfully in London last year and is shortly to be produced in New York. The atmosphere of the stage has got into the book, and you feel that the scenes have been cunningly painted and arranged, and the characters are not normal men and women but well-rehearsed actors who perform their parts deftly, cleverly, and make their entrances and exits and come together for the final denouement with unerring discipline. But this does not matter in the least. It all makes delightfully light and amusing reading, which is more to the point. The plot is ingeniously imagined and developed, the dialogue is crisp and sparkling, there are charming touches of sentiment and underlying hints of seriousness now and then, but the keynote of the tale is humour and the whole thing is alive and alert with the most whimsical spirit of comedy. It is a humorous problem novel; quaintly enough the problem itself is by no means a frivolous one, but in working its way to a happy ending it gets involved in a series of alarms and catastrophes that tickle you continually to laughter; and the book that can do that in these times is something to be thankful for.

HER LONELY SOLDIER. By Dorothy Black. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a book of the hour, as the title and wrapper (with a field postcard printed on it) would suggest. Breezy, vivacious, entertaining, the story rattles along, leaving behind the memory of a merry, wholesome personality, and a tale well told. Miss Dorothy Black shows decided skill at character portrayal, and her sympathetic handling of certain scenes in the book adds considerably to its charm. The reader's interest in Cicely, the heroine, does not flag for a moment, from beginning to end. The Lonely Soldier is fortunate in gaining so lively a correspondent as Cicely; the letter in which she describes "Vim," a reckless young sailor, and gives us an example of the only song he ever sings is vivid and amusing. We have only one grievance: the long arm of coincidence is a little too much in evidence at times, and not only the arm, but the shadow it casts before it. Apart from this, we have only praise for a very entertaining book.

THE PHASES OF FELICITY. By Olga Racster and Jessica Grove. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

This story of a girl's sojourn in South Africa and her adventures in love and journalism, is one that is sure to appeal to popular taste by its absolute naturalness and its vivid human interest. On the voyage out Felicity meets and becomes infatuated with a man named Bromley, only to learn that he is already married and possesses a somewhat discreditable reputation. Despite her efforts to put him out of her life, he is constantly crossing her path, but when Fate has removed the one barrier between

them, it seems as it after all the waiting and suffering, all the battling with circumstance, the happiness within their reach is to be destroyed by their own clash of temperaments. Fortune is kind, however: they are given a fresh chance, and make the most of it. The novel gains a topical interest when it concludes with the commencement of the European war and a vivid picture of the effect its coming wrought upon the life of Cape Town. The authors write concisely and without affectation, introducing plenty of local colour, and a host of stirring incidents; the plot is skilfully constructed and the whole tale makes uncommonly good reading.

HOW JONAS FOUND HIS ENEMY. By Greville MacDonald. 6s (Constable.)

This book could hardly have been written in the days of the Peace. It belongs to these days when the gates of heaven are so perpetually opening and shutting that it is possible to see something of the vision beyond, for him who has eyes to see. It is a very strange and a very beautiful book, this tale of how Jonas Culpepper, a South Downs shepherd, tracked his Enemy through many marvellous places, and at last ran him to earth, the Enemy being himself. The story has two stories—the first the external circumstances amid which Jonas's external life is passed, a sweet and homely pastoral, with its personages—Susan, Jonas's wife; his child; Hodnan, the constable who hangs Jonas's dear dog, Solomon; Nancy Beck and her brutal father; Mr. Tusker, the Methodist clergyman; the parson and his wife; all most strongly and delicately rendered. Then there is the strange country into which Jonas slips away in his cataleptic trances, such a world as Bunyan knew, the world of the mystics. Outside and over all is the atmosphere of the Sussex Downs, the tenderness of the lambs, the watchfulness of the shepherd, the nobility of the shepherd's dog, the lonely great spaces in which it is possible to see visions and to dream dreams. It is the country of the Downs, the chalk country which, like the hills of Ireland, has many a mysterious door, ready to open to the one who has the countersign. "Mr, Culpepper," as his wife quaintly calls him, has wonderful experiences in the grey country which lies about us all if we had but the vision, and strangely intermixed with it all are the everyday facts of the shepherd's existence, the sheep, the dog, the Sussex country, the mists, the lambing. It is all oddly, wonderfully tender and beautiful. Jonas's visions display imagination of the highest order in the man who has seen them. There are many splendid passages in the book, which will appeal to the elect. It gives earnest of a new force in writing, this tale of the travail of a soul. Dr. Greville MacDonald is a poet and a remarkable poet, and the true visionary.

COMING OF AGE. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (John Long.)

A sensational novel written with a light touch and the thinnest possible veneer of plausibility. Only one character, Percy Osborne, is admittedly mad. Although he is grotesquely ugly as well as insane, Osborne is wealthy enough to indulge his whim of making bigamous purchases on the matrimonial market. Among his "victims," is the innocent heroine, who, finding herself one morning the disgraced and abandoned *fiancée* of a crook and forger, forthwith pledges herself to become the wife-in-name-only of the wealthy lunatic. The crux of the plot is the murder of Osborne, and here the author's skill is seen in the number of possible claimants to the honour of having rid the world of an undesirable monster. The novel has exciting moments and should please lovers of mysteries and the melodrama of modern life.

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE. By Ethel Hueston. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Out of distinctly unpromising material Ethel Hueston weaves a story which she makes effective by the natural and sprightly form of her narrative. Mr. Starr, the new Methodist minister at Mount Mark, U.S.A., is a widower with a family of five girls. Prudence, the eldest, is the mother and manager of the Parsonage inmates. Her life is dedicated to the bringing up of her young charges, and faithfully she performs her self-imposed duties, developing their individual characters on a system all her own. Life in the Starr household is bright and sunny, a fact which certain church members are slow to appreciate at first, and the twins, Carol and Lark, keep things lively with their quaint ideas and surprising escapades. But what story there is revolves around Prudence, a girl beautiful in every way. Unselfish to a degree, when the one man in the world enters her life she prepares to sacrifice her happiness for the sake of her father and sisters. However, everything comes right in the end, and the last chapter leaves Prudence of the Parsonage about to enter the dream world of romance with her Prince Charming.

—— AND WHAT HAPPENED? By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Laetitia Ross came from Hampshire with a small legacy in her pocket and walked into the Cradock School of Journalism, which had its headquarters in a little court off Fleet Street. She had intelligence, imagination, youth, and an eagerness for adventure. The Cradock School did not, perhaps, give Letty all that its prospectus promised and implied; but incidentally it gave her what she sought, and more. It provided her with a friend, Nicolete, who played at Bohemianism; and, through Nicolete, it brought men and women into her life—men and women to love and be loved by. The main achievement of the book is to give an amusing and vivid picture of the everyday life of a group of "literary" young men and women in London. The plot, if the word can be used, is late in appearing, and trifling when it does appear; but the plot does not matter. In a world where the men and women use Christian names for one another at first meetings; where they visit one another with unconventional freedom, and talk together with an irresponsibility of manner perhaps to be described as badinage, there are at times more serious affairs, deeper feelings. Letty Ross looks out of these pages with a beautiful young face full of vitality and expectation; and the author makes us well content that her tragedy is neither long nor lasting. She comes through the make-believe Bohemianism quite well, and we leave her happy on the last page. The novel is effortless in style and consequently amusing and readable.

THE HALF-PRIEST. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

It requires some courage on the part of a novelist to enter a field so much trodden as Italy in the time of the Borgias. Mr. Hamilton Drummond's readers will know what to expect of his adventure. They will not look for, and consequently will not be disappointed in failing to find, any very profound character drawing. But they will expect, and will certainly find, a well constructed and absorbing story of passion and intrigue. Paul Marfalcia, as a boy, had been tortured for his refusal to betray his patron, and the story discovers him as the tutor and faithful guardian of his patron's daughter, who was presently to become a pawn in the game of Italian civil war. He accompanied her when she became the wife of the brutal Luke di Varana, who was ready to sacrifice her honour to his ambition. Cæsar Borgia is a shadowy figure in the book, but his ascendancy is very skilfully suggested, and he is the supreme figure at the final banquet when Luke di Varana pays the penalty, and Paul, the Half-Priest, as the cripple is ironically called, revenges the dishonour of his Madonna Maura and the foul murder of her brothers. Poisoning and murder are part of the day's work at Arzano, and visitors are warned, with good reason, to be careful as to what they eat and drink and to avoid dark corners. Mr. Drummond is a practised story-teller, and he moves through this labyrinth of treachery with a sure tread. He avoids most of the dangers incident to such a subject. He writes plainly and honestly without recourse to the tinsel of Wardour Street.

THE WEB OF FRÄULEIN. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is usually a pleasant idyllic touch and a charm of human kindliness that are the prevailing qualities in Mrs. Hinkson's stories, and these qualities are not absent from 'The Web of Fräulein,' but the main interest of the book centres on Fräulein herself, and she is by no means a charming personality, and is not meant to be. The very sympathy with which she is presented serves in some curious fashion to accentuate the uncannily sinister and repellent developments of her strange character. She grows upon you as a subtle personation of all that is most aggressive, ruthless, overmastering in the German psychology. She goes to the Allanson family as a governess, and at the outset everybody more or less dislikes her. She is squab and reticent and cunning, but has a genius for management, an efficient, practical spirit, and one redeeming quality in a love for music. She is a prodigious worker, and by little and little contrives to take over the control of the household and obtains a strong and irresistible influence over its various members. One in particular succumbs to her inexplicable hypnotic spell with disastrous consequences. The study of Fräulein is a brilliant piece of work, and the story is one of the strongest and most interesting that its author has ever written.

The Bookman's Table.

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON. By Clayton Hamilton. With Illustrations from Drawings by Walter Hale. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There are many authors whose work seems to have been quite uninfluenced by the places in which it was written, but Stevenson, as Mr. Clayton Hamilton remarks, was not one of these. "Nearly every place that Stevenson visited for more than a fortnight made a keen impression on his mind and exerted an abiding and recurrent influence upon his work. After Stevenson had lived in any place, he made it live in literature; after he had enjoyed himself in any place, he made that place a focus of enjoyment for future generations." Therefore, a visit to the localities from which he drew sensations and materials for his art really helps the student to a fuller understanding of what he has written, and "a pilgrimage on the trail of Stevenson must be regarded, not merely as a sentimental journey, but also as an adventure in literary criticism." It becomes such under the guidance of Mr. Clayton, and is not the less so because his book is, apart from its serious value, a picturesque and fascinating narrative of Stevenson's wandering life, and of the friends and acquaintances he made by the way. Beginning with Stevenson's Edinburgh days, Mr. Hamilton takes you on through the rest of Scotland that has associations with him; then journeys with you through Stevenson's England, and so out to France, where he lived "more freely, more fully, and more happily than in any other country." Thence you are taken through Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and wherever else in Europe Stevenson tarried, and a final chapter is devoted to his homes and haunts in America. The book not only makes most interesting and enjoyable reading, but is the most illuminating commentary on the stories, poems, essays and travel sketches of Stevenson that has yet been written.

SWORDS FOR LIFE. By Irene Rutherford McLeod. 2s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Miss McLeod's "Songs to Save a Soul," published in 1915 were words of an authentic poet. The volume before us is we think an improvement on the former, in certain ways it is more ambitious, it ends with a longish dramatic poem, "Crucified," daring in subject, written with deep feeling, but restrained throughout, seeking no effect by mere crude violence. The author is very conscious of the pain and the cruelty, but knows too the beauty of the Universe, and has learnt that beauty and peace are not always sought in vain. She has great skill in finding fit words and metres, and is not content to follow the fashion of certain modern poets by merely hinting at beauty and poetry. There are many poems we should like to quote in full, but must be content to give two verses, which show well her contrasted moods:

"I am tired, tired, tired; swiftly, surely over my head
The bitter waters are closing, and I know that I am dead,
Dead the hope, dead the fear, dead the soul of me;
I am done with the fighting now, I am done with the will to be."

"Beneath the blessing of his feet
The young green corn is singing,
O, April rain is warm and sweet,
And all the earth is springing!"

PAST AND PRESENT AT THE ENGLISH LAKES. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Canon of Carlisle. 5s. net. (MacLehose).

This is another delightful addition to the many books on the English Lake district and its inhabitants, distinguished and obscure, that the enthusiasm of Canon Rawnsley has given to his readers and admirers. We have a glowing account of a "Sunrise on Helvellyn," a charming one of an excursion on foot "From Gowbarrow to Mardale and back," an equally charming one of a motor drive along "A Hundred Miles of Beauty at the Lakes," a most interesting article on "The German Miners at Keswick" (a colony founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth), and several others—all packed with interest. Perhaps the most attractive of the series is the section in which an old lady, Miss Mary Elizabeth Greenwood, one of the "three of Hartley Coleridge's sweethearts," gives her reminiscences of that lovable old man "Lile Hartley" as the dales-folk affectionately called him. Poor Hartley! What chance in life had he, inheriting as he did to the full his father's lack of will-power? "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" so sang Browning, and poor Hartley always aimed high but came lamentably short of his best endeavours. And we love him none the less—perhaps, all the more on account of his failure. As was said of Burns, so it may be said of him, "Deep in the general heart of men, his power survives." Miss Greenwood's reminiscences are interesting, not only on Hartley's account, but also because they enable us to identify several of the people—chiefly young people—for whom many of his poems were written. The venerable lady's memory would appear to be occasionally at fault. It could not possibly have been in 1839 or 1840 that Southey's granddaughter "Katy Hill" greeted her on the coach at Town End, Grasmere, when she was on her way to school with the third of Hartley's sweethearts, seeing that she was not born before the spring of 1840. Her father was the Rev. Herbert Hill, Vicar of Rydal, who married Bertha Southey in 1839. And she is slightly in error in calling "Christabel Rose Coleridge," Hartley's cousin. She was his niece, being as she was the daughter of his brother, Derwent. Throughout the book there are many slips which the author ought to have avoided, taking into consideration the time and study he has given to matters connected with the Lake country and its literary associations.

POLITICAL AND LITERARY ESSAYS. Third Series. By the Earl of Cromer. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

What to do with our returned Proconsuls has been an acute problem since the days of Wellesley, that super-Marquis. Lord Cromer, in his very distinguished person, offers one solution: they may become reviewers. Whether retired reviewers might be employed (in return) as Proconsuls is a fascinating question, invalidated for immediate discussion by just one fact, that reviewers seem never to retire. Lord Cromer's present papers are almost entirely political, and, touching as they frequently do upon affairs Turkish and Teutonic, have immediate interest and high authority. We listen, of course, most readily to Lord Cromer when he writes about the East. Like most ruling officials he has little real sympathy with the attempts of

Oriental nations to evolve a constitution. Young Turkey and Young Persia have certainly been conspicuous so far for anything but success; still, we must not expect miracles in politics from the East. Our own constitutional advances all had an appearance of anarchy; and what England accomplished in the course of centuries will not be accomplished by Turkey or Persia or Egypt in a year. The wrong inference is drawn from failure. It may be right to say that constitutionalism in China has failed; but it is wrong to say that constitutionalism in China is a failure. If it has failed it must go on trying; it must not be prevented from trying. Lord Cromer does not, in plain words, urge the suppression of these constitutional adventures—indeed, the lack of decisiveness in all these utterances is rather remarkable: but it is easy to see how his sympathy leans. Upon matters less concerned with affairs of state Lord Cromer has nothing very remarkable to say. Nietzsche of course comes into the story; but Lord Cromer's paper on that exaggerated person might have been written by someone who had never opened a volume of his work. Perhaps it is time we let Nietzsche die—he seems to be kept alive most vigorously in this country. In any case, to decide that Nietzsche's disagreeable views are explicable only on the assumption that he was mad all the time is just a little too proconsular for the facts. Even Polonius (another high official with a talent for expression) failed to define true madness. Readers will hear Lord Cromer on any of his subjects with great interest, even though they may withhold complete assent. They will certainly enjoy and admire the zest for scholarship and letters discernible as an undertone in all his utterances.

VITRAIL. By Eugene Mason. 1s. net. (Wilson.)

In the last decade or so Mr. Eugene Mason has published four volumes which have won for him a slowly widening circle of appreciative readers; the wonder is that the circle has not grown larger and more rapidly, for the charm and distinction of his work, both as poet and as essayist, are unquestionable. His "Book of Preferences in Literature," which was published last year, dealt shrewdly and outspokenly with some established reputations in a series of essays that showed him as cunning an artist in prose as he is in verse. An earlier volume of his poems, "The Field Floridus," was praised by such reviewers as Francis Thompson and John Davidson, and we could scarcely find truer words to say of his latest book, "Vitrail," than Francis Thompson wrote of that other: "The very power of him is an eye for external, pictorial beauty, with a palette of words capable of glowing representation. . . . There is something of Keats in the colouring; in the way, also, that the theme is felt and imagined with fulness of illusive phantasy." Perhaps one cannot better do justice to the delicate, imaginative work in this new book than by quoting the sonnet from which it takes its title:

"Upon his molten glass the craftsman throws
Gems powdered fine as dust, gems sapphire-blue,
Gems emerald-green, and burns to every hue
This jewelled window, deep as damask rose.
Held fast by traceries of stone, he shows
In scriptured panes his figures fresh and new,
Brittle, yet strong as bronze, and all to view
Rich in sweet colour exquisitely glows.

In leaded lines I set my painted glass;
I shape thereout my saints, my knights in mail,
Like to the tonsured glazier, yet how frail
My dreams, and nowise perdurable as brass.
His dyes are flushed with splendour, but, alas,
My sunsets fade to moonlight, chill and pale."

With two exceptions, all the poems in this book are sonnets, but none of them excels in beauty and in grace of thought and utterance the lyric at the close, "The Crucifix."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. JOHN BALE, SONS & DANIELSON.

Carma, by Blanche Adelaide Brock, is appropriately dedicated to all animal lovers, and will delight children of every age. It consists of a collection of fresh and pleasing little stories, most of them concerning animals and all of them entertaining. Boys and girls will enjoy reading about the cats and dogs, the rabbits, opossums, cockatoos, and various birds and beasts whose adventures are recorded in such a charming fashion, the photographs with which the book is illustrated adding considerably to the realism of the anecdotes. Carma is the name of the fortunate child to whom the tales are told, and they are certainly tales that should do much to create in any who read them a deeper sympathy with dumb creatures, a keener understanding of their ways, and an interest in all they do. The author has evidently studied them carefully, and her work will be highly appreciated by those who, like herself, are genuine lovers of animals.

MR. WERNER LAURIE.

Jerusalem, a novel from the Swedish of Selma Zagerlöf, translated by Velma Swanston Howard (6s.) is a story of a Swedish village rather than any particular individual, or even family. It is thoroughly romantic but not sentimental, all the characters live, and for all the reader can feel both interest and affection. The family of Ingmarssen, it is true, dominate both the village and the story. The Ingmarssens realise their importance and are beloved and respected by their neighbours. They get what they want, though the price to themselves and others is often very high. There are various love stories of different generations: the succeeding chapters are, in some sort, separate stories; they have the real dramatic touch and are particularly suitable for reading aloud. The connecting link of the novel is a religious revival. The schoolmaster, though friendly to the parson who is a good man but a poor priest, starts a mission. But when once the souls of the people are awakened they get beyond his control, and an unlettered fanatic named Hellgum gains the spiritual mastery. Hellgum's view is that religious people must live apart from the world and give up even their beloved village for their faith. The book ends when the best in the village give up all and start on a journey to Jerusalem.

WAR BOOKS.

SOMEWHERE. By Sapper Robert Hall. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Until the war came, Sapper Robert Hall was a Telegraph Operator at the London Central Post Office, and had been in the Post Office service for thirty years. He was over military age, but volunteered for the Signals Section of the R.E., and went out to France in the spring of 1915. These stories and sketches, humorous, poignant, strongly realistic, picture the things he has seen and heard and experienced since he has been in the fighting line. They are simply and graphically written and full of interest; "A Deserter's Romance" is one of the most powerfully dramatic little stories of the war we have read.

ENGLAND'S EFFORT. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"Mrs. Humphry Ward has struck an effective blow for our country," says Lord Rosebery in a Preface to this book, by writing these vivid and helpful letters on what Britain has done in the war, and what Britain has done is an effort to which "the history of the world produces nothing comparable." Though Mrs. Ward has aimed mainly at the enlightenment of Americans and other neutrals, "there are some among our own people to whom her facts may come as a surprise." There has been no abler vindication of Great Britain's herculean exertions in these years of destiny; it is an impressive record of his country's spiritual and material vitality and greatness that every Briton should be glad to possess.

ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT. By R. Scotland Liddell. 8s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)

For over a year past Mr. Scotland Liddell has been on active service with the Russian Army. He began the story of his experiences out there in "The Track of War," and continues them in this new volume. He was with the Russians through their great retreat; he was in many tight corners with them, and moves you to admiration for their fine simplicity, their human kindliness, and their magnificent qualities as fighting men. Mr. Liddell is a keen observer, and has given us here what is far and away the best narrative we have yet read of the terrible fighting on the Eastern front.

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Recent years have witnessed a great revival of interest in old English and Irish glass, both among the virtuosi and the general public. The author's aim, in the present book, has been to produce a work which shall be useful both to the casual collector and the expert.

THE MOUNTAIN: Studies in Impressions and Appearances

By **JOHN C. VAN DYKE.** Illustrated, crown 8vo, 6/- net.

Professor Van Dyke continues his admirable series on nature in this fit successor to "The Opal Sea." The book begins with a really epic account of a ride with the Sioux through the Dacotahs to the Rockies and back in the author's boyhood, on which expedition he evidently began the studies of mountains which he has since pursued all over the globe. Chapters follow on all the various aspects of the general subject, both scientific and æsthetic, as is the author's wont—and peculiar distinction. Every page of the text is penetrated with the grandeur and beauty of the theme.

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By **EDGAR LEE MASTERS,** author of "Spoon River Anthology." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6/- net.

No volume of verse in recent years has created so much discussion as "Spoon River Anthology," and this new volume of poems by the same author has the qualities essential to genius—originality of conception and treatment, a daring that would soar to the stars, an instant felicity and faculty of expression; it has, moreover, a subtle irony, relentless reality, something of the eternal spirit of mockery, a Whitmanesque frankness and indifference to the conventions of metre, manners and life.

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No. 301. Vol. LI. OCTOBER, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

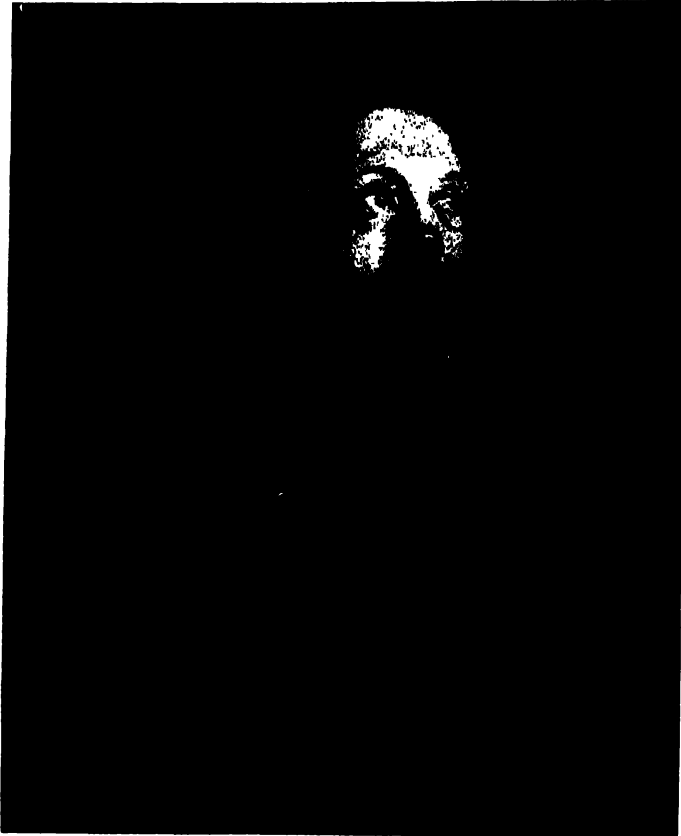
Nothing could be more welcome in these grey days than a new book by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs), and "The Romance of a Christmas Card," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing is one of the tenderest and most charming stories she has written. Mrs. Riggs, who was an honoured guest at the recent Panama Exposition, lives in a spacious Colonial house at Quillcote-on-Saco, Maine; she throws open her beautiful gardens for the use of the public on occasions of local or national celebrations and, as an American reporter wrote, when he called and found banners fluttering under her great elms and Mrs. Riggs assisting at an annual Dorcas Fair that was being held in her grounds, she seems to be the counsellor and good friend of all the neighbourhood.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "The Guiding Thread," which has just been published by Messrs. Methuen, is the story of how a young wife rebels against living in intellectual bondage to a learned husband. She yearns to be free, to develop her individuality, to really live, and at length takes her courage in both hands, leaves her husband's home and goes out alone into the world to follow the promptings of her own spirit.

In her new novel, "Petunia," which Messrs. Constable published last month, Mrs. George Wemyss turns again—as in "The Professional Aunt"—to the subject of sisters-in-law; brothers' wives in particular. Except for two books written for children, "The Professional Aunt," published by the same firm in 1910, was her first book, and it met with an immediate success both here and in America.

Miss May Sinclair has nearly finished a new book which she is calling, for the present, "Some Ultimate Questions of Psychology and Metaphysics." This is no new departure; her early work was in philosophy, and, of course, the same studies enter largely into her novels. She began work on a new novel early in the year, but we gather from her publishers that it has been laid aside until this book is completed.

"A Wife Out of Egypt," Miss Norma Lorimer's popular novel, is now in its fourteenth edition, and Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are shortly publishing



Mon Emile Cammaerts,
whose book, "New Belgian Poems," has just been published by Mr. John Lane.
From a portrait by H G. Riviere

her new story, "The God's Carnival." Miss Lorimer has travelled much about the world and first began to write as a journalist in America. She has been a frequent sojourner in Sicily and Italy, and writes of the Italian peoples with knowledge and with sympathy. Miss Lorimer first visited Sicily about eighteen years ago, and continued to visit it every other year until about eight years back; then in April, 1914, she went there again, and was greatly struck and distressed by the changes she saw and by the obvious Germanisation of the island. "I watched a tragedy," she says, "developing in a household I had known for eighteen years, where the son had been sent to Germany (his mother's country) to be educated." The plot of "A God's Carnival" first took form in her mind when she was witnessing a representation of the "Agamemnon" in the ancient Greek theatre at Syracuse, but she did not begin to write it until Italy was at war with Austria. Much of the story is drawn directly from life and there is more than a foundation in fact for almost every one of its situations. At present Miss Lorimer is passing the proofs of a book about Uganda, which is to be published this autumn. It gives an intimate account of a woman's life and travels in East Africa, and is to be called "By the Waters of Africa," following in the succession of her other travel volumes, "By the Waters of Sicily" and "By the Waters of Egypt."

"Desmond's Daughter," Mrs. Maud Diver's latest novel, is winning golden opinions from all the reviewers; some of them have said it is the best novel she has written, and this, for those who know her other books, is praise in the highest. No novelist writes of India and Indian life with more intimate knowledge. By birth and heritage Mrs. Diver is an Anglo-Indian; she was born in the Himalayas, and all the most impressionable years of her life—from sixteen to thirty—were spent in India and Ceylon. As a girl, she was eight years in India without coming home, and never long in one place. She has travelled the whole length of the country from the north down to Tuticorin, but not the breadth of it. Bengal and Oudh are practically unknown to her; the Punjab she describes as her real country. Through her father, Colonel Marshall (a military civilian), she is related to the Lawrences of the Punjab, and through her mother she is a great-niece of Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, of Jellalabad fame.

In all those early years of her life in India, Mrs. Diver was scribbling prose and verse voluminously for the sheer joy of it, and for stimulant she had simply life and her own enthusiasm and the interest of her first and greatest friend, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's sister, afterwards Mrs. Fleming. In 1890 she married Lieutenant (now Colonel) Diver, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and it was not until several years later that the prospect of a son to educate made her seriously think whether she



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Norma Lorimer.**



Photo by W. Corin, Haslemere. **Mrs. Maud Diver.**

could not earn money by her pen. Circumstances and lack of self-confidence had retarded her development, and she was greatly indebted, at this time, to Mr. John Ferguson, the editor of the *Ceylon Observer*, who advised and encouraged her and readily printed whatever prose or verse she sent to him. Her first encouragement in the homeland came from Mr. George Bentley, who accepted verse and short stories for *Temple Bar*. After her husband's regiment had come home to England, Mrs. Diver began to contribute stories to *Longman's*, *Macmillan's*, the *Pall Mall*, and other such magazines. It was in the summer of 1906, after her son had gone to a public school and she was a little more at leisure, that she wrote "Captain Desmond, V.C." Messrs. Blackwood accepted it as soon as it was finished, and published it in the spring of 1907. The success of the book was immediate, and for nearly eight years now a shilling edition of it has been selling steadily. Two years ago Mrs. Diver drastically revised and rewrote the story, adding fresh chapters at the end. It has been translated into Norwegian, and is at present running serially in Denmark before appearing in book form there, and is to be followed in sequence by her other novels, which Miss Johanne Marie Petersen is translating. Two of Mrs. Diver's stories, "The Hero of Herat" and "The Judgment of the Sword," brought her into close touch with Lord Roberts, who took the keenest interest in them and expressed a wish that she might some day write of the second Afghan war. This she has obtained permission to do, but it will take time to prepare the ground. Meanwhile, she is at work on a story of England in 1914, which will be published next autumn, after it has run serially in the *Cornhill*. For the last six years Mrs. Diver and her family have lived at Haslemere, but the war has now broken up their home there. Her son joined the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and in due course went out to France, and her husband, as a Reserve Officer, has been incessantly occupied at home. Altogether, she has some thirty relatives on active service in the war.

The new novel by Mr. G. B. Burgin which Messrs. Hutchinson announce, "The Girl Who Got Out," has its scenes in Canada, in the neighbourhood of that (or should it be those?) "Four Corners" with which readers of his other Canadian stories have become pleasantly familiar.

A new soldier poet, whose first volume, "Fragments," Mr. Erskine Macdonald will publish shortly, is the Hon. Evan Morgan, 2nd Lieutenant in the Welsh Guards. After leaving Christ Church, Oxford, Mr. Morgan was in the same literary set as the late Rupert Brooke. His impulse towards poetic expression is probably to some extent inherited from his maternal grandfather, the Earl of Southesk, who was identified with the Pre-Raphaelite movement and well known in his day as the author of "The Burial of Isis," and other poems. Mr. Morgan, who is the only son of Lord Tredegar, is an artist as well as a poet. Two of his pictures were exhibited in the Salon in 1913.



Photo by Malcom Arbuthnot. **Hon. Evan Morgan.**



Mr. Francis Grierson.
From a drawing by Vernon Hill.
Lent by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Sidney Dark, whose new novel, "Afraid," Mr. John Lane will publish this month, is the literary editor of *The Daily Express.* After studying at the Royal Academy of Music he was for a short time a professional singer. He gave that up to go on the stage for a year or two, and then, in 1899, commenced his journalistic career by writing the "Green Room Gossip" for *The Daily Mail.* Later, he wrote literary, theatrical and musical criticism for the same paper, and in 1902 he joined the staff of *The Daily Express* as leader writer. His first novel, "The Man who Would Not be King," was published by Mr. John Lane in 1913. It was a didactic farce, in sharpest contrast to his new book, "Afraid," which is a tragedy. Mr. Dark has added two other volumes to his name this autumn: "The Glory that is France," published the other day by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and a book on Dickens which Messrs. Jack have in the press. He has written a character sketch of his friend Harold Chapin for "Soldier and Dramatist," the collection of Chapin's letters from the front which Mr. Lane has just published; and he has almost finished another novel which he is calling "Loud and Prolonged Cheers."

That brilliantly successful farcical comedy, "Ye Gods!" by Stephen Robert and Eric Hudson, has been turned into a novel by Mr. Eric Hudson in collaboration with Mr. H. Grahame Richards, and is published at a shilling by Messrs. Hutchinson. Mr. Hudson seems to have found that royal road to success which every author looks for and few tread. He was engaged in commerce until a year or two ago, dramatising novels and stories in his spare time, "just to see," he says, "what I could make of them." Some years ago he happened to come across a brief legend of the Algonkin Indians about a man who was supernaturally gifted with the power of causing all women to fall in love with him. This struck him as a fresh and promising idea. He planned it first as a short story, then as a novel, and finally as a play, but having sketched a synopsis of it he had to put it aside for other work. Last year he took it up again and showed the synopsis to Mr. Stephen Robert, knowing that he, with his exceptional knowledge of stage technique, would at once see any possibilities that were in it, and Mr. Robert not only collaborated in fitting the play for the boards but promptly got it accepted for production. Mr. Hudson is already engaged on another three-act comedy which he is calling "Enter Uncle Henry," and is well under way with a novel of mystery and sensation which bears the tentative title of "The Dead Man's Brother."

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

FRANCIS GRIERSON.

THE quality of quietness is rare in literature. Lamb and De Quincey possess it among prose writers, Wordsworth among poets. When it is found it is combined usually with culture and kindliness, for the good writer cultivates true repose and great tolerance. Quietness, as opposed to turmoil, is a quality that invariably has its reward, usually in the form of personal devotion to the writer inspiring that quality. Naturally one would expect it would be found among the dreamers whose literary gifts are so much residue left by the flood of reverie. Imagination in persons of repose, as in De Quincey, as opposed to Shelley, whose imagination was volcanic in generation and utterance, has something of mysticism in its nature, and the author of "The Confessions of an Opium Eater" was never so happy as when treading the dreamland of metaphysics, or

exploring the by-paths of psychology. As may be expected, De Quincey, like all dreamers was never wholly coherent or logical; he would depict a charmed landscape, and then destroy it with a garrulous footnote on the etymology of one of his adjectives. Possessing high vision and imagination, he lacked proportion, and therein Francis Grierson excels as a mystic.

The name of the last writer is almost unknown save in circles of the *literati*, where he is served up as dessert for epicures. The study of Grierson is fascinating from two view points. As a writer he is unique in culture and universality, as a person he is singular in his peculiar genius and versatility. His life is more romantic than his work, his face is more interesting than either, since it is an epitome of both life and thought. An early portrait painted at St. Petersburg by Geslin reveals to us a face of almost effeminate beauty, the face of the ideal poet conceived by a girl in love with rhyme. In the fine, straight nose, the perfectly curved, sensitive lips, and the large bright eyes, holding that indirect light which looks inward rather than outward, one sees the features of a man of great sensibility and refinement. One does not find or expect that intellectual vigour and independence which have spread his name throughout Europe and America.



Photo by Gillies, Richmond. **Francis Grierson.**

His personal history is as interesting and romantic as his face. In his first year, his parents, descendants of an old family, emigrated from Liverpool to America. Thence, in youth, he returned to Europe, and made a Bohemian tour of the principal capitals and towns. He was gifted with an extraordinary power of improvisation, which he retains to this day. His performances at the piano won him early fame and the entrée of fashionable salons, but his nomadic wanderings were not unmarked by the inseparable hardships of a Bohemian life. Throughout all success and privation he was making mental notes, gaining experience, and meeting the great artists and thinkers of the leading nations. Then followed a journey to Paris, and at an age when most men regard their careers as on the verge of completion, he took up the pen and experimented or improvised, with the new medium of prose. The result was startling but permanent. Within a few weeks of the publication of a brochure of essays and aphorisms written in French, he received the appreciation and applause of the leading writers and poets. Sully Prudhomme, Stèphen Mallarmé, Erico Cardona, Manrico and Maeterlinck hailed him with brotherly affection, for they discerned a new spirit in their midst, a prophet of the new mysticism then awaiting an articulate voice.

Since his first ovation, he has written some books in English, one of them, semi-autobiographical, "The Valley of Shadows," which describes his life in Lincoln's country before the war, the others, pen portraits and essays, all of them small in size but perfect in form.

In the vignettes of "Parisian Portraits" we observe the acute perception of the author, united with a mind that looked below the surface and studied men and women of genius, not from curiosity but as a psychologist to whom humanity is interesting if only because it is humanity. Grierson's gifts gave him the entrée and connection with the great Parisian salons prior to the catastrophe of 1870. He covers his pages with the names of famous men and women with whom he talked, and of whose hospitality he partook, until we suspect he is that disagreeable snob—the lion-hunter. To remain with this impression would be to commit a grave injustice, and to libel an author with only the excuse that his acquaintances were so distinguished and numerous that the reader suspected him, *ipso facto*, of courting the fashionable and great personages of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. A closer study of this book reveals the fact that the author was admitted to these great salons because he possessed singular qualifications of mind that brought him into intimacy on grounds of intellectual equality. No matter with whom the author may be talking, or of whom he may be discoursing, the reader feels that Grierson was not the least person of the assembly; he was no Boswell bowing before the ridicule of Johnson. No matter who crosses his pages, be it Verlaine, Mallarmé, Dumas, Countess Diane, Princess Helène Racowitza, he knows each one with that intimacy which is not born of time or relationship, but singular to the fraternity of talent.

Occasionally Grierson is slightly querulous. One cannot but feel that he has been too successful to be wholly sympathetic. He is a paradox, for his early life was thoroughly Bohemian, and yet he does not hide his dislike of Bohemia, a dislike not founded upon hardships and irregularities, these things do not perturb his spirit for he is a philosopher who has subdued life, but born of a distaste for anything that is not of the best. He is a cosmopolitan epicure who has been used to the élite of the artistic, musical, literary and social worlds, and he is so familiar with princesses, prima donnas and geniuses that he comes to regard all persons of a lower sphere as provincial, a favourite word, and a term ever on his lips. This penchant in his writings has annoyed many who would admire his fine eclecticism were it not tinged with snobbery, and this fault will only be

explained and condoned when it is understood that Grierson is an intellectual and spiritual aristocrat. Humanity is singular in its fancies; we are all snobs at heart, or perhaps one should say, at the head, for snobbery is the triumph of materialistic reason over pure sentiment. The cook imagines her mistress's dress would place her on a plane of equality if she wore it, and accordingly despises the scullery-maid. The mistress is certain that adverse fortune has alone disqualified her for the county set, and inwardly thinks how much better she could perform the social duties of the duchess; and so on through all ranks and phases of life, painter to artist, poetaster to poet, and politician to statesman adopt an attitude implying that the higher rank is due solely to influence or fortuitous circumstances. When it is understood that Grierson has qualities of mind that entitle him to the best, one can excuse, though one may regret, his disdain of the lesser, but not necessarily the less important things. He would do well to remember his own words in an essay on culture:

"The superficial mistake mere refinement for culture; but refinement is rarely more than an adjunct of the higher intelligence, denoting a delicate and fastidious nature, with the critical faculty shown in admiration of the obviously beautiful."

His style, which is aphoristic, has the hard brilliance of a diamond. His prose reminds me of a modern Pater who has written of the present instead of a mediæval or classical age. His thought is strong, original and individual, and "Modern Mysticism" voiced in prose a tendency that Maeterlinck expressed in poetry. He tells us that no man really thinks before the age of thirty-five, prior to that age he may feel and express sentiment, which is not thought, and the maturity of Grierson's thought and expression proves him to be speaking from experience and close observation, as when he says, in an essay on the "Humour of the Underman":

"The best minds do not climb into the best society, and can have no need for the houses supposed to lead higher. Every person of refinement and talent comes at last by a secret attraction to that plane which Nature intended for each, and taken on strictly philosophical grounds, there is no higher and no lower—but only the natural."

When a man of obvious gifts has been enabled to live in an atmosphere of intellectual activity, his mind broadened with travel, his views expanded with experience, and his wit sharpened by contact with the most brilliant intellects of his age, one expects in the writing of a man so fortunate, a comprehensiveness unattainable by men restricted in opportunity and outlook. Travel variously affects men according to their readiness to receive impressions. There is the typical tourist whose pleasure is found in satisfied curiosity, who seeks a good view or a beautiful edifice, and having found it, returns home with a visual memory of his experience; but there is also the type of man who is temperamental and susceptible; this man not only sees, but feels and thinks. His impression becomes another link in the chain of thought, his experience is in sequence and not a disconnected fact, and when such a man expresses himself in full relationship to all he feels, sees and thinks, then we say that man has genius, whether his expression takes the form of art, music or poetry. There is a man of a lower range of temperament who can feel, see and think, but cannot express adequately, and the possessors of such acute but limited faculties we call men of talent.

This division of mere talent and genius is one that Grierson is constantly emphasising. Genius is expression that transcends experience and thought by the power of intuition which establishes entire relationship of ideas. "Everything that is arrived at by mere study," he says, "fails to achieve the highest result. Profound feeling is one of the principal ingredients of genius, if indeed it is not the leading trait," and in this utterance he explains much of the vapidity of classical minds which sacrifice sensation to thought.

"Great art is impression put into form. Writers do this by words, artists by colours, musicians by sounds, poets by rhyme and rhythm. Life is composed of a long series of sensations, superficial or profound, according to the temperament of the individual, and the more pronounced the temperament the more powerful the impact of impression."

It is not surprising to learn that there is a growing Grierson cult. His appeal as a thinker and an acute observer will be strong to minds that are well read and developed. An eclectic, Grierson attracts by that instinctive selection of the best in art and life, a selection guided by innate refinement rather than careful thought. His experience is wide in its particular sphere, but it would be unwise to follow an author so sheltered from the commonplace in the parts of life where every man must gain his experience. This latter restriction explains the special appeal which the author makes. He is the literary man for the *literati*, his power is in reflection rather than creation. He is an invaluable index to the choice thoughts and minds of the best thinkers in the best periods of artistic activity. Singular indeed, it is, that one who has seen perforce so much of the world, should be so little affected by it, particularly in those opinions and tastes formulated by experience rather than thought. It may be that much of Grierson's attraction lies in the quality of quietness, of seclusion, for however merged in a crowd of celebrities he may be, one cannot forget that his mind acts in singular isolation. Individual, and with a mind capable of deep conviction, he surprises and charms by a boldness of verdict on the nice points of literature, and even in that realm of criticism where fools have feared to tread, he walks with the grace of an angel and the fine consciousness of a connoisseur.

In an essay on "The Making of Books," he writes:

"We admire most in every writer, not that which we do not understand, but that which we have long felt but never expressed, the sentiments which we have never been able to formulate in words, the emotions that seemed too deep to be brought to the surface, the dreams that seemed too vague and distant for rhyme or reason."

In these lines Grierson has analysed his own power and appeal, he has not expressed the obvious, he has not created new thought, but he has enveloped his style with an atmosphere of artistic beauty, and like some curiously learned collector of *objet d'art*, he shows us men and books in the view of a mind that claims kinship with genius in its power to understand, feel and appreciate that phase of life or thought wherein the depth of the heart, or the brilliancy of the mind, has bequeathed something new and immortal. CECIL ROBERTS.

THE READER.

JOHN BUCHAN.

By David Hodge.

Mr. John Buchan has had a variegated career—from a literary point of view. Though only forty-one years of age he was writing when his contemporaries included R. L. Stevenson, Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. Neil Munro had not given us "The Lost Pibroch" when John Buchan produced "Sir Quixote." Buchan was then—if I mistake not—an undergraduate of Brasenose College, Oxford, whence he had migrated from Glasgow University where he had been capped "Artium Magister with laying on of hands." At Oxford he won the Newdigate Prize, and was President of the Union. "Sir Quixote," though it had touches of distinct individuality, bore strong indications of the influences of Crockett and of Stevenson, but chiefly of Crockett, who, at the date of the publication of "Sir Quixote," was at his zenith. It was a breezy, rugged tale, and immediately sprang to success, but in the closing years of the last century important literary talent was rife, especially among the Scotsmen, and people questioned whether or not the new writer would last—if indeed they considered the matter at all. These were the days of the Yellow Book, Henry Harland, Richard le Gallienne, Kenneth Grahame, John Davidson, and many others whose names are on the roll of fame. Even the paragraph men knew nothing of Buchan, and were unable to mention that he was a Scot of the Scots, a son of a minister of the Gospel in Glasgow, and a man for whom his University friends in the North predicted a great future. He has not failed his prophets.

I do not find that Mr. Buchan on coming to London, about the year 1898, to wrest fame and fortune from the Metropolis, began operations with the legendary initial half-crown, or that he ever slept, in the style of his compatriots Robert Buchanan and David Gray, in the Hotel of the Beautiful Star. These things were not in Buchan's way: he preferred to begin at the top.

Ordinary journalism never claimed him, and anonymous fame had for him no attractions, though for some time he acted as assistant editor of *The Spectator*, under Mr. St. John Loe Strachey, doing much brilliant unsigned work, out of which Mr. Buchan failed to keep articles on angling. Whenever one saw a fishing article in *The Spectator* in those days one knew that here was the hand of Buchan, the lover of Tweedside from which some of his ancestors came, the man who would infinitely rather be throwing the long line on the pools about Traquair than turning out the necessary paragraphs of a Friday evening for a strenuous and important weekly periodical that seeks to guide the empires on the paths they ought to tread. Buchan was not by nature meant for Fleet Street, and the Street of Misadventure failed to lure him to its inky pavements. This, I think, is a matter of congratulation for all who love letters, but it has to be set on record that of late Buchan has been acting as a Special Correspondent at the Front where he has been doing work of which all Fleet Street is proud. His war copy is free from highly coloured passages, and it is with calmness, dispassion, and in pellucid English that he records the happenings. His value as a War Correspondent has been proved beyond question. Russell and Forbes are not his models in this field of work: in fact he seems to have no model here: he just elects to set forth in his own way what he has seen, traditional methods of war reporting being ignored—if known.



Photo by G. C. Beresford. **John Buchan.**

Simultaneously with all his work in the field, Mr. Buchan has been writing Nelson's "History of the War," a series in which the strategics and tactics of the Great Adventure are set forth with convincing lucidity and graphic style. Nothing daunted by the immensity of the canvas, Mr. Buchan applies the colour with panoramic skill, the result being an impressive picture to rival the Somme Film. I imagine, though, that the work most to Buchan's liking is the writing of books in his study (perhaps in his bed). There he evolved the long list that stands to his credit, and includes "Sir Quixote," "Musa Piscatrix," "Scholar-Gipsies," "John Burnet of Barns," "Grey Weather," "A Lost Lady of Old Years," "The Half-hearted," "The Watcher by the Threshold," "Prester John," and "The Moon Endureth."

These books cover a period from 1895 till 1912, and almost every successive volume shows an access of strength and skill.

I asked a famous literary critic what he considered to be the outstanding power of Buchan, and he replied without hesitation, "Versatility. The man can write in any style. He can do a Stevenson novel in the best Stevensonian style, he can equal Kipling when Kipling is almost—but not quite—at his best, and he can out-Crockett Crockett. Also, he can do the dime sensational line with the best of them—witness his new books 'The Power House' and 'The Thirty-nine Steps,' which proved a big draw as a serial in a Manchester Sunday paper.

"If you are writing about Buchan be careful to make clear that there are no limits to him, and that one never knows the metier in which he will next be found acquiring distinction and success."

Though traces of Barrie, Maclaren, Munro, and Stevenson are found in Buchan's books I should say that the chief influence on his work, as on those other writers, was Sir Walter Scott. I cannot point to many passages of Buchan that are frankly due to Scott, but "by and large" Scott is the source of his inspiration. From Scott he derives the dramatic and the sense of spaciousness that comes into play when he writes about Scotland and South Africa. The eeriness comes direct from Stevenson. Humour does not abound, and what there is has the dry East Coast epigrammatic flavour. With a keener sense of humour Buchan would of course be a greater man. But it is with Buchan as he is, not with Buchan as he might have been, that we have to deal, and we are thankful for such works as "John Burnet of Barns" and "Prester John."

"Prester John," I find, is generally regarded as his leading book. This is not surprising, because though it does not contain much of his most arresting writing, we have in "Prester John" a thrilling tale told with eloquence and force. The opening scenes are in Fifeshire, of which county Mr. Buchan has knowledge, and one of the ablest things he has done is the description of the coloured parson at devil worship on the moonlit beach. Davie Crawfurd, a son of the manse at Kirkcaple, saw the black man at his devotions, and it is in Africa that the two meet again. The black minister is the re-incarnation of Prester John, a monarch whose aim was to hold all Africa in his sway. When Davie, from Kirkcaple (Kirkcaldy, I believe, where the author spent his school days), re-encounters the black minister, Davie is the keeper of an up-country store along with an elderly alcoholised individual called Japp. This old man is etched with few and powerful strokes. One sympathises with him rather than hates him, and perhaps this is not the intention of Mr. Buchan in regard to this rum-swilling, illicit-diamond-buying old ruffian. Adventures of the thrilling order abound in "Prester John"—a capital book for boys—and in it one sees another influence on Mr. Buchan's literary output—that of Rider Haggard. All about the caves, the underground river, and the torchlit assembly of the chiefs is, of course, sheer Haggard, told with a Buchanese accuracy of phrase and absence of rhodomontade. The book contains beautiful South African cameos. This, for example:

"The Spring of the Blue Wildbeeste was a clear, rushing mountain torrent, which swirled over blue rocks into deep fern-fringed pools. All around was a table-land of lush grass and marigolds and arum lilies instead of daisies and buttercups. Thickets of tall trees dotted the hill slopes and patched the meadows as if some landscape-gardener had been at work on them. Beyond, the glen fell steeply to the plains, which ran out in a faint haze to the horizon. To North and South I marked the sweep of the Berg, now rising high to a rocky peak and now stretching in a level rampart of blue. On the very edge of the plateau where the road dipped for the descent stood the shanties of Blaauwildebeestefontein. The fresh hill air had exhilarated my mind, and the aromatic scents of the evening gave the last touch of intoxication. Whatever serpent might lurk in it, it was a veritable Eden I had come to."

An example of his verses (a medium in which he has made but few adventures) is the Dedication of "Prester John" to Sir Lionel Phillips:

"Time, they say, must the best of us capture,
And travel and battle and gems and gold
No more can kindle the ancient rapture,
For even the youngest of hearts grows old.
But in you, I think, the boy is not over,
So take this medley of ways and wars
As the gift of a friend and a fellow-lover
Of the fairest country under the stars."

It has to be noted that this "fairest country" is South Africa.

Though engaging in regard to South Africa (where he was Private Secretary to Lord Milner, then High Commissioner), Buchan is at his best in books that deal with Scotland, of which he has said in a Dedication:

"Scotland is a wide place to travel in for those who believe that it is not bounded strictly by kirk and market place, and who have an ear for old ways and lost romances. It is of the back-world of Scotland that I write, the land behind the mist and over the seven bens, a place hard of access for the foot passenger, but easy for the maker of stories."

"The Thirty-nine Steps" is to have a sequel, "Greenmantle," a sound piece of work in the same *genre*, but presently, when war work ceases from troubling, Mr. Buchan will no doubt return to his early field and tell us once again in his own distinguished manner of that out-of-the-way elusive Scotland of which he writes with profound affection.

"A Lodge in the Wilderness" was a direct outcome of his residence in South Africa, and it gives a note-worthy picture of the present and the possibilities of that part of the world, and from his experience there came also "The African Colony: Studies in Reconstruction." Apparently Mr. Buchan has ambitions towards statesmanship or diplomacy, but I should say that there is in him too much romance to fit him for either of these activities. It is not safe to predict what may be the future of a man of Buchan's brilliance. A curious point concerning him is that he is an expert on statistics. If he goes to Westminster his knowledge of figures will prove a big advantage to him in Budget debates.

All the leading Scottish writers of recent years are easy to "place." Barrie pursues one definite line, Crockett seldom diverged from a well-defined path, Maclaren was never really round the corner from the Kailyard, Neil Munro is true to Romance (except when he is writing under the name of Hugh Foulis), and Ian Hay writes sympathetically of Scotland from the point



Photo by Mary Laffan. **John Buchan.**

of view of a cultured Oxford Scot. Africa laid Buchan under her charms, much as the Pacific influenced Robert Louis Stevenson, but Stevenson's best books are about Scotland, and Buchan, like Stevenson, will ultimately seek inspiration from the land that gave him birth. His versatility is a matter he should guard against, and he should remember that while "The Power House" and "The Thirty-nine Steps" are excellent in their way—and doubtless good sellers—they are not the worthiest work for him. He should get back to the Scotland that has passed away, and give us another "John Burnet of Barns." It was not in Middle Temple Gardens that he learned such expressions as "He's as fou as the Baltic," and the works of John Buchan would be brightened by the inclusion of many more old-fashioned phrases from the North. Mr. Buchan, like Sir James Barrie, must have heard a great deal of old Scottish lore and sayings, and he should write them down before he forgets. Scotland claims Buchan as one of her leading authors, and looks to see him go on from strength to strength.

Mr. Buchan is no recluse or midnight-oil toiler: he is all for the open air life, and has made a name for himself as a mountaineer and a shot, as well as an angler. Fortunately he has written no disputatious volume on the merits of the dry fly as compared with the wet, though I happen to know that he is skilled in the manipulation of both. He is as much at home on the Itchen or the Test as on a brawling Highland burn. In his books there are many references which prove his knowledge of fishing, shooting, and cliff work on mountain sides.

His literary career resembles the military and political career of Mr. Winston Churchill in point of variety and effectiveness, and the future of Mr. Buchan is just as hard to predict as that of Mr. Churchill. Both have many years to go. Mr. Buchan is very fully occupied in directing the affairs of the publishing house of Nelson, but it is difficult to imagine any kind of occupation or activity that will restrain him from following his true bent, that of writing fiction. After the war there may be no conspicuously heavy demand for fiction dealing with feuds and wars of the old times, but Mr. Buchan may give us the really big fiction books about the war that is still in progress. He is one of the few important novelists who have seen it at close quarters.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best tribute to our wounded soldiers in eight lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

NOTE.—If the Rev. W. P. Johnson will kindly send his address we shall be pleased to reply to his communication.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Mrs. Stephen Parker, of 12, Fontayne Street, Goole, Yorks, for the following:

THE CONVERT.

When I had my son in the house about me, or working there at the bench in the shed,
I hadn't a care in the world to fret me—and now—it's a year since my son's dead.
Dead and buried he is, in Flanders, in a nameless grave I shall never see,
I shall go to him—(God send it early!)—but he will never return to me.

They came to me with their oil of comfort—tender women and men of God,
Bidding me think with pride and joy of that poor grave under the blood-drenched sod.
Flowers and holy books they brought me, prayed, whispered, wept, and went away—
And my breast was locked on my grief like a prison: I dreaded the night and I hated the day.

I think I had come to the brink of madness, the sun was darkened, the moon was gone:
It seemed God had made a wheel for his pleasure, to see me bound and broken upon.
I had thought so long on my son, and his dying, there in the dark in his ebbing blood,
When there came a thought of Our Lord's Dear Mother—*They took her son. She understood.*

* * * * *

I can't say I'm truly a Catholic, can I? I was a Methodist, born and bred!
I never could hold with confessing to priests, and I trouble no one to pray for my dead.
But when my grief is a pall about me, and my tortured heart knows no release,
I tell it all to our Lord's Dear Mother—She understands and she gives me peace.

MRS. STEPHEN PARKER.

We also select for printing:

TO MY BELOVED.

Say, dear one, when I die shall I forgotten be?
And will the earth that hides my face hide every thought of me?

See, love sits in my eyes, and love is angels' breath;
So I shall look on thee unchanged beyond the kiss of death.

Remember not my sins; my base and worldly part,
For death will purge all else but love from out my foolish heart.

And so if some sweet hour, alone at eventide
Thy subtler sense shall half discern my angel at thy side,—

Remembering whence I come, kneel down to worship there,
And maybe God Who hears will grant I kiss thee at thy prayer.

(Margaret K. McEvoy, 3, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W.)

HEROES.

These are thy children, England, born of thee,
Who, lest the nations' faith in thee be lost—
To keep thy honour fair, thy service free,
Give all they have and all they hope to be,
And never count the cost!

And of thy heroes hold these first who make—
And its inevitable anguish *know*—
Their sacrifice of all for thy dear sake;
Who count the full, full cost with hearts that break,
And, *having counted*, go!

(Evelyn Simms, No. 4 House, Roedean School, Brighton.)

From the large number of other lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Mary Arden (Highgate), Audrey Haggard (Norfolk), Grace Cracknell (North Kensington), Ida May (Barnes), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), M. Burbridge (Westcliff), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), John Thompson (Cork), Frank Noble Wood (Hull), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), H. O. Evans (Manchester), J. E. C. (Ripon), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), F. V. Follett (Combemartin), Don A. N. Gardiner (Ashford), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Tom Yarwood (Northwich), B. M. Ward (Eastbourne), Eileen K. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), V. W. Ware (London, S.W.), A. A. M. B. (Hampstead), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Gunnersbury), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), Dora Thomas (London, W.), C. A. Munro (Glasgow), Bombadier Thomas Alex. King (Plymouth), F. L. Watts (Streatham), Winifred Parker (Matlock), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), D. A. Russell Gregg (Bridgwater), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), Doris Dean (Bromley), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Maude McGuire (Bristol), Mary Wylie Hill (Balthayock), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), L. A. N. N. (Chelsea), Gladys M. King (Lee Green), Brenda MacGregor (Taunton), Dorothy L. Warne (Ramsgate), Ingram Earnie (New Southgate), Rosie Speight (Leeds), O. Thelma Avis (Waltham Abbey), Winifred Barrows (Minchinhampton), Winifred B. Medway (Bristol), Mabel Malet (Hull), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Edith A. Lawrence (Liverpool), Kitty Lewis (Mansfield), Maurice Ellenger (Hastings), Billy Garlique (Bridgwater), D. Brooke (Keswick), Nepuca (Wandsworth Common), Mabel Denison (Halifax), Enid D. Woollright (Chelsea), Alberta Vickridge (Bradford), Evelyn N. Cowell (Manchester).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to R. Speight, Parkdene, Armley, Leeds, for the following:

UNCENSORED LETTERS. (Heinemann.)

"I cannot but remember such things were."
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*.

We also select for printing:

THE LION'S SHARE. BY ARNOLD BENNETT. (Cassell.)

"O, it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!"
THOMAS DIBDIN, *The Snug Little Island*.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Essendon Road, Sanderstead, Surrey.)

THE PORCELAIN LADY. BY FREDERICK NIVEN. (Secker.)

"Frailty, thy name is woman."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

(Charles Powell, 82, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester.)

THE VOICE OF THE CITY. BY O. HENRY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The light of other days is faded."
Song in *The Bohemian Girl*.

(Miss J. Shaw, 65, King's Road, Harrogate.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best epitaph on Captain Fryatt is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdowne, of 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne. His second stanza is much inferior to the first, and, unfortunately, none of the many epitaphs sent in are quite up to publication level.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to P. H. Hall, of Hillside, Silver Hill, Ecclesall, Sheffield, for the following:

THE ULTIMATE BELIEF. BY A. CLUTTON BROCK. (Constable.)

A little book on the philosophy of the spirit. Mr. Brock attempts, in the light of experience, to analyse the motives underlying human aspirations and ideals. The desires of the spirit are, he suggests, threefold, namely: the desire for truth, goodness and beauty, and he emphasises the need in modern education of inculcating these aims, not for any ulterior object, but as ends in themselves. His chapter on the æsthetic needs of the spirit is written with admirable balance and insight. A book both provocative and wise, and one that parents and teachers in particular will find helpful



The Marquis of Montrose.

[From the portrait by G. Honthorst.
From "The Marquis of Montrose," by John Buchan (Nelson)

We also select for printing:

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DARDANELLES.
By S. A. Moseley. (Cassell.)

Essentially this is a book of youth, as well as of Truth. "The Most Magnificent Failure in History" is vividly pictured in a series of unforgettable vignettes, seen through the writer's temperament of optimism as magnificent as the scenes he portrays. His insight into the psychology of the soldier is marvellous, his courage in upholding the unpopular view of our operations in the Dardanelles as heroic as any of the deeds he describes. A book that will not only make History live, but should re-make reputations which ignorance and calumny might mar.

(M. Burbridge, 10, Palmeira Avenue, Westcliff, Essex.)

FONDIE. By E. Booth. (Duckworth.)

"Fondie" is an extraordinarily clever book, but a book that requires an extraordinary amount of leisure to read. Few people have much leisure nowadays, and one questions if the first half of this very long novel, purely employed in creating an atmosphere, might not with advantage have been considerably shortened. Not a line could be spared from the latter half. The catastrophe of poor, beautiful, neglected Blanche, and the faithful patience of Fondie are things for ever to be remembered, while all the minor characters are accurately observed and minutely sketched. A strangely haunting book.

(Miss B. C. Hardy, 11, Egliston Road, Putney, S.W.)

We specially commend the reviews by E. Beechey (Pentre), James A. Richards (Tenby), Olive T. Verney (Beccles), Charles Smith (Middleham), Mary C. Mair (Haslemere), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), E. M. Cubison (Llandaff), G. Watts (Walthamstow), W. J. Roberts (Upper Clapton), Charles Hill (Edinburgh), John F. Leeming (Hale), A. W. King (Catford), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Vincent Hamson (Bedford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), H. K. Ainsworth (London, W.)

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to Francis J. Kelly, of 36, Primrose Avenue, Dublin.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND.*

By Thomas Seccombe.

TRAILL'S illustrated "Social History of England" and the various types of Cambridge History, in water-tight chapters, with separate bibliographies, have prepared us for the exalted kind of book-making of which "Shakespeare's England" is such a superfine example; but they hardly prepared us for the pæan of praise and thanksgiving with which these two handsome volumes have been received in the public Press. Two such mighty galleons as the present volumes, loaded to the gunwale with encyclopedic information, are certainly exempt from successful frontal attack by any individual critic however well equipped; they have to be skirmished round lightly and more or less dexterously. Their incidence in the year 1916 is a circumstance of good augury; by what seems to have been an undesigned coincidence they have come into existence in the very year of Shakespeare's 300th anniversary. They form a competent Shakesperean Encyclopedia, and they can hardly fail to be regarded as the most notable collective memorial that English scholarship has produced in honour of the age of Shakespeare. A good many books have been evolved endeavouring to produce for us the social environment of the period in which Shakespeare played and wrote, one of the most successful perhaps being Sir Walter Scott's "The Fortunes of Nigel," the most laborious and most conscientiously prepared, it is believed, of all the Waverley Novels; but the principle of the division of labour has never been invoked to anything like the present extent, for such a purpose, upon such a scale. Such volumes as the present furnish a primrose path for the social student of the Shakespearean period, and should be invaluable to those who have to fabricate notes on the social life, the manners and customs illustrated in the various dramas; and the process is facilitated by the index of passages cited from Shakespeare's works, arranged in order under the headings of the respective plays. If Ben Jonson's plays were taken, it is probable that even a greater list of instances and quotations might be built up. There are some obvious drawbacks in dealing with a period quite so remote as that of Elizabeth, for instance, hardly any Memoirs. The absence of these precludes the literary small talk of the day from becoming crystallised at the hands of the congenital gossip, above all there was no Aubrey, no Pepys, no Boswell, no St. Simon, to depict the movement of the blood under the skin of the great ones of earth, to portray the Court scandals with never ending malice, and to pin down with a satire of light comedy the never failing caricatures, extravagances, and *petitesses* of the most outwardly resplendent circles in Court or Society.

One of the chief difficulties, of course, in a book of this kind is for anyone other than a Shakespearean annotator to assimilate such a disorderly mass of divergent information as is here communicated. In a great many parts the book is like a reading of Isaac Disraeli, Joseph Strutt, Chambers' "Book of Days," a type of reading which has been for a long time too much under a cloud, the real meaning always being in such a case that the old material needs a new and more appetising and modern method of presentation. To a large extent, apart from details of Court and Army and one or two trades, this is a glorified book of sports and pastimes of a past age. To know these is perhaps one of the best passports we have to the understanding of how our ancestors actually lived in the centuries that have gone.

From the twelfth to the fifteenth century in successive ages the time spirit produced the castle, the cathedral, the country town, and the palace; the age of Elizabeth was to a large extent responsible for the country house or mansion. Meanwhile, the townsfolk still remained in large measure country folk; poaching, as at Casterbridge, commenced a few yards without the borough limit and the burghers were devoted to country sports and amusements. Of these pursuits we get a most admirable vision here. There is plenty also to give us a very good idea of the material structure of the period, it is when we come to the structure of the

* "Shakespeare's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age." 2 Vols. 25s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

inner life that we recognise certain deficiencies in the Elizabethan age, deficiencies which we have possibly to some extent remedied. Shakespeare is almost a blank where the religion of his age is concerned, and it is impossible to avoid a considerable amount of suspicion as to whether the bulk of Shakespeare's contemporaries had any religion at all. The well-to-do had gone through a willow-pattern process, from Catholic to Protestant and back again, until a good many of them were ashamed of turning their coats any more. They were most of them strenuous upholders of the maintenance of Church lands in private possession, and to the extent to which the restoration of Church property was an axiom of Romanism, they were enthusiastic Protestants; from any other kind of abstract religious idea they were free conspicuously and from any kind of home sickness for the old home religion they seem to have been absolutely immune. The result of accommodating religion, to be the resultant of an elaborate and ambiguous state compromise, is shown in the complete lack of the inner light of the spirit which marks the most popular forms of literature in the Elizabethan age. There is very little in the Elizabethan age to let us into the secret of the spiritual aspirations, even of the small number of people habitually concerned with such matters. It is somewhat the same in regard to the relations of the sexes; the verisimilitude of Shakespeare's feminine characters has been over-rated, they were most of them ideal characters, they were intended to be played by boys; their relations with men were commonly of the ultra-straightforward type, so that none of the innermost recesses of the feminine nature are systematically explored. The absence of the novel in the present acceptation of the word, serves to account for the incomplete exploration of this great sector of life; similarly, the comparative absence of the Memoir cuts us off from a great deal of the personal gossip and comment, which is the life-blood of the inner animation of the Court.



Edward Alleyn.

From the painting in Dulwich College. Reproduced by permission of the Governors of the College
From "Shakespeare's England" (Clarendon Press)

On the whole we have found it possible to derive much more entertainment from the illustrations of the lighter side of Elizabethan life, than from the compendious treatises upon the Navy, voyages and explorations, land travel, education, law, scholarship and the like. An exception must be made in favour of the chapter on the Court, in which from difficult material Mr. Chambers has given us a curious exotic picture. A good deal of the colouring, it is true, will be familiar to diligent students of Martin Hume, but the citations of Mr. Chambers nearly always have a spice of their own. Here is an amusing example. The Spanish Ambassador was riding with Leicester one morning in Windsor Park (1565): "We came round by the footpath leading to the riverside through the wood, to where the Queen lodges, and when we came to her apartments Leicester's fool made so much noise calling her that she came undressed to the window." We also hear something of Mary Fitton, who, says the writer, is much more likely to have been the Maria of Twelfth Night than the Lady of the Sonnets. A good deal of entertainment is to be found in the chapters on gardening and medicine. The supreme residuum of the old medical theories, mirrored in Shakespeare, is the doctrine of the humours which culminate in Ben Jonson. It was held that four fluid humours entered into the composition of man—blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy, and that the predominance of one or the other fixed the temperament as sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric or melancholy, and that the excess or morbid condition of any of these humours caused disease, curable only by voiding the peccant humours, whether by bleeding or drugging. Needless to say, a mass of folklore and superstition clung to most of the nascent sciences,

just as astrology and alchemy cling to astronomy and chemistry.

The chief interest of the book from our point of view culminates in the second of these bountiful volumes. The pictorial arts were not in very brilliant case, though miniatures on parchment and copper-plate engraving were making a fine start, but in music it was far otherwise. There had been a decline in English music between Flodden and the Armada, but from 1588 there was a rapid and notable advance. In madrigals and glees England rose superior to all rivals, and she had one of the finest musicians of the day in William Byrd. "Taken all round," says Mr. Squire, "Byrd is one of the very greatest musicians that England has produced; his greatness is only now beginning to be recognised, and his true position among European composers will only be realised when a complete edition of his works is available." It is to be hoped, therefore, that this edition is on its way to consummation. The instruments of the day cannot fail to intrigue one with their beauty. The chief among them were of course the lute, the viol, the cithern—a lute shaped instrument with a pair of wire strings tuned in unison and played with a plectrum, the recorder—ancestor of the flageolet, and the virginals. Appended to the account of music is a delightful glossary of musical terms, one of the chief acquisitions of the second volume. Then comes a most interesting disquisition on the architecture of the day, showing Charlecote, Holdenby House, Montacute—near Yeovil (one of the numerous mansions of the present Lord Curzon), Balborough Hall, Middle Temple Hall, the gallery at Haddon, and the staircase at Hatfield. For heraldry, resource has to be made mainly to Ben Jonson for illustration, but costume is of course an unending subject for the Elizabethan. Fashion seems to have lacked the power to restrain the Elizabethan gallant, and the sophisticated use that Shakespeare makes of costume was a favourite subject of Oscar Wilde. An Englishman's dress soon became to be a by-word in the rest of Europe. It is notable, however, that the form of the under-dress was less complicated than it is to-day, hardly anything was known in the shape of varied underclothing. Furniture, London and the life of the town, meals, christenings, give considerable opportunity for spicy chapters, but the subtleties of Elizabethan confectionery, marchpanes and sugar-meats can only be touched upon quite lightly within the limits of space allotted. One would like to hear more about the antique service of the ancient world, family retainers, the Elizabethan inns, justices in quarter-sessions (the J.P.'s were the standing army of the Tudors), and the period of adolescence and courtship as conducted in those times. A mass of information, much of it unfamiliar, is here collected concerning authors and patrons, and booksellers, printers, and stationers: not very much is able to be said, it seems, for our printers as artists, for with very few exceptions the books produced in this country are not to be compared—whether in beauty, correctness, or in perfection of workmanship—with the ordinary output of the chief foreign presses. None of the type used in England during the sixteenth century was of a very high standard of excellence, while the paper was mostly imported from the Continent. There is a capital chapter about all kinds of miscellanies in connection with acting and the actor, in spite of the vast amount that has been written of late, from the pen of Mr. Percy Simpson. We have already seen the liberty allowed Leicester's fool, and the practices of these patched fools or clowns, their improvising and jigging, is well indicated here. The playhouse, in turn, is illustrated with the greatest minuteness by William Archer and W. J. Lawrence. The out-door sports, hunting, coursing, fowling, angling, fencing, horsemanship, bearbaiting, are among the most delectable parts of the book. Ben Jonson, we gather, was a great huntsman by book, Shakespeare did his hunting much more naturally. Shakespeare himself seems to have known more about netting and driving deer than hunting them in the open, and he was more familiar with fallow than with red deer, but he knew all about hare-hunting and coursing, which was the favourite sport of the Elizabethans. The subject of falconry is always fascinating, the distinction here between the trainer of the goshawk (for birding) and the falconer—who flys his hawks on the open heaths or downs—is very happily made. Scott in "Kenilworth" is right, it appears, in depicting Queen Elizabeth as a great encourager of bearbaiting. In 1559 she provided in the grounds at Whitehall a great baiting of bears and bulls by English dogs in honour of the French ambassador; in 1586 a splendid exhibition was given at Greenwich concluded by the diversion of the ape on horseback. The bellowing, bawling, yawling, yelling of the excited spectators caused residents in the neighbourhood of these diversions great annoyance, and made a bear garden a proverbial synonym for a place of disorder. There is still a Bear Garden, near Rose and Falcon Alleys and Cardinal Cap Alley on the Bankside. Distinctive names were allotted to the bears, such as Harry Hunks, Tom of Lincoln, Sackerson, and Blind Robin.

The nomenclature of Elizabethan dances has still a certain amount of savour in it, like that of old musical instruments. Apart from the morris, these include the roundel, the hay, the trenchmore, the jig, the hornpipe, the dump (a slow mournful dance), the cinquapace (an early form of galliard), "fast and faster," the pavane (a stately dignified measure, hence the proverb "every pavane has its galliard"), the capriole is perhaps a motion in the nimble galliard or volte, the coranto was a hopping dance apparently of a somewhat similar kind, and the brawl or branle was apparently something of a cognate description, but became a generic term for all dances led by one or two dancers, whose methods were followed and repeated by the others.

The games of the period amuse us by the resemblance of those to-day—tennis, *jeu de paume*, football, bowls, quoits, nine-holes, shove board, hazard in various forms, and primero—in which the cards were represented just as they are to-day, and the game resembles the Spanish *ombre*—so popular in the days of Pope and Swift. Queen Elizabeth, like Miranda, played at chess, while draughts and backgammon were already popular.

Then we have much delectable information about rogues and vagabonds, and the delightful touch on ballads and broadsides from the skilful pen of Professor Firth.

It seems late in the day to commence a disquisition

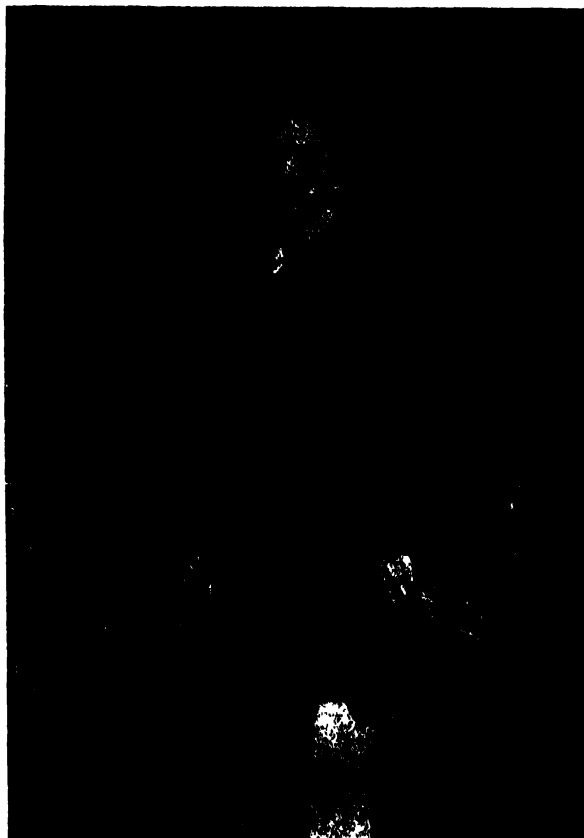
on Shakespeare's English and pronunciation, but the reader who would acquit himself like a man must digest this before he can conclude this extraordinary book of over a thousand pages and upon the accomplishment obtain from his conscience a self-conferred diploma of denizenship in Elizabethan England.

The animals of Shakespeare perhaps deserve rather fuller and more allusive treatment than they obtain here, the section devoted to them is little more than a catalogue, but it is adorned by delightful pictures of the phœnix, the unicorn, dragons, and an elephant attacked by a dragon. The pictures on the whole are worthy of an effort so well sustained in so many directions; a small number are familiar to students of the "Illustrated Green," the "Illustrated Social History," and Lee's "Illustrated Life of Shakespeare," but the pictures of Elizabethan London and the costumes of the period are always welcome. A very interesting portrait is that of the composer, John Bull; there is a very fine picture of the Court of Wards and Liveries in 1585; a most interesting Elizabethan picture of the game of primero; a clever re-construction of the Fortune Theatre after Mr. W. H. Godfrey's drawing from the "Builders' Contract"; a number of field sport scenes by Johannes Stradanus; and altogether there are just upon two hundred pictures—small and large—including the two well selected photogravure frontispieces, one Hoefnagel's "The Marriage Fête at Horsley Down," in the collection of the Marquis of Salisbury (Hatfield House, by the way, is rather badly treated in some of the reproductions), and the other is the ever brilliant and never hackneyed "Visit of Queen Elizabeth to Blackfriars" during the June of 1600, in the collection of the Earl of Ilchester at Melbury.

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU.

By S. M. Ellis.

NEARLY every one likes a good "ghost story," and nearly all imaginative writers have, at some period of their literary development, directed their minds and pens to the supernatural. From the earliest days of writing, ghostly legend and tales of terror have maintained a prominent place. Shakespeare, in "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and elsewhere, did not disdain the ghost. In the eighteenth century, apart from "Monk" Lewis and Maturin, the subject was rather ignored, or treated from the standpoint of mysterious occurrences accounted for and explained in the end by natural causes. This was the unfortunate method of Mrs. Radcliffe, who, if she had treated the supernatural seriously, would be more highly regarded to-day as a romancer. Since the time of Sir Walter Scott the ghost story has been a recognised branch of the romance writer's art, and all the best exponents of fiction—with the exception of Thackeray and Meredith—have essayed the subject. Scott himself with "The Tapestried Chamber" and "Wandering Willie's Tale" produced two of the finest examples of the supernatural story. Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Ainsworth, Mrs. Gaskell, the Brontës, E. A. Poe, Marryat, Wilkie Collins, Stevenson, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Kipling, William De Morgan, H. G. Wells, W. W. Jacobs, E. F. Benson, Marion Crawford, Montague Rhodes James, and Algernon Blackwood have all written impressively and in mood sympathetic of the supernatural. But all these, with the exception of Mr. Blackwood, only dealt with the subject incidentally, and are read and remembered for many other phases of literary expression. With Sheridan Le Fanu the case is different; for though he, too, wrote all kinds of novels—humorous and historical, and of his contemporary social life—and poems and ballads both grave and gay, yet to-day he is primarily remembered as *the* master of horror and the mysterious as exemplified, at his best, in "Uncle Silas" and "In a Glass Darkly." As will be seen later, his mind eventually became obsessed with the grim phantasms he had created: but his early days were bright and happy.



J. Sheridan Le Fanu.
From an old photograph.

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu was the descendant of a distinguished Huguenot family (possessing a *titre de noblesse* granted by Henri IV. in 1595). His ancestor, Etienne Le Fanu, Sieur de Mondeville, suffered imprisonment in France for the cause of religion. Etienne's son, Philippe, and his grandson, Guillaume—then a child—left France between 1708 and 1713, and lived for some years in London. About 1730 they settled in Dublin, where a cousin, Charles Le Fanu de Cresseron (who was a pensioner from the army of William III.) was already living. Thus was the family established in Ireland. Guillaume Le Fanu married Henrietta Raboteau de

Puygibaud, also a Huguenot, and their son Joseph held the appointment of Clerk of the Coast in Ireland. This Joseph Le Fanu and his brother Henry respectively married Alicia and Elizabeth Sheridan, sisters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Joseph and Alicia Le Fanu were the parents of Thomas Philip Le Fanu. He became a clergyman and Dean of Emly, and was the father of Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, the subject of this memoir. In addition to being the grand-nephew of the author of "The School for Scandal," the future novelist of mystery had other literary influences in his childhood, for his Sheridan grandmother, Alicia, was the author of "Sons of Erin, or Modern Sentiment," a comedy, 1812; and his mother (Emma, daughter of the Rev. W. Dobbin, D.D., of Dublin) was a writer of some merit.

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu was born on August 28th, 1814, at the Royal Hibernian Military School, in Phœnix Park, Dublin, of which his father was at the time Chaplain. The boy, together with his sister Catherine and younger brother William, consequently spent his early years near to Chapelizod, that picturesque suburb of Dublin, whereof he retained many romantic memories that forty years later found vivid expression in his powerful romance, "The House by the Churchyard."

As in the case of other literary men, Le Fanu very early showed his predilection for writing. When about five years old he was wont to draw little pictures to which he appended a descriptive moral. One of these represented a balloon, with the airmen falling headlong to the ground, and the unorthodox "moral" written below was, "See the effects of trying to go to Heaven." He also composed little songs, which he sang very charmingly; and by the time he was fifteen he had produced some creditable verse in the pensive, melancholy strain to which youthful, imaginative writers are partial. Nevertheless he was a merry, witty boy, much addicted to practical joking and with an apt turn for repartee. For example. He was invariably late for morning prayers, and on one occasion he did not appear till ten o'clock, when breakfast was nearly over. His father, the Dean, taking out his watch,



Abington Rectory, Co. Limerick.

The home of Sheridan Le Fanu in boyhood.

Photographed for this article by Lady Barrington, of Glenstal.

said in his severest voice, "I ask you, Joseph, is this right?" "No, sir," replied the boy, glancing at the watch, "I'm sure it must be fast."

It was in 1826, when Le Fanu was twelve years old, that his father became Dean of Emly and Rector of Abington, and to the latter place, in Co. Limerick, the family accordingly removed. Abington was a centre of typical Irish rural life of that period, and a most entertaining account of the experiences of the young people at the Rectory will be found in "Seventy Years of Irish Life" by William Le Fanu, the Dean's younger son. The faction fights and the superstitions of the peasantry were of immense interest to the boys, and here they heard much of—and perhaps saw—a famous outlaw named Kirby, whose escapades were the inspiring cause of Sheridan Le Fanu's famous ballad of "Shamus O'Brien" in later years. All through his life he had an innate deep sympathy for the wild, unruly elements of the Irish character, and at heart he was ever a Nationalist, though he deprecated any public movement of reaction tending to violence in political affairs. His interest in the patriots of his native land was fostered in early life by his mother, who gloried in being a "rebel." She had known personally some of those who had been executed for their participation in '98, including the brothers Sheares, and she possessed the actual dagger—venerated by her as a sacred relic—with which Lord Edward FitzGerald had killed Captain Ryan in that terrible scene of his capture in Thomas Street, Dublin.

The education of the Le Fanu boys, with the exception of English and French taught by their father, was at first entrusted to a certain elderly clergyman named Stinson, an eccentric character and quite careless of his duty, for he let his pupils do much as they pleased the while he devoted his own time to preparations for fishing, which was the obsessing mania of his life. Fortunately, Sheridan Le Fanu had a taste for reading on



Chapelizod, near Dublin.

The locality of "The House by the Churchyard." Sheridan Le Fanu was born (1814), and spent his childhood, at the Royal Hibernian Military School, the large building seen in the background of the above view.

From a photograph sent by Miss Alice Lee.

his own account, and made good use of his father's well-stocked library, which contained many books on curious and occult subjects. Here, perhaps, may be traced the source of influence which caused him to discover his real *métier*—the supernatural—for whilst still a student of Trinity College, Dublin, where he entered in 1833, he commenced his literary career by writing ghost stories.

Le Fanu's first published story, entitled "The Ghost and the Bone-setter," appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1838, when he was twenty-three years of age. During the next two years the same magazine printed twelve further contributions from his pen. "The Fortunes of Sir Robert Ardagh" and "Schalken the Painter" are very grim and vivid stories of satanic possession, much aided by picturesque detail. "The Last Heir of Castle Connor" contains a powerful description of a fatal duel. "Passage in the Secret History of an Irish Countess" is the original form of his later most famous work, "Uncle Silas," which was elaborated from this early sketch. In the same way, "A Chapter in the History of a Tyrone Family" was many years later extended into the work now known as "The Wyvern Mystery."

All these early contributions to *The Dublin University Magazine* appeared anonymously, and purported to be transcripts from actual experiences narrated, in virtue of his ghostly office, to Father Francis Purcell, a parish

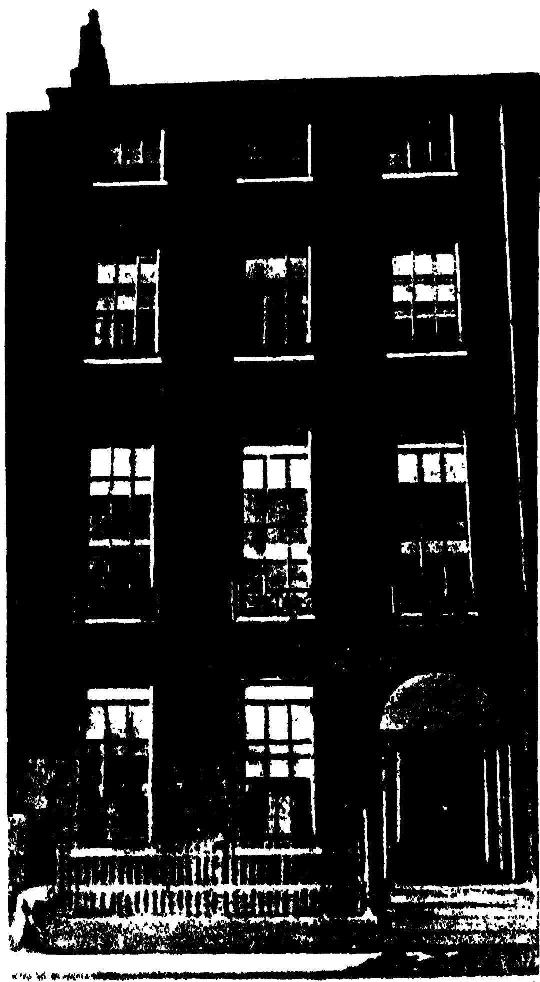


The Grange, Birr.

Home of Mrs. Sheridan Le Fanu, *née* Bennett, before her marriage.

From a photograph sent by Miss Alice Lee.

priest in the south of Ireland, and by him recorded in his private papers. "The Purcell Papers" were collected and published by Bentley in 1880, being prefixed by Mr. Alfred P. Graves's memoir of the author. The original ingenuous deception concerning the authorship was elaborated in the eighth Purcell Paper, "Scraps of Hibernian Ballads," by the introduction of one Michael Finley, an Irish minstrel, to whom Le Fanu chose to attribute the authorship of his ballads—including that on Lord Edward FitzGerald and the popular "Phaudhrig Crohoore," which was here printed for the first time (June, 1839). This form of literary hoax was just then much in vogue owing to the brilliant polyglot productions in verse and prose of Francis Mahony figuring as "Father Prout." In addition to Le Fanu, two other clever Irishmen, William Maginn and Edward Kenealy adopted this form of anonymity; and in England, Thackeray, Ainsworth, and others, wrote under various disguises in their earlier years. In so far as Finley had an original it was Paddy O'Neill, a fiddler and bagpipe-player, who composed his own songs for the amusement of the passengers on the steamer plying between Limerick and Kilrush; and Le Fanu took much pleasure in his society and songs when staying at Kilkee during summer holidays. "Phaudhrig Crohoore" was written at the request of William Le Fanu, who wishing for a ballad of this description that he could recite, said to his brother, "Give me an Irish 'Young Lochinvar.'" Sheridan Le Fanu's most famous ballad, "Shamus O'Brien," was written in 1840, in a few days, and sent on scraps of paper to his brother, who, after he had learned the song by heart, lost the original script. So when, later on, a copy was required, it rested with him to write out the ballad from memory. It was first published, in July, 1850, in *The Dublin University Magazine*. When Samuel Lover visited America during his reading tour in 1846 he recited "Shamus O'Brien" with the greatest success, and owing to the fact that he added a few lines of his own, wherein he made Shamus emigrate to America, the authorship of the ballad was often attributed to him. The correct version, as written by Le Fanu, ends with the line, "And fined like the devil because Jim done them fairly." As before stated, Shamus O'Brien had his prototype in Kirby of Co. Limerick; and Le Fanu



18 (now 70), Merrion Square, Dublin,

where Sheridan Le Fanu lived for many years. He died here 7th February, 1873.

Photographed for this article by Mr. S. G. Henderson.

placed the outlaw's home in the Glen of Aherlow, a picturesque spot he saw under romantic conditions during a walking tour in the summer of 1838. He and his party got lost at night on the Galtee mountains in a thick mist. Here they encountered a wild, galloping horse, which the peasantry—and no doubt Le Fanu also—believed to be the phooka, the four-footed demon in equine guise, well-known in the superstitions of the south of Ireland. The opera based on "Shamus O'Brien," with music by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (a cousin of Mrs. Sheridan Le Fanu) was produced in 1896.



William Richard Le Fanu.
Brother of Sheridan Le Fanu. From an early photograph (taken about 1856).
Author of "Seventy Years of Irish Life." He married Miss Henrietta Barrington, of Glenstal, 1857, and died 1894.

In May, 1838, Le Fanu was in London with a view to entering Lincoln's Inn. He was entertained by his connection Sheridan Knowles, and by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. But his legal project in England was suddenly abandoned, for he was back in Dublin by the end of June; and after taking his B.A. degree at Trinity College, he was called to the Irish Bar in 1839. However, to the disappointment of his friends, Le Fanu abandoned also the Law in Ireland and identified himself with journalism. About 1841 he became the proprietor and editor of *The Warder*, a notable Irish paper; and in 1842 he bought *The Protestant Guardian* and merged it in the former journal. He later owned a third share in *The Statesman*, and *The Dublin Evening Packet* and *Evening Mail*. For this last named paper he wrote some very clever political skits - and his satire was scathing. Although as editor of this paper he advocated High Tory doctrine, at heart, as already related, his sympathies were with the Nationalists who suffered in the manner of his Shamus O'Brien.

In 1844 Le Fanu married Susan, daughter of George Bennett, Q.C., by whom he had a family of two sons and two daughters. When Mr. Bennett died, he left his house No. 18 (now 70) Merrion Square, Dublin, to his son-in-law. Hither Sheridan Le Fanu accordingly removed, and this house was his home for the rest of his life, and the place where most of his literary work was written. His first book, which occupied some years, was published in 1845 and entitled "The Cock and Anchor"—an excellent "costume" romance of old Dublin in the eighteenth century, abounding with exciting adventures, highway robberies, murders, and hair-breadth escapes. It also presents very accurate and picturesque scenic descriptions and some clever characterisation. Blarden was an earlier study of implacable villainy, just as Miss Martha in a way foreran the terrible Frenchwoman in "Uncle Silas"; and Oliver French is quite an original, humorous creation. This book was followed in 1847 by "The Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien," illustrated by Phiz, a Jacobite story dealing with the time when James II. was in Ireland, in 1689-90, and the unhappy days after the Battle of the Boyne. Many of the scenes were laid in the Limerick district so well-known to the author, and the story, despite faults of style, for incident and adventure can hold its own with the best rivals in the same school of romance. Strange to say, these two books were not very successful, and did little to make Le Fanu known in his native country. Somewhat disappointed, he, for the time being, abandoned the composition of romances, and, with the exception of writing a few ghost stories and other short pieces, the next fifteen years were devoted to journalism. It is matter for regret that Le Fanu received no encouragement to continue his series of Irish historical romances, for few writers were so ably equipped to understand and interpret the forces, spiritual and natural, of his romantic native land. He might have done for Ireland what Scott achieved for Scotland.

In 1851 Le Fanu published anonymously a little red volume entitled "Ghost Stories and Tales of Mystery," with four illustrations by Phiz. It contained, in addition to "The Evil Guest" and two other stories reprinted from *The Dublin University Magazine*, one of the author's finest essays in the horrible—"The Watcher" (the title was inappropriately changed to "The Familiar" when the story was reprinted in "In a Glass Darkly"). For sheer terror, the haunting of the unhappy protagonist of this tale has no equal. It is a crescendo of horror. At first he is conscious of footsteps dogging him at lonely spots. They intensify. In time, the malignant Watcher becomes visible; and then that appalling death scene, where the author skilfully leaves to the imagination what supreme terror finally wrested the shuddering soul from poor Barton's body. "The Watcher" was excellently illustrated, together with other early tales, by the author's son, Brinsley Le Fanu, in the editions published by Downey, 1889-1896.

It was the accident of domestic bereavement that caused Le Fanu to turn again to the writing of full-length novels (with only occasional Irish setting). His wife died prematurely in 1858, and her loss was an irreparable grief to Le Fanu. From this date he became a recluse and gave up all society save that of a few relatives and intimate friends. It was during the resulting sad and lonely period that his thoughts reverted to literary composition for solace, and the result was

that fine—perhaps his finest—romance, "The House by the Churchyard." Herein he conjured up and related with the flair of a consummate tale-teller all the romantic conditions and traditions of Chapelizod familiar to him in his boyhood. Many actual characters he remembered are introduced, and every aspect of the aforetime village minutely described. Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., has remarked to me how wonderfully accurate are the archæological details of this book—the costumes, the weapons, the furnishings of the period of the story are all depicted with the knowledge of a connoisseur. There is a sense of impending and immutable tragedy that arrests attention throughout the long length of this story. Light scenes may intervene, but ever the *motifs* of murder and retribution press forward with a sort of stately inevitableness. No need to point out the powerful, grim characterisation that gives life to Dangerfield, Sturk, Black Dillon, and many another. "The House by the Churchyard" was issued first in *The Dublin University Magazine* (which Le Fanu had just purchased) during 1862–3 under the family pseudonym of Charles de Cresseron, and it was published in London by Tinsley in 1863.

"Wylder's Hand" followed rapidly in 1863–4, and this second grim story of murder and retributive fate was regarded by the author's friend, Charles Lever, as Le Fanu's finest work. Lever wrote to him: "You will never beat it—equal it you may. . . . It is first-rate . . . at my fireside you carry off the palm from all competitors." Yet Lever's kindly estimate was controverted almost ere it was penned, for there followed the same year, 1864, "Uncle Silas," which is generally held to be Le Fanu's masterpiece. Here, again, it is the sense of impending tragedy and horror long drawn out which is almost overwhelming in its cumulative effect. The imagination is excited and dilated to such a pitch that when the actual scene of the murder is reached it is almost an anticlimax. In the original short form of the story it was the heroine's girl cousin who was murdered in mistake, and hence its title, "The Murdered Cousin," when reprinted in "Ghost Stories." In "Uncle Silas" the victim was changed to Madame de la Rougierre. This terrible, weird Frenchwoman was, perhaps, Le Fanu's most powerful creation, though Silas Ruthyn himself is a most subtle study of cool, calculating, velvet-gloved villainy. Madame de la Rougierre had a prototype for some of her physical and mental characteristics in the person of a Swiss governess who was known to Sheridan Le Fanu in his childhood. His recollections of this woman and his literary art combined to create one of the four supreme governesses of fiction—though as regards the other three, Jane Eyre, Miss Wirt, and Miss Gwilt, only the last named was of criminal quality. Much of "Uncle Silas" was written at Beaumaris, where Le Fanu often took his family for the summer holidays He had a strong love for the place, as he had stayed there with his wife in the happy days of the past. Another locality he had visited with her soon after their marriage was Buxton; and the fateful house and gloomy domain of Bartram-Haugh in Derbyshire, so minutely pictured in "Uncle Silas," could be identified with an estate in the neighbourhood of that town.

Le Fanu had now in the course of three years produced



Mrs. Le Fanu
(Susan Bennett).
wife of Sheridan Le Fanu. She died 28th April, 1858, aged 35.
From a Daguerreotype.

three sensational stories of murder, and some public comment on his predilection for mystery and bloodshed no doubt caused him to prefix to "Uncle Silas" his able defence of the sensational novel, wherein he maintained that death, crime, and mystery find a place in all the romances of Walter Scott. During this period also he wrote some fine romantic ballads, including



Photo by Russell & Son. **Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu,**
son of Sheridan Le Fanu.

"The Legend of the Glaive." "Beatrice," a romantic drama, dates from 1865. These, like most of his novels, appeared first in *The Dublin University Magazine*.

The next few years were busy ones for Le Fanu. Between 1865 and 1869 he produced six excellent novels, more or less sensational "Guy Deverell," "All in the Dark," "The Tenants of Mallory," "A Lost Name," "Haunted Lives," and "The Wyvern Mystery." Although Le Fanu was now a recluse, he still, at this period, found pleasure in the society of a few valued relatives and friends. His gifted Sheridan cousins, Mrs. Norton and Lady Gifford (to whom "Uncle Silas" was dedicated), used to visit him; and an ever-welcome guest was his late wife's niece, Miss Rhoda Broughton. Mr. Percy FitzGerald and Mr. Alfred P. Graves were also much at the house, and when Charles Lever was in Dublin in 1865, the melancholy author of mysterious tales found much delight in the boisterous company of rollicking Harry Lorrequer. For Le Fanu was a man of moods. At times he, too, could still be anecdotal and tell an amusing story as well as any Irishman, for his sense of humour never left him, though it became —like his love of practical jokes—more and more suppressed by gloomy fancies as his years drew to an end.

Mr. Percy FitzGerald has drawn a pleasant picture of Le Fanu's home life, and how of an evening in the old house in Merrion Square, hung with Sheridan and other family portraits, Miss Rhoda Broughton used to read aloud her early literary efforts—tales of rugged heroes and fragile heroines. It was her uncle, Le Fanu, who established Miss Broughton as a novelist, for he accepted her first stories "Not Wisely but Too Well" and "Cometh up as a Flower" for his own magazine, and in due course introduced her to his London publisher, Bentley. Miss Broughton has a very agreeable recollection of Le Fanu as a courteous host and entertaining talker, though by reason of his arduous literary work he only appeared at meals and in the evening.



He thought he heard it say, "Still alive!"
From an illustration to Sheridan Le Fanu's story, "The Watcher," drawn by Brinsley Le Fanu, 1894.

Le Fanu's method of work was rather peculiar. He wrote much at night, in bed, using bound books of copy-paper for his manuscripts. He always had two candles by his side on a small table; one of these would be left alight when he took a short sleep. Waking again about 2 a.m., he would brew himself some strong tea—which he drank habitually and frequently—and then write for another hour or two in that eerie period of the night when human vitality is at its lowest ebb, and occult powers said to be in the ascendant. No wonder, with his brain working so actively, day and night, with his terrible and mysterious mental creations, that in these last years Le Fanu was haunted by horrible dreams, and that his mind became obsessed with the supernatural. Probably some of his last horrifying stories "Green Tea," the vampire "Carmilla," and others—came to him in the form of dreams. But apart from drinking much strong tea, from which he obtained inspiration, he was a most abstemious man, and a non-smoker. Le Fanu always breakfasted in bed, and about mid-day went down to his rather gloomy dining-room at the back of the house, where he would resume work, writing at a little table which had been a favourite possession of his grand-uncle, R. B. Sheridan. This room opened out on a small garden, pleasant in spring with lilac and flowering shrubs and fruit blossom, and in this little monastic-like close he took what exercise he fancied, pacing the paths with pencil and paper in hand. In these last years he rarely left his own boundaries. Only under cover of the darkness of night would he sometimes venture out to the office of his magazine; or to some old bookshop in search of works dealing with demonology or ghost lore, where he would pore over the volumes the booksellers had reserved for him. Although the supernatural was his obsessing passion, he apparently never embraced any of the visionary doctrines concerned with magic and intercourse with spirits. He was deeply learned in the views of Swedenborg and the other exponents of demoniacal possession; but the anæmic and mild manifestations of ordinary spiritualism had no attraction for him: his imagination soared to terrific horrors far beyond spirit rappings and writings and faint materialisations, and lingered with

"The dark folk who live in souls
Of passionate men, like bats in the dead trees;
And with the wayward twilight companies."

After Le Fanu gave up the editorship of *The Dublin University Magazine* in 1869, he practically disappeared from mortal ken for the remaining four years of his life. He would now see no one, and even his old friend, Charles Lever, was refused admittance when he called at 18, Merrion Square during his last visit to Dublin. This Le Fanu soon had cause to regret, for Lever died shortly after. Such was the state of social extinction of one who had been in other days, to quote Mr. A. P. Graves, "the beau ideal of an Irish wit and scholar of the old school." He still worked as hard and prolifically as ever. In 1871 he produced three works—"Checkmate"; "The Rose and the Key," one of the best of his later

sensational novels and dealing with the horrors of a private asylum; and "Chronicles of Golden Friars," which contains some excellent ghost stories. In 1872 was published "In a Glass Darkly," comprising Le Fanu's finest short stories—"Green Tea," "The Familiar" ("The Watcher"), "Mr. Justice Harbottle," "Carmilla," and "The Dragon Volant." "Green Tea" had originally appeared in *All the Year Round* in 1869, and was just such a grim tale of the supernatural as Dickens delighted in.

Shortly before his death Le Fanu finished his last book, to which by a strange coincidence or premonition he gave the title of "Willing to Die." He died at 18, Merrion Square on February 7th, 1873, from heart disease, after a long and painful illness. One of the most persistent of the weird dreams that troubled his sleeping hours during his last years was of a vast and mysterious old mansion (such as he had often depicted in his stories) in a state of decay and threatening imminently to fall upon and crush the dreamer. So painful was this recurring nightmare that he would struggle and cry out in his sleep, and he mentioned the matter to his doctor. When the end came, and the doctor stood by the bedside of Sheridan Le Fanu and looked at the face of the dead man, he said: "I feared this—that house fell at last."

I have pointed out the versatility of Le Fanu's work—how he at different times was a writer of ballads voicing the aspirations and romance of Irish national life; a journalist expressing High Tory views; an historical romance writer; a writer of squibs and satires; a fine poet; and a supreme author of ghost stories and novels of murder and mystery. In these last categories he is pre-eminent, and his success is almost entirely achieved by his art of *suggesting* evil presences and coming horrors. Very rarely is there an actual, visible ghost in his stories. His was not the old school of traditionary apparitions, in white or grey, with blue fire, clanking chain, and wailing cry. His spectres—far more terrible—are in the brain of the haunted. Demoniacal possession, and the resultant delusional apparition, or concrete crime—these are the bases of Le Fanu's finest stories. For the actual details of a murder it is true he had rather a morbid partiality, and spared no particulars about the wounds and blood and the aspect of the mangled or strangled corpse. Like Ainsworth, he was distinctly macaberesque, and both seem to have had a sort of flair for scenes of human torture and physical pain. There is a description in "Torlogh O'Brien" of the death of a man by the strappado which makes painful reading, so particular are the details of the agony. But, after all, this is merely realism, and realism is not unknown or unprofitable to romance writers of to-day. However realistic Le Fanu may be, there is over all his scenes of horror a softening veil of romance and mystery; and if Death is all too prominent in his books—why so it is, unhappily, in real life, and Le Fanu's chief exemplar is but a reminder of that inexorable enemy from whom no poor mortal may escape at the last.



From a painting by his son, Brinsley Le Fanu

J. Sheridan Le Fanu.

New Books.

WAR POETS AND OTHERS.

In a bundle of nine little books, three are called by names sadly and gloriously familiar to us—Ypres, Festubert, Neuve Chapelle. It seems impossible, indeed, for the poets to get away from the heart-moving war, that great fount and inspiration of poetry in our day. The war has uplifted and cleansed poetry. It has created it where else it would never have existed. As one who for years has been a reviewer of poetry, I am amazed at the quality of the great output of verse in our days. Pity and suffering, death and exaltation, make for a finer poetry than love of nature or love between men and women, which used to be the almost inevitable inspirations, and very often were sadly inadequate. As for corruption, which has sometimes quickened the poets, that note jars in our day, when it is heard.

To begin with the more remarkable of this group of

nine, let us give first place to "Ypres, and other Poems,"[1] because it is a soldier's book, and that is a precedence that neither Mr. Maurice Hewlett nor Mr. W. G. Hole will grudge Mr. Shakespeare. Sidgwick & Jackson's name on a volume of poetry is nearly always a guarantee of its quality, and in this slender volume no lover of poetry will be disappointed. These songs are of the pity of the war, the love of comrades, the love of woman, soldier songs that have found their clean inspiration in great and simple things. We shall want to keep the three Ypres poems as living and flaming impressions of the war.

"Hope and mirth are gone. Beauty is departed.
  Heaven's hid in smoke, if there's Heaven still
Silent the city, friendless, broken-hearted,
  Crying in quiet as a widow will.
Oh, for the sound here of a good man's laughter,
  Of one blind beggar singing in the street,
Where there's no sound, except a blazing rafter
  Falls, and the patter of a starved dog's feet."

Mr. Hewlett, who must else have had pride of place with "Gai Saber"[2]—a punning title—has an opulent mind. He makes tapestry with anyone, and he has great fecundity of thought and image. His is the true Spirit of Romance. One might do worse in these days of stress and suffering than to wander in his faery forests and find a golden way of escape from the human sorrow. But, when all is said and done, one turns to the war-poems, or poems in war-time, at the end of the book, not the less welcome because of their sanity, and sanity is a quality much war poetry misses.

"'O mother, mother, isn't it fun
  The soldiers marching past in the sun?'
'Child, child, what are you saying?
Come to church! We should be praying.'

'Look, mother, at their bright spears!'
  The leaves are falling like women's tears.'
'You are not looking at what I see.'
'Nay, but I look at what must be.'

'Hark to the piper! See the flags flying!'
'I hear the sound of a girl crying.'
'How many hundreds before they're done?'
'How many mothers wanting a son?'

'Here rides the General pacing slow!'
'Well, he may, if he knows what I know'
'O, this war, what a glorious game!'
'Sin and shame, sin and shame!'"

It is these poems in the ballad manner, red with humanity, that one turns to before Mr. Hewlett's delightsome things.

Devon is surely a kingdom and a people all its own. The breed of Devon poets is a thing as much apart as the breed of Devon sailors. Her strain may run through the English strain, but it does not mingle, and, like Ireland, like Brittany, she is the mother of patriots. Mr. W. G. Hole deserves well of Devon. He is a true poet. His "Men of Devon"[3] is full of the smell of the sea, the colour and scent of the moors and the combes. Much of this book is very remarkable poetry, with the earth-stains in it and the real stuff of life. Such poems as "The Post-boy" and "Slow Poison" ought to live. Mr. Hole is a true poet who brings to others not of Devon sense and sight of the magic which rules the hearts of her sons, and fashions them to great ends.

"The Sorrow that Whistled"[4] is an unusual little book, as suits with its name. The writer, whom one takes to be young, revels in Eastern colour and fragrance. He can do something quite good and simple, such as "While Scouring Linen." On the other hand, he can do something extremely bad, as in the "Thoughts of a Refugee." Yet there is here a promise, and, not unconnected with it, indications that J. H. Stables is a young soldier. There could be no better school for a young poet who wants to shed the faults of youth than the trenches.

"Festubert"[5] is a dignified little volume. There is nothing unworthy of its subject; there is a real sense of beauty, and very often stateliness and the capacity to make a picture. A little quickening of the manner and measure—a departure from the studied coldness of the blank verse—might be advised to Mr. Wynne Sewell, although there is something to like in this austerity.

Mr. Bellchambers' "Night Visions and Day Dreams"[6] is a poetical little book. This singer has not heard the war at all. He is still wandering in Fairyland, and through the fairyland of the fields and woods. A delicate and refined fancy, a real love for beautiful things, a simple and sincere heart, are in this little book, which is also most pleasantly musical.

"Pastorals,"[7] by E. C. Blunden, also comes from the young poets' friend, Erskine Macdonald. We are told it is the work of a public school boy, who ten months ago was still at school and a scholar-elect of Queen's College, Oxford, and is now a soldier. These are very good credentials, and we turn to the poems with a quickened interest. But they are quite good enough to stand on their merits. This young poet has a passionate feeling for the beauty of the world, as he sees it in his own Kent and Sussex. He has a vocabulary; he has style and music. There is a real assurance of poetry to come in this little book.

Miss Gregory's "Apples of Gold"[8] has a good deal of literary feeling and taste, but little poetical achievement; and the same may be said of "Neuve Chapelle"[9] If this latter was written out of personal experience there is little to show it. The war has not lifted all whom it has influenced to even the lower little hills of poetry.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[1] "Ypres, and Other Poems." By W. G. Shakespeare. 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
[2] "Gai Saber: Tales and Songs." By Maurice Hewlett. 4s 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[3] "Men of Devon." By W. G. Hole. 1s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)
[4] "The Sorrow that Whistled." By J. H. Stables. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[5] "Festubert." By Wynne Sewell. 1s. net. (Sampson Low.)
[6] "Night Visions and Day Dreams." By J. A. Bellchambers. 1s. (Erskine Macdonald.)
[7] "Pastorals." By E. C. Blunden. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)
[8] "Apples of Gold." By Octavia Gregory. 2s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
[9] "Neuve Chapelle, and Other Poems." By H. A. Nesbitt. 1s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

"SAPPER."*

Most of the best books about the war, whether in the way of fiction or narrative of fact, have been written by the fighting men themselves, and moreover by those among them who have only become authors since the war began. "Sapper," for example, was unknown in the world of letters until he published that brilliant book of war stories, "Sergeant Michael Cassidy," but his pseudonym was a household word by the time his second volume, "The Lieutenant and Others," made its appearance, and now, when these two have already sold about a quarter of a million copies, comes his third book, "Men, Women and Guns," which is, in some respects, the cleverest of the three.

The prevailing characteristic of "Sapper's" stories is a certain quaint, delightfully whimsical humour: it plays through all of them, a glancing light among their grimmest shadows, a human note among the horrors and thunders of battle. But there is more than the humorist at work in such a tale of pity and pathos as "Private Meyrick: Company Idiot"; or in that thrilling romance of daring adventure, 'Spud Trevor of the Red Hussars"; and for sheer poignant tragedy and imaginative force one recalls few stories, if any, that surpass "The Death Grip." If I were put to it I should probably select as the finest story in this new collection—the subtlest and the finest in artistic finish—that bizarre psychological study "The Fatal Second"; it leaves you wondering whether if Jerry

* "Men, Women and Guns." By "Sapper." 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dixon had told the whole appalling truth to the girl he loved she would not have understood and been able to acquit him of blame, yet you feel that the end is better as it is, that no other end could have been quite so fitting or satisfying.

Although these stories are fiction, they bring the realities of the war home to you, and bring home to you, too, what the war means to the men who are fighting in it and to the people who wait for news of them outside the battle zone; they have atmosphere, you feel the war in the air of them—perhaps because that is the atmosphere in which the author himself really happens to be living. The strength of the stories lies in their naturalness; there is no painting only in greys and blacks for the sake of getting an easy realistic effect; their humour is part of their realism and intensifies it. We have had many stories of the war, but none that are fresher, livelier, or more impressively convincing than these.

H. H.

FAITH OR FEAR?*

There is a common agreement between the editor and the four other contributors to this book, Mr. Donald Hankey, the Rev. Harold Anson, Mr. William Scott Palmer, and the Rev. F. Lewis Donaldson, that something is radically wrong with the Church, and that the time has come for drastic reforms and reorganisation. Mr. Matthews says emphatically that he does not believe the Church of England, of which he is a priest, will survive when the war is over "unless an almost incredible change of mind takes place among our clergy. If it does not take place, the days of the Church of England, though not those of the Christian Church, are assuredly numbered." That is a very prevalent conviction with the general public. There are brave things in this book that might not come with a good grace from a layman, but written as they are by those who are themselves Churchmen nobody can suspect they are inspired by anything but a passion for truth and righteousness.

For instance, Mr. Donaldson speaks of how the labouring classes have lived under industrial tyranny, and asks, "Why are we puzzled at their alienation from a Church which, for centuries, has been in close alliance with the powers of privilege that were set up against the people?" And Mr. Aston reminds us of the excellent resolution passed not long ago by certain of the Bishops that "we believe it to be the fundamental Christian principle of wages that the first charge upon any industry should be the proper maintenance of the labourers," and does not shrink from suggesting the uselessness of a mere resolution and that the Church should forthwith decide whether, admitting this principle, it can consistently continue to receive tithes in view of "the present wage to labourers in that industry from which the tithe is derived."

It is only by such a fearlessly honest stock-taking and resolute squaring of accounts that the Church can hope to save itself; it needs to reform not only in matters of self-government but in matters of doctrine and ritual; it has lost the confidence of the multitude because it has been time-serving, unprogressive, and in some things insincere. Every religious man, especially every churchman, should read this thoughtful, earnest and finely uncompromising volume; it does a great service to the highest cause by saying plainly much that badly needed to be said.

* "Faith or Fear? An Appeal to the Church of England." Edited by Charles H. S. Matthews. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)



Stranraer Castle.

One of the charming drawings by Hugh Thomson illustrating "Highways and Byways in Galloway and Carrick," by the Rev. C. H. Dick (Macmillan).

LATTER DAY FICTION.*

Those who are writing novels at the present time can escape from the war no more easily than can their readers. It is with them as constantly as with others, disturbing, confusing, clarifying; and while the day has passed when a few novelists hastily revised their final pages in order to give us the rumble of distant cannon—a day still, to me, as horrible as falseness itself—there remains for every writer a delicate quandary. He may, with the bland assurance of a privileged magician, deliberately resolve to deal with quite other times and other countries. That is what two of our present writers—Mr. Stacpoole and Miss Webb—have done, in their very different ways. Or, taking the war simply as a "property," to be used as unfeelingly as a hidden will or a flood, the novelist may be drawn into the premature employment of this catastrophe as a convenient solution or way out of the difficulties of a curious situation. Not one of the novelists under consideration has done this. There remain two other ways in which the war may be legitimately used even now by the critic of contemporary manners. It may possibly provide a key to temperament or personality, or it may, by illuminating pre-war scenes and events, throw into critical relief the common activities of men and women as they were in days still undisturbed. The former of these is the way of Mr. E. F. Benson, in "Mike"; the latter has been chosen by Mr. Brumm, in "Ahasuerus."

"Ahasuerus" is a very original work, the power of which is more easily seen than its gist. The author has, in fact, thrown together in a tortuous narrative many painful and humorous anecdotes of suffering people, which would be well-nigh unintelligible if it were not that these tales all lead up to a forecast of the spiritual future of man, seen through the smoke and flame of battle. The war is in the book, not as the occasion of incidents, but as providing the author with many subjects of discussion and even of rhetorical prophecy. The book is written with a thick and restless verbosity, and to many readers it may prove unpalatable. It has nevertheless a vigour which makes it in other respects unusually striking, and it is quite the most original, personally-felt, of the four books

* "Ahasuerus." By Charles Brumm. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"The Golden Arrow." By Mary Webb. 6s. (Constable.)—"Mike." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Cassell.)—"The Reef of Stars." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

to be dealt with here. Passages here and there are very notable, and if the total effect is marred by turgidity this cannot conceal the genuine emotion which has moved the author to invoke the aid of the wandering Jew as a mystical influence and as the interpreter of human nature. While one deplores the book's squandered riches, one at least believes Mr. Brumm to have seen and thought for himself.

Far different is Miss Mary Webb's "The Golden Arrow," the clearness of which, and its freedom from ambiguity, is its chief virtue. Miss Webb takes us right away from the war, right away from the kind of business that occupies the time of most of us. She sets her scenes among the hills of the Welsh border, and essays the picture of a simple life in which sex appears to be the one absorbing interest. The book might be written down as a study of sex as it is revealed in the nature of two sharply contrasted marriages. Now the story is extremely thin in texture, a fact which is emphasised by an unlucky habit of the author's. Miss Webb, that is to say, will not allow her reader to estimate her characters for himself. She says in effect: "No, you're not to like this one. . . . This is the one who is really good." And as there is a hint of preciousness about the book it does not seem quite as "actual" as it might have been had there been less self-consciousness in the handling of its not wholly unfamiliar theme.

Mr. Stacpoole, who also ignores the war, does the thing with rather more bluntness than Miss Webb. He is showing us people of a different stamp altogether, who are vehemently engaged at the other end of the world and in the timeless age of the novel of adventure. "The Reef of Stars" is a tale of treasure-seeking up a river in New Guinea, where the partners, most of them men down upon their luck and stopping at little in their quest, find wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." And what is more, in spite of villainy and a good bout of fighting, the treasure is carried home; so that we end upon a very cheerful note, with money in our pockets and a lovely girl appropriated to the treasure-seeker who has most enlisted our sympathy. Mr. Stacpoole handles his material with a matter-of-fact sureness that stirs our admiration. He has not to fake anything. If it is not as rich and effervescent as "The Wreckers," his tale is good enough and clear enough to take our minds off the war and into the wilds. That, we are convinced, is exactly what Mr. Stacpoole intended that it should be. He has well earned our thanks, as well as our applause.

Mr. Benson, with an ease altogether remarkable, brings us back again to the war, and "Mike" is perhaps the most obviously a war novel of those of which we now write. It relates to the friendship between an Englishman and a German (with a tragic ending), and the love story of the Englishman with his friend's sister. It includes a shrewdly-sketched portrait of the Kaiser, and it constitutes a very earnest and sympathetic plea for tolerance not altogether out of place at this time. There is a great deal of pleasant musical talk and description, and if the climax is not especially moving we shall hardly be disposed to grumble when the whole book has otherwise been so entertaining and so readable. Moreover, the study of the hero's mother is both pathetic and memorable.

Frank Swinnerton.

THE AUTHOR OF "EREWHON."*

Mr. John F. Harris's book on Samuel Butler is a creditably enthusiastic study. It is certainly better than Mr. Gilbert Cannan's, though, really, that is not saying very much; still, covering, as it does, much the same ground in much the same manner it has an air of being rather superfluous. Butler is steadily finding his appropriate readers, who, in general, are not the kind of persons urgently in want of guidance or instruction. What is needed about Butler is not further explanation, but further information. We want his life and letters on the same generous scale as his own biography of his own grandfather. We want, in short, more of him, not more about him.

Now Mr. Harris, with all his enthusiasm, cannot give us any fresh information about his hero. The half-hundred pages of Mr. Festing Jones's biographical sketch contain more material for an understanding of Butler than the volumes of Mr. Harris and Mr. Cannan added together. True, Mr. Harris does not claim to tell us anything new, and he is entitled to object to any criticism that "slates" him for failing to do what he has made no pretence of attempting. I hope he will acquit me of any such intention. I am not trying to be severe; I am merely trying to indicate that his book, whatever its excellence, is a book about Butler's books and not about Butler.

Its critical value, however, is not very high. It is a piece of enthusiasm rather than a piece of criticism. I cannot recall a single sentence in which Mr. Harris ventures to differ from his hero or to recognise the existence of any truth outside Butler's view. Referring to Butler's quarrel with Darwin, he reproaches Grant Allen and Romanes and Ray Lankester with being such complete disciples of their master that they would not admit the possibility of his ever being wrong. Mr. Harris is just such a Butlerite as these others were Darwinians. He should be charitable to kindred spirits and learn something from their too much zeal. Darwin and Butler are just milestones on the great road. The Butlerite of to-day will ultimately be as obsolete as the Darwinian of yesterday. And, after all, Charles Darwin really was a great man, even though Samuel Butler did write some delightful books against him.

Mr. Harris's righteous indignation makes him a little credulous about Butler's early lack of popularity. "The decision went forth," he says, "the reviewers and literary men decided it—that Butler was much too dangerous and unrestrained as a writer and must be left severely alone." A hundred pages later he repeats the charge in exactly the same words. Now I should like to know what evidence Mr. Harris possesses of any conspiracy against Butler. As a reviewer of some years' standing I am naturally hurt by the distinction Mr. Harris draws between "reviewers" and "literary men," but I am encouraged to hear that reviewers have ever decided anything: to accomplish iniquity seems better than to accomplish nothing. But I am sceptical about this conspiracy. If I wanted to conspire against a writer, I simply shouldn't know how to begin. There is no Trade Union or *Vehmgericht* of reviewers. Occasionally I meet some fellow-criminal in the literary line, but almost the only thing we never mention is reviewing. Will Mr. Harris give us some specific details of this mysterious conspiracy?

The neglect of Butler by his own generation was of course deplorable, but it does not prove or imply any organised suppression. It proves, if it proves anything, just this, that the world of books was rolling round in the same old way. Butler was that rare thing, a really original writer, and the scandalous indifference of mankind to contemporary originality is the oldest story in literary history. Conspiracy, in one sense, there was and always will be—the instinctive protective herding of us dull fellows together against the slings and arrows of outrageous genius. But that is natural and common, not particular to Butler.

It will appear, then, that Mr. Harris is a good disciple; but his attitude of deference makes him take too seriously some of his master's utterances—on style, for instance. Butler's protested indifference to style in general and his own in particular always strikes me as a little like those modest self-depreciations that we advance in the hope of having them contradicted. Observe this passage from the Note Books:

"I never knew a writer yet who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable. . . . A man may, and ought to take a great deal of pains to write clearly, tersely and euphemistically: he will write many a sentence three or four times over—to do much more than this is worse than not re-writing at all: he will be at great pains to see that he does not repeat himself, to arrange his matter in the way that shall best enable the reader to master it, to cut out superfluous words

* "Samuel Butler, Author of 'Erewhon': The Man and His Work." By John F. Harris. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

and, even more, to eschew irrelevant matter; but in each case he will be thinking not of his own style but of his reader's convenience . . . . I should like to put it on record that I never took the smallest pains with my style, have never thought about it, and do not know or want to know whether it is a style at all."

Perhaps the best way to treat this orgy of self-contradiction is to translate it into other terms, as thus: "I have no passion for cleanness, and I suspect anyone who has. For my own part I bathe every morning and evening, I wash my hands every few hours, and I am very attentive to my teeth and nails; but I don't care a bit about cleanness, and I am quite indifferent whether I go dirty or not." Butler writes as if it were legitimate to adopt means but illegitimate to have an end; but the man who cares about the end, cleanness, and the man who cares about the means, washing, both arrive at the same point; and so the man who cares about the end, style, and the man who cares about the means, labour, are really working for the same end. Did Butler (who of course condemned Stevenson) really think that style is some sort of florid ornament superposed upon plain matter? Did he think that striving for style was merely like using some kind of scented soap? By the way, however indifferent to style Butler may have been, I don't think he would have liked some of Mr. Harris's sentences—this for instance: "It is only, then, looked upon as a humorist, with humour an integral part of his make-up, that we can hope to understand Butler."

To look upon Butler as a humorist is certainly much more healthy than to look upon him as a new religion. The danger at the moment is that an ingenious critic is being set up as an infallible creed. Butler is becoming an establishment, with votaries who demand from all sorts and conditions of men just one attitude of worship. This will never do. Butler is a critical, not a creative spirit. His penetrating keenness, his mental ingenuity, his irreverent candour and his grim, almost malicious humour, are all very rare and precious qualities; but they are the condiments rather than the staple of life. There comes a time when we are tired of cleverness and malice and irreverence and satire; and what we want then is something that Butler cannot give. I can think of it only in the terms of a poet whom Butler made the target of his deadliest ridicule:

"For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Come now, who is the real benefactor, the ingenious critic or the poet whom he mocked?

Butler called himself the *enfant terrible* of literature and science. How far he was *terrible* I shall not discuss; but *enfant* he certainly was. He "cheeked" the universe as an urchin cheeks the solemn citizen. I feel sure he was the identical candid and courageous little boy who blurted out the truth about the Emperor's new clothes. The child was father of the critic. A creative mind can see that man, like the poor deluded Emperor, has beneath his follies a soul capable of suffering and repentance. Butler noticed chiefly the nakedness of mankind.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.*

When Mr. Arnold Bennett writes light comedy he expects indulgences from his readers—indeed, he takes them for granted. Lightness of touch with him means that his characters very often are only faintly sketched in,

* "The Lion's Share." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Cassell.)

that plot is dependent on his or their whim, that probabilities do not trouble him over-much, and that his action may be downright farcical. But hitherto in this sort of work he has kept his improvising faculty under control by maintaining a sort of connection with the Five Towns. First hand knowledge of the Pottery district, which made his "Clayhanger" trilogy and "Old Wives' Tale" such triumphs of realism, gave just enough ballast to such *jeux d'esprit* as "The Card" and "The Regent." For the "Card" himself, though he exhaled the very atmosphere of extravagances, was of your solid, sturdy Midland breed, a dependable support amid the whirl of wild incidents. Such a stand by is no longer with us in "The Lion's Share"; Mr. Bennett has parted company here with the Staffordshire he knows by heart. Its place is taken by the militant suffragist movement, itself a phantasmagoria of excitement and violence, with the result that incoherence runs riot in this story. Friends of suffragism might well complain that the novelist has hardly dealt fairly with the movement, since he has made it help him to such episodes of adventure as fill out his scheme and dismisses it from his own and his heroine's horizon as soon as it has served a more or less entertaining purpose. More or less, one says advisedly, because one or two of the figures barely escape the reproach of dullness, an unprecedented thing in a Bennett comedy, while not a few of their companions are very shadowy creations.

Fortunately Mr. Bennett's female counterpart to his "Card" is very much alive—a girl of the period with that girl's characteristic demand that she shall have as good a time in the world as any man. You may not believe in Audrey Moze's masquerade as a widow, but you recognise as thoroughly typical of modern girlhood her protest against the bullying courtship of the genius who expects her to fall at his feet.

> "'Your wife's responsible for your career—she will never be free. You would have the lion's share of everything. Now for myself I intend to have the lion's share. And why shouldn't I? Isn't it about time some woman had it? If I marry I shall want a husband that is not a prison.'"

Blessed with money, she is able to be as good as her word. She sees life in Paris, and helps Mr. Bennett to some effective dissolving views of the Bohemia that existed before the war. She shares the adventures of suffragists dodging arrest without having to share their prison penalties. She plays off two suitors against each other and enjoys the game. "Rosamund," leader of the militants, tries to capture her for her campaign. But Audrey is not going to have her life narrowed down into a single groove. She tells the imperious lady what she thinks of her—a monomaniac she calls her.

> "'I'll never be a martyr if I can help it. I want everything, and I'm going to get it. I want to have a husband and a home and a family and a cause too. Nobody, man or woman, is going to be able to boast that he's got me altogether. You think you're independent. But you wait. We girls will show you what independence is.'"

You will see that he has caught his type. Yet this girl with her recklessness, her boasted independence, goes down like a thing shot before love. Quite decided that she is going to make her own marriage, protesting and rebellious to the last moment, she lets arms go round her waist and lips approach while she is telling herself that "this is all wrong" and it must be stopped. Once again Mr. Bennett knows what he is writing about.

So that it will be gathered there is quite enough observation, not to speak of humour, in the latest Bennett novel to make it not unworthy of his fame. It is journalistic fiction, and therefore runs the risks all journalism must run of its topics staling before they can reach print. In it Mr. Bennett lets himself go, without being always able to make us see fun when he sees it, as in his tedious Miss Ingate, with her fixed sardonic smile. In it finally he rattles along at such a pace of improvisation that plenty of characters and scenes pass as in a shadow-show, insufficiently realised. But Audrey is vital enough; she will serve.

F. G. BETTANY.

D. H. LAWRENCE.*

There is no particular relationship, in art any more than in daily conversation, between intensity of feeling and frankness of revelation. Certainly he who blurted out

> "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
> Is lust in action"

knew the dregs of passion as the author of "Romeo and Juliet" knew its romantic heights; yet we still dispute as to whether he unlocked his heart with the sonnet-key or any other. Donne caged, and all but hid, the fervency of his nature behind the bars of his fantastic and almost incredibly skilful craftsmanship; Rossetti draped his corroding sensuality in dædal tapestries. The desire to strip the soul naked and thus to exhibit it is a characteristic peculiar to an age which combines individualism with a scorn of taboos. One remembers, of course, the "pungent passionings" of Burns, and Shelley fallen on the rocks of life and crying out in agony; but such cries were, if not involuntary, at any rate unpremeditated. The self-revelations of Byron were to a considerable extent dramatic and conventional, and so were the confessions of Swinburne and the decadents. What one may call the militant honesty of some contemporary poets, an urgency not only to admit their wounds but painfully to probe them, is a new thing. It is exampled most signally in the work of D. H. Lawrence; for he, besides this ardour for complete expression, has an intensity of sense and spirit to express for which it is not easy to find a parallel.

Rupert Brooke was as honest, and in a way as passionate, as Lawrence. But he was far more intellectual; and both his passion and his expression of it were largely the result of a reaction against intellectualism, a reaction which led him to the South Seas and Mamua and then to Lemnos. Lawrence's reactions are personal, within himself; they do not swing him round from one point of view to another—they make him seethe so that his verse comes forth in hot and angry jets.

It is poetry which one might criticise in scientific terminology borrowed from Freud and his like—talking of psychopathology and hyperæsthesia and masochism—were it not so easy for the layman to use the language of specialism foolishly. It is safer perhaps to say merely that it is poetry which shows both in form and subject the signs of an extraordinary sensibility in conjunction with a most restless energy. The poet seems to receive experiences not through one sense only but through all his senses concurrently, as when he writes:

> "I will sift the surf that edges the night, with my net, the four
> Strands of my eyes and my lips and my hands and my feet,
> sifting the store
> Of flotsam until my soul is tired or satisfied."

And he has created, or been born with the gift of, a language which is the equivalent of this abnormal receptivity. Actually, sometimes, he seems not to know whether he has seen or heard or felt; and it is natural for him to speak of

> ". . . the stealthy, brindled odours
> Prowling about the lush
> And acrid night of autumn."

Such things are the fruit neither of theory nor of caprice. They are obviously the direct rendering of sensations really felt. Lawrence is an impressionist, and a wonderfully successful and vivid one. His effects, though nearly always surprising, are nearly always right. But they are in the nature of lucky shots. For he is impatient of art and, though he sometimes writes almost flawlessly as in "Brooding Grief" and "Snap-dragon" and the beautifully limpid "Mystery," he is often violent to metre and rhyme and rhythm, committing cacophonies which irritate the ear.

Yet poetry, rather than prose, is his true medium. He is so subjective and so intensive that, whatever the form his writing takes, he is always essentially a lyric poet. That is why his novels, powerful and beautiful as they

* "Amores: Poems." By D. H. Lawrence. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)—"Twilight in Italy." By D. H. Lawrence. 6s. (Duckworth.)

are, are difficult to read. For there must always be a core of logical progress in narrative, however deeply it may be wrapped in divagation; and Lawrence's mind, if not illogical, is intensive rather than progressive in relation to its objectives. Nor do the characters of his fiction ever quite disengage themselves from their maker. Even in "Twilight in Italy," which is not fiction, one is never sure of the objective truth of his portraits: his vision is so personal and so different from that of the ordinary intelligent observer. Not that this is a disadvantage from the point of view of the interest of his book. "Twilight in Italy" is an extremely interesting book. It contains some pages of description of unsurpassable vividness and some pages of philosophy which throw light—not superfluous—on the poems. Lawrence's philosophy is a synthesis of paganism and Christianity, the pagan ideal of absolute being and the Christian ideal of not being.

"What is really Absolute," he writes, "is the mystic Reason which connects both Infinites, the Holy Ghost that relates both natures of God. If we now wish to make a living State, we must build it up to the idea of the Holy Spirit, the supreme Relationship. We must say, the pagan Infinite is infinite, the Christian Infinite is infinite: these are two Consummations, in both of these we are consummated. But that which relates them alone is absolute . . . a superb bridge, on which one can stand and know the whole world, my world, the two halves of the universe."

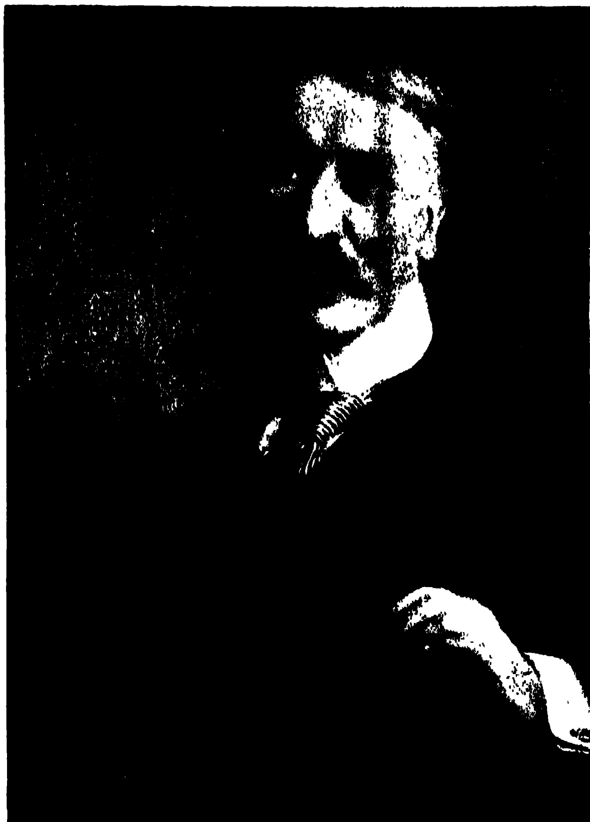
In "Amores"—poems of loves which are not all sexual—one may find glimpses of this perfect relation of opposites; but more evident are traces of their secular antagonism.

FRANCIS BICKLEY

MR. MOORE'S SALAMBO.*

Mr. Moore, throughout his life, has been haunted by a disastrous virtue and an unfortunate accident. His genius has all along been hampered by his conscientiousness; and its expression retarded by the fact that he was born some year in the nineteenth century. A curious overmodesty has made him, far more than Stevenson ever was, the sedulous ape of different masters. In some

* "The Brook Kerith." By George Moore. 7s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)



Mr. George Moore.
From a painting.

early work, such as "Miles Fletcher" and "A Mere Accident" he displayed the power to be violently individual; but always, except in his latest period, he has dropped back to the Frenchmen of his worship.

And now, after the splendid series of imaginative biography, we have this barren, cold, informative, accurate and alas! so lamentably long a masterpiece. Many critics, misled by Mr. Moore's dedication and the fact that he gives his characters the same names as those given to the persons of the New Testament, have taken "The Brook Kerith" as Mr. Moore's effort to tell the story of Jesus of Nazareth. How he must be laughing in his sleeve at them!. He is so careless about being found out that he makes so obvious a blunder as to represent the sons of Zebedee as poor; and if his visit to Palestine caused him to fancy that the wives of the fisher-folk talked like the legendary ladies of Billingsgate, he would have been better advised to have visited Cornwall . . . or even, perhaps, Ireland.

No: all thought of the New Testament must be put out of the reader's mind if he is to deal fairly with "The Brook Kerith." The only characters whom Mr. Moore elaborates are Joseph of Arimathæa, nearly all of whose life is outside the Gospels; and his own imaginary post-Ascension Jesus, who is also, of course, not a character of the New Testament. To compare this book with Renan's "Life" were absurd; Renan's portrait of Our Lord is ridiculous in many ways, hopelessly Chauvinist, and at times displeasing—but it is a real portrait of a possible man. Mr. Moore's crude sketch of Jesus before the Crucifixion is simply a tired reshuffling of the evangelical story.

What, then, is the "Brook Kerith"? It is evidently Mr. Moore's masterpiece. It displays all the characteristics of the cold and the unreal, of the art funereal. Once more he has lamentably suppressed his own delightful qualities of humour, and malice, and irresponsibility, and naughtiness, and sighed to himself, and looked at that tangled, bewildered portrait of himself by the French master, and whispered, "Ah! I must work again! What line shall I choose?"

Now in the past, although his own work is always the best and most welcome, some of his conscious followings of others have been admirable. "The Mummer's Wife" is far better than any Zola—though much of Zola has a fierce angry power which Mr. Moore has not the moral character to exert. "Esther Waters" is better than any Gissing; and there are things in "Celibates" (though I prefer "A Mere Accident" in the old version) which are prophetically better than the neo-realists of the distant 99's. But in "The Brook Kerith" Mr. Moore has aimed too high, or perhaps too late. In his earlier years he might have attacked Flaubert's Carthaginian throne: but not to-day, not with his brain still so full of "Hail and Farewell," and the amusing and trivial gossip of Irish literary cliques. That is all a poor preparation for the writing of a novel which demands so much spaciousness and dignity and large movement as this Syrian tale.

For Mr. Moore knows what is wanted. He has read his Flaubert, and he knows what is wanted; and at times he gets it. The first meeting between Joseph and Jesus has a real dignity, in spite of his strangely provincial, almost missish portrait of Jesus, and its singular lack of reality. That, indeed, is one of the greatest faults of the book that, while Joseph is concrete and rounded, well-seen and well-handled, that of Jesus is like a poor piece of flat painting by *alunno di alunno di alunno di* . . . any third-rate Italian painter you please.

Then the squabbles between Peter and Philip and other characters are written in the wrong mode for the rest of the story. And even such an episode as Joseph the school-boy attending the cock-fight is keyed unnecessarily coarsely. But of all the really deadly passages in the book, the deadliest is Paul's oration to the Essene community. In it St. Paul, using about 11,000 words of Mr. Moore's, tells that part of his history (and little more) which is recounted in an old Greek book called the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Moore may have looked into the Bible given him in 1898; but he evidently forgot to pray for humility before reading, if he read. Luke is a difficult author to compete with.

So I will recommend that part of the book in which Mr. Moore only seeks to rival Flaubert. The early chapters about Joseph, his conflicts with and affection for his father, his spoiling old grandmother, his intellectual and spiritual struggles, are full of real beauty: and the passages on the Essene community, though they get rather tiresome in their repetitions and monotony, have, too, a certain rambling and troubled charm.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Novel Notes.

GILDED VANITY. By Richard Dehan. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

The authoress of the "Dop Doctor" was in a lighter vein when she wrote this story, twenty years ago. It has been revised before republication, we are told, but the revision has not obliterated the humorous lines of the romance. There is fun in the conception of Lady Baintree as the unselfish marriage-maker, fun even to the point of farce. The only people who fail to see the amusing side of her vocation are the men and women whom she misyokes. One of these, Elizabeth Colquhoun, owes her matrimonial trouble, it is true, partly to her own worldly love of money, and partly to the action of her odious little sister, a school-girl, who suppresses a love-letter at the critical stage. However, her horsey, aristocratic husband is discovered to have been married already, which leaves the path of true love open for Elizabeth and Warr. The minor characters are all alive. Once you grant the plot, they play their part briskly; but the plot has a farcical element, which admonishes the reader not to take it too seriously. The conversation is naturally bright; there is a disconcerting mixture of tragedy and comedy in the various scenes; and, altogether, the story provides good fun of a semi-satirical order.

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE. By Eric Leadbitter. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

Rare force and refreshing originality mark every page of this distinctive novel. The Peepings live on a little greengrocer's business off the Tottenham Court Road, ostensibly run by the father who has a weakness for "stepping across the road," but in reality carried on by the practical mother. The two sons and one daughter are ready to start in life, and gradually the story narrows around Joe, who has made up his mind to push on and force his way into a class superior to his own. From junior with a firm of solicitors he rises to be clerk in the estate office of Colonel Redpath. Luck makes him the Colonel's secretary, but his brilliant prospects are destroyed by Dick Redpath, a cynical young blackguard. Out of the wreck Joe rises triumphant through the medium of a winning ticket in the Calcutta Club Sweep and a fortunate speculation in shares. Marriage, which he planned as a further step upward, turns out a failure, and the re-entry of Frances Redpath into his life comes perilously near to ruining both of them. But through disappointment and sorrow Joe is saved from his worst self. As the author remarks—"his elevation had been due to accident, not to his own efforts, although he did not realise the fact. There was in his composition a touch of the quality that goes to make better men than those who are successful in a purely material sense, but it needed careful coaxing to develop it."

THE CHASTE WIFE. By Frank Swinnerton. 6s. (Martin Secker).

It was well enough and easy enough to trace some influence of Gissing in Mr. Swinnerton's earlier stories, but in each new book he has written this influence has been less and less traceable, and in "The Chaste Wife" he has



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Frank Swinnerton.**

passed beyond it and found himself. It is the strongest, most individual thing he has done. Mr. Swinnerton has humour and idealism, qualities which Gissing lacked, and these give a happier note to his style and a broader, truer effect to his realism, for no life can be realistically painted in monochrome. Priscilla Evandine, who plays the title part, is charming and graciously feminine, of a character that seems almost complex, it is so finely simple; Stephen Moore, the man she loves and marries, is a harshly honest, unattractive personality, but he is what his past has made him. He and a younger brother, Roy, their delightful sister Dorothy, and their genial, shiftless, unscrupulous, dissipated father live in squalid lodgings in an Islington byway, and Stephen is burdened with the maintenance of the family. He is a critic and essayist of exceptional gifts and slaves desperately to make an income out of them. Priscilla has grown up in a sharply contrasted environment. Her father is an amiable, affluent, dilettante man of letters living in comparative luxury on the outskirts of London, and her mother is as charming as herself. Priscilla marries Stephen knowing she is exchanging plenty for poverty, but she is entirely happy in their Hampstead cottage, Stephen's dark moods and strange reticences notwithstanding, till, making something of a virtue of necessity, he confesses the one secret of his life that he had hitherto kept from her. The shock of this revelation seems to shatter her faith in him, not so much because of his actual sin as because he had been able to bring himself to deceive her—she feels it impossible that there should ever be confidence between them again or that he can any more be to her what he has been, and so they drift apart and are both miserable. At this juncture a man who had been desperately in love with her before her marriage reappears and, noting her estrangement from her husband, begins to pursue her with illicit attentions, and it is this man who unwittingly startles her into such self-knowledge and such an understanding of Stephen's weakness as sweeps their estrangement away and restores them both to happiness. The best people in the book are not too good to be human; on the other hand even old Moore, the exasperating, blackmailing father, has redeeming instincts and impulses, though they are eclipsed on his death-bed by his unbelievable vindictiveness towards Stephen. It is a poignant, powerfully written book and in its psychology no less than in the interest and imaginative art of its story represents Mr. Swinnerton's highest level of achievement.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SIN. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

DARK PERIL. By Marie Connor Leighton. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton's dramatic novel, "The Story of a Great Sin," is sure to grip the interest of those who like a good sensational plot. Brian Torr, chief draughtsman in a large shipbuilding yard, loves the daughter of his employer, but the lovers are divided by the social gulf between them, and forced apart through a seemingly cruel fate. A crime in the past life of Brian's unknown father looms behind the love interest like an evil shadow, and, as years of silence have tortured the author of the crime with periods of racking remorse, so a confession made in a moment of contrition involves him in fresh difficulties and leads to complications mysterious and exciting. Mrs. Leighton's other book, "Dark Peril," will also delight admirers of her work. The striking likeness between two cousins plays a prominent part in the scheme, and the persecution of a young missionary who loves one of these girls, leads to some thrilling situations in a tale that is developed with the ingenuity that helped to popularise "Convict 99." Those who have found pleasure in Mrs. Leighton's other books should read her two latest, and will certainly not be disappointed in them.

The Bookman's Table.

A SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD, AND OTHER VERSES. By Louis J. McQuilland. 3s. net. (Heath, Cranton.)

These verses of Mr. Louis McQuilland are written in divers keys, but they are always the songs of a man who lives in close touch with his fellows. There is nothing cloistral about them; they breathe more of the streets and the open air and the strenuous business of living than of the study; when he sings "In a Library" it is to commiserate the rows of

"These tomes which half the world collect,
And no one in the world peruses."

He can dream pensively and graciously about the glamour of the past in "A Georgian Snuff-Box," but he is happiest when he is writing of the zest of travel, the romance of wayfaring; of his love for his own land, "The Country of the Young"; of courage and knightly heroism, as in "Ballade of Fight," or in the vigorous stirring ballad of a warrior, "For Any Good Cause At All," or in that ringing song of Empire, "The Song of the Flag." There are lighter lyrics, tender, fanciful, wistful, and one of these, "The Joyous Comrade," which yet has a touch of the fighting spirit in it, too, is perhaps the best and most haunting thing in the book. In thought and expression the verses are strongly individual. Occasionally Mr. McQuilland has moods that are sombre or bizarre—there is a little poem on "Fleet Street" which Mr. Cecil Chesterton, in his appreciative Introduction, describes as "a novel of George Gissing's in twelve lines"—but his prevailing notes are of human kindliness and high idealism. Mr. G. K. Chesterton prefaces the volume with a "Ballade to an Irishman," and it is illustrated with some admirable drawings by Mr. David Wilson.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION. By Louis Henry Jordan, B.D. (Edin.) 12s. net. (Oxford University Press.)

Mr. Jordan is an active and strenuous writer on the subject of comparative religion, and his work on its genesis and growth attracted considerable attention. He is also

rich in promises, having volumes on its meaning and value, on its principles also and its problems, preparing or ready for publication. The present work, which is by no means his first excursion in the field of bibliography, is an extended and classified survey of "the best recent books" on all branches of the subject, its adjuncts and allies included. It extends to six hundred pages, and is much more than an exhaustive methodised catalogue, being more correctly a long series of critical studies and reviews. The classification begins with anthropology and ends with serviceable notes on current periodical literature, not to speak of certain additamenta on centres of subsidiary study in Divinity Schools and on the area and scope of comparative religion. The work of a competent writer, who is also a moderate and patient critic, it is an excellent introductory handbook to the authoritative literature of the subject, valuable alike to the expert and to students in the early stages. So much having been said, the reviewer's task has practically reached its term, for Mr. Jordan's standpoint in respect of comparative religion belongs properly to the consideration of his more formal works. But it may be added that the brief notices of several Continental bibliographies, including that of Salvatorelli, offer interesting testimonies to what is being done all over Europe in this ever-growing department of research.

FORTY YEARS AT THE BAR. By J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C., LL.D., D.L., etc. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

It might well be thought, even by the general reader with a special taste for most kinds of reminiscence books, that the memories of a barrister largely engaged in practice at the Parliamentary Bar were little likely to be of any wide interest. Such reader, however, will not have followed Mr. Balfour Browne far into this discursive record before he is likely to be disabused of that notion, for though the subjects may be of such greatly utilitarian but seemingly unentertaining matters as railways and waterworks, electric lighting and sewage disposal, they are handled in a way which is frequently not only informing, but bright and amusing. Mr. Balfour Browne never forgets for long that it is the interest in persons (and personalities) which largely holds the attention of the reader of a book of this class, and gives bits about an extraordinary number of big little men whom he has met in his active career. Sometimes it may be thought that the reason for the introduction of a given name is but slight, and that the reminiscence is but a trifling one, but that is more or less inevitable. As a whole it may be said that the author has memories of men well worth the recording, and memories to the jotting down of which he has brought a pleasant skill, and also it may be added a readiness for racy criticism of character not frequently met with among those who write their memories. To many people one of the chief tests of a volume such as this is the number of good stories to be found embedded in the narrative, and in this respect Mr. Balfour Browne's book will certainly rank high among its kind. That the Bar is in all its branches fruitful of wit is certain; and such is to be expected, for as a writer has said wit is born of the clashing of wits and such clashing of wits is the business of legal argument. The very training for fastening rapidly upon legal points should cultivate any natural facility for perceiving verbal points. That the Parliamentary Bar is as fruitful in this respect as other departments of the land may be gathered from these pages, for the author out of his forty years' experience is able to recall many capital stories of things happily said, and most of them will be fresh to most of his readers. Then, too, he has a happy knack of using a good story by way of illustration, or an apposite quotation in such a bright fashion as to give something of the same pleasure that we derive from wit.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

If readers can be interested in a detailed account of the school and university life of a young American who has no particular character, who is the son of a millionaire, who is continually getting drunk and who mixes at college in a set incredibly snobbish, then let them procure Mr. W. B. Trite's latest novel **Love** (6s.). The title has no particular meaning; for love fails to enter into the story until it has been more than half told. Even when it appears in the shape of the surrender of Banaker to Christine and of the trip taken by the young couple to Bermuda it is a mere episode, and a case of desire rather than of real passion. Nor is Banaker's marriage to Marcelle anything more than an effect of mingled calf-love and sentimentality. "Spirits are not finely touched save to fine issues." There are no "spirits" in this novel and no "fine issues."

MESSRS. CASSELL CO.

God's Child (6s.) gives a quite entertaining description of garrison life in Malta and unravels, at the same time, a not too complicated skein of melodramatic adventures. How a sergeant marries a young servant who has had a baby, and in a fit of drunkenness, caused by jealousy, loses his stripes for a while, how an intolerant young vicar achieves a wife and a broader outlook on life by passing some months as a chaplain at Malta: these are the main threads of Captain Oswald Dallas's plot. Otherwise the story deals with the rivalry for the love of the chaplain's beautiful sister which turns an English officer of the garrison and a native officer into bitter antagonists. Needless to say the Maltese is the loser in this rivalry and the villain of the tale.

WAR BOOKS.

GALLIPOLI. By John Masefield. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

When you have read Mr. Masefield's great story of "Gallipoli" you feel it is impossible to think of that campaign as anything in the nature of a defeat. He makes it clear that it is not the fighting men who failed, but the powers at home here who left them fatally short of munitions and did not keep them sufficiently supplied with reinforcements. The indomitable heroism of the men who forced a landing there, captured forts that were believed to be impregnable, and held on tenaciously to the ground they had taken through almost unendurable heat and cold and in face of odds that ought to have been overwhelming but never were makes an epic narrative that can hardly be equalled in the history of our race. It needed such a poet as Mr. Masefield to write it adequately He has realised it all from personal experience or from what he has learned authoritatively and at first hand, and he makes his readers realise it all as probably most of them never realised it before. With its graphic battle-pictures, its carefully detailed descriptions of day to day developments, and the inside knowledge it reveals, this is the most valuable as well as the most brilliant record of the Dardanelles expedition that has yet been published.

THE BACKGROUND OF BATTLE. By Dell Leigh. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

Gives in a series of vivid letters an intimate and intensely interesting account of what has been happening outside the firing lines, in France and England, from the period of general mobilisation down to a few weeks ago.

THE GLORY THAT IS FRANCE. By Sidney Dark. 3s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Sidney Dark's love of France is ancestral; he traces his descent from a race of Norman peasants Moreover, he lived in Paris during his most impressionable years. All which helps him to understand and appreciate the French character, and in this book he pays a tribute to our gallant allies that is the finer and more illuminating because it has this knowledge at the back of it. He may be sometimes less than just to the past and the present of Great Britain, but he loves France and the French people too well to misinterpret them. It is a brilliant study of France as the "mother of European freedom" and the pioneer of modern civilisation.

FROM WARFARE TO WELFARE. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. 3s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

In this series of essays Mr. Stocker studies the International situation, elucidates existing tendencies, and offers suggestions for the reconstruction of society after the war. It is a thoughtful, stimulating book on the most important subject of the moment. We know now how the war will end, but we are not so sure how we are to fashion order anew out of the present chaos.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 302. Vol. LI. NOVEMBER, 1916. **Price Sixpence.**

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS : British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The Christmas Double Number of THE BOOKMAN will be ready on the 1st of December. It will contain all the usual features, including several special plates in colour and black and white, and four large illustrated Supplements dealing with the new books of the season. We would urge all our readers to place their orders for it at once. Though we are printing a very large edition, the demand is already so great that it will probably be exhausted soon after publication, and, owing to mechanical difficulties, the Number cannot be reprinted.

Miss Gabrielle Vallings, whose first novel, "Bindweed," has recently been published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is a great-niece of Charles Kingsley and the cousin and adopted daughter of Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison) with whom she lives at Eversleigh, the little village of which Kingsley was so long rector. Miss Vallings studied for some time among opera-singers in Paris, and has put much of her personal knowledge of the operatic world into her story.

Mr. A. Neil Lyons, whose new book of stories, "A Kiss From France," is reviewed in this Number, has been collaborating with Miss Gladys Unger in writing a war-play, "London Pride: A Film Without a Flicker," which Messrs. Curzon and Du Maurier are shortly producing at Wyndham's Theatre.

Mr. John Drinkwater's new book of poems, "Olton Pools," is to be published immediately by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

An interesting volume written and illustrated entirely by New Zealanders in France is to be published this month by Messrs. Jarrold, under the title of "Shell Shocks." It is edited by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, who is also contributing an Introduction.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has written a book of stories of the Uncle Remus kind, "Hollow Tree Nights and Days," which Messrs. Harper are publishing forthwith.

Messrs. Longmans have now included one of Mr. de la Mare's most charming books of verse, his "Songs of Childhood," in their popular "Pocket Library" series.

Most novelists are nowadays turning their attention to the cinema, as a little while back they were

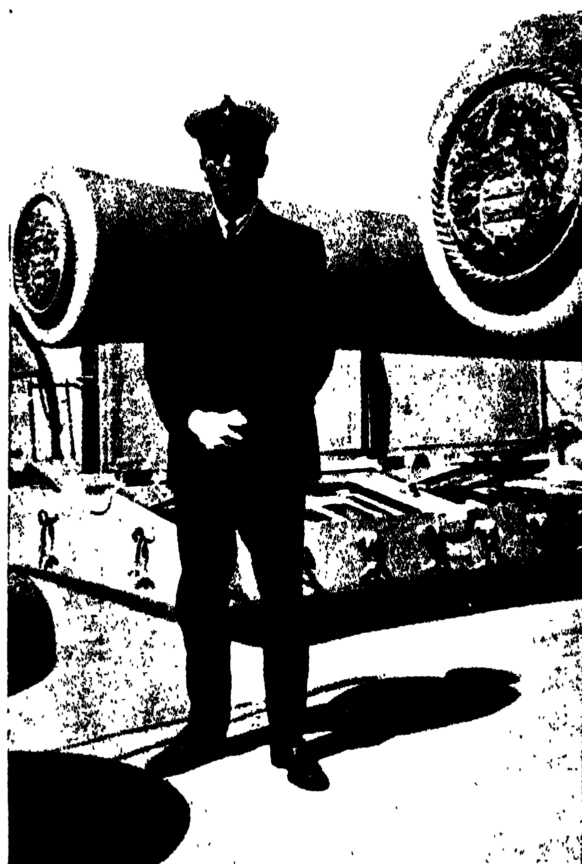


Photo by Ellis, Malta.
Commander A. T. Stewart, R.N.

turning to the stage. Mr. Wilkinson Sherren has started something of a new departure in journalism in the *Bioscope*, where he is writing a monthly review of novels selected with a view to their adaptability to the screen.

An edition de luxe of "The Book of Job," with an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and eight illustrations in colour by Mr. C. M. Tongue, will be published this month by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

After the Royal Commission on the Dardanelles Expedition has presented its report, Messrs. A. & C. Black are publishing the first book on the Gallipoli campaign from a naval point of view. It will be called "The Immortal Gamble," and tells of the part played in the undertaking by H.M.S. *Cornwallis*, the record being the joint work of Commander A. T. Stewart, R.N., and the Rev. C. J. E. Peshall, Chaplain, R.N. Commander Stewart, by the way, is the husband of the well known journalist and novelist Agnes Herbert, whose latest book, "The Elephant," a picturesque animal biography, Messrs. Hutchinson are just publishing.



Rev. C. J. E. Peshall,
Chaplain, R.N.

"Fighting Men," a collection of ballads and poems by C. Fox Smith, is one of six new volumes which Mr. Elkin Mathews is including this autumn in his admirable Vigo Cabinet series.

Early this month Mr. Arthur H. Stockwell will publish "Fighting to the Front," a story of school life by the well-known boys' writer, Mr. George R. Samways, who is now on active service with the Royal Flying Corps.



Photo by I. Garrat. **Major A. Corbett Smith,**
whose new book, 'The Retreat from Mons," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell.



Photo by Walter H. Barnett. **The late Lieut. Stuart Boyd, 3rd Sherwood Foresters.**

We regret to announce the death of that very promising young artist, Lieutenant Stuart Boyd, son of Mr. A. S. Boyd, whose work is so widely known. Lieutenant Boyd at the outbreak of war enlisted at the earliest possible moment, and obtained his "second star" at the beginning of the present year. It was only in August last that he was sent to France, where he was attached to the 3rd Sherwood Foresters. He was, we believe, in command of his Company when he was wounded on the 29th September. He died at Amiens on the 7th October. Mr. Boyd, who was born in 1887, gave remarkable promise as an artist, and readers of THE BOOKMAN will remember the striking portraits which he contributed to its pages. He exhibited at the Royal Academy, the New English Art Club, the National Portrait Society, and many provincial exhibitions, and had looked forward to taking up his brush again after the War.



Sir W. Blake Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.,
whose novel, "The Silver Chain," Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing.



Mr. Frederick Coleman,
whose new book, "With Cavalry in 1915," Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing.

"Illusions and Realities of the War," a new volume of essays by Mr. Francis Grierson, will be published shortly by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Grierson is at present on a lecture tour in America, and will winter in Florida. Like Mr. William Watson and Mr. Le Gallienne, he was born at Birkenhead. He has been living for some time past in America, and there have been rumours that he had renounced his British nationality, but there is no truth in these.

The half dozen new novels which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing this month include "Quis?" by J. A. T. Lloyd; "The Grain of Mustard," by Hamilton Drummond, and "A Thorn in the Flesh," by Rhoda Broughton.

"The Barton Mystery," the successful play by Mr. Walter Hackett, which was produced by Mr. H. B. Irving at the Savoy Theatre, has been translated into a novel by Mr. George Goodchild, and it is no light praise to say that he has very deftly transferred all the mystery and excitement of the play to the pages of his story, which is published with the same title by Messrs. Jarrold & Co.

Messrs. Putnams are publishing "To the Minute," another mystery story, by Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Levenworth Case."



Miss May Wynne,
whose new novel, "Marcel of the Zephyrs," Messrs. Jarrold are publishing.

Viscount Bryce has written an introduction to a volume of "Armenian Legends and Poems" which Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., are publishing next month. The book is illustrated and compiled by Zabelle C. Boyajian, an Armenian artist, who has also translated the greater part of the literary matter.

"Taffrail," the author of "Stand By!" the clever volume of sea stories just published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, is at present in charge of a torpedo-boat destroyer in the North Sea.

In "Dog Stars," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing, the author, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, has set herself to tell the best stories of all the best dogs she has known in England, America and on the Continent, adding to these a large miscellany of anecdotes about well-known people.



A. Ian Macleod
(Mrs. Harry Randall).
Author of "Hack's Brat" (Hodder & Stoughton).

The Cambridge University Press is publishing a new book by Archdeacon Cunningham entitled "The Progress of Capitalism in England." It will contain the substance of the Lectures he delivered in the London School of Economics and Political Science in the Spring of 1915.



Mrs. George Wemyss,
whose delightfully humorous novel, "Petunia," was recently published by Messrs. Constable, and is reviewed in this Number.

For the loan of the portraits and drawings illustrating our article on Mr. Stephen Leacock we are much indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Lane.

A. Ian Macleod, whose powerful story of Australian life, "Hack's Brat," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, was born in Australia, at Newcastle, N.S.W., where she still resides. She has contributed a good many short stories to a school magazine and to the *School of Arts Journal*, both published in her native town, but "Hack's Brat" is her first novel. She is still in her very early twenties, and was married only last year to Mr. Harry Randall, also of Newcastle.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ROSE MACAULAY.

ROSE MACAULAY is of the very small band of writers in our day whose work counts. She is not for the great multitude who follow after the kingdom of this world and worship success. She lavishes all her art on the failure, the beloved vagabond who loses the world and saves his own soul: the poor in heart for whom is the kingdom of heaven. Unconsciously in writing of her books one finds oneself using scriptural or scriptural sounding phrases. Nothing else fits her. Whether she will or not the moral of her books—if that is not too heavy and dull a word—is profoundly Christian. Her kingdom is not of this world.

She has written in all some eight books, and in every one there is the triumph of failure, most delicately, gaily and wittily rendered. Each one is a tragedy, but a tragedy presented with the gaiety of the Saints, or of the French widow who wrote of her bereavement "*Je pleure mon Albert gaiement.*" There is that high lift of the human heart in sorrow which is surely a gift of the Holy Spirit. All of Miss Macaulay's heroes and heroines whom I know and love—Benjie in "Views and Vagabonds," Peter in "The Lee Shore," Eddy in "The Making of a Bigot," and Alix in "Non-Combatants," go out as failures from one point of view or another: prosperity is possibly the thing in human life which Miss Macaulay most abhors.

She has a rich and fruitful theory of life, or perhaps one should say, philosophy of life. She has an abundant and humane humour. She has an exquisite capacity for depicting natural beauty. She is a born lover of the Open Road. Her wit, lambent and tender, plays over the characters she creates. She makes an atmosphere, reminding you now of Sterne, now of Stevenson, again of Borrow when he was not controversial. She creates a great number of characters and makes one realise each one. She is wise as well as witty. She has observed life with laughing and moist eyes, and her observations are scattered over the pages of her books. Altogether hers is a rich and manifold gift.

Her names are not fortunate. "Views and Vagabonds" suggests a volume of essays. You open it and you are absorbed into a new Sentimental Journey, clean and innocent. "The Lee Shore," which was a prize novel—how amused Peter would have been!—is a better story perhaps. The love of Peter for Urquhart is, I think, one of the most beautifully rendered and poignant things in English fiction. But so rich are all these books that one cannot in a small space wander over them and say one's say of each. Therefore I prefer to limit myself to "Views and Vagabonds," which strikes the motif of all.

The story dates itself. It belongs to a period *ante-bellum* when the leisured played at many things, and the strenuous found queer outlets for their energy, the poor world little knowing that the day was coming when greatness should be forced upon it with the breaking of all its idols. It is dated, but it is not dowdy as dated books are apt to be—in the first place because it is pure literature, in the second place because it deals with the eternal young, who when the grass has grown over the battlefields will again be breaking the energy in them against shams and shames, as Benjie Bunter did. A charm of the book is its suggestion of the University atmosphere, with its young theorists riding forth like the immortal Don to tilt against windmills.

Benjie leaves the house of his aristocratic parents to become a working blacksmith. In pursuance of his theories he marries a working woman, a real working woman, with a soft and faithful heart, but no other alleviations: and there Rose Macaulay shows the artistry that is in her, for she has no base temptation to make Louie possible because of rare virtues or adaptabilities. The "people" in England, who have been "people" from time immemorial and are not less "people," in revolt, are not adaptable like the Irish peasant of a land of flux. The attitude of Lady Lettice, Benjie's supposed mother, of Mr. Bunter, the Conservative Member of Parliament, and all their friends, towards Louie, is rendered with exquisite humour. It is, in fact, pure comedy, the comedy which is redeemed from soullessness by a sense of tears somewhere in it. Benjie's brothers, Hugh and Jerry, his cousin Cecil, as well as all the Robertson family



Photo by Gyde, Aberystwyth. **Miss Rose Macaulay.**

really live and move. Then there come in the real persons of the Sentimental Journey, those beloved vagabonds, the Crevequers, against whom and their pernicious and very Southern idea of happiness for themselves and the whole world Benjie wages war and finally loves and leaves for his working-woman wife and her parents and Daisyville, Virginia Terrace: and the new baby who is called Stanley Wilfrid—the Crevequers come out of Fairyland and pass away into it again. The Crevequers are something not to be forgotten with their soft stutter, their animals, their wasteful inconsiderate giving to the just and the unjust. They shall long abide with us as Peter in "The Lee Shore" abides, going away from houses and comforts and respectability and all the things decent folk care for into the evening gloam with the stars over them, and a cart or a ditch for all of concrete home—and "the wind on the heath." Miss Macaulay adores the irresponsibles, the God's Fools of the world.

Hers is a gay, sad, wise, foolish, gentle world—"A mad world, my masters." Miss Macaulay writes with distinction. "One word is too often profaned for me to profane it," but I can find no better word than distinction for her views of life and character. Not only distinguished, but distinctive. Her most minor characters stand out startingly real and remain with us as living people. Even a chance Vicar, quite in the background of the story and making but one appearance, is so realised that he becomes a personality.

I wish I had space for the sad comedy of that last scene at Daisyville, in which Benjie has bent his back to the burden, clear-eyed at last. I wish I could give the Crevequers, but these things cannot be detached from their settings. Perhaps Jerry and Cecil, cycling back from Daisyville to Cambridge may serve as a summing up.

"'Jerry,' said Cecil abruptly, 'do you suppose Benjie's *happy*?'

"Jerry was looking over the buttercup fields, that spread golden in the sun's long evening light on either side of the dusty road. Beyond them wound the little quiet rivers; with the willows, soft and grey, to show where they ran. In the long grass cows stood knee-deep and munched. Over them the cuckoos called their strange June note. Every hedge was a spreading glory of pure white.

"It was a lovely concrete world: a world of foregrounds: Jerry knew that; knew how things were more important than the ideas behind them, phenomena than nomena. One handles and touches and tastes each thing as it comes along; for in the end it is the artist's world, not the philosopher's: and one approaches it with the gay absorption of those who play a game.

"'I think,' said Jerry, after a moment, 'that it is possible to be happy on extremely little.'"

Yes, that is the summing-up. The beauty of Rose Macaulay's books and teaching is an austere beauty. It infuses all her books with a sense of a rare and exquisite personality. This is religion pure and undefiled —"He who loses the world shall save his own soul," and perhaps the soul of the world, as we see it in these days. Benjie, Peter, Eddy, lose the world gaily. They are cheerful givers. They choose Eternity before its toys. Alix of "Non-Combatants," Miss Macaulay's latest novel, has forgotten to be gay, though her creator has not; but she is the woman of the war, with the "blank misgivings of a creature" who looks on a mad world and its broken delights.

Katharine Tynan.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

Steel and water and fire—wherefore were these things made?
Water to temper me,
Fire to harden me,
Steel for my blade.
Steel and water and fire, for this were they made.

Great is my might—
To me belong earth and men.
Who dare dispute it?
Who dare confute it?
Let him speak—I will answer.
My answers are short and swift—
One curve through the air
Like a swallow's flight—
Of his boastings—what then?

Who made me? God and the Devil.
Wherefore God made me I know not,
For He sayeth that slaughter is evil,
But the Devil—he laughed at my birth,
Laughed and laughed till he shook the earth,
And he hailed me with song and with jest,
Saying: "Little Comrade, I love thee,
Thou art fashioned after my heart.
Strike and care not—
Strike and spare not."
Therefore, of my Creators, I love the Devil best.

Beautiful am I,
Colder and whiter than the cold white moon.
Were I to glisten with her in the sky,
I would change the night to noon.
Keen am I,
Even keener than the biting frost,
And keener than the cold sea-spray
By the North Wind uptossed.
And I strike and care not—
Strike and spare not—
Strike to slay.

Swift am I.
O joy, to cut the air,
Cleaving the clouds asunder,
Cleaving the sky,
Swifter than the lightning and deadlier,
Bearing no thunder on my way.
Swiftly and keenly,
Silently, cleanly,
So do I slay.

I am shining and bare
As Eve when first the world she ranged.
But ages have passed
Since first in Paradise I flamed,
Upheld in an Angel's hand.
I alone remain unchanged,
I am naked and unashamed.

Phyllis Marks.

THE READER.

PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK, Ph.D.: SAVANT AND HUMORIST.

By J. P. Collins.

CAN anything good come out of Montreal? The late Samuel Butler, who is vaunted as a kind of modern Buddha, appeared to think not. He wrote a lampoon, one remembers, intended to wither the devoted city up, and all because he had found in its museum a classic statue stuck away in a lumber room, and a busy taxidermist much to the fore, engaged in the harmless occupation of stuffing an owl. Hence the "Psalm of Montreal," and all that apostrophic pother about Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher and his precious brother-in-law. Montreal strikes one as rather a long way to go in search of incongruities, when the worthy Samuel could have found specimens flourishing triumphantly at South Kensington or his beloved Bloomsbury; but satirists must have their little fling, so let Butlerians boast that he converted the Canadians from the error of their ways. Other men have not been so successful. Mr. Kipling, for instance, paid Canada years ago a compliment worth having when he christened her by the title of an old church in Quebec "Our Lady of the Snows"; and he must have been quite unprepared for the snort of disgust this accolade aroused in her official circles -regions disturbed by the thought that poetic liberties of this kind might interfere with immigration business. But there are inklings of a better frame of mind in Canada to-day, and even Montreal is ahead of the rest of the world in one important respect. She can appreciate a man who unites in himself to an exceptional degree the double capacities of scholar and wit, philosopher and humorist.

Most halls of learning have harped too heavily on the dividing line and ruled off the wholesome spirit of mirth with a kind of bar sinister. McGill University does better, for it can boast a man whose titles to our admiration are evenly balanced as between levity and gravity, and in Professor Stephen Leacock it possesses a savant in politics and economics who is also a brilliant jester, and recognised in both rôles in both the hemispheres. As such, and not merely as the author of several volumes of philosophy and belles lettres, he enjoys a place of his own in modern English-speaking literature. The only difficulty is which of his aspects to take first—the grave or gay, the lively or severe. Stevenson stood out for the happy paradox that a man's recreations were the main affair in life, and work was only the negligible day-drudge, so there is authority and warrant for treating the Professor's lighter volumes first. But usage and tradition are all in favour of taking the solid courses before the sweets, quite apart from the question of chronology.

* * *

The chances afforded by an important Colonial professorship in any of the well-defined provinces of learning are not to be despised. Instead of the mellow intercourse of "reverend halls," the pleasures of Father Thames, and the heady atmosphere of the Union debates, there is surely compensation for a sturdy mind in having new ground to break. The missionary of organised knowledge in taking up professorial duties in a new community with no moss-grown regulations to tie him down, lays a requisition on one's envy, though he may have to face an audience that is none too apt or tractable. Possibly, with the cussedness that pervades even academic men, these compensations are not always realised, especially when a hunky and defiant youth like the butcher boy with the yaller dog in Wendell Holmes' story may put an awkward spoke into the wheels of the curriculum. But this is no worse than the highly-cultivated back-row heckler at Oxford or Cambridge, equipped with the latest Gaiety snags and Grub Street sneers; and your Colonial philosopher, if philosopher he be, is at least immune from a nuisance like that. He enjoys, besides, the advantage of detachment and a long focus on the world's events; and he is a free agent, as many a tradition-bound professor in Europe cannot always hope to be, in the use of the mental compass and the choice of guides. Given congenial themes, the best human material the Colonies can offer, and a blessed aloofness from the present distracting European situation, there seems no lack of incentive for a virile mind endowed with any definite standpoint and purpose. And this is exactly what Professor Leacock possesses, as we shall see.



Stephen Leacock.

The war is shaping all our old theories of government, domestic, international and Imperial. How many of the older text-books are to be scrapped as a result of it, on international law and polity, on economics, law, and sociology? The relation of the individual to his foster-parent, the State, has been revolutionised; in some respects advanced to an acute test of voluntarism, in others relegated to the oldest tribal instincts of violence in the mass. Apart from the overweighted theories of the Continental schools, many of our manuals seem destined to be buried by this great upheaval. While keeping in mind what has been done by other nations, past and present, one of our vital concerns is to reshape all the ancient cosmogonies, and partition them off, until they cover the risks and potentialities of an Empire re-unified. But of the many kinds of vade-mecum in this line, only one that has come to hand in the past decade or so appears to survive the present bombardment of facts and shocks and disillusions, and it proceeds from the pen of Professor Leacock. Ten years have passed since his "Elements of Political Science" came to birth, and showed its surprising grasp, even at that early date, of the significance and influence of the South African Campaign then just concluded; and the revised edition which appeared before the outbreak of the present war showed how well he had kept pace with the evolution of the Colonial conception in practice and theory, and how irresistible was the demand for Imperial Federation long before this crisis in our fortunes drew us together as never before. It is easy for the political philosopher, like the physical scientist, to remodel his principles according to events. But it was another matter altogether to show, as Professor Leacock did, how our rough experience in the case of the American colonies schooled us in regard to Canada and the Cape, and taught us to hold the balance more fairly between the old land and the new.

* * *

When the middle of the last century brought with it an era for granting autonomy to British dominions, two problems went by default which are all too present to us now. The times were not yet ripe for realising how the rest of the world would pick and choose from the propositions we held out, by ignoring the fiscal appeal and seizing on the territorial example. It praised our transcendental free-trade policy without endeavouring to emulate it; whereas it set itself to copy our colonisation programme to more effect than had ever seemed possible to the Victorian politician. Without blame or cavil, Professor Leacock leaves the error and the disillusion, as a true expositor should, to stand together and engender the right moral in the reader's mind. He demolishes what Whitman called the "bat-eyed formulæ" of half a century ago; he exposes the mistakes of the average Victorian statesman, and then in refutation of the most tenacious fallacy of all, he quotes Disraeli's sentence of 1872: "Self-government ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff . . . and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves." That passage redeems many of the insincerities and misguided prophecies that stand to Beaconsfield's account, and silences those who misrepresent his real attitude towards Britain overseas, its future and our own. With the same fine restraint, our author disdains the rôle of moralist or demagogue. He faces the various problems of a supreme federal parliament, the retention of our domestic affairs



Mr. Jos. Smith outside his hostelry.

From a colour drawing by Cyrus Cuneo in "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," by Stephen Leacock (John Lane).



From a drawing by Vernon Hill. **Stephen Leacock.**



Stephen Leacock,
aged 3 years and 7 months.
A very early portrait of the famous humorist taken on 7th July, 1873.

within a diminished legislature at Westminster, and all the reconstruction thus involved; and then compresses a large deduction from historic experience and the study of national character into wholesome sentences like these: "The dead weight of inertia to be encountered before such a change can be effected, will be realised by all who are acquainted with the British political temperament." Most of us when we give a thought to these extra-mural problems wonder how far the exhaustion resulting from the war will impair our vision and thwart our good intentions, but we are not always capable of expressing our misgivings with the same fine reticence or discretion.

Nothing could be happier than Professor Leacock's expository method and temper—his fairness to the reader and his theme, his honesty towards the great pioneers in this particular field, his dogged resolve to exclude non-essentials and omit nothing vital, and his respect for deposed classics like Hobbes and Rousseau, even when he is denouncing the absolutism of the one and abjuring the pseudo-primevalism of the other. He handles the bogey of the Social Contract as it deserves, and prepares us for the revelation provided by this war—that instead of the privileges, it is the obligations of citizenship that matter now, and especially the need for joining in the work of national defence. He traces the Aristotelian conception of the State through its many curves, and maintains a judicial demeanour in disposing of the long-vexed question as to the degree where monarchical neglect or redundance amounts to moral abdication.



Mrs. Beatrix Leacock,
wife of Stephen Leacock.
Daughter of Col. R. B. Hamilton, of Toronto.

* * *

And now "let us sing awhile of lighter things." Having never met the Professor at the breakfast table, I can handsomely acquit him on all those disparaging points that make up an appearance of intimacy and are supposed to supply the "personal" touch to a composite portrait like this. But a talk he gave me years ago went far to explain by its pace and tone as well as its substance how he turns his leisure to such blithe results. He denies, by the way, that his lighter work is the product of idle moments; but this, I suspect, is because the plague of idleness hardly ever disturbs so keen a temperament. To a mind well stored with the best reading of the older hemisphere he adds the audacity and energy of the other. In answer to a remark of mine, he said that while in Europe here we did our reading carelessly, and were content to absorb the best literature in fragments or flying allusions, a keener generation in the Colonies did its reading for itself, and devoured all the right reprints instead of arranging them along a decorative but dusty shelf. He might have gone further and said that in the Old Country here we are so bemused with passing talent and polemic garrulity, that we lose sight of the greater and more abiding forces except as names to garnish paragraphs and tattle. But as far as he went, I found it refreshing to hear Dr. Leacock lay about him in his quiet, quick, outspoken way, and to find my suspicions verified that his wit is the outcome of deep sincerity and hard sense. Beyond the cynical autobiography he prints in front of "Sunshine Sketches," I know nothing of his career, but I should say that the gist of it has gone into that bitter indictment, "The Lot of the Schoolmaster," reprinted in his essays. To take up the challenge he there throws down on behalf of the humbler walks of an ill-paid profession would be daring and difficult; to endorse it is unnecessary. One can only quote and quote again, or refer the reader to the paper itself; and if that is the case with his criticisms, it is certainly the same with his other writings, facetious or otherwise. One of the best of his critical papers he devotes to a generous laudation of the late "O. Henry," and Mr. St. John Adcock quoted this in his admirable monograph in miniature in these pages a month or two ago. A classical training preserves the Professor from that looseness in terms which could allow O. Henry to call a bow a genuflection; but, happily, years of concentrated study and drudgery have not lessened his rapid and prolific originality, while it has only deepened that sense of justice which he vents at times with such towering indignation.

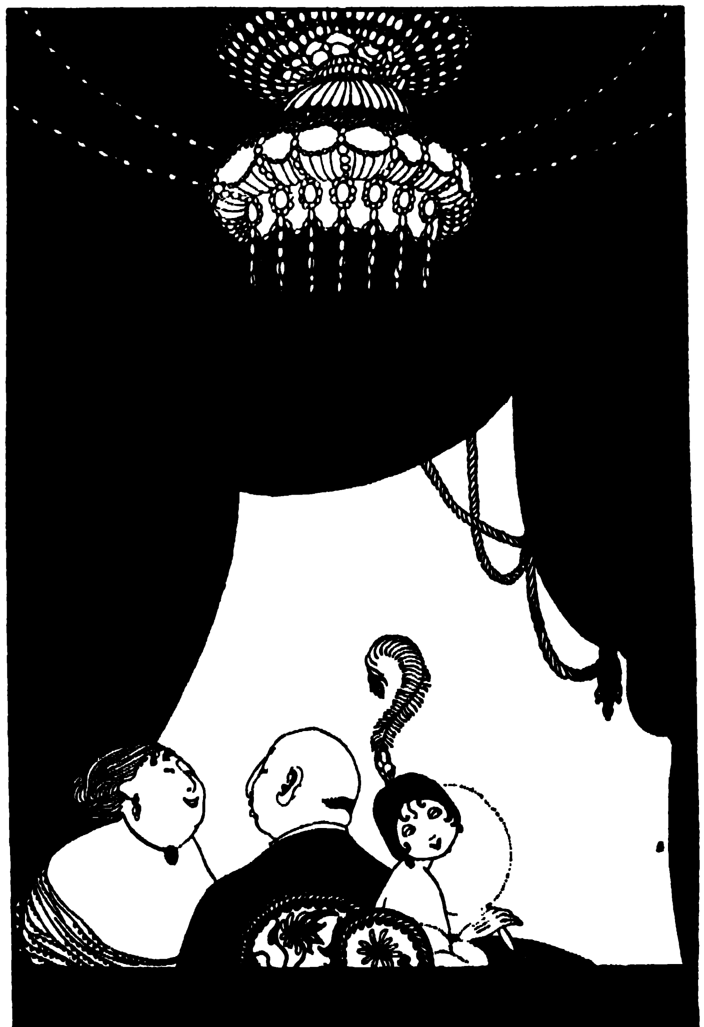
Too much emphasis has been laid on his faculty for parody, which is only one weapon after all in his well-filled armoury. It seems only the other day that "Nonsense Novels" arrived to prove that a vogue in which Thackeray and Bret Harte excelled is still a living force in criticism, and that a Canadian professor is equal to either of those master-satirists in the power of turning the eccentricities of modern fiction against itself. If he turns on its practitioners as well, he is not content with mimicry of their accent and locutions, but tries to reconstitute their view-point, and always with an

imperturbable good humour. You perceive very soon that with him the mimetic stage has never been more than a kind of reserve trench in the " big push " against humbug and literary pretension, and that the parodist in this case is also a creative humorist of the first water. Certain critics rose, I remember, at his " Literary Lapses," and strained their arguments needlessly without diminishing anything or anybody but themselves. Some of them complained that a western humorist without dialect or Bowery slang was an exotic, an importation from the East, and a geographical contradiction, which is all pure nonsense. The Old World, as we have long discovered, enjoys no monopoly of wit. You cannot bring sense and nonsense into collision without striking a tell-tale spark, and whether the clash occurs on this side of the Atlantic or the other, the chances are that you will get the same kind of spark from the same shape of head. If the longitude of Greenwich can produce university brilliance like that of a Hilton, a Godley, an Anstey or a " Q," there is no reason why the same perception of values and contradictions should not produce their equal in a Stephen Leacock, even in the longitude of McGill and the latitude of a political professorship. One of our author's fiercest assailants revealed himself, I remember, in the book column of a lofty London daily, and showered out all the ineffable contempt this organ reserves for everything American except peeresses and advertisements and the American Ambassador; but presently, observing that *The Times* (which it hates like poison) had given up a segment of its Supplement to a consideration of Dr. Leacock's merits, this enlightened organ lay in ambush for his next book and then swamped it with green gush. But I hesitate to touch on the vagaries of reviewers when the Professor has turned them to such diverting account in his books; they constitute a grand assault on all sorts of pests from the club bore and the platform quack to the cheap millionaire and the expensive lap-dog. That truly modern martyr's rack, the boarding-house, has made a text for all the American masters of humour, from Holmes and Stockton to Wallace Irwin and George Ade, but none of them has touched off the horrors of the " hash bazaar " as deftly as our Professor has done. Years ago he wrote a series of Euclidean axioms which appeared in *Truth* and then had a cometary orbit of republication, from *Punch* downwards. Even now one hears the jest attributed to all sorts of brilliant mathematicians, dead and gone, and those who have ever met it in those cold shades of anonymity will recognise it from one example:

" If there be two boarders on the same flat, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each. For, if not, let one bill be the greater. Then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd."

* * *

It is usual to greet a new writer with discouragement, just as the astronomer tackles a new sun-spot through a smoked glass. One cannot find that on the whole Professor Leacock has ever met with want of recognition, certainly since he first appeared in print; and, indeed, he is not the sort of person to have suffered from it if he had. But I have no doubt that, like the pearls in Æsop's fable, he has been pecked with the query as to why he wasn't something else? Carlyle chilled William Black after his twentieth successful novel or so, with the brutal inquiry as to when he was going to do some " worrk," and there are doubtless people who ask our author when he is going to write a sequential book, instead of a series of fugitive chapters. Well, there is " Sunshine Sketches " on the one hand, a racy presentation of a typical western town and its inhabitants, and on the other there is the " Elements," already dealt with; and if it were not for the matter of date, one might even suppose that treatise had been written in reply to this very taunt. The Professor's humour is certainly equal to this riposte or any other. He believes, with Erasmus, in saying even serious things lightly; and he has loudly proclaimed he would rather have written " Alice in Wonderland " than the whole of the " Encyclopædia Britannica." That also is why, like Garrick in the picture, he may be torn between comedy and tragedy, but at least he smiles under the ordeal. Such is the effect of a true conception of the office of humour in a miscellaneous firmament of bounty. In an unpublished essayette he once remarked that it is " better to take your place humbly and resignedly in the lowest ranks of the republic of letters than to try to go circling round on your own poor wings in the vast spaces of Milton's ' Paradise,' or the great circles of Dante's ' Inferno.' " The individual modesty of this is balanced by the fact that he stands up handsomely



The Curtain Rises.

A drawing by A. H. Fish from " Behind the Beyond," by Stephen Leacock (John Lane).

for the craft of humour and his brethren who follow it. A member, as he says himself, of the Royal Colonial Institute and the Church of England, he does not hesitate to remind us in another fragment somewhere else that it is "much harder to write one of Owen Seaman's 'funny' poems in *Punch* than to write one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons"; and that whereas in his immortal hymn Newman only cried out for light in the gloom of a sad world, Dickens gave it. Which is profoundly true, as far as it goes. One might pursue indefinitely this contrast in the man which is characteristic of so many true artists—a passion for the vindication of his calling, whatever the niche that is allotted to himself.



Dr. Leacock's little son, Stephen Lushington Leacock.

On an occasion lately which should have been enough to tempt the humblest of men to glorify himself for once, Dr. Leacock showed some anxiety to stay in the background with his books, and to set in front of them a masterpiece of his special predilection—his son and namesake of a year old, and his second self. Of this prodigy he remarks that he is "guaranteed to eat more, sleep deeper, shout longer, and cry harder than any boy of his age in the British dominions outside of Zululand." I beg to leave that challenge as it stands with all its unnecessary reservations on its head, and to leave its author at the mercy of a myriad progenitors prepared to take it up; but at least the episode illustrates the idiosyncrasy of authors that their pride invariably lies far outside the circle of your conjecture. Let me conclude with another fragment from the Professor's pen, which strikes me as truer and deeper than anything ever written by Professor Bergson or Professor Pogson on laughter or free will or anything else:

"The world's humour in its best and greatest sense is perhaps the highest product of our civilisation. One thinks here not of the mere spasmodic effects of the comic artist or the black-face expert of the vaudeville show, but of the really great humour which once or twice in a generation at best, illuminates and elevates our literature. And here, in its larger aspect, humour is blended with pathos till the two are one, and represent as they have in every age the mingled heritage of tears and laughter that is our lot on earth."

Personally, it remains only to indicate a fund of unutterable thanks for the pure and healthy enjoyment that Dr. Leacock's books have given me for years. If I were called in to prescribe for the restoration of Europe after this present convalescence, I should prescribe the free circulation of an unlimited edition of his books at Germany's expense, in all languages and dominions outside the circle of the Central Powers, with a strict embargo on their ever entering the lands of the Huns. They deserve it.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Christmas Greeting to the men in the fighting line, in four lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Phyllis Marks, of 172a, Alexandra Road, London, N.W., for the lyric "The Song of the Sword," printed on page 38.

We also select for printing:

EUCHARIST.

My little Taper of Desire
I fain would light at Thy Great Fire;
And where the grander flames are wrought,
Oh! kindly Saviour, quench it not.

My little Cup of Faith I bring
To fill it at the Eternal Spring;
With many vessels lifted up—
Oh! Jesus, take this little cup.

And deign, oh Lord of Love, to see
The humble gift I offer Thee;
Thou, Who love's pure essence art,
Accept the treasure of my heart.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

A SERENADE.

Had I the colours of night and the dawning
Woven with silks and shadows grey,
Dusk of the night and hues of the morning,
With glory of dark and glory of day,
I would give them you; but I only bear
A single rose, and a star for your hair.

They have brought you gold, those others who love you,
Clear-cut ivory, ribbons fine,
Silver to challenge the stars above you,
Raiment red as the deep, rich wine.
Love and a song unto you I bear—
A single rose, and a star for your hair.

(Joyce O'Dwyer, Temple Bank, Beetham, Milnthorpe, Westmorland.)



Mr. Stephen Leacock and Mrs. Leacock, with their son, Stephen Lushington Leacock,
at their summer place on Lake Conchiching.

From the very large number of other lyrics received we select for special commendation those by F. L. Grey (Brighton), Margaret Margerison (London, W.C.), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Warren Derry (Bath), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), A. F. B. (Croydon), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), Dorothy Benton (Nantwich), Lt. A. Peel (Wareham), Lilla G. McKay (Auckland, N.Z.), Marjorie Crosbie (London, W.), Eric Lyall (Edinburgh), Corporal R. S. Larker (Southall), Grace H. Hill (Finchley), T. R. Swinburne (London, S.W.), E. R. L. (Durham), Grace Cracknall (London, W.), Ila Hearn (S. Croydon), Beryl Carter (London, W.), Imgra Scott (Sydney, N.S.W),. Enid D. Woolright (Chelsea), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), C. Jeans (Glasgow), Lilian Daly (Ceylon), Private A. H. Pennington (Manchester), Maude McGuire (Bristol), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Carol King, (Edgbaston), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham), Olive Mercer (Dunedin, N.Z.), Mona Douglas (I. of M.), Bombadier T. A. King (Plymouth), I. L. Watts (Streatham), D. P. Thomas (London, N.W.), S. M. Northcott (Colwyn Bay), Blake Kelly (Dublin), S. Parker (Long Melford), C. E. S. (Glasgow), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Irene Eveleen Osborne (Honor Oak), S. S. Chipperfield (Hull), I. C. A. (Glasgow), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), George Harry Brown (Eastbourne), V. Ford (Bristol). J. E. C. (Ripon), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), H. M. Barrow (London, S.W.), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), D. A. Russell Gregg (Bath), H. St. C. Bryne (Liverpool), M. H. Drury (Streatham), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Don A. Gardiner (London, W.), E. A. Downey (Waterford), G. C. Noble (Streatham), T. McCutcheon Craig (London, S.W.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Elsie M. Freeman (Upper Norwood), A. W. Forbes (Bath), V. V. Matthews (London, W.), Margaret (Birmingham), M. R. Ellinger (Hastings), Mary V. Garland (West Kensington), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), Tom Blackburn (Liverpool), Hylda Cole (Kilmalcolm), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), T. Preston (Moreby Park), W. Brown (Corstorphine), L. A. N. N. (Chelsea), F. Olsen (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Iris Douglas (Shipley), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro), Helen C. Stone (Thornton Heath), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), S. Ouseley (Worthing), E. K. N. (Sowerby Bridge), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Phyllis Collard (Hammersmith), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Arthur Stanley (Dalston), Frank H. Humby (Sidcup).



Mr. Bernard Capes,
whose new novel, "If Age Could," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Charles Powell, of 82, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester, for the following:

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS. BY JOHN BUCHAN.
"A fool at forty is a fool indeed."
YOUNG, *Love of Fame.*

We also select for printing:

THE REVOLUTION. BY LOUIS MADELIN. (Heinemann.)
"You turned a back somersault out of the door."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Father William.*
(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

ONE CLEAR CALL. BY PAUL URQUHART. (Ward, Lock & Co.)
"You have waked me too soon; I must slumber again."
ISAAC WATTS, *The Sluggard.*
(Miss D. U. Thompson, 6*a*, Hawke Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.)

FORTY YEARS AT THE BAR. BY J. H. BALFOUR BROWN. (Herbert Jenkins)
"A long, long pull." *The Midshipmite.*
(Miss E. Wild, 90, Greame Street, Moss Side, Manchester.)

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE. BY ERIC LEADBITTER. (Allen & Unwin.)
"Behold him at the treadmill!"
E. F. ROBERTS, *Six Stages of Punishment.*
(Jessie Jackson, 83, Walker Gate, Beverley.)

APPLES OF GOLD. BY OCTAVIA GREGORY. (Methuen.)
"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!" GEO. T. MORRIS.
(Mrs. S. A. Doody, 16, Granville Road, Boscombe, Hants.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best tribute to our wounded soldiers is awarded to Catherine A. Munro, of 24, West End Park Street, Glasgow, for the following:

They turned from Life, when Life was fair and sweet;
They chose the darker ways of Death and Pain;
And now, with blinded eyes and bleeding feet,
They seek familiar paths of Life again.

We bring them gifts: no gifts can ever pay
Our debt to them, so mighty is the sum;
Warm words of praise and ruth we fain would say:
Before their smiling courage we are dumb.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss G. E. Mitton,**
whose new book, "The Lost Cities of Ceylon," Mr John Murray has just published.

Several of the other tributes sent are very good indeed, and we specially commend the seven by Mrs. A. Wilson (Birkenhead), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Muriel Pinch (Battle), Delicia Chisholm (Inverness), C. Ransom (Torquay), E. R. L. (Durham), George A. Vann (Sheffield).



Mr. Charles Evan Hughes,
whose "Addresses" Messrs. Putnams are publishing.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss J. A. Jenkins, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, for the following:

DAVID PENSTEPHEN. BY RICHARD PRYCE. (Methuen.)

This story is worthy of attention and of careful reading. The difficult moral problem treated therein is handled with remarkable clear-sightedness and delicacy of imagination. Many writers indulge in discussion and argument on the subject, and these, as a rule, lead nowhere; but this writer, with unusual understanding of, and sympathy with, human nature, is content to forego all verbose bickerings and quibblings, and merely states the facts from the standpoint of those who are, perforce, the victims of them. The very unusualness of such an attitude compels admiration, and the psychological interest of the story is great.

We also select for printing:

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH. BY H. G. WELLS. (Cassell.)

War is the scarlet thread running through the texture of Mr. Wells's new story. It is a great book, such as only a great war could have produced, grim, majestic, passionate, yet written with a pen often steeped in tears. The effect of each successive phase of the conflict upon the little Britling circle in peaceful Essex is recorded with faithfulness and wonderful comprehension. In his alternations from despair to hope, his weary search for spiritual solace, and his hatred of war, Britling personifies all England; and finally, after suffering and sorrow, he attains to Understanding and a renewed Faith.

(Eric N. Simons, 10, Endcliffe Rise Road, Sheffield.)

MY FOURTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT.
WILLIAM J. ROBINSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This vivid and intensely interesting book is written by an American whose desire to see something of "The biggest scrap the World has ever known," prompted him to enlist in the British Army, at the commencement of the war. Mr. Robinson pays a very high tribute to the amazing gallantry of our officers and men, even the most phlegmetic reader must feel his pulses stirred by some of the author's pen pictures of almost incredible bravery under truly awful circumstances. This little volume should be read by all who have relatives and friends "Out There."

(Percival Hale Coke, 1, St. Mary's Walk, Harrogate.)

We also specially commend the reviews by W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), A. Vanderpant (Highgate), Arthur Davidson (Glasgow), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Winifred Dunbar (Bridlington), John F. Leeming (Hale), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), H. Bellis (Longridge), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), Private Pridham (Portsmouth), Vincent Hamson (Bedford), M. E. Rotton (London, W.), Frederick Willmer (Ramsay), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), F. G. Jackson (Leeds), Margaret Wyke Tupman (Worthing), Mary Davis (Greenwich), Mrs. R. A. Doody (Boscombe), H. M. Barrow (London, W.), Cecily Fryer (Woodbridge), Agnes Mary Macaulay (Gt. Malvern), Alice M. Hillier (Highbury), A. E. Gowers (Haverill), Mrs. R. M. Gilpin (Peshawar, India), Winifred Warran (Wallasey).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Ida May, of 5, Trinity Church Road, Barnes, S.W.

WATTS-DUNTON ON POETRY.*

By LAURENCE BINYON.

MR. THOMAS HAKE, the editor of this volume, tells us that even as a boy Watts-Dunton "conceived the bold idea of writing a comprehensive treatise on the history of poetry." All through a long life his thoughts were constantly occupied with the project of this work which was to be his *magnum opus*. It seems, however, that it never got beyond an introductory treatise on the first principles of poetic art. When he was asked to write the article on "Poetry" for the Encyclopædia Britannica he drew on the manuscript already written, but only used a third of his material owing to the necessary restrictions of space. It is difficult to understand why, when the critic wished to publish his work in independent and final form, he did not revise and issue the original complete treatise, on which he had drawn for the Encyclopædia article. What became of it? Mr. Hake says that it was drawn upon so largely for *Athenæum* reviews, as well as for the Encyclopædia, that it "finally ceased to exist." In the end, when Watts-Dunton prepared his treatise for the Press, he was reduced to patching his Encyclopædia article with fragments from his long and numerous contributions to the *Athenæum*. And these were inserted in a tentative manner, which the author did not live to revise. Mr. Hake, with considerable misgivings, decided to publish the work with these insertions as tentatively arranged by the author, but he has marked them by a different setting of the type. The Encyclopædia essay is in leaded type, the insertions are set solid. This has a rather disconcerting effect, especially as in some cases the insertion appears to begin in the middle of a sentence. It is a pity that Watts-Dunton did not live to revise the whole treatise. In fact he would probably have done better to re-write the whole thing afresh, for in its present shape it has a worried appearance. Some of the most interesting pages occur in the inserted passages, but these are sometimes disproportionately long and do not always fit smoothly in the place they occupy. We cannot blame Mr. Hake, who has done his best with a difficult problem. But one cannot help wondering that Watts-Dunton should not have taken more trouble over the form of a work which embodied the ambition of his life as a critic and which he had cherished and worked on since his boyhood. In spite of his editor's statement that he was "an exceptionally conscientious worker," one may be permitted to doubt whether his sense of literary form was, so far as his own writing was concerned, exacting or profound. There are pages in this book in which every other sentence begins with a slipshod "As to," "With regard to," or "As regards,"—unconscious reminiscences perhaps of his labours as a solicitor. He is fond of words like "expressional," "emotive," "excarnated," "expectance," "demetricised," "locution"; and the phrases in which he embodies his distinctions and definitions are sometimes of an almost curious infelicity. Form counts in criticism, as in every other kind of writing; but form certainly was not Watts-Dunton's strong point. It is only just to point out that the method chosen in this treatise was not one which readily lends itself to attractive presentment. It was not the method of Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold, who take some particular writer or some particular work, and in the study of these disengage their essential qualities by illuminating comparisons and by reference to general ideas and principles. Watts-Dunton chose the drier method, of which Aristotle is the supreme master. He enunciates first principles, and his main object is to classify. He discusses, first, the nature of poetry; then its relation to the other arts; and finally the varieties of poetic art.

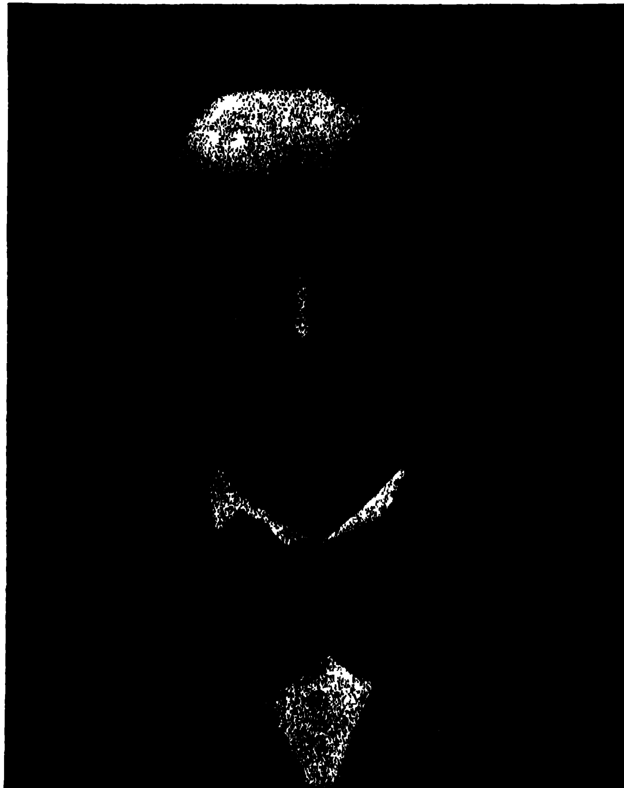


Photo by Poole, Putney. **Theodore Watts-Dunton.**

Watts-Dunton had equipped himself for his task by an extraordinarily wide reading of poetry, and he had the great merit of approaching it from the inside; he had some insight into the working of a poet's mind. Not only European poetry, but Hebrew, Indian, Persian, Arabian and Japanese poetry are drawn upon for illustration. He does not, however, seem to have been acquainted with the wonderful lyric art of the Chinese poets, and their strange power of pictorial suggestiveness; these might have supplied happy material for the pages on the relation of poetry to painting, since the saying quoted from Simonides, "Poetry is a speaking picture, painting is a mute poetry" is actually a Chinese proverb. This wide and various reading gives breadth and solidity. At times Watts-Dunton seems to be too much enthralled by Aristotelian conceptions, as when he talks of language "imitating nature," and assumes that imitation of nature is the main aim of the plastic arts. But he challenges several of Aristotle's judgments, and in general he is far from letting his taste be cramped

* "Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

by reliance on "classical" canons. He can appreciate the Northern Sagas and the Persian epics. He makes a true and interesting point in showing how the instinct of the Oriental poet is to start from a philosophic idea, which he symbolises by story and image, whereas the Western poet first imagines a situation and then strikes from it the philosophic idea.

"No two poets ever did work alike." The recognition of this truth, often unperceived or neglected, is one of Watts-Dunton's great merits as a critic. And he realises the great importance of "technique," the character of the actual texture of the language in which a poet has to work, and the way in which his temperament reacts to it. He has some admirable pages on the central motive of "The Ancient Mariner," and on Coleridge's treatment of that motive. Again on the rhythms which we call for convenience's sake, though quite inaccurately, "anapæstic" and "dactylic," he says: "The moment the English poet tries to 'pack' his anapæstic or dactylic line, as he can pack his iambic line, his versification becomes rugged, harsh, pebbly—becomes so of necessity." This is because of the dominance of consonants in English; and the only way of smoothing the movement is by lavish alliteration and the use of liquids, as was done by Swinburne, who also attenuated his matter. There is, however, another element which the critic forgets to mention, and that is the entire neglect of quantity, which has proved the ruin of most English "anapæstic" verse. Quantity of syllables is not readily felt as a positive factor in English verse, but as a negative factor it has a real existence and is disregarded at the poet's peril. Watts-Dunton has often acute things to say on points such as these; but he does not seem to have really grappled with the thorny question of English prosody. For instance, he seems to have thought that the innovation of Coleridge in "Christabel"—an innovation which he claims that Chatterton anticipated—was chiefly the introduction of "anapæstic" variations into eight-syllabled lines. But Coleridge's idea was infinitely more far reaching; it was the rejection of scansion by syllables, and the substitution of the accents of natural speech. The fact that Coleridge did not carry out his own idea, or only partially, is not noticed by Watts-Dunton.

But let us pass to larger questions. Classifications of a broad kind are useful and necessary in dealing with complex material. The Greek classifications of poetry still stand. But classification tends to stop thinking; we put a man in a class, and there is an end of our thought about him. A critic's power and worth are shown rather in recognising differences, in distinguishing between the degrees and kinds of greatness, in sifting the indiscriminate superlatives of eager admiration. It is these distinctions which set us thinking, and train in our minds a constant idea of excellence—a standard. Watts-Dunton in his classifying process tends to lead us into false antitheses. He sets in opposition the poetry which states and the poetry which suggests, the poetry "whose mental value consists in a distinct and logical enunciation of ideas" and the poetry "whose mental value consists partly in the suggestive richness of passion or symbol latent in rhythm or latent in colour." And so he is led to speak of "Adonais" as merely "melodious verses" and of "Endymion" as "gorgeously-coloured verses," and of "Sleep and Poetry" as a "golden toy"; as if there were nothing more in these poems than the obvious beauty of rhythm and colour on their surface. He might have recalled that Mr. Bridges, with happy insight, has shown the singular parallelism in thought between Keats' "Sleep and Poetry" and Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey"; only what Wordsworth expresses by

> "The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
> And their glad animal movements"

Keats, thinking poetically in images, expresses by

> "A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
> A laughing schoolboy, without grief or care,
> Riding the springy branches of an elm."

Keats' poem is, in fact, anything but a golden toy; and the lines just quoted would have been an infinitely better illustration than the lines quoted by Watts-Dunton from George Eliot (which, as a matter of fact, do express a thought through an image) of the need for the concrete, or what Milton called "sensuous," in poetry, and the danger of abstract expression.

A distinction of which the critic makes much, and which is one of his original contributions to criticism, is that between what he calls "absolute vision" and "relative vision" in dramatic poetry. The phrases hardly suggest what they are intended to mean. "Absolute vision" appears to be simply the power of creating individual character, while the poet of "relative vision" only sees general humanity (typified by himself) in the imagined situation. But dramatists who are not poets at all have been able to create character, and must therefore be said to have the "absolute vision," which is denied by Dante! This is strange valuation. It is interesting to note that Santayana in his essay on "The Elements of Poetry"—an essay more lucid and more pregnant than Watts-Dunton's chapter on the same subject—expressly places creation of character lower in poetry than that sense of the wholeness of the world which divines the relation of man to the universe and of events to eternity—a power to which the phrase "absolute vision" might far more appropriately be applied. Watts-Dunton's illustrations are not very convincing; least of all when he depreciates the famous lines in the Iliad, "So she spake; but they already were fast in the bosom of earth, there in their own land" as a comment produced by the "egoistic imagination." Surely nothing could be more impersonal.

Space forbids discussion of a number of other interesting questions raised by this treatise. The accompanying essay on the "Renascence of Wonder" covers very familiar ground and takes the current view of the Romantic Revival. Watts-Dunton's reputation as a critic rests on the treatise on Poetry; and if he cannot be compared with the great masters of criticism either for philosophic power or originality of insight, still less for distinction of style, he claims respect for his freedom from prejudice and his comprehensiveness of view.

New Books.

SPLASHES FROM SPOON RIVER.*

The " Spoon River Anthology " was so original in form and, with its daring irony, so refreshing, that many of us have been eager to greet its successor; and now it has come. " Songs and Satires " has not the quality of the earlier published work. Most of its diverse contents run along conventional lines; and many have the appearance of 'prentice work. The " Songs " may generally be regarded as not noteworthy. The " Satires," which in thought and type are more of the company of the epitaphs of Spoon River, are far more successful; are, indeed, so admirable and clever as to make the reading of this book well worth while. In them the personality of the author finds its outlet, unspoiled by reminiscences of the established poets. We see in them the mordant realism, the modern note, the questing and probing after the secrets of the invisible, that were so determined, and strident, and wistful, in the Anthology.

Take " The Loop " with its better than photographical description of the large and little details of life in New York City. It is a remorseless study, illustrating its author's favourite theme of the contrast of the meanness of mankind's vanities and greediness with the splendid indifference and incomprehension of the eternal verities.

" The railroad tracks are near. We almost choke
From filth whirled from the street and stinging vapors,
Great engines vomit gas and heavy smoke
Upon a north wind driving tattered papers,
Dry dung and dust and refuse down the street.
A circumambient roar as of a wheel
Whirring far off—a monster's heart whose beat
Is full of murmurs, comes as we retreat
Towards Twenty-second . . .

. . . . .

Outside the stars look down. Stars are content
To be so quiet and indifferent."

This book is more genial than its notable predecessor. The " Spoon River Anthology " was in this respect handicapped through the circumstance that, with the exception of the mock-Miltonic appendix, it had entirely to do with the folk who are dead. Its actual humour had, therefore, something morbid in its expression. " Songs and Satires " is more human and warm-hearted; and has one most delightful verse-study, that of " Simon Surnamed Peter." The most natural of the apostles, and a very human personage, despite the official position and tiara that have been fastened upon him, is pictured with a glow of affection seldom won by saints, ancient or modern, despite the much lip-worship.

" 'Twas you in the garden who fell into sleep
And the watch failed to keep,
When Jesus was praying and pressed with the weight
Of the oncoming fate.
'Twas you in the court of the palace who warmed
Your hands as you stormed
At the damsel, denying Him thrice, when she cried:
' He walked at his side! '
You, Peter, a wave, a star among clouds, a reed in the wind,
A guide of the blind,
Both smiter and flyer, but human alway, I protest,
Beyond all the rest."

The trouble is that no extract of stanza or passage can do justice to this particular poet's muse. Mr. Masters needs to be read throughout, as his poems are imprinted, and read as a whole. There are some interesting experiments in technique; indeed, not a little of this volume tends to show ways in which Mr. Masters tried his wings; the construction of " Arabel " is interesting and praiseworthy, even although the effect is not quite gained, being somewhat lost in vagueness. The most courageous and ambitious effort is " The Conversation," wherein Man inquires of the Creator the why and the wherefore of His creation; and this, doubtless, because the personality of the writer finds free-play, is among the most successful. Mr. Masters is a poet who profits by daring and by frank outspoken curiosity. His gift is modern, unique, original. He can afford to leave alone the older forms, whereof he seems rather to be an incomplete imitator or an echo blurred. He has no special ear; his natural verse is less musical than didactic. He stimulates thought. He girds with shafts of irony, barbed, at clay idols and the false gods. There is need in these days for just such a poet as he; and there is no reason why, if to himself he be but true and careful and self-critical, he should not become the representative poet of America. He must, however, be resolute not to fall below the standard that he himself has set.

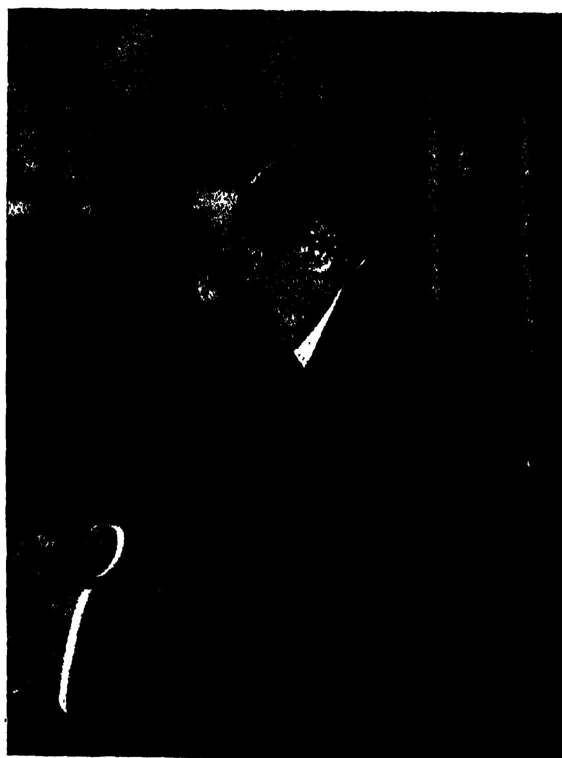
C. E. LAWRENCE.

* " Songs and Satires." By Edgar Lee Masters. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

MR. WELLS AT HIS BEST.*

Mr. Wells's best novels always contain some of his worst faults. His moderately good books are moderately good all through. Take, for instance, " Mr. Polly " and " Bealby." No one would pretend that they are at the top of his achievement, yet how excellent they are in their unmomentous way! Perhaps Mr. Wells writes these entertainments with an easy mind and pen, but sits down to his graver performances in a spirit of awful seriousness—and so makes them seriously awful. The present novel is certainly one of his best. There are pages in which he ascends to the highest heaven of his invention; and there are moments of that intense tragedy which transcends mere personality and becames cosmic. And then wave after wave of the appalling fluency that is Mr. Wells's besetting sin washes in over it all. . . . Nothing but a Wellsian row of full stops can do justice to my feelings. He should adopt desperate curative measures. He should hire a burly ruffian to stand over him with a big stick—one whack for every abstract noun, two for every abstraction in the plural number. Then perhaps he will keep his pamphlets from adulterating his tragedies.

* " Mr. Britling Sees It Through." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Cassell.)



Mr. H. G. Wells.

His theme in the present, as in many a former book, is War. It is a theme that never fails to thrill us at his hands, whether the war be one of Martian machines, or of aerial navies, or of atomic bombs. He thrills us in this story even more than in the older efforts. We listen with growing excitement as the tale unfolds; the familiar spell is on us, and we begin to enjoy it; until we shudder, and remember that this time—it is all true! Then we recognise that Mr. Wells's fictitious war tales have been merely so much practice for the writing of this true one which is the best of them all.

And how excellent it is, from the gradual darkening of the shadows at the end of that fatal July to the full, quaking dawn of the momentous day! How movingly beautiful those letters from the boy in the trenches, clearly predestined to die in the blossoming time of youth! How admirable, too, in its restraint, the picture of the young German tutor, so simple, docile and pacific, seized by the tentacles of the war-monster, and sent to his pitiful end! One trembles to think what a super-Hun poor Heinrich would have been in the hands of a writer without Mr. Wells's intense sincerity.

Specially fine is the view he shows us of the nation at war, striving eagerly yet blindly to do the right thing, blundering so piteously at times, yet sound at heart all through. Mr. Wells is at his best in these studies of collective psychology. In sharp contrast to this wholesome national spirit, he shows us a few of the "malignants"—the chattering, fashionable women who encourage the Ulster conspiracy, and the "patriots" who would rather have a German victory than lose an opportunity of pursuing a personal vendetta against certain Liberal ministers. These veracious and unexaggerated studies are extremely important; for though in national life, as in the book, they are merely incidental it is most necessary for all of us to see that they remain incidental.

Future readers will find this book specially valuable. Histories of the war already abound; this gives something more—the spiritual history of the nation during the most searching trial it has ever experienced. For the truth, the dignity, the noble beauty of his story Mr. Wells deserves our sincerest admiration. But why will he endanger his just tribute by indulging in such trivial irrelevancies as the Mrs. Harrowdean intrigue, and those voluble excursions in the intense inane?

George Sampson.

A MIRACLE AND A MASTERPIECE.*

I have a very queer feeling about these two books. I have the feeling that either of them, wholly dissimilar as they are, might have been written by me. Indeed, for years past, I have promised myself that some day I would write both of them. All the same, I am not in the least sorry that I have missed my opportunity. Because one of these books is a Miracle and the other a Masterpiece. Now, I don't feel somehow that I could ever achieve a Miracle, however I tried; and though I don't even yet despair of the Masterpiece I am pretty certain that no book of mine on the lines of Mr. Thomas Burke's book could hold a candle to his.

Let me first deal with the Miracle. Mr. Norman Douglas writes about London Street Games with perfect knowledge and understanding. Yet I dare swear that in his childhood he played none of them—none, that is to say, of purely Cockney origin; whilst I, in my childhood, played them nearly all. Moreover, I do believe that, if only I were a little more elastic, I could join in any of them—even after all these years—at a moment's notice, without ever being at fault, and I know that I can still repeat most of the chants and rhymes, because I often do.

So, in my arrogance, I have thought that I alone among writing men was capable of describing these games or writing down these chants and rhymes. It has seemed to me that only by participating in them could you really get to know all about them. For the children of the London poor are very, very shy and incommunicative. To pause by the way and watch them at their games is to cover them with confusion and arouse their suspicions. For a moment or two they eye you askance, then they stash up the particular game they are at, and fade away out of your sight. And that is just where the Miracle comes in. How did Mr. Norman Douglas acquire this most difficult lore of the London Street Game? The children themselves, I am sure, have never permitted him to hover around long enough to learn either their chants and rhymes or the meaning of their seemingly meaningless antics.

Well, it does not really matter, I suppose. What does matter is that Mr. Douglas has most assuredly got his details right, and in giving us a book which pundits and pedants will be poring over with grave eagerness centuries hence, he has also given us a book of pure delight. It is a book alive and alight with humour. Especially do I like the asides, as when the author, mentioning a game called "One-Two-Three-and-a-Lairy," murmurs parenthetically, "I wish I knew what 'a-lairy' meant." And I choose this instance because I think I can grant his wish. "A-lairy" means nothing. Just nothing. It's just pure poetry. It is the poetry of Shakespeare's "hey-nonny-nonny" and the "fol-de-rol" of the music-hall. It's thrown in as a flourish, a grace-note, to complete the rhythm and round off the line. And, by the way, a word about these chants. Scarce one of the many in this book is exactly as I remember it. Which of course proves the authenticity of them all. Folk-songs, sayings, and rhymes, handed on by word of mouth, always do vary slightly from one generation to another. And this same authenticity is apparent also in the fact that the games themselves, as Mr. Douglas describes them, though essentially the games of my childhood, are not always played in quite the same way.

"London Street Games" is most emphatically one of the few books which should be bought and not borrowed.

And now to the Masterpiece, or rather bookful of masterpieces. If only Mr. Burke had had the good sense to be born a Russian or a Belgian—if only in despite of all temptations to belong to other nations he had not remained an Englishman—if only he had adopted a foreign-sounding pseudonym and issued this book as a translation and got some pompous Nobody to write an introduction to it—I am sure he would at once be acclaimed a genius, a Maxim Gorki or a Maeterlinck. And, oddly enough, though I have chosen these names haphazard, Mr. Burke's work does contain some of the best qualities of both Maeterlinck and Gorki. For he is at once a poet and a realist. And so, whilst the poet in him redeems his realism from the bald horror of a police report, the realist in him saves his poetry from the futility or the sickliness of the mere dealer in beautiful phrases. Only one fault have I to find with him, in this or any other connection, which is that he is overfond of certain words, good words enough, most of them, forceful and picturesque, but liable by over-repetition to lose something of their effectiveness. And there is one word in this category—not a very nice or very necessary word at any time—which he misuses more than any other, which would indeed seem to be something of an obsession with him; and this is a word that he might have dispensed with altogether, that he might certainly have rendered more appropriately in more than one instance.

And that is all I have to offer in the way of criticism of this book. For all else that it contains, of wonder and witchery, colour and perfume and light, fidelity to truth and at the same time a certain subdual of detail to the gracious vision of the artist, for all these high qualities of literature I can express only admiration. These stories are nothing less than wonderful. They are wonderful in their unique craftsmanship, wonderful in their sense of the loveliness and the glory that are always to be found if sought for, even in those things esteemed most unlovely

* "London Street Games." By Norman Douglas. 5s. (The St. Catherine Press.)—"Limehouse Nights." By Thomas Burke. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

and inglorious. Wonderful again in this book is the glowing spirit which suffuses it: a spirit of tenderness and pity and lovingkindness, and that rare uplifting charity which is love.

Mr. Burke does not blink even the ugliest facts of life, yet somehow, in his poet's way, he makes them seem not so much squalid as sad, not so much cruelly sinister as tearfully pathetic. And whilst he does not blink his facts, neither does he stint his fancies. In spite of his realism he takes you into an enchanted world, as hideously ugly as nethermost hell and as luridly beautiful.

I am afraid the many-headed may misunderstand the meaning and purpose of this book. They will " like," in a lukewarm way, some of the stories, and in a very virulent fashion " dislike " others. As for me, I will not—cannot—even try to sort out one from another in this bookful of masterpieces.

Edwin Pugh.

GREENMANTLE.*

Even the most enthusiastic admirers of the writings of Mr. John Buchan will agree that " Greenmantle " is a daft sort of work, and that the madness is ingeniously mixed up with method, the result being a tale that allures all along the line. " About two parts mad, and the third part uncommonly like inspiration," is what one character says about another in " Greenmantle." It is a story in the manner of " The Thirty-nine Steps " and " The Power House," so—apart from distinguished craftsmanship—has little in common with " Sir Quixote " and " Prester John," and the author himself appears to admit that his object in writing it will have been achieved if he succeeds in giving entertainment for an hour or two. A dedication, " To Caroline Grosvenor," says :

" During the past year, in the intervals of an active life, I have amused myself with constructing this tale. It has been scribbled in every kind of odd place and moment—in England and abroad, during long journeys, in half hours between graver tasks ; and it bears, I fear, the mark of its gipsy begetting."

All who know anything of Mr. Buchan's recent multifarious activities must marvel that he found time to write it at all. As for the improbabilities, Mr. Buchan remarks that the war has driven the word " improbable " from our vocabulary, and that melodrama has become the prosiest realism. Melodrama, however, if we may be pardoned for saying so, rarely goes as far as " Greenmantle," which sets forth how a British major, a great man who fought at Loos, goes out at the request of the Foreign Office, to discover the powers behind a Jehad. The major has not much to go upon ; merely this left by a man who lost his life in endeavouring to accomplish the task—" Kasredin," " cancer," and " v. I.", written on a half sheet of notepaper. The major takes the job in hand, and many are his adventures in quest of the key to the mystery. They are not at all the ordinary sort of war adventures, even in this present war : they are astounding, but Mr. Buchan describes them with calmness and minute detail, as if they really happened. Much fighting figures, and striking character sketches abound. The closing parts of the story are intensely dramatic, and these are the final words : " The long looked-for revelation had come, Greenmantle had appeared at last to an awaiting people."

He is, in reality, Greenmantle No. 2, a Scot called Sandy, who took the robe at the request of a woman, " a devil incarnate " with the soul of a Napoleon, on the death of Greenmantle No. 1.

It is a fantastic book, and much of it is purely Buchanesque in conception. Among the characters who stand out is Blenkiron, an American, whose utterances include the following :

" Say, Major, what are your lot fighting for ? For your own skins and your Empire and the peace of Europe. Waal, these ideals don't concern us one cent. . . . You've made the ring of Europe, and if we came butting in it wouldn't be the rules of the game. You wouldn't welcome us, and I guess you would be right. We're that delicate-minded we can't interfere, and that was what my friend, President Wilson, meant when he opined that America was too proud to fight. So we're nootrals. But likewise we're benevolent nootrals. As I follow events, there's a skunk been let loose in the world, and the odour of it is going to make life none too sweet till it is cleared away. It wasn't us that stirred up that skunk but we've got to take a hand in disinfecting the planet ! "

It may be added that one of Mr. Buchan's remarks as to this wonderful war is that some day, when the full history of it is written—sober history with ample documents—the poor romancer will give up business and fall to reading Miss Austen in a hermitage. Still, it may be some time before the war produces such happenings as are set forth so spiritedly in " Greenmantle," a book to be read as an antidote and complement to the graver volumes about the dire hostilities.

David Hodge.

* " Greenmantle." By John Buchan. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MEMORIES.*

" To myself, indeed, the composition of this book has been so delightful, that it has not only wiped away all the disagreeables of old age, but has even made it luxurious and delightful too." These words taken from Cicero's famous discourse " On Old Age " might have been used by Mr. Clodd as a suitable motto for his pleasant book of " Memories," the composition of which must undoubtedly have been a delightful task for its author, mingled though it could not fail to be with pathetic regret, when remembering the many friends who had passed " from sunshine to the sunless land." Mr. Clodd gave a pleasant foretaste of his book in an article on W. Holman-Hunt which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* for August of this year, an article which forms one of the chapters of the present work. Mr. Clodd is in his seventy-seventh year, and was born in Margate, from which town his parents migrated, while he was still a child, to Aldeburgh, Crabbe's birthplace. In 1855 he obtained a situation in London as clerk to an accountant, and seven years afterwards entered the London Joint Stock Bank, of which he became the Secretary ten years subsequently, and retired from his official duties in June, 1915. His parents were strict Baptists, and it was their hope that their son, the only surviving child of seven, should become a minister of that sect. Other influences, however, came into being.

" Only those," writes Mr. Clodd, " who were on the threshold of full manhood in the 'sixties of the last century can realise through what a *Sturm und Drang* period they passed. It was good, and, more than that, it was a glorious thing to be alive. It was an epoch not of Reform, but of Revolution : old things were passing away ; all things were becoming new."

The works that signalised that period were, among others, Darwin's " Origin of Species," " Essays and Reviews," and " Ecce Homo." Under the influence of these Mr. Clodd's progress or retrogression, according to varying point of view, was rapid, and his attitude towards Christianity was in the end the very antithesis of that resulting from his early training. Ultimately he became an author, and as the outcome of authorship, made the acquaintance of a goodly number of celebrities, whose views he, for the most part, adopted for his own. His friends included famous men such as Huxley, Herbert Spencer, George Meredith, and Samuel Butler. Others there were of lesser note although, in their days, of some significance. Literature, one would judge, is not Mr. Clodd's chief interest, though there is evidence from various allusions and verses scattered throughout the book that his appreciation of it is not annulled by his predilection for scientific and cognate subjects. We rejoice to find a chapter devoted to that most charming and delightful *littérateur*, Andrew Lang. One of the attractions of Mr. Clodd's book is its plentiful supply of hitherto unpublished letters, and there is a delightfully

* " Memories." By Edward Clodd. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

characteristic one from Andrew Lang acknowledging the receipt of the author's "Jesus of Nazareth":

"DEAR CLODD,—I have not yet recovered your new address and am constrained to thank you . . . for 'Jesus.' . . . If we lived in a properly holy country I would certainly denounce you to the Inquisition.

"I confine my blameless studies to the Evolution of Heathen Gods concerning which the Prophet assures us that they are vanity. Then I have no lore in Israelite matters, except that Robertson Smith says Rachel and Leah were totems. For plentiful ignorance I cannot criticise you except that I miss the Resurrection in your biography. This is, or ought to be, a burning question, but alas! *il y a fagots et fagots*, but not for the heretic. Perhaps the more Christian plan would be to convert you, but it is longer and more uncertain and less amusing to a faithful people. With many thanks all the same, though I do not fancy we can agree on the subject."

In the chapter on George Meredith there is a delicious anecdote of Edward FitzGerald's brother John. Said the novelist in conversation:

"I never met Edward FitzGerald. The third line of his quatrains is as the march of a king with his train behind him. I knew Gerald and Maurice, the two sons of his brother John, the fanatical preacher. Maurice and I were great friends when I lived at Esher. . . . He apparently knew nothing of his uncle's works and spoke of him to me only as a man with literary friends, Thackeray among them. He told me that when Gerald lay dying at Seaford his father came to see him, and there ensued an altercation as to the place where he should be buried: the father insisting on Boulge and threatening otherwise not to pay the funeral expenses."

This was apropos of Mr. Clodd's quoting Edward FitzGerald's remark, "We are all mad, but I know it."

George Gissing is another of the many people who were known to Mr. Clodd, and the section of the book devoted to this writer is of particular interest. It contains several letters now printed for the first time. Two longish poems are also given. One of them is new, but the other, entitled "The Humble Aspirations of G. G., Novelist," has appeared before—in Mr. Morley Roberts' "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," a fact which seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Clodd. And the author confuses Gissing's monograph on Dickens, published in 1898, with his abridgment of Forster's "Life of Dickens" which appeared some four or five years later.

Other chapters are devoted to Grant Allen, Miss Mary Kingsley, the West African traveller, William Simpson, the artist, Sir Alfred Lyall, formerly Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces of India (better known to readers by his biography of Tennyson in "The English Men of Letters" Series), York Powell, F. Hindes Groome, Moncure Conway, Rev. Charles Voysey, and many others of note in their various callings. It is a book which will be read with delight by Mr. Clodd's friends at whose instigation the work was undertaken. It will also be welcomed by those readers with leanings towards the subject with which Mr. Clodd's name has been so long associated. It is probable that some susceptibilities will be pained by a remark here and there which will appear to be flippant even when no stronger word may be suggested. But these lapses are not numerous, and do not detract from the general interest of the book.

GALLOWAY GALORE.*

That admirable set of topographical monographs—the Highways and Byways Series—has been greatly enriched by its latest addition. It would be invidious to earmark for special distinction any volume or volumes of the Series, for of the twenty and more which have been published, there is not one but fills its own effective niche in the temple of local literature. Scotland has as yet claimed only two of the Series—the Langs' fine contribution on "The Border," and Mr. Dick's "Galloway," just issued. One hopes the publishers will not fail to include the Highlands, while Ayrshire and the Lothians also merit a place in the scheme.

* "Highways and Byways in Galloway and Carrick." By the Rev. C. H. Dick. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Galloway, "grey land of mist and mystery," has been exceedingly fortunate in its describer. Mr. Dick (who is a clergyman of the United Free Church, in the town of Moffat) has a familiarity with the ancient Province which few Scots, perhaps even Galloway Scots, can be said to possess. For even to a native, one's country is sometimes a sealed book. But the minister of St. Mary's has cycled, and where the cycle could not carry him, he has taken "shanks-naigie" (expressive idiom) on his pilgrimage of love through this lonely and attractive region smelling of bog-myrtle and peat—this Northern holy land flowered with martyrs' graves. And wherever he has gone he has garnered a very great deal that was in danger of perishing—a rich crop of unforgetable things. The result is that a living book is before us. It is the work of a writer who has not accepted mere second-hand information when his material could be assembled at first-hand. This is evident to any one who has a knowledge of the Covenanting literature of Galloway, for instance, and who will take the trouble to collate the same with Mr. Dick's fascinating chapters. In such an affair as epitaphic literature Mr. Dick's versions dissipate for ever the appallingly various readings which one is acquainted with. This reveals at once that Mr. Dick is a historian and antiquary of the true sort, and emphasises the reliableness of his contribution to what may be called history in pemmican.

Galloway has been late in coming to her own. No other province, it has been said, presenting features of rare natural beauty and holding a prominent place in history, was so long neglected by the modern tourist. Only a couple of decades ago Galloway was almost unknown to the outside world. History she had in abundance, but the glory of her romance lay all but untouched. We must not forget, to be sure, that the Wizard of the North put his magic hand on the Province when the second of the Waverleys swung into the literary firmament. For Galloway is the country of those choice spirits who make "Guy Mannering" in many respects the strongest, the humanest, the most vividly picturesque of all Scott's novels. The whole atmosphere is Galwegian, though Scott is said to have never set foot either in the Stewartry, or the Shire, as the counties of Kirkcudbright and Wigtown, which together constitute Galwethia, "the land of the Stranger Gaels," are called colloquially. But if Scott never saw the Galloway hills except from a distance, if he never mingled with the quiet, undemonstrative, kindly folk who live by Dee and Cree, if he never listened to the broad and gracious vernacular uttered upon its native heath, then the production of "Guy Mannering" was an event all the more remarkable, and the amazing genius of Walter Scott becomes more amazing still.

In recenter times it was the author of "The Raiders" who re-opened Galloway to the literary pilgrim. Galloway held a secret, and it could not be hid. And when her prophet came, seldom did unfolded wonder find so lavish a welcome. Wherein lies the charm of Galloway? From Dervorgilla's old Bridge at Dumfries to the Braes of Glenapp—from Burns's Nith to the shore of Loch Ryan, there is the intense natural beauty of the district for one thing, its stores of history for another, and lastly, that mantle of romance which now covers the whole countryside, making it not one whit inferior to the country of Wordsworth, or the Highlands of the "Lady of the Lake" and "Rob Roy." What more was Galloway needing? She had her great artists in the Faeds and others, her cultured historians in William Mackenzie and Sir Herbert Maxwell, her vivacious teller of tales in him who has given to Galloway the new name of Raider-Land. All she needed was the pen of a ready writer to weave together in graceful and gossipy discursiveness the lore of her parishes, to proclaim the glory of her "highways paced of men that toil or play," and the glamour of her "byways known of none but lonely feet." Mr. Dick's book is so complete and comprehensive, so readable and so eminently entertaining throughout, that there could not possibly be a more helpful and agreeable companion to all that Galloway holds for the uninitiated, as well as for

those who have already felt the potent influence of her spell and rejoiced in her smile.

Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations are sweet and solacing, as all his work is, and hardly require commendation. Pictures wedded to such a pleasing record of travel through home counties make this a doubly valuable compilation, and impart to it a double pleasure. There is only one blot, and it is on the cover of the volume. Carrick, the southern division of Ayrshire, which, of old, lay into the lordship of Galloway, is spelt with a G, thus—Garrick—which looks odd. Fortunately, it is a blot which the popularity of the book should not be long in remedying.

W. S. CROCKETT.

THE END OF A CHAPTER.*

It is hard to say whether "The End of a Chapter" should be considered as a commentary spiced with anecdotes or as a volume of memoirs dignified by criticism. The book begins as anecdotage pure and simple, the anecdotage of Sir John Leslie, the author's grandfather, who, not dying till January 23rd of the present year, could remember five reigns, once gazed upon the features of George IV., heard the discourse of Sir Walter Scott, was introduced to the old Duke of Wellington as a schoolboy, had Talleyrand pointed out to him as that wily diplomatist stood on the steps of Hertford House, and lived to see a granddaughter of his marry the great-grandson of the Comte de Flahaut, Talleyrand's illegitimate son. But once Shane Leslie has finished his own chronicle of Eton and of Cambridge days, wherein there are stories to be found both new and old, the narrative becomes commentary absolute, the anecdotes falling into their proper place in such a scheme, being either illustrations of social manners or revelations of secret history. For his task of surveying our records from the accession of Queen Victoria to the outbreak of the Great War, and of re-valuing such famous English institutions as the two Universities, the Monarchy, our Religion, the Politicians, Ireland and the Irish, our Sport, our Imperialism, and our *Fin-de-siècle*, Mr. Leslie possesses what he obviously believes to be a very well-balanced equipment. As a member of an old Irish Protestant family he belongs of course to the governing classes; yet he has stood as a Nationalist candidate for Parliament. He is a convert to Catholicism, despite the fact that he was educated at those essentially English nurseries of sport and of learning Eton College and Cambridge University. A Radical-Aristocrat seemingly, he distrusts the Whigs, thinks nothing of the Tories, expects little from the Labour party. This is his certificate of impartiality. Certainly his literary style could hardly be bettered. He writes with quite remarkable economy of phrase. Not a word is wasted: every sentence is duly packed, made incisive, pungent, or epigrammatic as the occasion seems to demand. Which method should help the reader, we think, to make *his* valuation of Mr. Leslie's valuations. To be candid then, much as we admire the writing of his book, much as we have been amused at the numerous stories he tells, prepared as we are to admit how alert and uncompromising are his comments, we still regard Mr. Leslie as far too young a man to be included among the prophets. His masterful, compressed style is scarcely well adapted to the discussion of delicate questions full of nuances and moot points. His judgments moreover are too prejudiced and one-sided to be accepted seriously as weighty and mature. He looks at men and things in fact more or less from the Catholic or Anglo-Catholic standpoint of Mr. Belloc and of Mr. Chesterton. Or, as he may claim to have put both these gentlemen in their proper places in one chapter of his book, may we say that his angle of vision seems to be very much that of the contributors to a well-known weekly review? So when he comes to regard the Anglican Church, the Nonconformist conscience, the modern Jew, the lawyer politician, and the London of July, 1914, he suffers from a certain myopia. To him, as to Macaulay and to Sydney Smith, the Church of England is not so much a religious body as a branch of the Civil Service. The Dissenters are anathema because they helped to break the political careers of Parnell and of Dilke. The Jew he rather suspects as a cosmopolitan financier and as a non-fighter. He is inclined to think that there may be a grain of truth in the notion that all lawyer M.P.'s are either fools or knaves. And he would like us seriously to believe that before the war England was going rapidly to the devil, merely because a small minority of Londoners composed of actors, Bohemians, Society people and plutocrats conspired to dance the tango and to flock to the Russian ballet. Mr. Leslie, however, atones for his youthful cynicism and *naïveté* and for his adhesion to the latest political shibboleths by the open and abundant admiration which he expresses for his kinsman, Mr. Winston Churchill. All his references to the ex-First Lord are worth pondering. But who can have confided to him the momentous secret that it was Winston Churchill and Haldane who convinced the Cabinet of the necessity of war in 1914?

W. A. L. B.

* "The End of a Chapter." By Shane Leslie. 5s. net. (Constable.)

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

"The Prisoner"[1] is an exceptionally fine novel, one to be brooded over and critically masticated. Its closely woven texture suggests a fine piece of tapestry; in its deft craftsmanship, its happy aptness of phrase, it recalls the art of Jane Austen herself. It may be arguable that Miss Alice Brown has chosen a canvas a thought too large for her subject, but there can be no possible question as to the excellence of her depiction. The story goes like a strong calm river, looping always about the old-time American town of Addington, whose atmosphere curiously resembles that of some English cathedral city.

Jeff Blake, The Prisoner, is a virile figure; a man who returns, maimed but not broken in spirit, to a familiar *milieu*. He has an adoring father, a passionless Circe-wife (who has occasioned his downfall and stood aloof from his subsequent suffering), and the sympathetic respect of the town's higher social stratum. What threads will he pick up again, and how will he handle them? One might look for a plain tale of strength triumphant, barriers forced, hero reinstated; but the author has conceived something far more subtle and sophisticated than this—something to which no brief review can pretend to do full justice. She has given us a group of living characters, from whose delicate correlations spring complicated drama. Perhaps on the whole Miss Brown is stronger in the quieter phases of the story than in its moments of dramatic collision. Not seldom the latter, cut short by the hurried exit of a principal figure, tend to fizzle out; though all the Choate scenes, whether with Lydia, Jeff or Madame Beattie, are wrought to their full issues. The great scene of the necklace, between Esther, Jeff and Madame, seems—to the present writer at least—to smell of the lamp. The impulsive, boiling little imp Lydia is at once captivating and original, the dainty-petalled Anne being her effective foil. The ruthless, good-tempered blackmailer, Patricia Beattie, is a clean-cut, most telling study. On no account should the book be missed by any lover of good fiction.

Mr. Buckrose's "Matchmakers"[2] are a sprightly and garrulous chorus of villagers, the good folk of Little Pendleton, and the victim of their highly diverting manœuvres is one Peggy Hewitt, the Rector's daughter. The plottings and plannings of these shrewdly critical rustics are good, but Peggy herself is better. One may honestly congratulate the creator of Peggy: she has the self-sacrificing goodness which, handled ineptly or over-sentimentally, palls upon a reader—but she never palls. She is, to use the homely phrase that best suits her, a lovable dear. There are humour, charm and tenderness in her story, with

[1] "The Prisoner." By Alice Brown. (Macmillan.)
[2] "The Matchmakers." By J. E. Buckrose. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

its setting of dewy landscape, village gossip, taproom pow-wows, marketings, harvest festivals and country balls. Through all, the dauntless, fine-hearted Peggy holds the stage easily. The *res angusta* of her father, the crass egoism of her mother, are foils to her goodness, but the author always happily evades the angelic pose. Peggy is a very human little person; her small brother, Miss Batten the dressmaker, and the other villagers are excellent figures. Stocks, the sourly critical but at bottom appreciative gardener, is an effective character study. " You women," he says to the maid Mary, " You've no inishitive ! " And " inishitive," he explains, " is what makes you put paraffin on the fire while other lasses goes and lets the missis know they were down late." The atmosphere of the book is as sweet as a village nosegay.

Kay Carruth, the central figure of Miss Petter's analytical story, " Scope,"[3] is a girl who, somewhat sickened by the narrowness and social trivialities of a country town, hankers after an enlarged horizon. The marriage of a possible lover brings her tedium to a climax, and she goes off on a country visit. A vividly enchanted country walk issues in an interview with the mysterious quasi-hermit, Vernon Dowdry. Vernon remorsefully reveals the story of his past, as told in the prelude. He becomes Kay's devoted husband, but later discovers—only by her own confession when in a mood of despair—that she has no love for him. To relate the consequent developments, leading to gradual evocation of the better stuff in a seemingly light nature, would be to give away the story-teller: enough that they lead in due course to a happy and satisfactory ending. The flighty little Doe Grendon and the sterling " Yank " are among the more successful minor characters.

From Sir Gilbert Parker we look for both literary quality and trenchant story-telling, and in either context " The World for Sale "[4] may be pronounced fully satisfying. Its effective drama is based upon two pioneer towns of the great North-West, sundered by clashing antagonisms. Possibly the hero and Master Man may at first touch disappoint, for Ingolby, with his triumphant hustlery and general squareness of jaw, is of a *genre* somewhat stereotyped through American fiction; but later, when thrown into catastrophic deeps, he emerges as a man and a brother. The scene called " Two Life Pieces," with Ingolby's iron indomitableness and the first uprush of Fleda's love, not only gives coherence to the whole story, but raises the pair to a high and nobly human plane. Fleda herself, born of the Romany race (" for ever fleeing from yesterday, and using to-day only as a camping-ground ") is a peculiar study: a grand creature, half Gorgio yet beset by hereditary hankerings after the old nomad life and conditions, by yearnings only to be extinguished at last in a great love The story is replete with vital and effective scenes, notably those between Fleda and the Romany *chal* Jethro Flawe; the latter and Druse; Jethro's fiddling to Ingolby, with murder in his brain; the betrayal of Ingolby at Barbazon's; his defence, when sightless, of the bridge; the crushing of Tripple, and many others. The living and effective minor characters—Rockwell, Madame Bulteel, old Jim, Berry the barber, the old Monseigneur, the Woman from Wind River—add strength and colour to a vivid and dramatic novel.

" This is what we moderns are—and this is why we needed the tragedy of the war." Some thought of this nature, one conceives, was in the mind of the author of " If Age Could "[5] when depicting the invertebrate Eustace, and the seductive but callously self-worshipping Veronica. But, accepting the former, the latter is surely too highly coloured and abnormal to serve as a type. There are power and artistry in the presentment of this physically charming, repulsive young woman, with her dominance of the elderly lover and eventual self-surrender to passion; but in other regards the book is hardly what Mr. Bernard Capes's many finer works have led us to expect. The business of the elixir, as also the character and position of the likable Harold, leave a somewhat raw and half-baked impression. Even the sweet figure of Margaret, making a rather late entry upon the stage, seems rather extraneous to, than an organic part of, the picture. The finale, though striking, has more than a tinge of melodrama. Perhaps, on the whole, the novel may be summed up as a clever, but not fully wrought out achievement.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

[3] " Scope." By Evelyn Branscombe Petter. (Chapman & Hall.)
[4] " The World For Sale." By Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)
[5] " If Age Could." By Bernard Capes. (Duckworth.)

A KISS FROM FRANCE.*

It is as impossible to define the special quality of an author's humour as to describe the characteristic fragrance of any particular flower. In the case of Mr. Neil Lyons you cannot shirk the difficulty by comparing him with well known humorists living or dead, because his style of humour is quite peculiarly his own. It has a mellow, fruity flavour; there is nothing forced about it—it just seems to happen; and it is less the humour of incident than of phrase, of manner, of outlook. You think of words that might fit it, such as quaint, whimsical, droll, sly, genial, subtle, but none of them will exactly do, though it certainly has something of all of them, and every now and then it changes at a touch into a momentary, elusive pathos that yet has a queer sort of broken laugh in it, so that you find yourself smiling with a sting of tears in your eyes. You may know perfectly well the taste of a ripe old port, but you can only communicate that knowledge to another by bringing him to drink some; and thus, in the end, you throw aside all attempts at definition and can say nothing more illuminating of the humour of Neil Lyons than: Here is a new bookful of it, read it and enjoy it for yourself.

This is Mr. Lyons' second book about the war, and he has never described a battle, because, one may assume, he has never seen one. He is so much of a realist that he writes only of what he has seen; he is a sympathetic

* " A Kiss from France." By A. Neil Lyons. 1s. 3d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

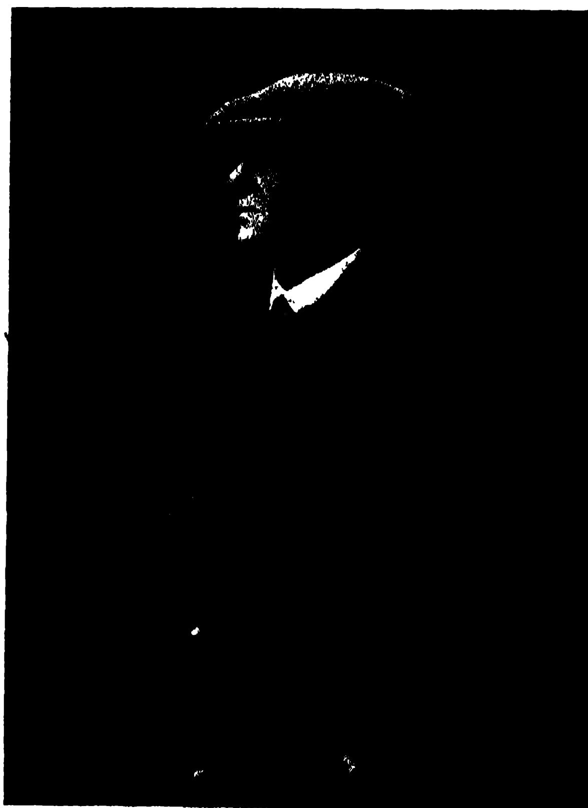


Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. A. Neil Lyons.**

observer with a gift of imagination and does not merely copy the incidents and characters he has moved among, but recreates them and gives them to you in his stories vividly and wonderfully alive. In " Kitchener Chaps " he pictured the new recruits who were being made into soldiers at home here; and in " A Kiss From France " he shows you these same men on active service. He was out there for some months behind the fighting lines, and saw the men come back from battle, or march out into it; he had adventures of his own among them, and among our French allies in towns within sound of the guns, and out of these things he has fashioned a series of the raciest, happiest and most human stories that the war has yielded. Read " The Belgese Girl," or " The Man Killer," or " A Kiss From France," or " Her Ladyship's Comforter," or any of them, and you will read them all without waiting for a reviewer to tell you what he thinks of the book.

THE GUIDING THREAD.*

The arresting beginning of Miss Harraden's latest novel takes place in a London street. One girl—and a parrot, are in the scene. Joan Holbrook listens at a shop doorway to the reiteration of the parrot's words, and suddenly she knows herself. " Self-revelation comes often with a blinding flash of lightning, and in chance circumstances. Joan had realised at last that she was only a parrot and nothing else."

A visit to an oculist was the cause of Joan's unusual presence in London, and meanwhile Joan's husband gives the key to the situation. In the solitary barn-home on the moors he has been broken in upon by his old friend, Will Beaudesart, after years of separation, and before long is talking to Will of Joan:

" ' Joan thinks as I think. I've seen to that. You see, Will, I've practically created her mind,' he said gravely. ' Seven years! Seven years of dogged, patient training. Seven years of quiet persistence in imprinting on the blank tablets of her mind my own views and ideas, my own opinions of art, letters, life and religion. It has been an amazing, a thrilling experience. Creating a human intelligence. Forming a human soul.' "

Then:

" ' You should hear her on the subject of Leonardo da Vinci,' he continued proudly. ' I assure you, I sometimes sit and wonder myself. A little wild, ignorant village girl. A blacksmith's daughter, Will. Think of that.' "

But Joan is even more wonderful than her husband knows. She is too wonderful to be merely a parrot; she is a " wild, free bird." And when once she has awakened to this knowledge the parrot life is impossible. In a short, bitter scene Holbrook sees his creation perish; he strikes his wife a blow on the face; and Joan walks out from her home, not angry, not desperate, but elated, almost intoxicated by the freedom which she has determined shall be hers.

From that simple beginning—one girl, one parrot—the story becomes gradually quicker, more crowded. Joan walks over moor and road, by village, by farm; each day fulfilling her destiny, and meeting as she goes the men and women, distinct, varied, forceful, who are to shape her life. The raven-haired woman " who is not good," the old servant, Keturah, the villagers, the artist's group in London, the rich, " cranky " old lady who takes Joan to America; and then the American men and women—all unconsciously lead Joan towards the inevitable turning-point, the " right-about-face " of her nature.

Little by little we see the theme shaping towards its close. The freedom has been realised and wildly enjoyed; the individuality has had scope; and now, after all the long days of revolt, the nature of " the little wild bird " becomes tamer. We see the truth dawning in Joan's heart and brain; and slowly, surely, she comes back—back to all that had seemed impossible; but back now by her own free will and with her own clear understanding and appreciation.

* " The Guiding Thread." By Beatrice Harraden. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

Only the bare lines of the story are here shown, but it is told in Miss Harraden's own manner, the manner which always convinces that each character is alive in the author's brain. Then, gradually, as the story nears the end, the crowd drops away; the lonely barn-home rises before us again, and we come back to the quietness—one girl, and—instead of the parrot—the man who has mistakenly tried to make of her a parrot and, failing, has found a comrade, and true wife.

THE MODERN PROPHET.*

This little book expresses the devotion of an ardent follower of the prophet. It is useful, because Mr. Carpenter's point of view, his reasoning and his visions of social and moral betterment, are useful; but its value is marred by an insistent hero-worship. If Mr. Sime had modified his transports, at least to the extent of omitting most of his laudatory adjectives, it would have helped the effect of his book; for, after all, the ideas of the man, rather than the man himself, are the thing; and all that was necessary was a careful record without adoration. So much for criticism. Now for the praise. This is due to Mr. Sime's effort, for the apt and useful manner in which the divers chapters of the practical philosophy of Edward Carpenter have been epitomised. Briefly, but sufficiently effectively, Mr. Sime takes the seer's views on humanity and crime, marriage and the sexes, morals, manners, and what has been called by him the Intermediate Sex, or Uranians, or Dorians, and compactly repeats them. Here, among these few examples of a philosophical position, the result of years of thought and teaching, are subjects touching the universal; and it is obvious that neither Mr. Sime nor anyone else can really epitomise that which approaches the infinite; but he usefully points the way. Whoever reads this little book must go on to the writings themselves, the poems, volumes and pamphlets, which express the ideas and ideals of a very remarkable personality. As we said a little while ago when noticing Mr. Carpenter's Autobiography, such democratic example and teaching as he has given in his years of independence and social service must be of exceptional usefulness in the days to come, when Democracy will be on trial and all true democrats must determine that it shall not be found wanting. Because it helps to the necessary education, by making the mind of the master better known, we welcome and bless this unpretentious volume.

THE "FATED ONE."†

The simplicity of the author's style and, of course, the extreme intimacy of touch lend a particular charm to this homely little memoir. It is the most human book that we have had about Parnell, and, while in no especial sense political, an excellent summary of the most remarkable career of modern times; a career which, though it issues in tragedy, is none the less essentially triumphant. Every page of the book is of deep interest.

Here is a charming little picture of the Uncrowned King in childhood:

"When young he was a wiry little boy, very bright and playful, making fun of everybody and everything. He was fond of mechanics, like his elder brother, Hayes. He had dark brown hair, a pale complexion, very dark brown and very piercing eyes. His figure was slender, and he was very small for his age. He did not grow until late, and was nicknamed 'Tom Thumb' at home."

Think of calling Parnell "Tom Thumb!" I remember a story of him when his power in Parliament and Ireland was at its height. A vivacious young Nationalist had just made his first speech in the House. In the smoking room he found the great leader, and went up and clapped him on the shoulder: "Well, Parnell, old boy, and what did you think of my speech?" "My name is *Mr.* Parnell, sir, and I did not hear your speech." But perhaps the most freezing instance—and really it is almost terrifying—of his attitude towards his party and supporters in general is the one given by his brother on page 209. The Irish people, shocked at hearing that a mortgage had been foreclosed on Parnell's estate of Avondale, and that he had filed a petition for sale, set on foot a subscription, to which every class in the country contributed. A sum of £37,011 17s. was collected.

"His reception of this amount, large as it was, was characteristic. He was handed the cheque on December 11th (1882), just before a grand banquet was given in his honour. He put it in his pocket as if it were a matter of course, and neither then nor during his subsequent speech did he make the slightest reference to it."

The incident is probably unique. Again, when he appeared in the House on the conclusion of the wretched Pigott business, and the whole Liberal party and many of the Tories rose to their feet and cheered,

"Charley's attitude was characteristic. As he sat down, apparently unconcerned, though his pale face and the twitching of his hands betrayed his deep emotion, he remarked to the Member next him: 'Why do you fellows stand up? It almost frightened me.'"

This was the top of Parnell's glory. The divorce case began soon afterwards; the turning-point of his career. In England, Gladstone and the Nonconformist party decided against him; in Ireland, the priests had no choice whatever in the matter, their opposition was inevitable. From the first, therefore, it was a losing fight; but Parnell with a pale fury, the seeds of death already in him, stood it out to the uttermost. He died October 6th, 1891; the most heroic figure in the Irish politics of our day. His long struggle to give representation to his country made straight the way for the later triumph, and the great mass of the Irish people still pay homage to his memory. When I was in Connemara some years ago a tradition ran that he was not dead, but in retreat somewhere among the Seven Bens, awaiting a new call from his country. He was, says his brother, "my best friend from boyhood."

Tighe Hopkins.

* "Edward Carpenter: His Ideas and Ideals." By A. H. Moncur Sime, London. 2s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

† "Charles Stewart Parnell: A Memoir." By his Brother, John Howard Parnell. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Novel Notes.

THE GAMESTERS. By H. C. Bailey. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

The Prussian Court in the boorish days of Frederick's mean adolescence and his first campaign provides the setting of a brilliant novel in Mr. Bailey's best vein. Here is a very shrewd and true picture of the period, and of Prussian character—a picture intensely interesting now. One sees Frederick "The Great" in the making, bullied and paltry, then energetic and cruel; and the heroes of the story, an English brother and sister, are a very likeable and uncommon pair. They go from city to city keeping a faro table honestly, or employed on diplomatic service, with a clean spirit for adventure that brings them in touch with critical events and involves them in romantic perils gaily. The book is extremely witty. Mr. Bailey's style, the point of view once realised, carries one along delightfully. That it allows of little sentiment while saying most things brightly and frankly is a great merit; and, if it is too mannered to achieve a happy ending of the sort desired by sentimentalists, that drawback must, one sees, have been deliberately faced. Eve de Ros is a haunting heroine. Neither he nor any other author of the same school has pictured a woman of spirit with more candour and piquancy. She fights the duel of sex with so much courage that it seems piteous, and still she defies pity and does not need it—unless, indeed, we have to feel that she can never have known happiness. That notorious Duke of Severn who went by the name of Jack o' Bedlam was, perhaps, the only mate who could have won her, and he fails to catch our admiration and liking well enough to banish the regret that Eve should ever be won. Like her, in fact, we are doubtful of the marriage ceremony. An unforeseen problem remains—whether, namely, from the author's point of view, marriage is logical.

MADCAPS AND MADMEN. By Roger Wray. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

With his new novel the author of "The Soul of a Teacher" will increase the reputation which he made with that notable "first." In this story the reader is taken to the village of Moggerley somewhere within the southern half of the Midland coalfield—and there, or in its immediate neighbourhood, most of the low-toned romance is worked out. The central figure is one Robbie Townley, whom we meet as a ragged but happy schoolboy and whom we leave at the close a recently married and well content coal miner who has had some remarkable experience. Contrasting with Robbie is his schoolmate, Frank Warrington, the restless lad who cannot settle to anything, and who after a brief period at sea, becomes something of a happy-go-lucky wanderer. Robbie leaves school to go to the "pit," and works assiduously there until his distant worship of Ruth Andrews makes him determine to better himself, and he accepts the help of the somewhat sinister revolutionary dreamer, Satow—a remarkable and well-delineated character who thinks he sees in the dour lad a promising leader in the anticipated upheaval. Chance makes of Robbie, when on poaching bent, something of a hero, and thus when his education has proceeded someway, and he has learned to speak "la-de-da" almost as easily as in Moggerley dialect, he becomes secretary to Sir Charles Baxter the local colliery owner and magnate, greatly to the disappointment of Satow, and in the long run to his own undoing. Baxter has a more or less irresponsible young daughter who flirts outrageously with the secretary until he turns on her in passion, tells her what he thinks of her, leaves his position and returns to the "pit." It is a strong grim story, terrible at times in its irony and vivid alike in its presentation of diverse characters and in its descriptions of normal and abnormal life in a colliery village.

PETUNIA. By Mrs. George Wemyss. 6s. (Constable.)

Petunia has kept house for her father, the cranky Colonel Hammond, for several years. Of course, she has been suppressed on every possible occasion, with the result that she is one of the most curiously naïve mixtures of innocence and matter-of-factness (extremely well described by the author) that one can imagine. North, south, east, and west of Big House, where she lives with her father, are the cottages of four of her brothers—the fifth, having married the wayward and beautiful Helen, of whom Colonel Hammond does not approve, lives in London. All these relations have expectations—which are dashed to the ground when the old man dies, leaving all he possesses to Petunia, until she marries, when the property is to be equally divided. It is obvious that Petunia must be married off as quickly as a man can be found for her. And so possible young men begin to appear, and also a terrible, but soft-hearted, aunt. But the sisters-in-law fail; it is only the war that brings the realisation of her love to Petunia. It is all very charmingly told in that pleasantly acid manner of Mrs. Wemyss. An obvious little story, perhaps, but one that is well worth reading for the excellence of the manner of its telling and for its humorously lifelike sketches of children.

A TORY IN ARMS. By John Heron Lepper. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

When you read the dedication, "To the Chivalry of Ulster now in Arms," you wonder if this story tells of some Orange Carsonite in Flanders. But the sub-title gives the proper focus. This is a story of 1715, and "Tory" means an outlawed robber. Mr. Lepper's hero is really not a "Tory in arms" at all, for Neeshy Hockon is rarely on the stage, and, although he is the chief villain of the piece, his misdeeds and capture are minor incidents in the tale. Mr. Lepper has got a catching title, rather than an adequate one. But this is of less importance, as he has written an excellent romance, with love and patriotism and smuggling wrapped in a bundle of adventures. It is semi-historical, for Sir Robert Walpole crosses the hero's

path at the close. Mr. Lepper, however, moves freely in the world of his romance, the Ulster of that day, and succeeds in delineating the cross-currents of religious feeling which swayed the province. There are two heroines, and Mr. Robin Brown, the hero, is rewarded with one of them, after a long time of waiting; but the chief interest of the story lies in the development of the hero's character, and in the vivid setting of the tale. The author will learn, as he practises his trade, not to give such long speeches to his characters. But he has already learned how to construct a story that moves, and how to use local colour. "A Tory in Arms" makes good reading, and lovers of romance should not miss its pages.

The Bookman's Table.

SOLDIER AND DRAMATIST. Being the Letters of Harold Chapin. With an Introduction by Sidney Dark. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

Harold Chapin was killed in action at Loos, on September 26th last year, and into this memorial volume have been gathered the letters he wrote to his wife, his mother, his wife's mother, and to his little son, Vally. The letters not only give a very vivid account of his training camp experiences in England and later of what he went through in the fighting zone in France, but, as Mr. Sidney Dark says in his sympathetic Introduction, they do also reveal most intimately his own character, "his acute power of observation, his humour, his courage, his wide democratic sympathies, and his intense affection." They were scribbled at odd times, in all sorts of places, under all sorts of conditions, and much of their charm lies in their naturalness, their complete unselfconsciousness—like some of the best things in literature, they were never written for publication, and if they had been they could not have been half so poignant, so actual, so entirely worth publishing. Often as you find him yearning, in the tender, whimsical letters to his little boy, and in many of the others, to be home again and going on with the real work of his life, the dominant note of them is an unshakable courage and resolution. "Have I warned you against rumours?" he writes in a letter to his wife, and he says the same thing in different words in other of the letters: "Yes, I believe I have. Beware of them, especially rumours of peace. We don't want peace till they're beaten, do we?" The book is a tonic for all the faint-hearted who would like to finish the war even before it is ended, but above all you will value it for the picture it gives you—a picture drawn by himself, though he never guessed that he was doing it—of a very lovable and a very gallant gentleman. Both Mr. Sidney Dark, and Mr. William Archer, in a separate chapter, bear testimony to his power and growing promise as a dramatist, and the volume contains two excellent portraits.



Photo by Cherry & Co., St. Albans. **Lance-Corporal Harold Chapin.**
From "Soldier and Dramatist (John Lane).

THE KING'S INDIAN ALLIES: The Rajas and their India. By St. Nihal Singh. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

It is well to be reminded that India is not all British but partly under European and partly under Asiatic rule. France and Portugal hold very tiny areas, quite negligible. The country is really divided between the British and the Indian rulers, who possess between them 850,000 square miles of territory, more than two thirds as much as the area of British India, and govern over 78 millions of subjects or nearly a third as many as in British India. The author, a very well-known and distinguished publicist, speaks of the Indian rulers, for the sake of convenience, as Rajas, and tells us there are over 700 of them in authority over varying portions of this territory and population. St. Nihal Singh can only give very brief accounts of the vastly varied organisations, methods of ruling, development, interrelations and history of all these states and peoples. But while he does not attempt to offer much detail, he presents a useful and most lucid and interesting account of their chief outstanding features, and makes clear to us the main principles upon which the governing and advancement of India proceeds. He reminds us good-naturedly of our ignorance of Indian princes, assuring us they do not spend all their days in barbaric splendour and soft luxury. Many of them are men who have been brought into contact with Europe and European culture, who have assimilated much of western ideas and civilisation, without losing the grave sense of what is valuable and splendid in their own wise immemorial civilisation. There are others, of course, who preserve the ancient ways, but they are not immune from external influences making for progress. The book certainly is well planned for correcting many vague and wrong ideas commonly held among us and perpetuated by writers of sensational fiction. We welcome it as helping us to understand the solid worth and standing of these states and their rulers, and to understand also the nobility and friendship for England they have displayed during the present struggle.

ILLYRION AND OTHER POEMS. By Adelaide Eden Phillpotts. 1s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

This is a young girl's book, and has all the pretty properties of youth in love with poetry: stars and birds and blossoms, "sapphire dewdrops" and "aureate flames," fairies, and children who are of the fairy's kin. But, for all its callow notes, the book contains something more than the inarticulate stammer of "first poems" that merely rhyme. It contains a genuine passion for liberty, a power to feel as well as to observe the magic of natural beauty; a sympathy, too, with the sorrows of the race. The title-poem seems at first merely facile, "pretty-pretty" verse, though unusually smooth and fluent for early work, in spite of two or three halting lines. But it broadens and deepens considerably as it goes on, and reveals traces of Shelley's influence and Mrs. Browning's; no bad ideals,

if hopeless models, for a young aspirant to the Muse's favour. Speaking of the Muse, by the way, reminds us that Miss Phillpotts has unkindly omitted Clio and Urania from their company in her "Melpomene" interlude. But she makes amends by paying court to the Muse of the iairies in "Song," which has a quaint charm of its own; and to the true spirit of romance in "The Round Tower," which we prefer on the whole, we think, to anything else in her books. The loftiness of her ideals will be seen in the following passage from "Illyrion":

"Man, though many-tongued, is always man,
Ascended from the common source of life,
Therefore, O man, all countries are thy home,
All men thy brothers. . . .
So be not proud because thou art a Greek
Or Roman, Ethiop or Saracen;
But let thy pride swell forth unlimited
Because thou art a man."

Notes on New Books.

WARD, LOCK & CO.

In **One Clear Call**, by Paul Urquhart (6s.), it is the powerful, irresistible call of love that leads Dr. Lionel Weedon into a series of amazing adventures which revolve around a strange beautiful woman. A street accident first brings them together, and later she comes to his surgery to have a curious tatoo mark removed from her shoulder, and makes him pledge his word to keep the operation secret. Thus he is drawn into the mystery. The story is cleverly constructed and bristling with thrilling incidents which keep the reader on perpetual tenterhooks. The doctor is kidnapped, involved in an extraordinary murder, assists the beautiful woman to escape from those who seem to be using her as a tool, pursues her to Paris, and with the object of saving her, comes back to London again, meeting with difficulties and dangers at every turn, which his love and determination never fail to conquer. The story is told with such vigour, and the plot so cleverly worked out that the explanation to the mystery comes at last quite unexpectedly. It is a refreshing book, thoroughly entertaining, and maintains the interest until the baffling problems are cleared up, and the persevering doctor claims his just reward.

WAR BOOKS.

THE PERILS OF PEACE. By Cecil Chesterton. Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. 2s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Both Mr. Belloc and Mr. Cecil Chesterton are fierce fighters. Once they have formed an opinion they fight for it implacably and close the gates of mercy on their opponents.' You do not look to them for justice—they are too cocksure of their own infallibility and of the folly or rascality of those who do not agree with them. Apparently they hold the old-fashioned notion that a man is either all black or all white. They condemn men uncompromisingly to-day and distrust them for to-morrow because once they stumbled into error a few years ago. They do that freely in "The Perils of Peace"; they rake up old scandals and nag about them. That is a mistake, for they have true and more momentous things to say. The perils they see ahead of us are real and grave, and every good democrat should read this book if only that he may be on his guard against the insidious forces that may presently be at work to cheat the nation of the peace it is paying for in blood and tears. Most of the personalities in the volume are too shrill and petty; the rest is matter for serious consideration. There are shrewd and witty things in it, and also things that are only smart and ungenerous, for Mr. Chesterton himself is too human to be perfect.

ANZAC AND AFTER. By Frank E. Westbrook. 1s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Westbrook is a Gunner in the Australian Field Artillery, and his battery took ashore the first gun that was landed at Anzac on April 25th, 1915. He had never written a line of verse, we are told, until he entered the Army, and it was at Anzac and after he was invalided to England that

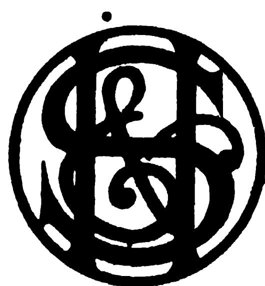
"In mirth and grey sorrow these verses were born."

Some have the dreams and emotions of normal life for their theme, but perhaps the best of them are the stirring, vigorous lyrics and ballads that deal with the fighting in which Gunner Westbrook had his share, such as "The Music of the Guns," "Dawn before Anzac," "Attack," "The Fallen," or "The Boys Out There." It is a book of soldier songs worth buying and reading.

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1916



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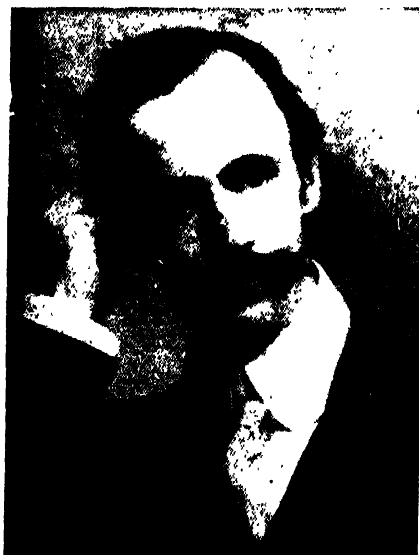
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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

There is no need to recommend to readers of THE BOOKMAN the posthumous volume of essays by Dixon Scott, "Men of Letters," which was published the other day by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Most of the essays are on prominent living authors such as Bernard Shaw, Rudyard Kipling, Sir James Barrie, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Granville Barker, G. K. Chesterton, Mrs. Meynell, Max Beerbohm; the others dealing with such as Henry James, Stanley Houghton, Browning and William Morris. There is a frontispiece portrait of the author and an Introduction in which Mr. Max Beerbohm writes of the life and work of Dixon Scott and expresses his own high opinion of his qualities as critic and essayist.



Mr. Alex. C. Welsh.
An Australian poet, whose new book, "Australian Mothers, and Other Verses," Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing immediately.

No. 4 of the Norwich Public Library "Readers' Guide," contains some notes on the Bicentenary of Gray, and a goodly list of various editions of his works and of books relating to him that are to be found in the Library. It announces also that in December the Dean of Norwich will deliver a lecture on Gray, on a day that will be duly advertised The "Guide" can be had post free for three-halfpence, on application to Mr. George A. Stephen, the Norwich City Librarian.

A collected edition of the War poems of Mr. Cecil Roberts, the Literary Editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post,* has just been published by Messrs. James Clarke and Co. The edition is limited to one hundred copies, and has been printed on the hand press of Mr. Grosvenor Laing.

Another name to be added to the long and honoured list of journalists and authors who have laid down their lives in the War, is that of Sergeant Leslie Coulson. He had proved himself a very brilliant journalist; had served on the staffs of



Photo by Sherril Schell. **Mr. John Drinkwater,**
whose new book of poems, "Olton Pools," Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson are publishing



Mr. Newman Flower,
whose new novel, "Crucifixion" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number.

some of the leading London newspapers; and had written stories and verse of fine quality—at least one of his poems, "The Rainbow," written in France and published since his death, deserves to go with the sonnets of Rupert Brooke into every war anthology. In September, 1914, he threw up his journalistic work and enlisted in the London Fusiliers. From Malta and Egypt, he went to Gallipoli; fought through that terrible campaign and was among the last who left the peninsula. Last April he was sent to France, and had shared in much fighting there before he was seriously wounded in one of the Somme battles, and some days later died of his wounds. He was the son of another journalist, Mr F. Raymond Coulson, well known for many years past as "Vexatus" and "Democritus" of the *Manchester Sunday Chronicle* and as the author of two delightful books of humorous verse. Mr. Coulson has another son, 2nd Lieutenant Raymond Coulson, formerly Parliamentary correspondent and, later, War correspondent for one of the great North-country journals, now serving in India on the Afghan border.



Photo by Jno. Emberton, Wimbledon.

Mr. G. W. Gough,
whose brilliant romance, "The Yeoman Adventurer" (Methuen), has just been published in America by Messrs. Putnam.



Sergeant Leslie Coulson.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's epic of the English peasantry, "The Song of the Plow," was published last month by Mr. Heinemann, and we hope to give it due consideration in our January Number. It is a great theme, a real epic subject, and Mr. Hewlett has handled it in the loftiest democratic spirit. Putting his argument in Aristotle's manner, when he hit off "The Odyssey" in three lines, he says, in

a preface: " A certain man, being in bondage to a proud Conqueror, maintained his customs, nourisht his virtues, obeyed his tyrants, and at the end of a thousand years found himself worse off than he was in the beginning of his servitude. He then lifted his head, lookt his master in the face, and his chains fell off him." He goes on to say how " the horror and menace of German despotry " has come upon us since he wrote those words, and adds: " Nothing in history had prepared us for the uprising of our peasantry so soon as the issue was plain: it was wonderful that they rose, still more wonderful that they should have seen what was really at stake. By those two acts they declared themselves at once



Photo by Sherrie Schell. **Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.**

responsible citizens and the equals of their masters. My hope is that their masters may not forget, since they themselves certainly will not. If a war which has stultified the very idea of Manhood has nevertheless made the British and their governors one people, it is worth the horror and the shame; and our sons' sons may bless the German unawares."

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing simultaneously in England and America a new volume of poems, " Livelihood," by Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. They will issue it in January, in which month Mr. Gibson is to go on a tour through the United States giving readings from his works. The new book consists of a series of poems written in a form which the author describes as " dramatic reverie," because each poem is the reverie of a man or woman during a crisis in his or her life. Though most of the poems were imagined, and a number of them actually written, before August, 1914, the war has inevitably modified the poet's original conception of the series as a whole.



Mr. Sidney Dark,
whose new novel, "Afraid," Mr. John Lane has just published.



Agnes Herbert,
author of "Two Dianas in Somaliland," and other works, is the wife of Commander A. T. Stewart, R.N. Her new book, "The Elephant" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this number



Mr. Harold Weston.

Authors are not only turning more and more to the writing of cinema plays, but one, at least, is now devoting himself to the practical business of producing them. Mr. Harold Weston, whose recent book on "The Art of Photo-Play Writing" (McBride, Nast & Co.), has been very favourably received by the reviewers, says the cinema attracted him away from literature because he found in it something that is lacking in literature and the other arts—"an unbounded breadth of vision which gives the power of narrating an impression or emotion practically without restrictions." The cinematograph, he says, "steals the printed word from the novel, the picturesque art from painting, and the beauty of form and pose from sculpture, and blends them all in a living and moving whole." He believes the possibilities of the shadow play are almost boundless, and wrote his book on the subject "to endeavour to awaken the interest of the more enlightened portion of our pleasure-seeking community." Mr. Weston first produced for the Cunard Film Company, then for the British and Colonial Film Company, and is now producing for the Broadwest Film Company.

"Knock Three Times" is the title given to a fantastic, eerie, whimsical story for children, by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, which Messrs. Harrap are publishing early in the spring. This is Mrs. Webb's second book. Her first, a delightful book of children's verse, called "The Littlest One," which was published by the same firm nearly three years ago, met with a very favourable reception from critics and the public, and is now in its third thousand. It was illustrated by Miss Margaret Tennant, who is also illustrating "Knock Three Times."



Mrs. Victor Rickard,
whose new novel, "The Light above the Cross Roads," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

Colonel Meadows Taylor's remarkable story, "Confessions of a Thug," first published in 1839, is the latest addition to Mr. Humphrey Milford's admirable World's Classics series. It has an interesting Introduction by Mr. C. W. Stewart.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

PHILIP GIBBS.

By W. Douglas Newton.

One of the writers who has come into his own in this war is Mr. Philip Gibbs, the correspondent for the *Daily Chronicle*. He has done this, perhaps, because in addition to being a curiously sure and brilliant journalist, he is also a novelist. That is, he has been able to bring the wide, modern, romantic outlook to bear in his survey and analysis of fighting and the conditions of fighting. He has been able to see that modern battle conditions, in spite of their machinery, their tedious trench life, their deliberate and almost commercial fashion of fighting, are yet full of the stuff of humanity. As Mr. Arnold Bennett has been able to prove that the commonplace days of existence in the dreary and harsh pottery districts can yet be days of glamour and romance, so Mr. Philip Gibbs has shown that the business-like mechanics of war have a large and thrilling drama



From a Painting by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.
From "The Girl and The Faun," by Eden Phillpotts
Illustrated in colour, and black-and-white
(Cecil Palmer & Hayward).

Spring.

of their own. He is one of the men who is giving us not a realistic or a melodramatic vision of war, but a naturalistic vision. He is a war correspondent of a new dispensation.

Yet the most pronounced thing about Mr. Philip Gibbs, himself, is that he is the last person the man in the street would connect with war. He is as unlike the traditional picture of a war correspondent as any man could be.

He is not only built small, but built almost daintily. He looks frail. His features are delicately fashioned. They are neat, and well cut, and of a cameo kind to fit his cameo pallor. Someone has likened his features to those of a Victorian intaglio, and that is not inapt. He has, at first glance, the look of a student, a man who has, with a certain human austerity, withdrawn from the excitements of the world to live among books.

He has certainly a bookish flavour about him. It is not necessary to be informed that he has close on twenty books to his name, or that of these books more than half a dozen are novels. He has an air both speculative and curiously exact that suggests his work. It is easy to understand that his intense interest in humanity led him to write those novels which began with "The Individualist," passed through a phase of speculation when "The Street of Adventure," "Intellectual Mansions, S.W." and books of their genre were produced, and finally settled into a study of pure psychology in those novels beginning with "Oliver's Kind Women" which he continued to write until the war interrupted the vein just after "The Custody of the Child" had been published. It is also easy, knowing him, to see that his mind should be drawn to the study of exact fact also, and that he should have expressed his ideas both in two books of "Essays" and in the historical books he has written, a list beginning with "The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham" and including studies of "Men and Women of the First Revolution," "Founders of Empire," and other kindred volumes. It is a blend of these romantic, psychological and actual outlooks that has made his contributions to the literature of this war so valuable, and the success of his own great book on the war, "The Soul of the War," so emphatic.

Again, in the physical aspect there is a blending of delicacy and determination that has carried him through. Outwardly he appears the last man capable of "roughing it." You would say, at once, that it would not be possible for him to stand the hard life of campaigning. In fact that has been said to him already. When going to the Balkans in the war of 1912, his friends tried to dissuade him. "You'll be dead in a month," they insisted. He told me, with his warm smile, that he thought the prophets would be right. He thought that all the odds were on his dying. But he failed to die. "I put on several pounds in weight, that was all," he admitted.

You will see why Mr. Philip Gibbs takes risks in spite of prophets, when you look closely into his face. There is that in his eyes and mouth which speaks of his determination. His eyes are singularly steady and watchful. They are bright, not with the soul-piercing glance so popular in romance, but rather with an untiring alertness. You have the impression that they miss nothing, that every shade of feeling shown in your own eyes, face or lips is at once observed. You have to be careful before that glance, for it can see in your face the things you keep back from your lips.

One man of European reputation was not careful enough before the steady vigilance of that glance, and that was Dr. Cook of Arctic fame. Gibbs went to Norway for his paper to interview Dr. Cook when he returned from the "discovery" of the North Pole. Dr. Cook was glib enough, but there was something in his face that was not glib. "I knew he was a liar," said Gibbs. Working on that furtive look and not on Dr. Cook's story, the correspondent began to search for real facts. Both the facts and Philip Gibbs exposed the man in his fraud.

About Philip Gibbs' mouth there is also something alert, but an alertness of a repressed and determined nature. The lips are curiously puckered as though ever closing tight down on his own emotions, as though they were refusing to be misled by the amiability of circumstances, were determined to get at the root facts in spite of the plausibility of appearances. In that compressed strength, too, is written something of the resolute courage of the man.



Photo by Vandyk. **Mr. Philip Gibbs**

His courage and boldness are remarkable. He takes risks with a calmness that is quite unexpected. At Sofia, in the Balkan Wars, the correspondents were forbidden to approach the scenes of fighting. Gibbs was not content to sit waiting for such crumbs of news as the Bulgar authorities let fall. One fine day he left the capital and struck out for the front. What might have happened to him, heaven knows, but the next thing the correspondents saw of him was his return to Sofia under arrest for defying the Bulgarian Government.

In the beginning of this war, too, when all the correspondents were greedy for facts, and experience was

hard to get, Philip Gibbs found a way of obtaining what his paper wanted. It is no part of the correspondent's duty to his paper to run risks, but he ran them. He attached himself to one of the ambulances working with the Belgian Army, and with that ambulance went right into the firing line. Cover was not then the satisfying thing it has since become, and he was forced to get his news and help evacuate the wounded with shells exploding dangerously near him. When the shells began o come too close he " went a bit green," as he said, but he stuck to his task, and as a result his paper had some of the most thrilling personal despatches in the first months of the war. He had some escapes. Once he thought that the shelling was drawing too close, and moved his car from under a wall to another position. When he returned to his post a few minutes later, the wall had disappeared. A big shell had blown it to pieces. He had escaped by moments only.

In a personal sense his experiences in France will be as valuable to him as an artist, as they have been fortunate for us his readers. The war came at a phase in his mental development when his heart and mind were becoming more and more absorbed in a psychological interest in humanity. That psychological interest has made his writing on the war so precious; but how will the war affect him? One ventures to think that it will deepen and strengthen his artistic outlook to a very profound measure. For him it has come—with all its opportunities for perceiving the humanity of human nature made emphatic under great stress—when his psychological curiosity had entered on a phase of great activity after a spell of what one might call " retarded action."

I mean by " retarded action " that after starting out to consider human nature in sympathetic, spiritual fashion in his first novel " The Individualist," a thoroughly interesting study of a woman beset by mental and emotional circumstances, he swung off on to a series of novels apropos, in which the story, the actual theme, assumed domination over the psychological aspect of his case. Of this group " The Spirit of Revolt," " The Street of Adventure," and " Intellectual Mansions, S.W." stand as examples. The theme of each of these novels, as well as their treatment, gives each the aspect of a journalistic coup rather than of a spiritual, and humanly developed study. It was as though journalism had captured him, and had given him that " nose for copy " which had enabled him to perceive in each of his themes the great " story " that the public would want. " The Spirit of Revolt " is a novel of demagogy, written at a time when the power of the Labour men began to ferment the land. " The Street of Adventure " is the story of a great newspaper which failed just when it appeared to promise an influential career, the actual failure of that paper was a topic on men's tongues when Gibbs wrote. " Intellectual Mansions, S.W." caught the beginnings of the Woman's Suffrage and the Suburban culture movement just when these phases of life were beginning to impress the public.

It would seem that the " good story " was in his mind as he wrote more than anything else; and let it be understood that, as stories, they are as good as any of their kind, and the best of them, " The Street of Adventure," stands as the most actual of the pictures of Fleet Street yet given to us. It is also true that there is a certain amount of psychology in each of these books, but the psychology seems accidental rather than analytical. The writing, too, depends more on the narrative than on eloquence. The dialogue and the characterisation are forced to conform to the theme, not developing the themes unforced. The effect gives an air of unnaturalness, and a general atmosphere which is a little " cardboardy."

However, this phase of his writing has served him. The journalist in him has enabled him to perceive the essential value of a good story, of large themes and of truth and actuality in treatment; when he came back to his first ideals, as he did in " Oliver's Kind Women," he was able to wed his absorbing interest in the psychology of human beings to a strong craftsmanship in story writing. " Oliver's Kind Women " was the study of a young and unpleasant man who used literary attitudes to enable him to impose on " kind women." It was the first of Gibbs' later character novels, " Helen of Lancaster Gate," " A Master of Life " following, and " The Custody of the Child " appeared just before the war. All are close and sympathetic studies of life, and if Mr. Gibbs has to fight against a sense of artificiality, the quality of his insight is steadily deepening. The first portion of " The Custody of the Child," the portion that shows the life of a boy in a Battersea flat, before divorce proceedings have severed the mother from the father giving him the " custody of the child," the first part of this novel is a precious and a moving study of youth, beautifully done, and poignantly true to life. The remainder of the book is not so strong, for the sense of situation rather than characterisation enters into the spirit of the later pages, and the psychology becomes a little forced.

This was the last of his novels before the war, but his book, " The Soul of the War," is as full and as poignant as any novel. Its human quality is enormously moving. It is a naturalistic study of Armageddon, not all glitter as the romanticists would have it, not all evil as the realists would have it. The actual war is there; courage and grimness, squalor and nobility, beastliness and beauty. There is a fearlessness and a lack of equivocation about the handling. But it is not kinematic. A sympathy and insight gives the book a glowing and psychological verity.

Philip Gibbs hates war, as I happen to know, he hates the thought that any personal notoriety (his own word) should come to him out of it. Yet it is fortunate for himself, as it has been fortunate for us, that he should have been so deeply intrigued with his present psychological phase of development when war came. He has helped to deepen and strengthen our knowledge of the facts of humanity at war, just as war must have helped to deepen and strengthen his knowledge of humanity for all time.

MISS AMBER REEVES.

BY W. L. GEORGE.

"I DON'T agree with you at all." As she spoke I felt that Miss Amber Reeves would have greeted as defiantly the converse of my proposition. She stood in a large garden on Campden Hill, where one of those pre-war at homes was proceeding, her effect heightened by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's weary polish, and the burning twilight of Miss May Sinclair. Not far off Mr. Wyndham Lewis was languid and Mr. Gilbert Cannan eloquently silent. Miss Violet Hunt, rather mischievous, was talking to Mr. Edgar Jepson, who obviously lay in ambush, preparing to slay an idealist, presumably Sir Rabindranath Tagore. I felt very mild near this young lady so dark in the white frock of simplicity or artifice, with broad cheeks that recalled the rattlesnake, soft cheeks tinted rather like a tea rose, with long, dark eyes, wicked, aggressive, and yet laughing. I felt very old--well over thirty. For Miss Reeves had just come down from Newnham, and, indeed, that afternoon she was still coming down . . . on a toboggan. When I met her the other day she said: "Well, perhaps you are right." It is queer how one changes! But then, for many months Miss Amber Reeves has been working in the Admiralty.



Amber Reeves (Mrs. Blanco White).

From a drawing.

She was about twenty-three, and that is not so long ago; she was still the child who has attended Sunday School and been "brought up pious." Daughter of a New Zealand Cabinet Minister and of a mother so rich in energy that she turned to suffrage the scholarly Mr. Pember Reeves, Miss Amber Reeves was a spoilt child. She was also the child of a principle, had been sent to Kensington High School to learn to be democratic and meet the butcher's daughter. She had been to Newnham too, taken up socialism, climbed up a drain pipe and been occasionally sought in marriage. At ten she had written poems and plays, then fortunately gave up literature and, as a sponge flung into the river of life, took in people as they were, arrived at the maxim that things do not matter but only the people who do them. A last attempt to organise her took place in the London School of Economics, where she was to write a thesis; one sometimes suspects that she never got over it.

This is not quite just, for she is changed. Not hostile now, but understanding, interested in peculiarities as a magpie collecting spoons. Without much illusion, though; her novels are the work of a faintly cynical Mark Tapley.

She is driven to mimic the ordinary people whom she cannot help loving, who are not as herself yet whom she forgives because they amuse her. She is still the rattlesnake of gold and rose, but (zoological originality) one thinks also of an Italian greyhound with folded paws, or a furred creature of the bush that lurks and watches with eyes mischievous rather than cruel.

On reading this over again I discover that she has got over the London School of Economics, though her first two books showed heavy the brand of Clare Market. Miss Amber Reeves started out to do good, but fortunately repented. She has not written many novels, only three in five years, an enviable record, and they were all admirable novels, with faults that are not those of Mrs. Barclay or of Mr. Temple Thurston. Over every chapter the Blue Book hovered. Her first novel, "The Reward of Virtue," exhibited the profound hopelessness of youth. For Evelyn Baker, daughter of a mother who was glad she was a girl because "girls are so much easier," was doomed to lead the stupid life. Plump, handsome, fond of pink, she lived in Notting Hill, went to dances, loved the artist and married the merchant, knew she did not love the merchant and went on living with him; she took to good works, grew tired of them, and gave birth to a girl child, thanking fate because "girls are so much easier." The story of Evelyn is so much the story of everybody that it seems difficult to believe it is the story of anybody. But it is. "The Reward of Virtue" is a remarkable piece of realism, and it is evidence of taste in a first novel to choose a stupid heroine, and not one who plays Vincent d'Indy and marries somebody called Hugo.

In that book Miss Amber Reeves indicated accomplishment, but this was rather slight; only in her second novel, "A Lady and her Husband," was she to develop her highest quality: the understanding of the ordinary man. (All young women novelists understand

the artist, for nobody does; the man they never understand is the one who spends fifty years successfully paying bills.) The ordinary man is Mr. Heyham, who runs tea shops and easily controls a handsome wife of orty-five, while he fails to control Fabian daughters and a painfully educated son. He runs his tea shops for profit, while Mrs. Heyham at forty-five comes to the unexpected view that he should run them for the good of his girls. There is a revolution in Hampstead when she discovers that Mr. Heyham does not, for the girls are sweated; worse still, she sees that to pay them better will not help much, for extra wages will not mean more food but only more hats. They are all marvellously alive, the hard, lucid daughters, the soft and illogical Mrs. Heyham, and especially Mr. Heyham, kindly, loving, generous, yet capable of every beastliness while maintaining faith in his own rectitude. Mr. Heyham is a triumph, for he is just everybody; he is "the man with whose experiences women are trained to sympathise while he is not trained to sympathise with theirs." He is the ordinary, desirous man, the male. Listen to this analysis of man: "He has a need to impress himself on the world he finds outside him, an impulse that drives him to achieve his ends recklessly, ruthlessly, through any depth of suffering and conflict . . . it is just by means of the qualities that are often so irritating, their tiresome restlessness, their curiosity, their disregard for security, for seemliness, even for life itself, that men have mastered the world and filled it with the wealth of civilisation. It is after this foolish, disorganised fashion of theirs, each of them —difficult, touchy creatures—busy with his personal ambitions, that they have armed the race with science, dignified it with art—one can take men lightly, but one cannot take lightly the things that men have done."

That sort of man sweats his waitresses because such is his duty to the shareholders. It is in this sort of man, Mr. Heyham, who wants more money, Edward Day, the prig who hates spending it, that Miss Amber Reeves realises herself. Analysis rather than evocation is her mission; she does not as a rule seek beauty, and when she strives, as in her last novel, "Helen in Love," where a cheap little minx is kissed on the beach and is thus inspired, Miss Amber Reeves fails to achieve beauty in people; she achieves principally affectation. Beauty is not her *métier*; irony and pity are nearer to her, which is not so bad if we reflect that such is the motto of Anatole France. Oh! she is no mocking literary sprite as the Frenchman, nor has she his graces; she is somewhat tainted by the seriousness of life, but she has just this that distinguishes her from her fellows: she can achieve laughter without hatred.

One should not, however, dismiss in a few words this latest novel. One can disregard the amazingly good picture of the lower-middle class family from which Helen springs, its circumscribed nastiness, its vulgar pleasure in appearances, for Miss Amber Reeves has done as good work before. But one must observe her new impulse towards the rich, idle, cultured people, whom she idealises so that they appear as worn ornaments of silver-gilt. It seems that she is reacting against indignation, that she is turning away from social reform towards the caste that has achieved a corner in graces. It may be that she has come to think the world incurable and wishes to retire as an anchorite . . . only she retires to Capua: this is not good, for any withdrawal into a selected atmosphere implies that criticism of this atmosphere will be suspended. Nothing so swiftly as that kills virility in literature.

But even so Miss Amber Reeves distinguishes herself from her immediate rivals, Miss Viola Meynell, Miss Bridget Maclagan, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, Miss Ivy Low and Miss Katherine Gerould, by an interest in business and in politics. She really knows what is a limited liability company or an issue warrant. She is not limited by love, but embraces such problems as money, rank, science, class habits, which serve or destroy love. She finds her way in the modern tangle where emotion and cupidity trundle together on a dusty road. She is not always just, but she is usually judicial. Her men are rather gross instead of strong; she likes them, she tolerates them; they are together brutes and "poor dears." But then we are most of us a little like that.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1916.

We regret that as we are compelled to go to press this month before the last day fixed for sending in papers for these Competitions we are unable to announce the results of the December Competitions in our Christmas Number. Results will be given and new announcements made next month.



A BATTLE STORY.

The frontispiece to "Somme Battle Stories." Recorded by Captain A. J. Dawson. Illustrated by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather (Hodder & Stoughton).

THE READER.

THOMAS GRAY.

(*Born Cornhill, 26th December, 1716.*)

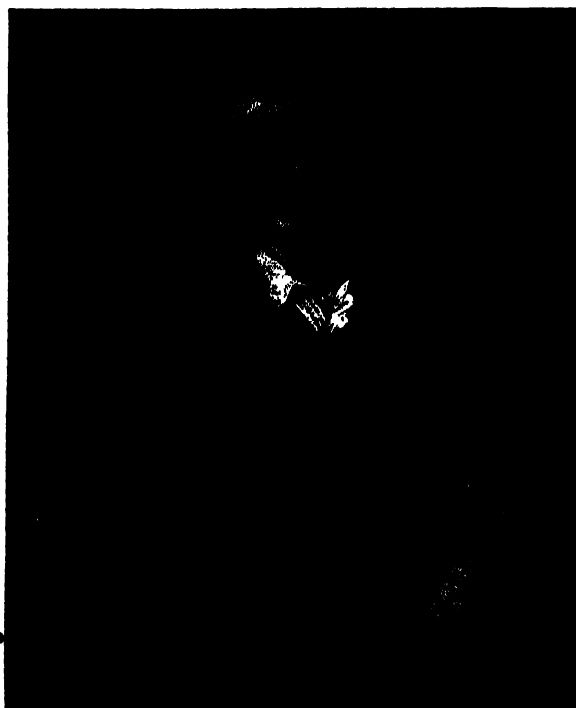
BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE varieties and eccentricities of literary opinion are almost limitless, but I have never heard anyone say that if he had to restrict himself to one book for a period of solitude he would choose Gray's Poems. Three Odes and one Elegy, however perfect, would hardly satisfy the need of a reader even of the most concentrative type Cambridge has ever produced. And, indeed, to possess Gray in print would be superfluous, for even in this day of non-quotation and defective verbal memory the best stanzas of Gray are engraved upon the memory of most Englishmen. It is not more than the truth to say that the divine truisms of the "Elegy," which moved Tennyson to tears and stimulated the hero Wolfe at the moment when the solid world seemed in a state of suspense, have brought home the exquisite pleasure of poetry to more of our countrymen than any other poem in the world. No modern poem has withstood the attrition of Time better. It was incubated for six or seven years before completion, and it might almost be said that it became famous before it was born.

Like Shakespeare's Sonnets or Overbury's Characters it was passed round among private friends, and it became the rage of a coterie before it became the criterion to the general public of what Poetry could accomplish and what a poet existed for. The most learned man in Europe, as Gray was reputed, had written a poem so general in its sympathies and so universal in its appeal, that it carried all hearts by storm--young and old, gentle and simple, learned and unlearned.

Addison, Byron and other poets have won fame at a bound. Gray by a single stroke attained to the top of the Parnassus and was acclaimed as Laureate, though he was far too indolent even to accept a sinecure.

Gray was the target of the Conservative criticism of his day. What Wordsworth and Keats were to Lockhart and Jeffrey he was to Johnson and his satellites. His entrenched position, mysterious somewhat though it was, proved a source of vague uneasiness to the champions of the broad highway and the beaten path. The old guard of Dryden and Pope were conscious that a new standard was being set up in calm disregard of the canons of the metropolis. The dawn of what is now called romanticism was flushing in the critical views of Warton and in the delicate chiaroscuro of Collins. Gray was rumoured to be at work upon a History of English Poetry profoundly subversive of all recognised opinions. He never brought this to fruition. Gray was too fastidious to back his inmost intuitions, but his letters and fragments afford a mine rich in explosive material where the prejudices of the worshippers of the Augustan Age were involved. The old school of critics had tackled the older English in a very tenebrous and tepid fashion. The seventeenth century tasters and scholars had explored the writers of antiquity pre-eminently as a mine for precedents, quotations and doctrinaire opinions often in the most dry-as-dust fashion. Since the conspiracy of Swift, Arbuthnot and Bolingbroke against the scribble of the pedants, the older masters had been cruelly neglected. Now Gray frequently cites them, but he does so in a discerning way and with the familiarity of old and close acquaintanceship. He questions some of the conclusions of Puttenham and Sidney; he admires the picturesqueness of Froissart, the Herodotus of his age; he also knew Villehardouin and Commines; Pausanias and Athenæus he read more than once. "I take prose and verse together, like bread and cheese." He lived with the old poets; read and re-read Æschylus and Pindar and the Greek epigrammatists; was familiar with Chaucer and even with Lydgate. Later on he loved Racine and Gresset, and in Johnson's despite waxed enthusiastic over Rousseau and his Emile (he had not to digest the Confessions). "Remember Dryden; be blind to his faults" he ends a letter. "This man is a poet" he commented on the "Traveller." There is no trivial preciosity in his judgments. He spoke highly of stanzas in "The Castle of Indolence"; appreciated Montesquieu and Marivaux; delighted in Clarendon's "Continuation," and was an excellent critic of Buffon. He is in a characteristic mood in his letter to Hurd of August, 1757, which helps to explain his non-achievement of some of the great things posterity would have had from him.



Thomas Gray.
From the original by Eckardt now in the National Portrait Gallery.

"To be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing. Indeed I have one excuse—my health is not extraordinary, ever since I came

hither, to Stoke Poges. It is no great malady, but several little ones that seem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleasure to me to know whether content dwells in Leicestershire, and how she entertains herself there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge."

The diagnosis of the melancholy and the *sombres plaisirs d'un cœur mélancholique* from which he suffered resembles Burton's. You remember Burton's parting shot, "Be not solitary, be not idle." Gray suffered terribly from the sheltered college life, hobbies of curiosity, fastidious indolence, unlimited books and the habit of reclining on the sofa. But he wrote the most enchanting letters, and his indolence is far more interesting than the indefatigable energy of the generality of writers. There are numerous poets in France and England alike who are known for a single sonnet, a short lyric, men of one poem. Gray differs from them in the fact that although his fame depends upon one or two short things, he was the inspirer of a new era and a foreshadower of much that was to come to pass in the paradise of English Poetry. Gray's den at Cambridge was an epitome of his hobbies. A harpsichord was deeply encrusted with portfolios representing his varying and successive curiosities. Heraldry and archæology acquired at the British Museum (then recently opened), a herbarium, shells, drawings, glossaries, insects, northern antiquities, English ballads and foreign collections of poetic *variora*. Where he really surpassed his age was in his much deeper love for nature. His comments in his Linnæus are those of



Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. **Thomas Gray (aged 15).**
From a painting by Richardson.



National Portrait Gallery. **Thomas Gray.**
Drawn by James Basire from a sketch by Gray's friend and biographer, the Rev. William Mason.

an intelligent naturalist. His rare drawings are exquisite. His notes on the signs of the approach of summer suggest the delicacy of Richard Jefferies or Edward Thomas. He notes the changes of the landscape in the progress of the day; marks the hoar-frost that melts and exhales in a thin bluish smoke; rejoices in the tender emerald green preserved late in the summer by the long rains. What sensitiveness to colour is there in his description of Saddleback, whose furrowed sides were gilt by the noonday sun, while its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it. Both he and Cowper, more in their letters, perhaps, than in their poems, show themselves prophetic of Wordsworth and Tennyson, scholar-poets too like Spenser and Milton. No less important as a symptom of the growing revolt against the self-complacency of the moralising grand *siècle* was Gray's interest in the pioneers of our English Literature, and in the old Norse and Icelandic mythology as revealed now for the first time in Paul Henry Mallett's famous "Introduction" to Scandinavian Letters and Folk Lore. Northern Antiquities, the revival of Ballads, Documents, and Popular Legends, the resuscitation of Celtic, Gaelic and Erse poetry (whatever precisely those adjectives mean) was going to shift the centre of our poetic gravity profoundly. Wildly romantic, picturesque poetry was about to become the rage in this island and on the continent of Europe among the advanced school. Of this school Gray was a pioneer, of this new taste he was the most scholarly representative. That an erudite and virtuoso of such refined taste and such fastidious isolation should have produced the most popular poem in the language was a phenomenon as singular as if Walter Pater should have written "Crossing the Bar," or Professor Ker should be discovered by a detective critic of the future to be the only begetter of "Lest we Forget."

Johnson rallied the Conservatives to the standards of Dryden and Pope. Walpole who fell asleep over

Mallett occupied a midway position. At heart he was an Augustan, but in his desire to be in the front of *the* movement, he struggled to keep abreast of Ritson and Gray—not to speak of Chatterton. Gray was really quite isolated among the *gens de lettres* of his time. Fortunately he had a few disciples. One of these was Mason who wrote his life, and by the form he gave to it, supplied our first Biographer with his model. " I have resolved to adopt and enlarge upon the excellent plan of Mr. Mason in his 'Memoirs of Gray.' Indeed, I cannot conceive a more perfect method of writing any man's life." There is some irony in the circumstance of the life of the finicking scholar serving as the framework for the Life Story of the Hero as Man of Letters — tears trickling down the granite rock.

Elegy, written in a Country Church Yard. 1750

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire
Hands, that the Reins of Empire might have sway'd — Rod.
Or waked to Ecstasy the living Lyre.
But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.
Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its Sweetness on the desert Air.
Some Village-Hampden, that with dauntless Breast
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his Country's Blood.
Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain & Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes
Their Lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confined;
Forbad to wade thro' Slaughter to a Throne,
Or shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,
The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury & Pride
With Incense, kindled at the Muse's Flame.
Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
They kept the noiseless Tenour of their Way.

publish'd in Feb: 1751. by Dodsley & went thro' four Editions; in two months; & afterwards a fifth, 6th, 7th & 8th, 9th & 10th & printed also in 1753 with Mr Bentley's Designs, of w^ch there is a 2d Edition & again by Dodsley in his Miscellany, Vol: 4th & in a Scotch Collection call'd the Union. translated into Latin by Chr: Anstey Esq & the Rev'd Mr Roberts, & publish'd in 1762; & again in the same year, by Rob: Lloyd, M:A:

From the original in Gray's handwriting.

Now in the possession of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

It can hardly be said that Gray achieved any structural triumph for the " Elegy," if only for the reason that the " Elegy " has no distinct structural marks in English. But he consecrated the form he chose with much felicity, and his phrases and adjectives have worn a deep channel in literary English. Gray's epithets have become " immemorial " ; but they are far sought ; he gives three Italian parallels in notes to the " Elegy." He is fond of figures of speech, elaborate personifications, unwieldy adjectives - - such as " circumscribed"—classical usages, hard syntax, inversions, compound epithets, outlandish phrases. One of these, " Far from the *madding* crowd," has become semi-proverbial—nay, it has been adopted to the service of one of the finest novels in English. Gray wrote and re-wrote with the meticulous concentration of a Milton or a Tennyson : various readings, suppressed stanzas, disputed punctuations abound. The poet's Miltonic ideals were never in abeyance and found characteristic expression. There was something stiff and unmalleable in Gray. You would as soon have thought of calling him " Tom " as of shaking an elm tree by the arm. Yet he found his way to the inmost heart of a prosaic people by invoking the Lettered Muse in accents tutored by the Alma Mater that has in the past been most propitious to English poetry.

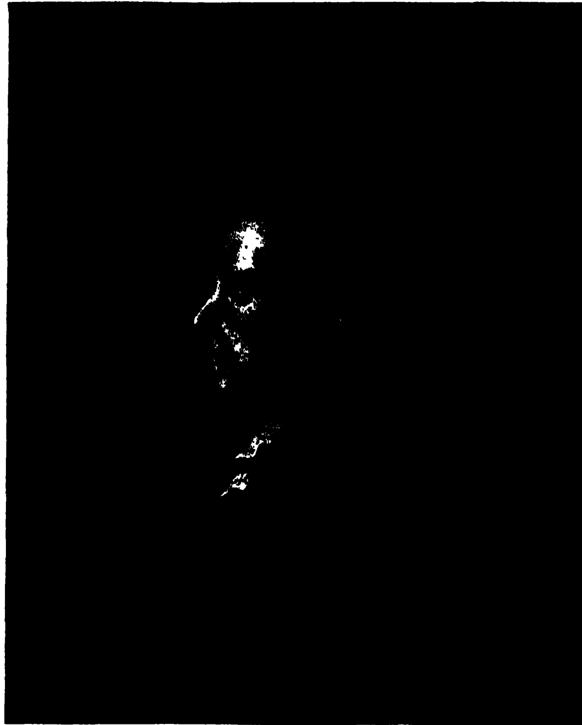
There are people alike superior and superficial who appear to think that Gray merits to be laughed at as the creator of the most sublimely hackneyed stanzas that our tongue affords—stanzas which deserve to be ranked with those of " Rule, Britannia " or " God Save the King " as of purely ceremonial value. They miss the significant fact that, Shakespeare apart, no verses have expressed the genius of our language and nationality with such complete harmony and felicity as those of Gray. Gray was a scholar, he aimed at philosophic pathos, he aspired to the understanding of Europe, he despaired of attaining anywhere near lyric perfection. It is amazing that such a typical Don should have written in the vernacular a classical elegy which has become the best and most widely understood poem in the language. The " Ode " and the " Elegy " are found, when tested, to be supreme works of art. But they are something more than that. These well greaved stanzas take us to the heart of England, to the heart of our life, which is England, to that circumstance which preceded our birth and which gave not merely flesh and blood, but the minds that are thinking now. We have not to stray far from Stoke and 1760 to discover sublimer works of art. But though Wordsworth and Coleridge were greater poetic artists than Gray, Gray whispers something that is beyond art, beyond the present of life. As a shell with the sound of the sea, these stanzas seem murmurous with something that is eternal. It is often said that Gray wrote to please himself, but that is not quite true. Collins wrote to please himself, but Gray for an audience and with an eye deliberately fixed upon the effect he intended to produce upon that audience. Even in a work apparently so lyrical and spontaneous as the " Elegy," the construction is elaborate in its symmetry, the variety is studied and proportioned, the reader is led with exquisite art from one train of thought to another by successive transitions. In the " Fton Ode," still more, the change from emotion to emotion, the balance of the parts, the pathetic humour of the conclusion which recalls and binds together and suffuses the whole—everything, in short, that is most irresistible in this poem is most calculated.

A BI-CENTENARY PILGRIMAGE TO STOKE POGIS.

By Henry C. Shelley.

FOR a poet, Thomas Gray was an exceedingly practical person. He believed in insurance against fire, and expressed his faith in works. Consequently, when a disastrous fire reduced to ruins the house in Cornhill, London, which he had inherited from his father, he was able to face the calamity cheerfully.

Not because of the consolations of his friends—comprising tickets for the opera, invitations to dinners and suppers, etc.—but for the more substantial reason that his insurance policy provided him with the greater part of the money necessary for the rebuilding of his property. The one rather surprising thing about this incident in the poet's life is that he had no sentimental regrets about the destroyed house. He was born beneath its roof, and if Gray was not sorry that the place of his nativity was swept out of existence by the fire of 1748, the literary pilgrim cannot but regret its loss.



Thomas Gray.
From the original in the possession of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

Cornhill has changed vastly since that 26th of December, 1716, when a fifth child was born to Philip and Dorothy Gray, though it is some consolation to remember that the building now known as No. 41 is that reared by the poet to replace the house of his birth. There is no other structure in London more nearly associated with the life of the author of the "Elegy." His other London haunts have disappeared even more completely than his birthplace. Whither, then, shall the pilgrim turn for some shrine at which to pay his devotions on this two-hundredth anniversary of his nativity?

Gray was more a transient than most poets. "Happy they," he pensively wrote in his forty-fourth year, "that can create a rose-tree, or erect a honeysuckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water! It is with a sentiment of envy that I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own." He was, in fact, a lodger nearly all the days of his life. After attaining manhood his only fixed abode consisted of rooms now at Peterhouse, anon at Pembroke College, Cambridge. And for several months each year he flitted hither and thither over England, visiting his friends or journeying in search of the picturesque.

Yet one exception must be made. There is, after all, an abiding landmark in Gray's life, a little district of rural England which is more eloquent of his memory and consecrated to his genius than any London street, or the famed beauty spots of his summer tours. The name of Gray and the remembrance of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" must always be potent to suggest Stoke Pogis and Burnham, and the surrounding country.

Although born in London, Gray, because of his mother and aunts, was really a native of Burnham and Stoke Pogis. The poet's father did not count. No one was interested in his family or origins. He was a cruel husband and an indifferent parent. Gray owed everything to his mother. He was the only survivor of her twelve children, and the inheritor of all her love for his brothers and sisters. And Mrs. Gray's native region was Burnham, whither she returned after her husband's death to a peaceful country life with her two sisters, one a widow, the other her unmarried partner in that millinery business from the profits of which she paid for her son's education at Eton and Cambridge.

When a mere boy the poet was wont to spend his holidays with his uncles and aunts at Burnham. In manhood, it was to the same region he returned for his sole opportunity of enjoying a spell of home life. His mother and aunts finally took up their abode at a farm known as West End, not far from Stoke Pogis church. The building, as Gray knew it, has disappeared, but some of its rooms are embodied in the country house of Stoke Court. There are still shown apartments described as the poet's study and bedroom, while in the grounds may be seen the solid stone-built structure known as his summer-house.

But it is Stoke Pogis church and its God's-acre which have the most poignant interest for the pilgrim. That churchyard was, without doubt, the model which the poet had in mind during his protracted writing of the "Elegy." Of course the poem owes much of its fame to its universal qualities. It appeals so powerfully to all hearts because its imagery and sentiments are applicable to every rural graveyard. That fact accounts for the dispute as to which particular churchyard the poet had in mind. All who are familiar with his life, however, have no doubt on that score; his happiest days and tenderest recollections were so entwined about Stoke Pogis that there can be no question as to the original of the country of his verse.

In the older part of the churchyard the pilgrim will behold a scene which has changed little since it inspired

Supplement to "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1916.

From "The Allies' Fairy Book."
Edited, with an Introduction by Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D.
Illustrated in colour by Arthur Rackham
(William Heinemann).

THE BIRDS SHOW THE YOUNG MAN THE WHITE DOVE'S NEST

the poem which has been called the "most perfect" in the English language. Each object is easily recognised from Gray's description, and yet none are so sharply defined as to remove them from the realm of imagination. Here are the "ivy-mantled tower," the "rugged elms," and that "yew-tree's shade" beneath which

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."



Photo by Henry C. Shelley

Gray's Study, Stoke Court.

Naturally of a melancholy temperament, it was the loss of intimate friends and loved relations which was immediately responsible for the birth of the "Elegy." In 1742 Gray twice within a few months passed through the shadow of death. It was in the gloom of those days the "Elegy" was begun, though it was not to be completed until death touched him nearly again in the person of a beloved aunt. On a November day of 1749 news reached him at Cambridge that his aunt Mary, who had been his mother's partner in her London business, had suddenly been called from earth. How deeply the news moved him is clear from the tender letter he addressed to his mother:

"The unhappy news I have just received," he wrote, "equally surprises and afflicts me. I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy, but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who had preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was His pleasure, has taken her from us to Himself."

When, a few months later, he returned to Stoke Pogis we may be sure that he did not fail to visit the grave of his lost relative, just as we may be equally sure that his mood was responsive to the shadow that brooded over his mother's home. That experience revived the spirit in which the "Elegy" was begun, and now inspired its completion. When the task was accomplished he at once sent a copy of the poem to Horace Walpole, intimating that he had at last "put an end to a thing" with whose beginning his friend had long been familiar.

Not merely as the original of the scene of the "Elegy," but as the resting-place of the poet and his two dearest relatives, Stoke Pogis churchyard must ever retain a singular interest for the literary pilgrim. On a simple brick-built tomb close to the wall of the church may be read the inscription by Gray which tells part of its mortuary history. "In the vault beneath are deposited, in the hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of Mary Antrobus. She died unmarried, Nov. 5, 1749,

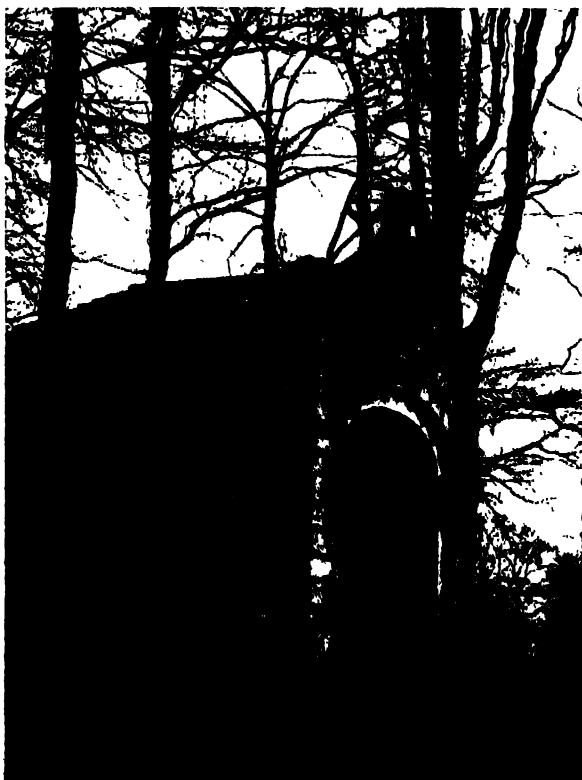


Photo by Henry C. Shelley.

Gray's Summer House, Stoke Court.



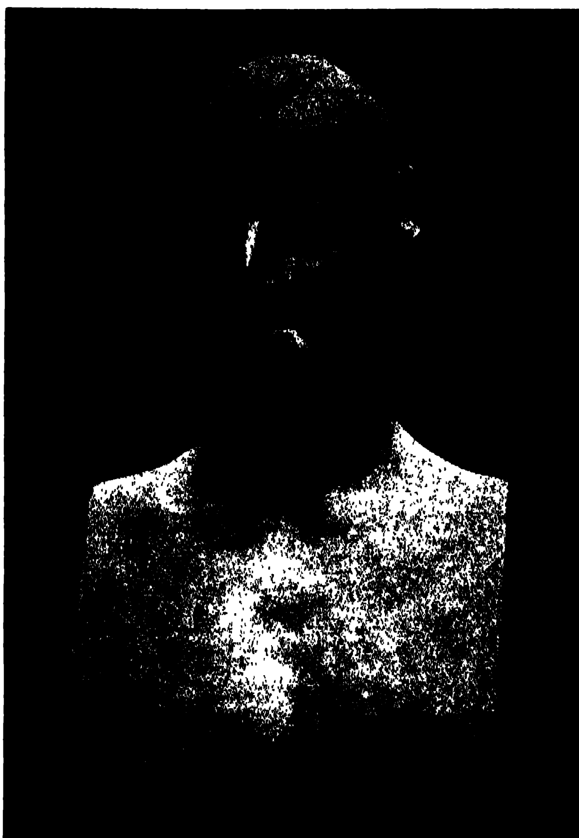
Photo by Henry C. Shelley.

Stoke Pogis Church.

aged 66. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged 67." Some eighteen years later the body of the poet was laid to rest in the same vault, thus rejoining in the eternal peace of the grave the two women with whom he had spent his happiest days of life. There is no intimation of that fact on the tomb itself, but a tablet on the wall of the church relates how he was, in conformity with his own wish, buried beside his mother and aunt.

Although the churchyard lacks a specific monument to Gray, he has a memorial in the park which adjoins the graveyard on the east. It is in the form of a massive cenotaph, with various inscriptions on the four sides of the pedestal. Three of these are quotations from the poet's verse; the fourth reads: "This monument, in honour of Thomas Gray, was erected A.D. 1799, among the scenes celebrated by that great Lyric and Elegiac Poet. He died July 31, 1771, and lies unnoted, in the churchyard adjoining, under the tombstone in which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his aunt and lamented mother." It is an interesting link between the Old World and the New to recall that the cost of this monument was borne by Mr. John Penn, a grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania, who, at the time of its erection, was the owner of Stoke Pogis Manor.

There is another association with Gray which the pilgrim must not overlook. Behind the church is Stoke Pogis Manor House, which figures in the poet's "A Long Story." Before the "Elegy" appeared in print it was widely circulated in manuscript, one copy being sent by Horace Walpole to his friend Lady Cobham, who then lived at Stoke Pogis Manor House. As soon as she discovered that the author was visiting his mother in the same parish she invited him to call, and the result



Thomas Gray.
Bust in terra cotta, probably by John Bacon, R.A., formerly in the poet's possession, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

of that incident was "A Long Story," the final scene of which is laid in the Manor House.

Gray enjoys the almost unique distinction of having a dual fame. He is not less highly regarded by the learned for some of his verse than he is by the unlearned for his "Elegy." He has, too, a third title to fame by reason of his exquisite letters. With regard to his renown as a poet, some critics have seemed to chide him for his small output, and to resent his having achieved such assured immortality for so small a legacy of verse. The poet was fully conscious of his slender harvest. He anticipated his works being mistaken for those "of a flea," and realised that when he had gathered all his writings together he would be "but a shrimp of an author." But his apology was unanswerable. "If I do not write much," he said, "it is because I cannot." Most poets have been too prolific; many are seldom read save in "selections." If Gray wrote little, his quality was of the finest. Many an epic would be gladly forgotten for two or three poems as matchless as the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."



Photo by Henry C. Shelley.

Gray's Tomb, Stoke Pogis Churchyard.

ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.*

By George Saintsbury.

Readers and reviewers, observant of other reviewers and readers, may have noticed in these others—and perhaps even in themselves—a certain tendency to distrust "universal" histories of large subjects. And they may have remarked further that this tendency grows stronger in regard to sections or sectors of these "Pisgah sights" devoted to particular divisions and published as separate accounts of them. This tendency may be unjust when it shapes itself into a prejudice; but it has some excuses. "Can a man possibly have read enough for such a survey?" is the first objection in the case. "Even supposing that he has qualified himself in that respect, for the general business, do not the necessary limitations of his qualification disable him for more particular guidance?" suggests itself in the second. And this latter is the weightier demurrer. The old "Mercator's Projection" maps were undoubtedly useful things of their kind; heretical and unscientific but not ignorant students of geography have sometimes wondered whether the disuse of them is not a mistake. But, if one cut out a continent or a country from a Mercator map, its omissions and its disproportions, excusable and even recommendable for its original object, would become nuisances and traps. Even if the general map were not Mercatorially wrenched, but given in the unsophisticated hemispherical fashion, the sections would remain inadequate for special purposes.

This is all true enough, but like other general and *a priori* objections it will by no means always lie in particular cases; and it certainly does not do so in the case of the book before us. It is a comfortable and satisfactory book for a reader who knows something about the subject; and it ought to be a really valuable one for others who have not yet reached even the middle state in which it comforts and satisfies. The author is careful when he borrows a quotation to state from whom he borrows it; and is not in the least afraid of giving references to previous writers on his subject even when he does not actually quote at first- or second-hand. But his book differs as widely as possible from some recent literary histories, which seem to consider that if you acknowledge the sources from which you have stolen you may steal half your volume with an easy and quiet mind. His arrangement of his matter is, without mere "tabulosity," very clear; and there are parts of the book—as for instance that dealing with the still rather obscure period between the very earliest Tudor plays and the coming of the University Wits—in which this clearness was very much wanted. With some exceptions, a few of which we may note presently, he is remarkably free from that "hariolation"—or guesswork, striding from "possible" through "probable" to "proven"—which is the very curse of sham-scholarship. In purely critical estimates he may be sometimes a little weaker, but, after all, this is, to some extent at least, matter of opinion. At any rate, on a subject so much written about, it must always be, to players with it who play the game and know when it is played, a satisfaction to see a new hand, so accurate and craftsmanlike as this, make its appearance.

That the plan of the book is perfect, or that Dr. Creizenach is infallible, are propositions not to be expected. It might be said without mere cavilling that the abundance of detail is likely somewhat to overwhelm the neophyte, while the expert does not want it and would be contented with broader sweeps. But the "gentle," that is to say charitable-intelligent, reader will be ready with the excuse that if there had been less the neophyte might have lacked information and the expert might have doubted the thoroughness of the writer's knowledge. What has principally determined the favourable remarks just made is the prevailing sanity—wonderful in any Shakespearean commentator, and more wonderful still in a German one—which pervades the book. There are indeed a few slips in this respect; the Shakespeare commentator, and especially the German Shakespeare commentator, who avoids them



Photo by Henry C. Shelley.

Monument to Gray, in Stoke Park.

* "The English Drama in the Age of Shakespeare." Translated from *Geschichte des Neueren Dramas* of W. Creizenach. 18s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)



Photo by Henry C. Shelley. **Stoke Manor House.**

especially by the amusing and innocent belief that "modern" ideas must be right and that nobody will ever regard them as Dr. Creizenach regards some of the ideas of three hundred years ago, it need not be at all important to dwell on them. To find a Shakespearean commentator who is "right in the main" puts one in a disposition which is not apt to be severe on peccadillos. Even a tendency—itself a generous revolt from former errors the other way—to assign somewhat too much to "Shakespeare as origin," and to think that nearly all his successors, as some no doubt did, made use of him—may be merely registered and not dissected.

The divisions or chapters of the volume—they are called "books," but have no chapter sub-division as is usual with that arrangement—are, as might be expected, not quite of equal value. The first, dealing with the period of inception as above noted, and the second, on certain general literary features — collaboration, quotation, printing, etc. — are excellent. The third, getting into the more perilous stuff of "Moral and Social Ideas," is more prolific of the slips referred to; but the long Book IV., on "The Dramatic Materials," is again capital: perhaps it is unequalled as a clear and "well-stuffed" survey *inutile* of the whole subject. Book V., "Arrangement and Construction," is more mixed, for a good deal of its matter is ill to generalise about, and the whole, while unsafe as a guide without, or even before, reading the plays, becomes useless when a fair number have been read. This censure applies still more strongly to the Sixth—"Types of Character"; while the Seventh, on "Versification and Style," had better have been left out altogether. It is anything but adequate from any point of view, and perhaps its particular subjects are best left alone by foreign commentators, no matter of what literature. In particular, an attempt to discuss particular "Figures of Speech" in twenty pages is doomed to failure, and was scarcely worth succeeding in. These mischievous and obsolete tickets had better be left to critical museums. On the other hand, the summary of the abundant recent investigations as to the mere staging and acting, the playhouses, companies, tours, etc., is very good, and will save students an immense amount of duplicate and immaterial reading.

wholly is indeed the blackest and the most swan-like of black swans. In particular Dr. Creizenach not unfrequently succumbs to what—with an adaptation of Mr. Ruskin's famous phrase, which one is rather surprised not to find more common—we may call the *sympathetic* fallacy. He is constantly grieved at not finding something he would like to find, or at finding something that he does not like. He is much perturbed at being forced to believe that Shakespeare believed in witchcraft; and (though he makes excuses for him here) at his not having envisaged "the social problem." He is "cut to the heart" at the idea of Falstaff plunging his sword into the dead body of Percy: and he is saddened because Ophelia, Desdemona and even Miranda listen to, laugh at, and even say things which the young person should know nothing about. This reluctance to take the ford as you find it; this insistence on forcing the local and temporal conventions of your time and place into other times and other places—are not notes of the perfect critic. But Dr. Creizenach has some most remarkable redeeming utterances. It is astonishing to find a German professor who is content to admit that "we know very little about the lives and habits of the Elizabethan dramatists"; who poohpoohs attempts to make Shakespeare a Roman Catholic (this is all the more noteworthy because the writer's views of Anglicanism are far from well informed, and he evidently confuses it with the Lutheranism of his own country); who scouts the notion that Shakespeare chose his subjects because he found therein an echo of his own experience; and, most astonishing of all, who observes with refreshing dryness that "those persons who write treatises on the number of weeks, days and hours that should be assigned to the action of 'Othello' or 'Macbeth' are greatly to be envied for their superfluity of leisure." If one has noted a few passages in which (as in those already mentioned) this general sanity seems to be slightly disturbed,

The book, in short, while hardly the most desperate wallower in the second-hand could take it as a substitute for reading of the originals, is a valuable companion to that reading, and an excellent time-saver in collecting the scattered help of other companions. There is hardly a mistake in it which the reading of the texts will not correct: and it supplies much matter which the most careful and intelligent reader could not find in those texts themselves.



The frontispiece to "The Flaming Sword in Serbia and Elsewhere," by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart (The Lady of the Black Horse) (Hodder & Stoughton).

THE LADY OF THE BLACK HORSE
From a painting by George Rankin.
(Reproduced by kind permission of T. McLean, Haymarket, London.)

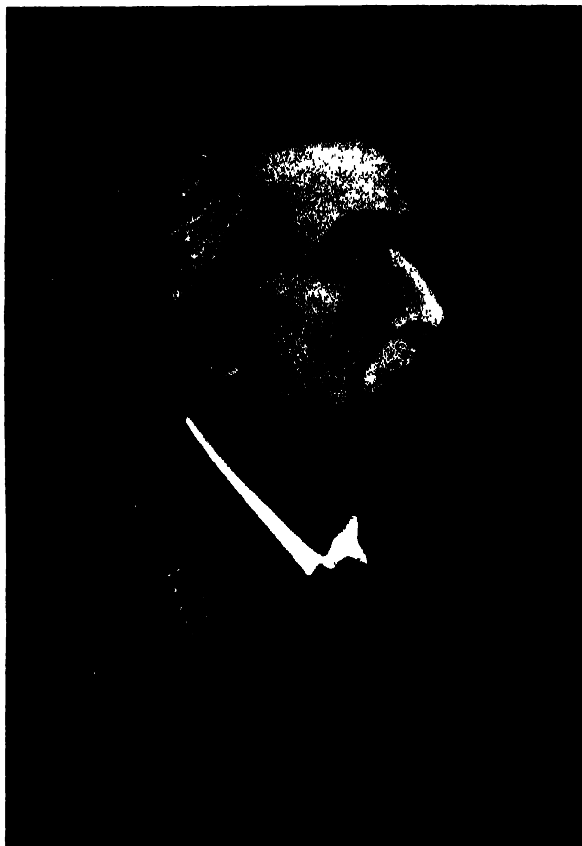
LAFCADIO HEARN, PROFESSOR IN TOKYO.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

FROM 1896 to 1902 Lafcadio Hearn held the chair of English Literature in Tokyo University. In the mind's eye it is not difficult to see this refined though wandering scholar seated among his young Japanese friends, all things clear and beautiful with simplicity about him, while he spoke from his heart and they listened intently, taking down the thoughts he uttered as if reading our Island-poets and story-tellers like a youth himself. He had come a long way, by many "winding paths of meditation," as the Greek tragedian says, over the rude wastes of life, to a people not at all resembling the Irish or the Greek from which he had sprung, nor the English or American in whose chilly latitudes his lot had been cast. Somewhere in these "Lectures" he illustrates a passage from Cowper—it is about the old English postman—from his memory as a very little boy, "living in the little town of Clontarf, in Ireland." It is a far cry from Clontarf to Tokyo. But his mind had travelled farther still. Bred and born a Catholic, sent for a year or so to our sturdy old college of Ushaw, near Durham, the lad known there as "Paddy Hearn" should have left it a fervent son of the faith. He went quite counter to Ushaw and Catholicism; he threw off his inherited religion with disdain. He became, if the thing is possible, an Atheist. He hungered, slaved, suffered agonies in that frightful mill of Yankee journalism. He married, and his wife divorced him. Then he found a philosophy in Herbert Spencer, a calling and a home in Japan, the task of interpreting the Far East to the Far West, and a wife and happiness during the few years remaining to him. He was born in 1850; he died in 1904. I remember meeting in a riverside house near Oxford Miss Elizabeth Bisland, then fresh from her notable journey round the world, who brought out in 1906 "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn." The two big volumes of lectures on which I am writing were made out chiefly from notes taken down by Hearn's devoted pupils, whose names are set in the introduction. His very words abide, and delightful they are, with a lucid charm, with distinction that has gracefully let fall the grosser elements mingled of necessity in any books where the life of our Western nations is reflected, and with a benignity of temper that never deserts him.

He had an amazingly hard thing to do. Imagine a Japanese professor at the Imperial Institute, London, talking in his native literary dialect to young Englishmen about his country's classics, their prose and verse, with allusions to the history of a thousand years, and how would he fare? One difference told in Hearn's favour. The tradition of Japan, as of all other nations, I think, except England, is to look upon philosophy, art, and learning, with respect from childhood upwards. Our public schools take care that the "young Barbarians" they train shall be untouched by that superstition. Lafcadio Hearn could count upon an audience not less eager to be taught than he to teach. The religion of these lads was indeed culture, a quick response to all things beautiful wherever seen, to the sublime in theory and in conduct, to life contemplated as really the finest of arts. Even while setting down truths axiomatic in old Japan, nor yet extinct in the new, I feel how artificial, how utterly to be despised, they would appear to the average school boy, trained on a system which moves round sport as the be-all and the end-all of existence. Yet the "bushido" cultivated in the Mikado's realm has proved capable of heroism not less unconscious or complete than the Englishman's when he is "playing the game." Happily, our literature holds within its borders the greatest poetry ever inspired, dramas excelling the Athenian, Milton's epics to which there is no parallel in any language, lyrical and meditative odes corresponding to the endless musings of man upon his nature and destiny. Our creators of fiction have set the examples that Western Europe has followed since Richardson gave the word to Rousseau. But where is the secret by which these far-off miracles of the English mind shall be brought home to students in Tokyo?

We cannot, of course, be sure that Hearn's meaning was altogether conveyed into the mysterious depths of a Japanese soul. His method seems admirable. He would go down to the plain unrhetorical style of a man who tells another what is the exact impression made on himself by reading, especially of the English poets. Dr. Erskine says, much to the purpose, that "Lafcadio Hearn is remarkable among critics for throwing a clear light on genuine literary experience—on the emotions which the books under



By courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Compy. **Lafcadio Hearn.**
From "Interpretations of Literature" by Lafcadio Hearn. (Heinemann.

* "Interpretations of Literature." By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and Edited by John Erskine, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English, Colombia University. Two vols. (pp. xiv. 406 & 380). 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

discussion actually give us." He is concerned with "the effect of the writing upon the reader." And he himself, first of all, is that reader. Again, "he lectured upon English literature in Japan," I continue to borrow from Dr. Erskine, "as we should like to see it taught in America and England—as a total expression of racial experience in which ideas however abstract often control emotions and conduct, and in which conduct and emotions often modify ideas."

Evolution is here taken to be the formula, the "Open Sesame" of our treasures heaped up during ages—past in present realised, present in past made ready and by many tokens prophesied. We might venture on defining this method as the science of a people's impressions and expressions when reduced to writing. Hearn, as I said above, lost his religion but came upon a philosophy in Herbert Spencer. It appealed to his intellect by applying to the whole of phenomena one synthetic idea; to his emotion equally so by postulating beneath or behind all fleeting shows an eternal, unknowable reality. In England, where mysticism either does not flourish or puts on religious forms, the system of Spencer was taken to justify mechanical views, or even a coarse materialism. In the East, there had never been a prevailing philosophy to compete with evolution; and its religion of Nirvana presented analogies to the doctrine of an everlasting Unknowable. Through wide gateways, then, Lafcadio Hearn might lead his company on, Spencer guiding them into a world made perfect by adaptation, although it could not last beyond its period. The bridge had been thrown over that great gulf fixed between the lands of the rising and the setting sun. Yet again, on Spencer's principles rightly understood, mind is more than life, and conduct more than mind. The highest beauty is moral; and "we needs must love the highest when we see it." Supreme art would be supremely ethical. Here it is that the Professor in Tokyo takes his stand; from this point he draws his circle with golden compasses.

Another consequence, not immediately foreseen, is that Lafcadio Hearn declares for the Romantic against the Classic school in literature. He could not logically do otherwise. The Classic is and must be the Conservative, careful of the type, doting on past wonders, to whom the rules and forms of the ancients are synonymous with perfection. He looks back on a world better than his own. Not so the Romantic, whose millennium is yet to come. Therefore, rebel and revolutionist he will be, seeking a type of which he dreams, nowhere as yet visible. Thus my Professor argues; but we are going down into deep waters, and I turn back hastily to the strand. His reasoning is clear enough, though Spencer in the guise of a revolutionary poet strikes me as somewhat grotesque. Hearn frankly tells his audience, "I believe very strongly in extremes, in violent extremes"; the classical tendencies may be a painful necessity; but he says, "I have never been able to feel any sympathy with modern classical literature in the strict sense of the word." We know now where to find him, what kind of authors he will select for praise or imitation, and why he will praise them.

I am a long time coming to the lectures themselves; yet a view of Lafcadio Hearn in his part as critic seems to me not uncalled for. He is always an interesting figure; his aims are noble. Art should be the expression (not that it need be conscious) of perfect love; the highest self-sacrifice would do no more than fulfil it. This, we may say, is Romanticism indeed, "All for love and the world well lost." Are we catching an echo from the New Testament? Let me hasten on. That change in the deepest mood of thought and feeling to which we owe, in Mr. Saintsbury's phrase, the "Romantic Triumph," is here traced in poems which follow the forms they would help to shatter, in Crabbe and Cowper, nay in Wordsworth and Byron, where the eighteenth century, as De Maistre said of it in philosophy, "still lives on." Keats also, the least "classical" in that narrow sense of any modern singer, though intensely Greek by temperament, used the rhyming couplet of Pope in "Endymion." No matter, the new spell was working and would subdue to itself any form, however reluctant, as Victor Hugo transfigured the Alexandrine. Beginning thus, Lafcadio Hearn unrolls his magnificent scroll of names and trophies, from Shelley onwards, which to pursue would be all one with quoting him down the line; and in fact he will be read by every scholar. His knowledge of English was wide; in citation he is constantly a master of the best; he moves rapidly; and I daresay the expert would strike no more slips in him than are not to be escaped by commentators grappling with whole libraries. I have remarked some in matters lying outside his proper range. For example, it is not true that monks in the Middle Ages regarded all classic literature, Greek and Latin, as merely wicked. Such statements are absurdly wrong. It is to monkish transcribers, Byzantine and Western, to clerics and even to nuns, that we are indebted for all manuscripts later than the third century; and what they copied they also studied and often taught. Certain odd mistakes occur which a little editing would remove. In the first volume details of biography well known to ourselves could not be omitted. They are, I believe, usually correct; and it was impossible for Lafcadio Hearn to bear malice; but he is just and holds the balance even. He is fastidiously delicate in handling Western topics which to a Japanese living at home are perplexing in the extreme. A short and powerful lecture brings out the difference between two civilisations so unlike in their treatment of love and the poetry of love—a religion, says Hearn, with Europeans and Americans, derived from mingled influences. On one side the Norse veneration of mother-goddesses, on another the Christian cult of the Madonna. Points as difficult to interpret with hope of success recur again and again. They might have been cast into a general view, related or opposed to one another by delineating the religion of Europe in which, as Hearn knew well, their explanation must often be sought. Though affirming this very thing of Shakespeare in a different work, he has not taken it much into account when dictating the lecture given here, full of marrow as it is, on "the greatest figure in all human literature." The analysis attempted is in essence founded on Spencerian principles; it has depth, sympathy and power of connecting by pregnant hints the life and sufferings of the poet with his creations. To the philosophy of Spencer our Shakespeare is a synthesis, a recapitulation of

previous existences, now focussed in this one. Curious—is it not?—that we should be taken back by the unexpected path opened to us in a Tokyo lecture to Plato's doctrine of reminiscence, to the immortal "Dialogues" and their divine ideals, which cannot easily be separated from any rational theory of evolution!

I like the second volume better than the first. Altogether it makes a rare sort of anthology, free from the elementary details that we skip while looking for Hearn's criticisms, which are what we most desire. Besides the essay on Shakespeare, we come to illuminating chapters on the Norse sagas and their modern imitations, on the supernatural in fiction—original and apposite—above all in a land which has produced a visionary literature and great artists of nightmare; on the "Havimal"; on Berkeley; but by way of glorifying our English bards as well as touching the heart of Japan, at last the Professor reads to us the finest things ever sung in Northern poetry on aspects of nature animate and inanimate, on birds and the night. Such chapters are wholly worth detaching for study in our schools, where they would couch the eyes now blind, unstop the ears now deaf, and prove to us that choice spirits, our own kinsfolk, have been tremulously sensitive to the message brought by nightingale and lark and swallow and seagull, by winds and waters, by the starry heavens. There is, I conclude, however we construe it, a unity between our life and the universe, a common language, prophesying of that which shall never pass away, which now is, and which, when we break "into eternity our due," shall be revealed as at no time very far from every one of us. Literature, dreaming on these things, has caught inspiration from the fount of light. All along, Lafcadio Hearn, disciple of Spencer, Buddhist, what you will, has been discoursing of the Great Unknown, who is not to be for ever the Unknowable. He has gone into the darkness where light shines that our weak vision cannot bear. May it shine on him at last!

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

EVEN gift-books for children have in these strenuous days suffered a sea-change. They are much less magnificent than of old when in the peace days they grew more splendid year by year, the kings of the brush and the pen bringing to the nurseries their gold, frankincense and myrrh.

A famous publisher told me not long since that girls' books tended to disappear. Are the girls from twelve to sixteen reading their brothers' books or are they going back to Miss Thackeray, Miss Yonge and Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, all of whom did work of a kind not to be surpassed in our days? Has the fairy-tale gone after the fairies in these days of stark reality, that there is not one in my bundle? Or, do they make way for the new procession of heroes finer than legend or fable?

Before coming to the story-books let us consider the finest book in the world as presented to us by a true poet. There is some wonderful writing in Mr. William Canton's "The Bible"[1]; and it is fortunate he should have told the story and not any man with less gifts than his. This book is not a mere paraphrase of the Book. What he does is to take the reader by the hand and make him see with his own clear vision the whole wonderful story unroll itself in its own setting. I once heard a very brilliant Biblical scholar and poet explain the Creation of the World—seven ages, seven æons, as comprised within our seven days. I have ever since been



Little Folks at Volendam.
From "The Wonder Book of Children of All Nations." (Ward, Lock.)

[1] "The Bible Story." By William Canton. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Filling the Pitchers: Mary's Well, Nazareth.
From "The Wonder Book of Children of All Nations." (Ward, Lock.)

able to realise the Creation. One can only say that Mr. Canton's beautiful narrative is worthy. It would have been so easy to fail. But this countryman of Heaven who gave us "The Child's Book of Saints," has here seen and written.

Now to more terrestrial books, with a thought that earth is the ante-chamber to Heaven, and has its own joys. I envy the boy or girl who is given a Herbert Strang book this Christmas. "The Old Man of the Mountain"[2] is an Indian story, in which the plain and straightforward West is brought bang up against the mysterious and menacing East. Mr. Strang's powers of invention are great. One is hurried along breathlessly from one adventure to another, till we are left gasping at the end of the jolly narrative, with, of course, the white man on top. For excitement this book will be hard to beat, and needless to say Mr. Strang's books are full of the qualities to which boys—and girls—should aspire. Reading him, an older, less adventurous person, "lives by admiration."

Here again is Mr. Herbert Strang with "Frank Forester,"[3] which is a story of the present—of the war and the tragic Dardanelles. For boys who are in the war and boys who are going to be in it, and for girls who must content themselves in the lists at home, Mr. Strang has done well. This stirring story need not be only for the delectation of young people. Anyone who is looking for books to send to the hospitals cannot do much better than to give the soldier boys Mr. Strang's tales.

For a book of an entirely new flavour I would commend "Indian Tales of the Great Ones"[4] by a famous Indian lady, Cornelia Sorabji. The sub-title "Among Men, Women and Bird-People," indicates the atmosphere of these fanciful and often beautiful stories; full of the wisdom and poetry and the subtle simplicity of the East. Mr. Warwick Goble illustrates adequately a book which the grown-up may enjoy equally with the child.

"Stories of Russian Folk-Life"[5] is not to be mistaken for folk-stories. These are Russian stories, with an introduction which tells us a good deal about our Ally—that brave, kind, gentle and religious people of whom we were so long in ignorance. No one now trembles at the thought of a Cossack; or if anyone does let him read these charming stories. "The Man Who Fought the Wolves" is to be read at a gallop of the heart, but all the stories tend to a greater knowledge and trust of, and to a greater affection and admiration for our great Ally.

"The Wonder Book of Children of All Nations"[6] is a splendid annual, appealing not only to the young desire for entertainment, but also imparting knowledge in the most agreeable way. After the war we shall hardly be as insular as we used to be. The Empire should make us see to that. And, amusing as insularity was in the young Briton it constituted somewhat of a danger in the grown man and woman. No longer, helped to knowledge and sympathy by such books as this, will the boy and girl refer contemptuously to other peoples. Splendid isolation has its dangers as well as its advantages. As for entertainment the book is princely. It is profusely illustrated in black-and-white and colours. It is a huge book for three shillings.

POSTSCRIPTUM BY PAMELA.

The child of to-day is certainly very fortunate in the wide selection of books which are prepared for him, but there are surely few books to surpass "Collins's Children's Annual"[7] for 1916. This book contains thirty-four delightful stories for children, many of them from the pens of well-known authors. Every child will find his favourite form of story here, whether it be of fairies and witches or a modern war story. To complete this marvellous collection—which can be obtained for the very moderate price of three shillings and sixpence—there are thirty-six coloured illustrations by artists already dear to the childish heart, such as John Hassall, R.I.

[2] "The Old Man of the Mountain." By Herbert Strang. 3s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[3] "Frank Forester: A Story of the Dardanelles." By Herbert Strang. 3s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[4] "Indian Tales of the Great Ones." By Cornelia Sorabji. 1s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

[5] "Stories of Russian Folk-Life." By Donald Mackenzie. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

[6] "The Wonder Book of Children of All Nations." 3s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

[7] "Collins's Children's Annual." 3s. 6d. net.



From "Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen." Illustrated by Harry Clarke. (Harrap).

"'I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT,' SAID THE SEA WITCH."

Altogether Messrs. Collins are to be congratulated on their "Annual" which is quite a remarkable achievement.

"A Nursery Geography"[8] is a delightful combination of a fairy tale and a lesson book. Many children will enjoy the story of how Tom and his younger brother and sister travelled on a Magic Carpet through India and Japan, and all the marvellous things they saw there, and incidentally will learn a great deal of geography as well. In the second part of the book the three children tour the British Isles, but this time in an aeroplane, which they found quite as exciting as the Magic Carpet. Mr. Dickson manages to make his geography lesson most attractive, and children will probably learn a great deal more from reading it than from a ceaseless perusal of geography books. To complete the book there are twenty charming illustrations in colour.

"The Peek-a-Boos in War Time"[9] is a continuation of the adventures of that interesting trio with whom we are already acquainted. Their various attempts at war work are most amusing, and we follow them with interest from munitions to the land, although both enterprises are doomed to failure. We leave them eventually, "busy resting hard," after their excitements. The story is told in large, clear print suitable for children, and there are six delightful plates in colour, besides a number of smaller illustrations, by Chloë Preston.

The last books in the pile are three little paper-covered stories in verse. "A Great Adventure"[10] is a rabbit's story told by himself; the other two in the series are "Miss Mouse's Moving Day"[11] with a thrilling tale of her escape from a dog and a cat, and "The Disappearing Trick of Mickey and Morris"[12] which, alas, has a tragic end. All these little books are in large print and cleverly illustrated.

[8] "A Nursery Geography." By George S. Dickson. 3s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[9] "The Peek-a-Boos in War Time." By May Byron. (Frowde, Hodder & Stoughton.)

[10] "A Great Adventure." ("The Tuppenny Tay Books.") (Stevenson.)

[11] "Miss Mouse's Moving Day." (Stevenson.)

[12] "The Disappearing Trick of Mickey and Morris." (Stevenson.)



"How Dicky's eyes glistened."

From "Collins's Children's Annual." (W. Collins, Sons & Co.)

THE REAL SOCIETY JOURNALIST.*

By Richard Whiteing.

Some time ago, an enterprising publication started the question of the Ideal Editor. The discussion might more profitably have turned on the Ideal Contributor. Such a contributor should be the "swell" of mind, manners and connections, who has easy access to everybody worth knowing, and can report them and their cause aright to the unsatisfied—no small part of the community. Work of that kind can hardly, in fairness, be expected from any man who has merely dined with the Kaiser. It demands a longer and a far more comprehensive course—Eton, Oxford, Parliament, and the gift of getting oneself started as the grandson of a Duke. The type has its best, and indeed its sole exemplar in the journalism of our day, in the author of this most interesting book. He drops in at his ease on the most distinguished persons, or they drop in upon him. His discretion never moults a feather: we are to expect no revelations, but we have flashes of light that explain events by character, rather than character by events, the slower and by no means the surer way.

* "Portraits of the 'Seventies." By G. W. E. Russell. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

In regard to high life, he may be said to have lisped in subjects; and the subjects came. For the rest he has done serious work in literature in many a thoughtful page.

The politicians lead the way. Gladstone is touched more tenderly than some of the others, perhaps because the author was for a long time in very confidential relations with him. Chamberlain yields a rich harvest:

"The extreme alertness of look and manner and movement irresistibly suggested the associations of the counter, and Gilbert's

"'Pushing young particle—
What's the next article?
Threepenny 'bus, young man.'"

Poor fellow, there was a tailpiece, it seems, to his oft quoted receipt of the strongest cigars and no exercise as the preventive of shortness of days. "I mean to live to be a hundred." That rash and fateful utterance alas! marked the main difference between a triumphant Midlothian campaign and an abortive Tariff Reform one checked in mid career. "He thought political consistency an overrated virtue: 'in politics a year ahead is the same as eternity. You begin a new career each morning.'" Hence Mr. Russell's pithy comment: "The saying that Gladstone understood Man but not men was never more conspicuously illustrated than in the case of Chamberlain. He only admitted him to the Cabinet because he was forced to do so, and made no use of him when he got him there. . . . That Chamberlain felt this and resented it is only to say that he was human." Their common friend tried to patch up a peace, and Chamberlain was invited to Hawarden for a pow-wow; but nothing came of it. The visit was socially pleasant, but the Unauthorised Programme was a fatal bar. There was more even than this; and it came at the close of a talk between the two younger men. "Mr. Gladstone is certainly a wonderful old gentleman," said Mr. C., "but he is seventy-six. Do you think *I* am going to climb down to *him*?"



Matthew Arnold.

From "Portraits of the Seventies," by G. W. E. Russell (Fisher Unwin.)

Lord Hartington, we are told, was brought up too much at home. He missed Eton, owing to the fears or the fads of his father, and fell back on the society of the grooms and gamekeepers of the estate, with whom his word was law. This accounted for a kind of bluntness in him, sometimes hard to distinguish from bad manners, and even from absolute selfishness. "If he was engaged to dine at eight, he came at nine." He could grow quite animated on the folly of our restrictions on public gaming: "I own two towns (Buxton and Eastbourne): gaming tables are just what they want." This seems to carry the reflection that, if you will go on letting people own even one town in that reckless way, what on earth can you expect? However, we hear nice things of him galore; and even of the egregious "Labby," labelled as "a gentleman to the backbone." Did it actually touch the bone? We now learn why the latter could find no place in a Liberal Cabinet. It was not Gladstone's doing; it was the Queen's. The old statesman received a timely warning that, on this point, Her Majesty was "very stiff." In a bunch of "Demagogues," we find John Bright bracketed with Randolph Churchill, Parnell and Bradlaugh! It is impossible to forbear an "Oh! oh!"—of course in the strictly Parliamentary sense. Some of Lord Salisbury's following thought that Lord Randolph, who had so rashly got rid of himself, should be asked to return. "When one has had a boil on one's neck and it has burst," said the Premier, "one doesn't invite it to return." It was not perhaps quite gentlemanly "to the backbone," but it served.

The Church, though of course somewhat too exclusively as by law established, looms large in these delightful pages. Three archbishops are in the record. One of them is Erastian Tait—the prefix, of course, in this connection, not to be confounded with any name for a Christian. Another is Thomson of York—Vanity Fair's "Archbishop of Society," and "not the vulgar Thompson with a 'p'" as a lady was careful to insist. The

third is his brilliant successor Magee, who had little more than a six months' tenure before it was time to die. Three cardinals have their turn, as if to show there is no prejudice against at least one other communion. This section is mainly concerned with the famous fight to a finish between Manning and Newman. They were most unequally matched -Manning, all Catholic policy; Newman, all Catholic feeling, his whole life given to ideals and consequently to disappointments. No wonder Manning, as he told Mr. Russell, had once thought of going into politics. "But what a rascal I should have been by this time," he added, rather unkindly to a confidant who could write M.P. after his name. "I do not trust him," said Newman. "Poor Newman!" said Manning. "I suppose," he added to Mr. Russell, "you have heard that I tried to prevent Newman from being made a cardinal. . . . It is not true. . . . I said, 'Leave it to me'; I wrote to Rome and it was done in three weeks. *Very few people know that.*" "Very few indeed!" observes George Russell drily, and leaves it there. Other eminent clerics have their share of notice in generous estimates of Liddon, Mackonochie, Father Stanton, and Bishop Wilkinson.

The poets, too, eat and drink when they can, and their old welcome to the seat by the fire and the share of the mess has now matured into invitations to dinner. The noble successors of their former hosts, especially the great Dukes, are not ignored, and naturally so: it is almost a service of filial piety, not to say of the worship of ancestors. One of them, third of the Sutherland line, "apart from his paternal property," owns "much more than a million acres in the Highlands." The marriage that brought him a poor 150,000 more in Ross-shire must still have left him quite a King Cophetua in his own esteem. He was broad-minded, however, as well as broad-acred, and was "in favour of the equal division of all property except land." Such was his solicitude for "the liberty of the country. 'As if a fellow could have too much land,'" he would urge. An extract describes an entertainment at his town mansion. "The palace, resonant with fantastic music, blazed amid illumined gardens rich with summer warmth," etc., etc. This suggests "Jeames" on the mount of inspiration, but it was really from the pen of the author of Lothair. Here, too, the whirligig of Time has brought its changes, if nothing of deeper import. Stafford House is now the London Museum, "by kind permission" of quite a new sort of chieftain, whose tenantry are also his co-partners in about the largest industry in the world.

Society—to find the most comprehensive name for it—is the general theme of the book. This imports much attention to great ladies, whether as wives of great statesmen, or as heiresses of fame on their own account. Even fashion is not neglected, in a way, for the chapter on "some medicine men" shows a nice discrimination of doctors by their bedside manners. The portraits, chiefly from photographs, are to be counted by the score.

It is a fascinating book, and none but George Russell could have written it—a sort of swan's song of the urbanities of that "so-called Nineteenth Century" which has come to its self-satisfied end, to make way for the most devastating upheaval in all history. Many changes portend. Only the Being, whom some of us, as prophets, rather ignorantly worship, knows what they are to be.

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR.

"Some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead . . . rather will I say: Here in this world he changed his life."—MALORY.

HE passed in mystery from mortal sight
Upon the waters that enshrined his sword.
There was no man whose eyes had seen the blight
Of death upon the face of Britain's lord,
And all of Arthur that was left his land
Was a great memory like an armoured ghost,
That steeled the sinews of the English hand
And thundered in the waves of England's coast.

Time made of Arthur and of Avalon
A poet's dream to please an idle hour,
While England through triumphant years went on
Proud in great riches, confident in power,
Girding the world with her imperial sway—
Too busy and too prosperous to see
The eastward threatening of a certain Day
That should make different all the days to be.

Before its dawn there came a man, whose eyes
Were strange alike to pity and to fear—
Not cruel, but unsparing, in the wise
Of those who see eternity too near.
Upon this quiet doer of his deed
Flamed the red morning of a world in dust.
"Trust him!" cried England in her final need,
And royally he rose to meet her trust.

Out of the stubborn stuff of youth untaught
He shaped an army to his high desire.
Unhastening, unfaltering, he wrought
Amid the rising tide of blood and fire
A living shield for England's labouring heart—
The breaking heart that is too great to fail!
And then—as if time's curtains drew apart
To welcome back a kingly ghost in mail—

He passed in mystery from mortal sight.
The waters took him, as it was of old.
The tale of how death came to England's knight
Never by any mortal may be told.
All we have left of Kitchener lives on,
Steel sinewed in the army that he made.
There may be joy to-day in Avalon
For the home-coming of a hero's shade.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

New Books.

THE FUTURE OF IRELAND.*

Mr. Lysaght's book appears in a series devoted to appreciations of Irishmen of To-Day: a series which, unhappily, has so far not equalled expectation or opportunity. The author is at pains to explain that his study is impersonal. Nobody, he says, wants a personal book. The time has not yet come to write even the history of Plunkett's work in Ireland. Mr. Lysaght fears "intrusion or adulation or impertinence," and shrinks from adding to the controversial flames that surround his subject. So, setting out hesitantly to deal with Plunkett's place in the Irish Nation, he, in his first chapter decides to write a study "of rural Ireland in relation to Sir Horace Plunkett"; and ends somewhat amazingly by writing a book containing the thoughts of Mr. Lysaght on things in general, from county clubs and continuous cropping down to Home Rule and Irish ecclesiastical buildings. Certainly there is occasional reference to Plunkett; there is an account of the I.A.O.S., written by Plunkett himself; and, finally, we are given two long precious chapters on Irish future politics wherein elections are forecasted, ministries formed, Mr. Redmond made the first premier under Home Rule, and Sir Horace calmly relegated to his old seat in the Department of Agriculture.

One the more regrets Mr. Lysaght's very poor use of his opportunities, because here and there, despite certain remarks about "political neutrals," time-servers, masters of compromise, and so on, he shows a high appreciation of Plunkett's work, and a cautious admiration of himself. Clearly, did Mr. Lysaght have his way, Plunkett would no longer be an "object of suspicion with the majority of his countrymen," or be waiting for political fogs to dispel, and so be revealed "in his true colours as a public man." Also there is certainly room in a series devoted to Irishmen of to-day for a book that shall be neither impertinent nor obtrusive, yet shall deal frankly with the career, work and personality of Sir Horace Plunkett. The facts are there. The personality is there, big, famous, persuasive, full of kindliness and humour and nobleness; just the figure for an artist who knew his work and could use his material.

A. E., whom someone has called the spirit of the great co-operative movement that sprang from Plunkett's brain, could write the book. Through thick and thin now for many years he has stood valiantly by his chief, aiding him unofficially but vitally with splendid eloquence of voice and pen, curbing that mystical genius of his within such bounds of practicality that in Ireland to-day is no higher authority on the economics of farming than the Editor of the *Homestead*. Perhaps, some day, when Patrick shall have evolved his Pericles, and out of Ireland has been carved another Attica; then, his dreams fulfilled and his labours culminated, A. E. perhaps may be persuaded to write the story of Plunkett, the man and statesman, as his friends would have it written. But Pericles and Attica are not yet, not by a long way. And A. E. knows it. So in this new book of his he attempts, in a series of what he calls "imaginative meditations," the task of guiding forward towards real nationhood the infant State which "in the year 1914 A.D., amid a world of conflict," was born. He wants to create Irish national ideals, to set Irishmen discussing the principles which shall bring about and prevail in an Irish civilisation, to gather about him all the imaginations and finer intellects of his race to help "raise the soul of Ireland nigher to the ideal and its body nigher to its soul."

No one with any interest in A. E. and his doings will need telling with what imaginative power and passion of word and thought the outlines of an Irish polity are traced in this book. It is a very noble book. It is honest in every line. It burns at times with such an energy of conviction, of longing for the golden age of the new Attica, of faith and hope and pity for the oppressed and scorn for those who oppress, that whilst reading it one sits as under the spell of a great orator. Since Ruskin died no man has written as A. E. writes. He is of the race of Carlyle and Mazzini.

But, though his heart is full of love of Ireland, and though he looks out hopefully towards the golden age of his new Attica, the realities are not hid from him. Home Rule he knows is no panacea in itself. He sees clearly the difficulties of that strenuous path, over thorns and pitfalls, from the slums and the lifeless villages, and the poverty and ignorance and strife and bitterness, up to the serenity of that state wherein Irishmen shall be reconciled, educated, prosperous, free, shall be "truly citizens, thinking in terms of the nation, identifying national with personal interests." He knows how much is against him. He feels that his cry for help, to the churches, the thinkers, the aristocrats, "the mob of politicians," may not be heard or be misinterpreted. Yet he keeps in high heart. There is, he says, "some incorruptible spiritual atom" in the Irish heart. What has been can be again. In the great co-operative movement A. E. sees the transformer, the great turning movement, not for Irishmen only but for humanity, towards the ideal of universal brotherhood, "where people will be at harmony in their economic life, will readily listen to different opinions from their own, will not turn sour faces on those who do not think as they do, but will come at last, through sympathy and affection, to a balancing of their diversities. . . ."

So may it be.

SHAN BULLOCK.

* "Sir Horace Plunkett." By Edward E. Lysaght. 2s. 6d. (Maunsel.)—"The National Being: Some Thoughts on an Irish Polity." 4s. 6d. By A. E. (Maunsel.)

FIVE NOVELS AND A BOOK.*

The function of a critic is to criticise. Obviously! But what is criticism? I think that the popular conception of criticism is altogether wrong. A critic is not necessarily one who carps at things, picks holes in things. A critic should aim rather at appreciation than depreciation. Any vainglorious fool, however small his understanding, can find faults in any masterpiece, however great. But to discern and appraise the beauties of a consummate work of art is not so easy. It is still less easy to discover merit, and perhaps a little beauty also, even in mediocre stuff. That is why we poor critics are so often tempted to eschew the harder way and just point out the flaws and blemishes in the books we review. For there are always flaws and blemishes, and—oddly enough!—it is not the worst but the best books that are usually most open to attack. The utterly uninspired, commonplace novel is far more likely to be technically above reproach than the breathless, impassioned creation of genius. To cite instances: Shakespeare is not comparable with Sardou, nor Dickens with Wilkie Collins, as a craftsman. Thus one inclines to the absurd paradox that the better the literature the worse the art.

And I am moved to these reflections by the fact that among these six volumes of fiction I have just finished reading there is only one that is really first-class, and only one other that is promising. Which saddens me because it means that I have got to be unpleasant, perhaps, to people whose only aim is my delight.

Mr. Samuel Gordon's volume of short stories is the one first-class piece of work. I don't like the name of the

* "God's Remnants." By Samuel Gordon. 6s. net. (Dent).—"Bindweed." By Gabrielle Vallings. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"The Tutor's Story." By Charles Kingsley and Lucas Malet. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)—"Redwing." By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Boundary House." By Peggy Webling. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"Madame Prince." By W. Pett Ridge. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

Deity to be taken in vain in the titles of books. I think Mr. Gordon would have been better advised to call his collection "The Chosen People" rather than "God's Remnants." There is a suggestion of bitterness in such a title, and of course it is very apparent throughout that Mr. Gordon, in these fine studies of Jewish life in the various ghettoes of Europe—and especially Russia—feels strongly the injustice and cruelty to which the people of his race have always been, and still are, subjected. In so far as that goes his title is justified, and yet it is misleading because there is nothing contemptible about any of the types he presents to us. On the contrary, they are most of them truly heroic figures, and even in the less heroic there is invariably some redeeming quality. But, apart from the title—and the American spelling—I have nothing but praise for these Stories of Israel among the Nations.

That American spelling, by the way, gives rise to a disturbing thought. Can it be that these stories have already appeared, either as a complete series or in more haphazard fashion, in American magazines? I am pretty sure that the bulk of them, at any rate, have never appeared in any English magazine. And why not? From every and any point of view they are good stories. Not only are they good as literature: literature is sometimes very dull; they are good as mere yarns. They would be worth telling, in any style, for their own sake. There is drama in them and much rare comedy, and almost always that little surprise toward the end without which no tale has any right to call itself a tale. Above all, there is not one single incident in any of the stories, or even a phrase, to offend the most delicate sensibilities. By which I do not mean that they are lacking in force or in any sense colourless. Indeed, they all alike grip and hold you irresistibly, from the opening to the concluding sentence. They have kept me from my work, they have kept me awake in bed, they have let my breakfast-bacon go cold and my morning newspaper neglected. They have thrilled me and tickled me, and moved me to the verge of tears. Their humour and their pathos, their tragic dignity and subtle sense of character, have given great joy to my soul. They are all so good I hardly like to particularise: I want to read them again before I discriminate; but offhand I would especially commend "The Lighter Sentence" as the most original story in the ironic vein I have read for a very long while, and "A Deal in Land" as the most humorously pathetic. Withal this is no mere idle book for an idle hour, but a stimulating and provocative book, a book rich in food for thought, a book expressing a ripe philosophy of life and a tender charity.

Strongly in contrast with the mature charm of Mr. Samuel Gordon's work is the manner and matter of a promising first novel by Miss Gabrielle Vallings. Incidentally there is some real good unconscious humour in this book. Indeed its note is struck in this foreword: "The author herewith declares that the characters and episodes in this book are entirely the work of imagination, they bear no relation to any living persons or their actions." In my younger and more flippant days, when to be smart at any cost—to my own or others' feelings—was to achieve artistic satisfaction—in those unregenerate days I should have quoted Miss Vallings' foreword as a sufficient criticism of her book. And I should have been grossly unfair. Despite its crudeness, "Bindweed" is not to be at all lightly regarded. It reveals an author with a native aptitude for inventing and handling strong situations. Indeed, one could use a stronger word than "strong" in this connection. To be precise Miss Vallings is a little too enamoured of horror, and as yet a little too obsessed by sexual considerations to do herself justice. One can hardly believe in her people: there is too much limelight, too much make-believe about them. You feel that, even in the privacy of their souls, they are always doing things or thinking things that will impress Miss Vallings, and, through her, her readers. Still, as I say, there is abundant promise in this book. Miss Vallings has the roots of the matter in her, and given a better theme, given a better sense of proportion and more restraint, she should achieve success. And anyway this first book of hers is well worth reading if only for the sake of its daring unsophistication.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Peggy Webling.**

The other four books on my list are all by more or less practised hands—too practised, perhaps even a little jaded, for they are none of them quite as good as they should be, as they might have been.

First is Lucas Malet's completion of her father's unfinished novel, "The Tutor's Story": no doubt a labour of love. But love is proverbially blind, and I think in the case of this misdirected effort it is proved so. Charles Kingsley was to my mind acting very wisely when he put this novel aside. It would have added nothing to his reputation. At best a good second-rate novelist, he had achieved his only real distinction by means of his political propaganda in such books as "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," which, in a way, heralded popular Socialism. In this aspect his "Westward Ho!" is negligible. And so it seems to me a pity that this dead fragment of a book should have been galvanised into a semblance of life by the addition of its missing parts. It is called a story, but there is very little story in it, and what there is is trite to the point of banality. The Tutor himself is the conventional figure of mid-Victorian romance, a morbidly modest person with a crippled leg, a heaven-born instinct for riding blood horses at sight, and a mania for heroism. It is all very old-fashioned, and perhaps Mrs. Harrison should be congratulated on her skill in adapting her own style to the style which used such phrases as "conspicuous by its absence" as a matter of course. Still, with all its faults, this is a book which is never boring, and most certainly deserves to be read if only as a survival of an almost forgotten fashion in literature.

My next two books are both purely woman's books, in every sense of the term. They are written by women, and though presumably not written for women exclusively, are of the class of novel which irresistibly appeals to women. To begin with, they both have blends of cad, bounder and fool for heroes. But women have always had poor taste in men. Miss Smedley gives us two unutterable outsiders in Redwing and Franklin Scott. Indeed, they are such very sorry specimens that I refuse to believe in them. Moreover, I cannot bring myself to credit that such a nice girl and a wise girl as Mimsy would ever have tolerated either of them for a moment.

That, of course, is in my reflective, critical mood. In my man-of-the-world mood I realise that these two cads are just the kind of men that women adore, run after, love and suffer gladly. They have been set up as heroes in the world of feminist fiction ever since the days of Jane Austen —they were almost canonised by Charlotte Brontë—and they endure to-day. One cannot, I suppose, blame either Miss Constance Smedley or Miss Peggy Webling for falling victims to their great-great-grandmothers' prepossessions in regard to the eternal masculine. One can only regret that wisdom is so far from them. For, apart from this seemingly inevitable misconception of average manhood, both these books are excellent, and I should not like to place one above the other. Miss Smedley has the firmer sense of character : her psychology is subtle and profound ; but Miss Webling has the larger vision. She sees all of us as oddities, which we are, rather than as types—which we never can be. There is not much plot in either book, and what there is in "Boundary House" is fantastic almost beyond believing. "Redwing" relies rather on its manipulation of social values, and in that succeeds admirably. No library list could possible be complete that did not include both these books for reading in the gloaming at Christmas-time.

Of the last book on my list I can only say that it is the sort of book we expect from Mr. Pett Ridge. There was a time when one fondly hoped that he would some day give us a great book. His "Mordemly" certainly promised that as his gifts matured he would rank as one of our first novelists. And his gifts never have matured. He has never since written nearly so good a book as "Mordemly." He is always amusing, always entertaining, always worth reading for the sake of his unvarying good humour and high spirits, his sense of character and his wit ; and yet he is always irritating because he never advances, he shows no slightest sign of any development. Here in "Madame Prince," he gives us a series of pen-pictures and character-studies, all in his best vein, and yet all futile. The people are real enough, but you cannot possibly believe in them. You know they would never do the things and say the things that Mr. Pett Ridge makes them do and say. You know that if the long arm of coincidence really acted as Mr. Pett Ridge makes it act, it would long ago have dislocated its shoulder and be no use at all—even to Mr. Pett Ridge. I have derived a certain measure of enjoyment from this book, as I do from all Mr. Pett Ridge's books ; and yet at the same time I am again left with that feeling of keen disappointment and exasperation in which all Mr. Pett Ridge's latter-day books invariably plunge me.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE WHIG TRADITION.*

There is only one difference between the Whigs of the Napoleonic and the Whigs of the present war ; there is no illustrious pro-German Whig in the country, and in Parliament there are none at all. There are anti-Russian Whigs ; but even the most conspicuous of them cannot compare for force and energy with Charles James Fox and his followers. The Whigs—by which I mean those whose adherence to Liberalism is still as much a matter of tradition as of principle, of respect for the past as of hope for the future—have been solidly for England and the war. Not that this has resulted in any weakening of previous principles. In some cases it may have ; but in the most notable cases the Whigs (and the higher Tories) have retained their old respect for English liberties with their new passion for the defeat of German militarism.

No better example of this enthusiasm for the British cause and this fidelity to old principles of liberty and justice can be found than in Mr. Galsworthy's essays on the war. They are now collected in this volume together with Mr. Galsworthy's other papers on social and political topics. If I deal more particularly with the war essays, it is not that the essays on feminism, on the slaughter of animals, on animals as pets, on our prison system, and on the administration of justice are inferior in interest and value. It is simply for the obvious reason that the essays on the war are on subjects which must still occupy a larger place in our thoughts.

That Mr. Galsworthy is a Whig is evident from his excellent paper "Diagnosis of the Englishman." In his novels Mr. Galsworthy, like an earlier Whig in his essays, Sidney Smith, has often mocked at the typical English virtues. An outsider, with Welsh and Irish in his blood like myself, can read those tiltings with pleasure ; but, in this time of stress, Mr. Galsworthy, unlike Sidney Smith, reverts to type. He can even find praise for the English public school. He admits that "this great, unconscious machine has great defects" ; but he claims that "it imparts a remarkable incorruptibility to English life ; it conserves vitality, by suppressing all extremes ; and it implants everywhere a kind of unassuming stoicism and respect for the rules of the great game—Life." This is no time or place to discuss the validity of Mr. Galsworthy's claim. I have quoted it merely to show how one of our leading satirists, one of the most inspiring critics of "English" standards, has, in time of war, felt bound to praise what he would almost certainly have blamed in times of peace. It proves Mr. Galsworthy a Whig of the milder school—the school of those who, unlike Smith or Fox, can be definitely blinded by results to the untruth or horridness of a thing. Whiggism was really an early form of Pragmatism ; it has always praised what works—and its hatred of the Divine Right of Kings and of the writings of John Ruskin on political economy sprang from its fundamental distrust and dislike of idealism in any form. Yet we who are idealists, Celts and dreamers : we, who think that the only thing which can be said in defence of the public school is that it taught Landor to rebel, and inspired Shelley to anarchy we must not mock at the Whigs. For they get things done, and do them. It is true, perhaps, that Shelley's poem on Peterloo is worth all the Reform Acts—nay, truer, that but for Shelley, but for Blake, there would have been no Reform Acts at all ; yet it is the Whigs who do the spade-work. "Where there is no vision, the people perish" ; yes, but if there be no people, no active, hard-working, patient, plodding folk, then there may be no prophet to have visions. And Mr. Galsworthy is anxious that the plodders should make the vision easier. And he has no doubt—nor, indeed, has any prophet—that the military system which enslaves Germany is blocking Europe's chance of a new vision.

> "I claim from the trend of events, and of national character, during the last century that in democracy alone lies any coherent hope of progressive civilisation or any chance of lasting peace in Europe, or the world. I believe that this democratic principle, however imperfectly developed, has so worked in France, in Britain and in the United States, that these countries are already nearly safe from inclination to aggress, or to subdue other nationalities that have reached approximately their stage of development."

It is then as one who believes this to be "a war to end war" that Mr. Galsworthy is a whole-hearted supporter of the Allies. And I am sure he is right in thinking that the great majority of the English people, and practically the whole of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the Colonies remain definitely anti-militarist ; have entered this war, loathing and hating it and the necessity for it. It is true that the keen spirit, burning like a clear flame, which ran through England in August, 1914, has got rather smoky and sullen ; but the flame is still there, burning as hotly if not as clearly as in the early days. Still there is grave danger, danger aggravated by the foolish, if natural, desire of nearly every adult to do distinctive war-work—as if all honest work in war-time was not war-work—that we may concentrate so much on the war as to forget its object. War is not an end in itself to any one except a Prussian or a savage. And so I welcome especially Mr. Galsworthy's articles "And—After ?"

This war has made many see once more the truth that old-fashioned Christians and Mr. Chesterton have insisted

* "A Sheaf." By John Galsworthy. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)



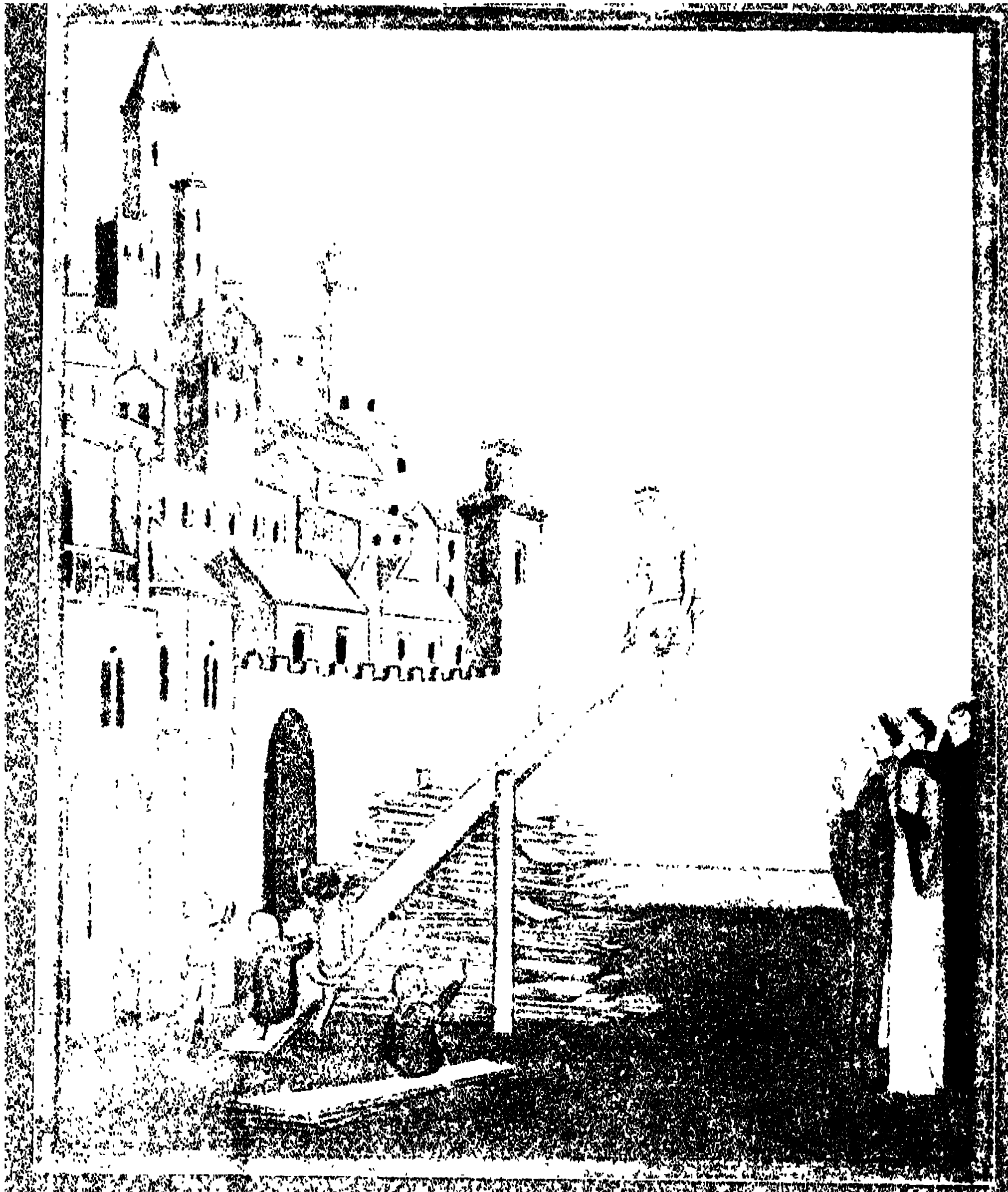
Marie

Her Majesty The Queen of Rumania in the National Red Cross Costume. From " My Country," a new and profusely illustrated book by the Queen of Rumania (Published for " The Times " by Hodder & Stoughton).



From "My Book of Beautiful Legends"
By Christine Chaundler and Eric Wood.
Illustrated in colour by A. C. Michael.
(Cassell).

"OUT FLEW A BEAUTIFUL, FAIRY-LIKE CREATURE WITH RAINBOW-COLOURED WINGS."



One of 16 Illustrations by MICHEL SEVIER
FROM
THE HUMAN TRAGEDY
By ANATOLE FRANCE
Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON
PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE
THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO ST., W.

on for years—that belief matters supremely. Dogma is the most important thing in life. We have seen a whole nation, almost as intelligent as any people save the French, the Irish and the Scotch, drilled first to believe and then to do wrong. The methodical mental drilling of the German people into the belief that (1) Germany was a greater country than any other; (2) that she therefore could, and ought to, force her ideas and ideals on any weaker people; (3) that war was a nation's natural and sacred work, resulted directly in the present conflict.

> "As a man thinks and dreams, so does he act. It is time to think and dream a little of the future, while the spirit of unity is on us, the vision of our country with us; so that, when we see again the face of Peace, we may continue to act in unity, having in our hearts the good of our land, and in our eyes the vision of her, growing ever to truer greatness and beauty."

It is a plea, is it not, for a quickening of the religious spirit. And although I cannot join the foolish cry that this war is a war of Christians against anti-Christians, one can, I think, say that the spirit which created the war is at odds with Art, Religion and Love—the only three things in the world which, fundamentally, are going to count. This is not to say that all Germans are devoid of any feeling for religion, art, or love—or to say that all Englishmen are devout servants of these three. But it is mainly in Germany that the spirit which mocks and despises has been manifest; for Germany lacked humility more than anything; and without humility no man can write a poem, love a woman, or worship God.

R. Ellis Roberts.

MR. PHILLPOTTS AS PATRIOT.*

Let nobody be surprised that Mr. Phillpotts has left Devon for Kent. He seems to contemplate a series of industrial comedies, and "The Green Alleys" follows "Brunel's Tower." The green alleys are the hop alleys. Yet the greatest event in history may, for anything one can tell, have modified his plans, as it has profoundly changed industrial conditions; and a suspicion of this occurs because the new story is far less concerned with labour problems than it might have been if the war had not swept into it. There are no imported hoppers even. Instead of a comedy reflecting on such matters, we have one of which the plot seems to have been suggested by Mrs. Grundy's wild apprehension of war babies. The protagonists are brothers, one of whom was born out of wedlock; and the social moral is that it is high time we made it easy for parents to legitimise such offspring by subsequent marriage, as the Church was once prepared to let them do. For the rest, war comes with the climax of a story in which egotism and self-stultification are well contrasted in the group of its entertaining characters. They resolve themselves in a noble public spirit. Tennyson's "Maud" was sentimental; "The Green Alleys" is rational, with the modern aspiration that war's issue may be the end of war.

It is always with a sense of reassurance and rest that one lays down a new novel by Eden Phillpotts; his later method being so well balanced and so catholic. This is true in spite of a mild cynicism, and therefore says much for his art. He makes that effect while believing that "if one thing is less interesting to the bulk of men and women than their friends' good fortune, it is the bad fortune of their friends." Note that he says "friends," and not neighbours or acquaintances. I can only call the cynicism mild because it does not compel him to handle his folk unfairly. If it did, I suppose he would have transposed the words "good" and "bad." The new book is conspicuous among realistic stories for the fulness and justice of its portraits, of which four at least are painted with rare subtlety. It is rather scientific than realistic, of course. Perhaps the fact that its middle-aged and old people arrest most attention is proof of this. Georgina Crowns as a plain British mother and Mr. Witherden as a sophisticated type of weak father are both delightful studies. Besides, the story has that fine setting of sober life, terrene and human, which almost stands for the author's conscience, and should, perhaps, so stand with every good craftsman writing novels, whether he makes much of it or little.

That question of human egotism keeps us interested keenly in the two brothers' love affair, and I think that a hint of Mr. Phillpotts's view may have been put in the mouth of his Mr. Fuggles, whom I should rather have liked to meet in the flesh:

> "There's a sane egotism as well as an insane egotism. We ought to submit to the first and defy the second. We mustn't make ourselves weaker to help those who can never be anything but weak. . . . We mustn't let the cankered people fasten on us, and so rob us of our strength to do our rightful work in the world."

It can only be a hint, of course; there might be infinite qualifications to make if any formal doctrine were in question. But this quoted passage will serve, in any case, to indicate the deeper issue of philosophy and ethics underlying his treatment of the story—which undoubtedly makes clear the folly of standing in one's own light, while it yet exalts public spirit as a greater thing than any zeal for personal ends, however "high-minded."

Keighley Snowden.

* "The Green Alleys: A Comedy." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Heinemann.)

EAST AND WEST.*

General Young, who appears to be known otherwise by a single work on the Medici, of which I have heard only at a distance, has undertaken a vast synoptic task, represented here by two out of its four proposed volumes. Including their admirable index, these extend to more than thirteen hundred pages. It is a point worth specifying because it indicates the probable dimensions of the complete work. The period which it designs to cover begins at 44 B.C., with the murder of Julius Cæsar, and will end A.D. 1453, having the inventions which led up to printing immediately behind it and the birth of Luther at a short distance in front. The present instalment breaks off at the death of the Emperor Leo III. in 740. In the face of such an enterprise our first question must concern the author's intention, and then—broadly speaking—as to the manner in which it is carried out. The aim, according to the preface, is to relate the history of fifteen centuries in such a manner as "to meet the needs of those who have not much time at their disposal." This being clear, the surface qualifications of General Young are an easy, if undistinguished, style and considerable narrative powers. It was his hope to avoid dulness, and there is no question that he has succeeded. His volumes, moreover, are no mere echo and reflection, but the work of a writer who forms his own opinions and expresses them clearly. He is also a liberal, though not exactly a critical expositor. The facility with which he determines dates and authorship in respect of New Testament texts may well leave those who are acquainted with modern extreme views in a state of amazement; but the particular instance is not meant to suggest that he is a manifestly unreliable guide. The impression which I have brought away personally is one of his general accuracy on points of fact, critical and debatable subjects set aside, though on some of these I am open to conviction that he might justify himself at need. There are cases also in which he has weighed evidence and counter-evidence, and has reached what in my opinion is the right conclusion, as, for example, on the question of St. Peter's visit to Rome, which has passed in these days from the realm of tradition to that of historical certitude. So also the long and very careful study of Constantine the Great is characterised by extreme fairness and considerable judgment,

* "East and West through Fifteen Centuries." By Brig.-Gen. C. F. Young, C.B. First two volumes. 36s. net. (Longmans.)

especially in regard to the motives which actuated the Emperor in his recognition of Christianity long before he embraced it. I note as otherwise interesting—and, indeed, curious—that the legend of the labarum is accepted as true beyond doubt, on the combined authority of Lactantius, twelve months after the event is supposed to have occurred, of Nazarius and Eusebius; but General Young is careful to establish the fact that, great as the wonder was, it did not lead to the conversion of Constantine. The chapter on Gregory the Great is a luminous exposition of a momentous personality and period, and I suppose that many of the readers to whom these volumes are addressed will learn with some surprise that the so-called founder of the mediæval papacy has his chief title to greatness—from General Young's point of view—in his "steadfast and vehement effort" to save the Church from "imperialism through a claim to supremacy," meaning the subjection of all Bishops to one—which in Gregory's view was a "diabolical usurpation."

I have spoken of things which appeal personally to myself as of moment, and I could have cited many others, had I been attempting an adequate review of these volumes. Their claim to consideration is not in their novelty or greatness, but in the success which has attended so far the prosecution of a serviceable design, the production for general readers of a survey of the momentous centuries concerned in a very interesting and reasonably unbiassed manner.

A. E. WAITE.

WESLEY'S LETTERS.*

Mr. Eayrs, as one of the three scholars responsible for the recent and standard "History of Methodism," has all the qualifications of knowledge and sympathy for this task of selecting and editing a collection of Wesley's letters. About three hundred and twenty-three are printed, of which sixty-nine are new. Some of those reprinted are given in a fuller form here than elsewhere. Mr. Eayrs has supplied them with brief and telling introductions. Everything has been done to make the volume readable, and it should command a large public outside as well as inside the Methodist communion. Instead of presenting the letters in chronological order, Mr. Eayrs groups them in a series of chapters; for example, those to his father and mother, those to his brothers and sisters, the correspondence with his wife and other lady friends, etc. This plan has the merit of preventing the reader's knowledge of the correspondents from being scattered, and on the whole, it may be said to work out well, especially as an introductory outline of Wesley's life enables the subsequent chapters to be fitted into a coherent survey. There is a good index, the book is handsomely printed, and it is not even heavy to hold, in spite of its size. Certainly there is nothing heavy in the contents of these five hundred pages.

Johnson complained that Wesley was never at leisure for a good long talk. "He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do." But if Wesley had small time for conversation on general topics, it was not because he poured his soul out in letters. These letters are not written out of ample leisure, like the correspondence of Fitzgerald or Cowper or Gray. They are usually brief and businesslike. Wesley has only his correspondent in view, and writes with a compact brevity which rarely allows him to discuss outlying topics. Mr. Eayrs is fond of comparing Wesley's letters to his preachers to the despatches and directions issued by a general during a campaign. The parallel is more than an up-to-date allusion; it hits off the quality of large sections in his correspondence. One is left wondering how Wesley ever found time to write so many letters, besides his other works in religion and education. He must have had amazing health and vitality. He was "a human gamecock," says Leslie Stephen, and the impression of his physical and mental fitness is never stamped on the reader more than by his letters; even his journal does not illustrate his tireless grasp of details and judgment of individuals so vividly.

The notes to his preachers bring out his sense of authority and his insight into character, together with a frankness of counsel which is quite episcopal. "In the great revival at London, my first difficulty was, to bring into temper those who opposed the work; and my next, to check and regulate the extravagances of those that promoted it. And this was far the hardest part of the work; for many of them would bear no check at all. But I followed one rule, though, with all calmness: 'You must either bend or break.'" There is something distinctly naïve about this; it is almost as naïve as Sterne's famous remark: "We all live the longer—at least the happier, for having things our own way. This is my conjugal maxim—I own 'tis not the best of maxims, but I maintain 'tis not the worst." Wesley had to assert himself, like any great religious leader, and if he asserted himself it was not for the sake of personal happiness or power. But he was less fortunate in applying the same rule to his wife. Mrs. Wesley was not Mrs. Sterne. The letters in this volume which relate to his married life reveal traits in Wesley which remind us of John Knox—the John Knox of whom Stevenson wrote. Wesley, as Dr. Fitchett points out, was three times ill, and each time he fell in love with his nurse. The third time he succeeded in marrying her, and it proved a failure. The wealthy widow of forty, whom he persuaded to be his wife after an acquaintance of eight days, did not understand her husband's passion for itinerating, or his claim to be on frank terms with other ladies. As we can see from this volume, Wesley's judgment of the other sex was not always reliable, and even his best friends did their best to warn him against giving needless cause of suspicion and offence to his wife. But, though Wesley was amenable to advice, he was obdurate on this point. His wife must bend or break, like a local preacher.

This is only one of the human interests raised by a perusal of these letters. They are full of good things, scattered up and down the pages of the volume. On a Cornish clergyman, for example: "He is absolutely a Scot in his opinions, but of an excellent spirit." On the classics: "You would gain more clearness and strength of judgment by reading those Latin and Greek books (compared with which most of the English books are whipped syllabub), than by four score modern books." "The main point is, study the Greek and Hebrew Bible, and the love of Christ." "Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream . . . scream no more, at the peril of your soul." To the Bishop of London: "Your Lordship did see good to ordain and send into America other persons who knew something of Greek and Latin, but who knew no more of saving souls than of catching whales." On a parliamentary election at Bristol: "O what a pity there could not be some way of managing elections of every sort, without this embittering Englishmen against Englishmen, and kindling fires which cannot be quenched in many years!" "Of Calvinism, mysticism, and antinomianism, have a care, for they are the bane of true religion." It is disconcerting to find Wesley apparently calling Shakespeare "our heathenish poet." Mr. Eayrs notes that he rarely quoted from Shakespeare, and that a fine Shakespearean quarto, which he had annotated on the margin, was destroyed after his death by a Wesleyan preacher!

But space forbids any further quotations from these letters. They ought to be read as they stand. They are real letters, free and familiar, unconscious of any public except the writer and his correspondent, and, like all the best letters, revealing both.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Letters of John Wesley: A Selection of Important and New Letters with Introductions and Biographical Notes." By George Eayrs, F.R.Hist.S. With a Chapter on "Wesley, His Times and Work," by Augustine Birrell; a Portrait of Wesley and Facsimiles. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THREE BOOKS OF LAUGHTER.*

A much quoted piece of cynicism expressed by a popular platitudinarian poet tells us in effect that we are a poor lot of creatures, ever ready for amusement and totally lacking in sympathy. The life and work of every true humorist proves the essential falsity of the jingling antithesis. Far truer is the suggestion that the springs of laughter and the source of tears neighbour each other nearly, the implication that those who can laugh best are those who can sympathise most. The three humorists whose books are here dealt with might all be subpœnaed on the side of that which I take to be the truer view, though for those of their works now before me two of them have gone more particularly to the springs of laughter for their inspiration.

The three books, widely differentiated in style and theme as they are, all appeal to the risibility of the reader, and to one who has read them in rapid succession they are strangely linked together. Mr. Pugh and Mr. Burke both affect the trick of talking to the reader, wondering whether he will have got far, and each nears the end musing over those who have accompanied him the whole journey. Then Mr. Burke and Mr. Jenkins both quote the same lines from a popular song of the day—a linking which perhaps I should not have noticed if I had ever heard more than the first line before! That I may not betray my terrible ignorance the song in question shall not be particularised. Those linkings are, however, merely verbal ones, the books are well and truly linked by a light chain of laughter, and may severally and collectively be commended to the notice of all in search of reading which shall place them under that sanative bondage.

In "A Book of Laughter," Mr. Edwin Pugh entertains us through four hundred pages in the easy, and often inconsequent, manner of a post-prandial raconteur, one who, whatever the ostensible object for which he has risen, can go on producing a succession of good stories which keep his hearers laughing in a way that should ensure good digestion waiting upon appetite. In the manner of the after dinner speaker, Mr. Pugh mostly gives a slight thread of conversational comment to connect the stories, or groups them according to their character, but the general effect is that of a well-made collection of good things, with many other good things added from the author's own fancy, experience or invention. There are a number of stories that will be familiar to some readers, but on the whole "A Book of Laughter" is remarkable alike for the freshness and excellence of its anecdotes. The early readers of it are likely to establish easy reputations as tellers of good stories.

Though Mr. Pugh hit upon the happy title of "A Book of Laughter," the words may appropriately be applied to each of these three arriding volumes. Mr. Herbert Jenkins in introducing us to the journeyman furniture remover, philosopher and practical joker, Joseph Bindle, and telling us of his doings and delineating his "circle," has given us a new friend provocative of much joyous hilarity. Bindle is really a joy, whatever he does and whatever he says, and though there may be readers who can find little entertainment in a record of practical jokings they must be dull dogs indeed if they cannot find much that is ticklesome in the quaint and comical things that the Cockney Aristophanes has ever on the tip of his tongue. The doings in which Bindle is either a principal or a partner are sufficiently diverting, including as they do the mixing of pure alcohol with the drinks lavishly served out at a temperance fête, the changing of the numbers on the bedroom doors of a large hotel, the personating of a supposed millionaire uncle from Australia, the "discovery" of a store of supposed German arms, the removal of furniture from the wrong house and so on, and the working out of a great hoax in acknowledged imitation of Theodore Hook's Berners Street Hoax of a century ago. By way of contrast to the irrepressible and droll Brindle we have his sourly sanctimonious wife and her brother-in-law, the greengrocer Hearty, whom "J. B." sums up:

"'E don't often smile, an' when 'e does it's as if 'e thought Gawd was a-goin' to charge it up against 'im. . . . 'E's so used to looking for sin in the soul that 'e can see a rotten apple in the middle of a barrel without knockin' the top off. Yes, I'll give 'Earty 'is due. There ain't many as can knock spots off 'im as a greengrocer, though as far as bein' a man, I seen better things than 'im come out o' cheese."

Mr. Edward Burke, in "My Wife," produces laughter by subtler methods. Though his volume is a laughter book, it is perhaps more frequently provocative of the deep understanding smile, than of the ebullient outburst. Some readers may think that it should have been called "My Wife's Husband," so clever is it as a piece of self-revelation of the supposed narrator. That same narrator has set out to win a bet by making a book by a truthful presentation of his wife; doing so he has succeeded in presenting himself with something of sublime unconsciousness with all the faithfulness of a Pepys. The egoist is really a finely futile person, who regards himself as the sport of circumstance, but is rather the sport of his own futility, and scarcely worthy of the "ordinary" wife whom he pretends to portray. His slangy daughter and son, the aeronaut who descends into his pear tree, his lady gardener, his Canadian friend, and the "dark Rosaleen" of that innocent past which induces so much self-pity in him, all take part in a delicious piece of comedy that is as heartily entertaining as the self-revelation of "Billy" is amazingly clever.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "A Book of Laughter." By Edwin Pugh. 6s. net. (Palmer & Hayward).—"Brindle." By Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"My Wife." By Edward Burke. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

IRELAND AND FRANCE.*

Mr. J. de Lacy Smyth has well performed a loving and pious task in giving us a pleasant account of the relations between France and Ireland nearly half a century ago. His father, the late Mr. P. J. Smyth, was a man of the highest nobility of character, and of the most incorrigible and losing patriotism. When war broke out between Germany and France, it was his dream to raise an Irish Brigade to fight by the side of the French. "Europe," he said, "should know that the heart of Ireland was with the banner of the Tricolour on the Rhine. Those Germans were known in Ireland—in '98—and bitterly remembered. It was a saying there that each true Irishman should 'kill a Hessian for himself.' France should know whether her former allies deserted or betrayed her now, that Ireland linked to her by historic associations and proudly treasuring the glorious memories of Sarsfield's Brigade had thousands of men, each ready 'to kill a Hessian for himself' if France required their aid upon the Rhine."

The Foreign Enlistment Act made it impossible to raise an Irish Brigade openly. The British policy at the time was to strengthen Germany at the expense of France, and how well that policy succeeded it is hardly necessary to emphasise to-day. As it was not possible to raise an Irish Brigade openly, owing to the Proclamation of British neutrality, Smyth and his friends decided to do so secretly. A committee for the relief of the sick and wounded of the French Army and Navy was formed in Dublin, and subscriptions flowed in from all parts of the country. An ambulance corps arrived at Havre; the nucleus of an Irish Brigade was formed under Captain Kirwan, and commissions issued by the French Government. The Irish Company was ordered to the front on November 16th, 1870, and fought at Montbelliard and Busy. But the capitulation of Paris and the end of the war prevented the fulfilment of Smyth's hopes.

In the following year the French Government sent a deputation to thank the Irish people for their gift of an

* "Ireland and France." By Alfred Duquet. Edited by J. de L. Smyth, M.A. (Maunsel.)—"The Irish Rebellion of 1916." By John F. Boyle. 4s. 6d. net (Constable.)

ambulance, and it is their experiences and comments which form the bulk of this interesting little volume.

To the future historian, Mr. John F. Boyle's narrative of the events of Easter week in Dublin will be of great service. What were the causes which led a number of men of high personal character, poets, scholars and professors to undertake so desperate, so hopeless and so un-English an enterprise? Before the outbreak, the relations between the people of England and Ireland had been more friendly than ever before, they were almost cordial. The bitter memories of '98 seemed to have been forgotten. The country was—and is—crimeless, fear and hatred of the Germans, whom they well remembered as the mercenaries who fought for England against them in '98 and spared neither age nor sex, rallied the people to the British flag, even though their own was not set beside it. Recruiting was surprisingly good, despite the blunders and ignorance of many of the recruiting agents, who called upon the Irish to show their loyalty to England by joining the Colours, despite too the fact that the military authorities had refused to sanction the formation of an Irish Brigade, to fight as such, and win an undivided glory.

When the war broke out, the Irish were whole heartedly on the side of the Allies. The horrors of Belgium, the destruction of churches, the slaughter of priests and nuns, the outrages on women and children, moved profoundly a generous and warlike race. Their national antipathy to the Germans, their traditional love for the French, their sympathy with Belgium, as like themselves a small nationality whom the British were pledged to protect, set their blood on fire. It seemed as though the millennium had come at last, and that England and Ireland, after years of strife, had been united by the common danger and by the common detestation of their enemy. By the vast majority of the people the Sinn Feiners were regarded as, at the best, a band of unpractical idealists, of poets and professors, whose dreams could never be translated into tangible results, as, at the worst, hare-brained fools, braggarts and even cowards and shirkers. And then the most amazing and unexpected thing happened. Eleven hundred, men and boys, miscellaneously armed with rifles, shot guns and antiquated revolvers, seized the city of Dublin and held it for more than a week. Amazing, too, was their discipline and self-restraint. A police officer complained that while in '67, you could get anything out of the rebels for a bottle of whisky, these fellows were all total abstainers, and a judge of the High Court whose room they had occupied told the present writer that they left everything as they found it. They made no attempt to seize the Bank of Ireland, the old Houses of Parliament, or Trinity College, both of which were at their mercy. When a presentation was made to the O.T.C. of Trinity College for their valour in defending the place, Dr. Mahaffy, the Provost, handsomely acknowledged the fact that no serious attack was made on Trinity College.

Mr. Boyle writes with admirable restraint and impartiality, and his introduction, tracing the growth of Sinn Fein will be especially useful to English readers.

It is as yet too soon to write the final history of the Rebellion of 1916. H. A. H.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.*

James Flecker, the bulk of whose poetic output has recently been collected in one handsome volume, was born in 1884 and died of consumption at Davos Platz on January 3rd, 1915. He was educated at Dean Close School, Cheltenham, and then at Uppingham; and from Uppingham he gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford over, he travelled for a while in France and Italy, then went to Cambridge for a year to study languages for the Levant Consular Service. His first Consular appointment was at Constantinople. He was afterwards stationed at Smyrna and then at Beirut, where he contracted the illness to which he succumbed two years later.

In appearance he was tall, lean and swarthy. He had a pleasant, rather sardonic smile; a gentle, high-pitched voice and a very attractive, enthusiastic way of talking. At times he was extraordinarily witty, but on the whole he was, I think, a little lacking in humour. As a literary figure he had always an impressive aloofness; he was never in any literary clique, never fashionable, never boomed by any particular coterie of critics. In his literary tastes he was almost aggressively conservative, loathing particularly such fashionable vulgarities as the abuse of the Victorian great. I do not think he had a very high opinion of any of his contemporaries; but of the generation preceding his own he greatly admired Professor A. E. Housman and Mr. W. B. Yeats. I have a battered copy of "The Wind Among the Reeds" which I remember he insisted on giving me—it must be nearly ten years ago now—when I confessed that I had never read it.

I do not think I have ever encountered anyone who showed such a rapturous, such an intoxicating joy of living as James Flecker. And yet, behind his delight in life, there was always an undernote of sadness; and it is difficult to avoid the thought that the ecstasy with which he looked on the world was heightened by a premonition that his time in it would be short. Traces of this foreboding are perhaps to be found in two poems written in 1907—"No Coward's Song" and "Prayer." The thought of an early death was as hateful to him as it must be to anyone who is not a congenital idiot, but he faced his fate with undaunted courage, and when disease struck him down he gave the "last rotten remnants" of his life, the last atom of his strength, to his poetry.

In his lifetime Flecker published only three small books of verse—"The Bridge of Fire" (1907), "Forty-Two Poems" (1911) and "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" (1913)—and most of his best work is to be found in the last of these. "The Bridge of Fire" contains a good deal that is poor or merely imitative and a few pieces, like the dismally unfunny "Ballad of Hampstead Heath," which are frankly bad. Most of the best poems in the book were much worked over—not always with happy results—before they reappeared in the later volume. It was with the "Forty-Two Poems" that Flecker first displayed his real poetic gifts. The book did not have a wide sale, but few of those who read it on its appearance are likely to forget the effect made on them by that marvellous "Ballad of Iskander." And in such poems as "The Masque of the Magi" and "Joseph and Mary," he gave a foretaste of the almost pre-Raphaelite vividness of colour and clearness of outline which distinguish "The Golden Journey to Samarkand."

It was not until Flecker went to the Levant and found in travel in Turkey and Greece and among the islands of the Ægean the greatest inspiration of his life, that he really came into his own as a poet. "The Golden Journey" is the book of his maturity, in which all his finest poetic qualities are displayed to the full, all his weaknesses expunged. Of the Oriental poems (which he pronounced, with justice, to be "unique in English") "Yasmin" and "The Golden Journey" were intended to form part of his play "Hassan." I have kept a letter, written a year or so before his death, in which he explains this:

"It may interest you to know," he writes, "that 'Yasmin' is out of my play—was written for it—and also 'The Golden Journey to Samarkand' is nothing but the final scene. I admit a little verse into my play here and there. Read the poem called 'The Golden Journey' and consider the 'Pilgrim with the beautiful voice' to be Hassan, the hero of a whole drama, and think what it would be like actually on the stage, with Granville Barker scenery—moonlight."

Of the verses now published for the first time in book form in the "Collected Poems" there are, I think only two, "Stillness" and "The Pensive Prisoner," which are equal to the best things in "The Golden Journey." These two, however, are very remarkable. They are much more intimate and "subjective" than is usual

* "The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker." 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker)



From "The Lord Kitchener Memorial Book." Published on behalf of the Lord Kitchener Memorial Fund for Disabled Soldiers (Hodder & Stoughton).

LORD KITCHENER AT THE WAR OFFICE.

By kind permission of the "Illustrated London News."

with Flecker, and seem to indicate that had he lived he might have discarded his Parnassian theory and grown into something greater. "The Old Ships" is a beautiful poem; but most of the other unfamiliar pieces show signs either of immaturity or of decay. "The Old Warship Ablaze" and "The Burial in England" (the poem which he was engaged in revising at the time of his death) are imposing works in the "big bow-wow" style; but though the European war stirred Flecker deeply, I do not think he wrote of it with any real conviction. The "Burial in England" is full of ingenious epithets, rich in poetic "ornament," and so brilliant in its technique that a superficial reader might easily mistake it for a masterpiece, and never notice the essential triteness of its underlying thought.

Flecker's poetry was always built up on a foundation of classical scholarship. He is at his best when he deals with subjects which are remote from the actual, definitely "poetic"; and at least a part of his genius seems to have lain in a realisation of his exact capacities. He rarely gropes after things which are too high for him. I think it can nowhere be said of him that "he wrought better than he knew," while, to judge from his constant emendations, he seems to have had an almost exaggerated distrust of what Mr. Arthur Symons has somewhere called "the plenary inspiration of first thoughts." In some ways he was more typically a French than an English poet, and his description of the Parnassians in the Preface to "The Golden Journey" applies to himself almost exactly. Like them, he loathed romantic egoism, and aimed at "a beauty somewhat statuesque"; like them he had a fine sense of language, using words and epithets with the nicest scholarship and taste; and again like them he derived his inspiration from the Classics, from History, from Mythology, from beautiful names, from places, and, indeed, from anything rather than from life. His work is an escape from life rather than an interpretation of it. His greatest strength lies in his power to create pictures compact, clear in outline, rich in colour; and in the haunting music of which he had the secret. "Emaux et Camées" would not have made a bad alternative title for his collected work. There are times when his art strongly resembles that of the jeweller or worker in precious metals; and most of his poems are hammered, like the "brass-ware" of which he tells us, till they attain a hard, indestructible perfection. And perhaps it is for this reason that it is so difficult to believe that they will quickly be forgotten. They seem to possess all the qualities that make for permanence; they depend on nothing transitory for their interest; they contain no "message" to grow stale. The amount of work which has been put into them has given them solidity. It has to be recognised about Flecker that in an age of anarchy in verse he took the trouble to become a master of technique; in an age of formlessness he upheld the finest traditions of form. What was beautiful two thousand years ago is beautiful still; and, as Flecker has told us himself, it was with the single object of creating beauty that his poems were written. Who can read them and imagine for a moment that he failed in his object?

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

WILD ANIMAL WAYS.*

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's new book should prove of infinite value to those who wish to study natural history in the easiest and pleasantest way imaginable. For here are facts about certain wild animals and their ways, presented to us in story form; and uncommonly interesting stories they are, too, told cunningly, entertainingly, with many deft touches of humour and sentiment. It would be difficult to choose a favourite out of the seven tales which the book contains—in its different fashion each is fascinating. There is the tale of Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse—who was "a symbol of the eternal spirit of Revolt against the Spur of Oppression"—a fine story, conjuring visions of great open spaces, and freedom. Another story concerns Foam, a Razor-Backed Hog and is written, as the author says, "in hopes that some will see the despised Razor-Back in a more friendly light when they realise the strong and wise little soul that lurks behind those blinking eyes." Then there are tales about Coon-Racoons Wild-Geese, "Winged Brownies"—a fitting name for those weird little creatures whom we commonplace folk call Hoary Bats—to say nothing of the history of Jinny, "a bad monkey" and the tale of Billy, the dog that made good. The book is brimful of incident and useful information and Mr. Thompson Seton's way of telling things is delightful, so that "Wild Animal Ways" makes a most desirable addition to the shelf reserved for books that are well worth re-reading The volume is profusely illustrated, containing two hundred clever black-and-white drawings by the author.

* "Wild Animal Ways." By Ernest Thompson Seton. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE FLAW IN THE IDOL.*

For Lucas Malet the abnormal has always possessed peculiar attractions, not so much the abnormal in character, for her people are more often types than not, but the purely bizarre in physical or spiritual significance. In "Sir Richard Calmady," of course, the motive was the

* "Damaris." By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Hutchinson.)



One of Ernest Thompson Seton's drawings from "Wild Animal Ways" (Hodder and Stoughton).

struggle against the handicap of physical disability; in the present novel, "Damaris," it is the fight in a man's soul against a physical obsession. In this instance the tyranny of the fixed idea is accentuated by two peculiar features, one the influence of an old house of evil records, and the other the repetition of a man's passion in the innocent form of his little daughter. It is this second idea that on some readers will produce an almost repellent effect, since we are all prone to consider that every child, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, comes new-coined from Nature's mint, or, at any rate, is never a replica of its parents' vices or failures. Yet Charles Verity, dragged down into his baser self by his love for the beautiful, heartless Henrietta Pereira, sees his adoration reflected, as in a mirror, in the heart of his baby girl; reflected and transmuted, however, for where the man's love is base, the child's is a fine, self-sacrificing force. The whole story culminates, as far as its spiritual significance is concerned, in the very telling episode of the green jade elephant, in which Damaris shows, not only the fine make of her own nature, but the essential idealism of real childhood. Here, too, is the parting of the ways for man and babe, since where Verity rather prefers his idol flawed and spoilt, the child turns her back on the elephant when she realises that it conceals by a trick the broken structure which no skill of goldsmith can replace in the perfection of invisible finish.

"Damaris" is, in fact, a tragedy of Humpty-Dumpty, for, just as when a toy is once broken, nothing can make it really perfect again, so nothing in the world can give Henrietta a heart, or make Charles Verity anything more subtle than a collector of bric-à-brac in the form of women. Yet, by a miracle in which one cannot possibly believe, when he sees his child dying for love of the woman he has ignobly desired, he rises to a mighty altitude and renounces the pursuit of woman from that day forth and for ever. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, of course, but such an event never happened, either by way of a little child or by any other means. Middle-aged men, grown grey in selfishness, even though, like Verity, they suffer from occasional qualms of conscience, are not to be converted by the spectacle of a baby's grief, since such ideas as Verity's simply destroy all capacity for reading subtle meanings. Mrs. Harrison had a thesis to prove and framed her story accordingly, but, alas! the theory does not fit the characters.

In the creation of atmosphere there is no living writer who surpasses Lucas Malet at her best; here, in this great Indian house, with the shrill wind echoing across the Maidan, we have all the horrible side of the woman's ancient immemorial life, as endured by harem ladies, coming to existence again in a woman of the West. We have its spirit fighting, as Lucas Malet loves to show it, against the hard, sane womanhood of the ugly nurse, we see it infecting the secretaries, the Commissioner Sahib, and the servants, till the end comes with the breaking of the monsoon and its flood of cleansing rains. And, whatever Lucas Malet meant at the back of her mind, we rise from reading "Damaris" more convinced than ever that the best thing to do with Henrietta and her comrades is either to put her in a sack of a dark night, *à la turque*, or, in the more modern way, to wear down her luscious charms by hard labour, say at hoeing turnips or tram-conducting for twelve hours a day. One cudgels one's brain to invent suitable torments in the way of work for the likes of Mrs. Pereira, and one finds it hard to forgive her creator for even suggesting the horrible idea that she will touch with her little finger the fine nature of baby Damaris.

This, of course, is but to confess that one feels the extreme reality of Henrietta, who not only lives in essence, but in physical power. We gain from her a sense of beauty and of evil charm, as well as of selfish desire. Yet she is unpardonable, for she is driven by no life-force, is played upon by no power that uses her as tool; she is simply made to amuse beings like Verity. And both are extraneous to the scheme of things; that is their offence.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.*

This, Mr Graham informs us, is his last book, after which he will write no more. And so, in the *Via Dolorosa* of the world's agony, he cries "*Vale*," and the moment of his farewell is like everything else to-day, to be accounted a symbol of things remembered and things that are already foreshadowed upon the horizon.

He was not of those succulent writers who appreciate how impecunious a thing is satire, or honesty, or pity; he never sought applause, nor ever produced a "big seller." It were better so, for had he written a popular novel his work would, in the nature of such things, have found its bourne, and tarried there. It was in short his detachment from passing things, that secured in his work an enduring and judicial quality. To take an example—in "El Tango Argentino," he reflects in a Parisian café, how swift is the touch of civilisation to turn the passion of the South into a thing of indecency and shame. Such a sketch as that is lifted above one year or another; its springs lie too deep in the wells of human life and human history. So it is with all, or nearly all, of Mr Graham's work, and of such is the kingdom of art. In days when the plains of the Argentine are hidden beneath the houses of the poor (and may that be a far cry) the tracks of these books will not be faint as our author would have us credit. In "Los Pingos," one of his most moving sketches in this last book of his, there is the concluding paragraph:

"So it appeared to me—the swiftly flowing river with its green islands; the pampas grass along the stream; the ruined buildings, half buried in the orange trees run wild, grass, shade and water; 'Pucha, no . . . Puta, Pingos, where are they now?'"

Does Mr. Graham not know? They are preserved against earthquake and prairie fire, machinery, and all the things he dreads, in no more books than a man can carry in his luggage.

Mr. Graham's heart lies deep in the past, in the days he rode over the prairies of South America, and in those earlier days when he walked by the waters of Menteith. In those so widely—almost antagonistic—spheres, has he written history touched with glamour. But his strength is not only in the past, for in the future that will dawn some day, he has planted his outposts. Through all the years that seemed to the thoughtful, ominous and stagnant, his voice was not silent, and what he has written of the poor, the oppressed, from a starving beggar to a London cab-horse, is also not journalism, but breathes the passion of prophecy and hope.

In this last book of impressions, stories, reminiscences, there is little beyond the preface to tell the reader that, for the last time, he will ride with Mr Graham under the American sun and see the mist rising above a Highland solitude. But to the observant there is a note of unrest sounding from the first study, "Brought Forward," to the far distances of the last, "Bopicuá," and it is with a sense of dismay, that one follows the war as it creeps over the wide world, and having robbed the Glasgow forge, spans the sea to those remote and guiltless pastures where the herds of untamed horses feed. The recent visit of Mr. Graham to the scenes of his youth carried with it the sense of sadness that is inevitable from such things. But it breathes pure tragedy as he guides his band of long-maned horses to the railway *en route* to the coast, and the far-off slaughter fields of Europe. In this is history for all time—not "topical" only in the sense of daily news but removed from years or nations, and glowing with the colours of which Mr. Graham, like the old masters, appears to hold the secret. So might horses have come to Alexander or to Cæsar or Napoleon, and so have they come again to Flanders from a hundred shores.

One suggestion I would make to Mr. Graham and his publishers. In a complete edition of his works could not some arrangement of place and time be found, as in "Scottish Stories"—a book with a most ineffective title, but possessing a larger hope of immortality than all the Scottish fiction of the last dozen years put together?

FREDERICK WATSON.

* "Brought Forward." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 6s. (Duckworth.)

THE WAVE, THE WHIFF, THE SOUND.*

Even as verse-writers can call in apt alliteration's artful aid to make their lines impressive, so can prose-writers get something of real assistance from a judicious management of initial letters. Where the poet, by alliteration, tickles the hearing, the romancer, by capitalisation, can touch the imagination through the eye. When we come upon such a sentence as "he heard the dry, rattling Sound that was associated with the Wave and with the Whiff," we are moved by a subtle suggestiveness that would be wholly wanting if the three nouns had not been dressed out in capital initials. To read that "he heard things moving about" leaves us unmoved; but 'he heard Things moving about," sends a delicious thrill down the spine. Why it should be so might be a matter for nice speculation in a consideration of the eerie in literature; here it must suffice to state the fact. Mr. Algernon Blackwood is a master of the creepy, the eerie, the vaguely disquieting, who does not despise the artful aid of capitals, but who is by no means dependent upon it for getting his effect. In his latest story he gives us a fresh example of what may be termed the romance of recurring souls; of the working out anew in terms of modern life of the relations of two people who had played their parts centuries earlier. In the present case we have a somewhat solid and stolid English boy who is haunted by a recurring dream or nightmare of a mysterious overhanging wave, which ever-threatening to engulf him never falls; and is at once dimly suggestive of the distant past and prophetic of the future. The boy falls in love with Lettice, a girl friend of his sister, and gets something of a shock when, a few years later, he learns that she is about to be married. Tom Kelverdon grows to be a man and a successful engineer, but ever with him is that sense of the Wave and its accompanying Whiff, later reinforced by a Sound. Then comes in the essential third, who, in the new arrangement, happens to be Tom's own cousin, and circumstances take the three to Egypt, where we are made to realise the climax is to be reached. There Tom is brought to that point of renunciation which lifts him to the height on Life's ascending Spiral from which Lettice had returned to raise him, and so, when things seem at their blackest, he meets his great reward. Mr. Blackwood manages to give us real studies of interesting people, while investing his whole story with an atmosphere of mystic speculation which matter-of-fact readers may find somewhat rarefied, but which those who have read his earlier books with keen enjoyment will breathe with zestful delight. "The Wave" will set many people who have experienced a recurring dream speculating as to the significance which it may have in regard to their positions on the ascending spiral, and wondering as to where it is that the reminiscent merges in the prophetic; most, however, will be contented to accept it as "a good story."

THE WONDERFUL YEAR.†

Grant Mr. Locke the run of France and two or more characters seeking adventure along its roads and at its inns, suffer him to tumble into their company an oddity or a philanthropist to play fairy godmother with their lives and fortunes, and you will have him in his sprightliest vein of fantasy. His forte is the picaresque romance, but in order to make the most of this form of fiction, he needs a Gallic setting, for the air of France raises his spirits and stimulates his invention. In the Paris cafés, and still more, in the provincial hotels which we frequent along with him, romantic meetings are bound to occur, quaint types to appear, and strange possibilities and choices to offer themselves; what is rash seems reasonable, and is always helped by some friendly agency. Youth takes its fling and stumbles across love and geniality. Starved souls have opened to them vistas of warmth and joy and colour. And in the case of Martin Overshaw and his associates, at any rate, not even the war stands in the way of the wedding bells which mean a happy ending.

Here, then, is the formula which Mr. Locke has adopted in his fairy tale of "The Wonderful Year," save that towards the end of his delightful narrative he quits his demi-paradise of France to afford his hero a glimpse of the East, and crowds into three chapters glowing pictures of Egypt and the Nile. Two youngsters, man and girl, of middle-class origins and with over much experience of poverty and narrow lives, are sent journeying through the French provinces, their goal the establishment of an intelligent and spirited Perigord innkeeper, Bigourdin by name, who in his simple way has much to teach both of them as to the realities of existence. Martin has been a slave in a crammer's school. Corinna is a revolting daughter who has made a failure of art. The good angel to whom they owe their holiday, is one Fortinbras, an English solicitor under a cloud, who gains his livelihood in Paris as a *marchand de bonheur*; his queer practice constitutes him *deus ex machina* in other folks' difficulties, arbitrator between husband and wife, lover and mistress, man and man or woman and woman, parent and child, a rescuer of the bankrupt and the compromised, a husher up of scandal. His fees are almost nominal, his good nature abounding, and his idea is that his latest protégés, thrown into each others' company on their unconventional bicycle tour, should automatically fall in love.

But with his sly, ironic humour Mr. Locke adopts an expedient of so many picaresque romancers, from Fielding downwards, and portrays his hero as a very Joseph of chivalry, and when his tourists reach the inn, and Fortinbras's pretty daughter, Félise, appears on the scene as her Uncle Bigourdin's manageress, and the innkeeper himself becomes attracted by his girl guest, it is obvious that the magician who sells happiness will have to readjust his plans. Félise resembles another heroine of Mr. Locke's, Stella Maris, in being brought up in an atmosphere of make-believe; she has been allowed to idealise a mother who is really a shameless drunkard. But she is made admirably representative of the bourgeois type, as indeed is also Bigourdin, whose sturdy patriotism reads Martin a very necessary lesson. Clever, however, and kindly as are the novelist's studies of French provincial character, it is his more eccentric portraiture which here, as always, lends his story its chief charm, and his shabby Quixote, Fortinbras, is one more triumph in that style.

No one with any knowledge of Mr. Locke's sophisticated sentimentalism, will imagine that he is content to reshuffle his cards and let his two couples pair off tamely. Corinna, for one, has to conquer her English middle-class prejudice against the innkeeper's business. Martin has to overcome the inertia consequent on years of slavery, and to learn more of the world and women. Hence the introduction of a new fairy influence into the scheme. There enters Lucilla, an American millionaire's spoilt but fascinating daughter, who gives Félise a peep at Paris and luxury and leads Martin, who might have settled down as a waiter, even further afield. At her call he follows her to Cairo and Luxor, bathes in the sunlight and colour of the East, and is so transformed from priggishness that he woos and all but wins his goddess-like comrade. Now at length his creator thinks him fit for the dainty little French girl, Félise, fit to take his share alongside Bigourdin in the Great War; and with the return home of the men invalided but far from scatheless, he drops the curtain on prospects of married bliss which both may be considered to have fairly earned. Throughout, the story has been written in the highest of spirits as well as with Mr. Locke's customary wit and care for style, so that readers under his guidance can share his Martin's pleasure and count on a pilgrimage full of adventure and variety.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "The Wave: an Egyptian Aftermath." By Algernon Blackwood. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

† "The Wonderful Year." By W. J. Locke. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

TWO IRISH POETS.*

For bookmen, at any rate, the tragedy of the recent rebellion in Ireland is intensified by the fact that among those identified with it were a number of well-known writers representing the younger school of Irish men of letters. Among these the highest place belonged, probably, to Thomas MacDonagh, whose collected poems have been gathered into this well-produced volume, which has the advantage of a warm-hearted, but cool-headed, introduction by Mr. James Stephens. Only three weeks before the Insurrection, Mr. Stephens was walking in Dublin with MacDonagh, and nothing in his speech or manner suggested that he was contemplating violence. And, indeed, as one looks at his portrait, and as one reads the preface and the poems themselves, one constantly asks in bewilderment, "By what inexplicable irony of fate did a man like this come to play so foolish a rôle or to meet so bitter a doom?" We see in him, according to Mr. Stephens's description, a man of a quiet and meditative nature; intensely unselfish; with a genius for friendship, and apparently asking nothing of life but the pleasure of writing verse and of loving and being loved. And these are just the qualities that are implicit in his work. There is little in his poems of action; and of pre-occupation with politics, or enthusiasm for any cause, good or bad, there is hardly a trace:

"There is no moral to my song.
I praise no right, I blame no wrong;
I tell of things that I have seen,
I show the man that I have been
As simply as a poet can
Who knows himself poet and man,
Who knows that unto him are shown
Rare visions of a Life unknown,
Who knows that unto him are taught
Rare words of wisdom all unsought
By him, and never understood
Till they are taken on trust for good,
And, all unspoiled by pride, again
Uttered in trust to other men.
This is my practice and my rule,
Albeit I have been at school
These thirty years and studied much,
I've found wise books, but never such
As could teach me a single word
To set by what my childhood heard."

He is content to sing simple songs about himself, about Nature, and about the common cares and joys and hopes of life. His verse is accomplished and graceful, and never fails to please; but, if honesty is to be the standard of criticism, it cannot be said that his work, either as regards thought or expression, shows great evidence of the divine spark. Its chief characteristic is, perhaps, a gentle and wistful sadness. Mr. Stephens tells us that often, when they were roaming the world together, MacDonagh would stare away at the hills or the heavens and sigh "Ah, me!"—an interjection, half humorous and half tragic, in which, as it seems to one reader at any rate, the spirit of his work may very accurately be summed up.

Joseph Plunkett, whose collected poems are issued in uniform style by the same publisher, was a great friend of MacDonagh and, like him, was associated with *The Irish Review* and the Irish Theatre. In structure his verse closely resembles that of MacDonagh, but in subject-matter it is widely different. Plunkett belongs to the mystics. He drew much, it would seem, from the wells of Francis Thompson; but, though he has vision, he lacks ease and clarity of expression, and his poems are not to be read by those who run. Now and then, however, when he attempts a less ambitious theme, he is able to make a simple and direct appeal, as in the following verses:

"I see His blood upon the rose,
And in the stars the glory of His eyes;
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower:
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn;
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea;
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His Cross is every tree."

GILBERT THOMAS.

* "The Poetical Works of Thomas MacDonagh." 4s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Poems." By Joseph Mary Plunkett. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

A FAIRY BRIDE.*

When Flight-Commander Raffleton set out to fly from Brest to Farnborough he little thought that he was destined to pick up his wife on the way! And such a wife, too; a wife who was not far short of four thousand years old, and a fairy to boot. But here is his story as set forth by the pen of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and "as it is in print it must be true." Malvina was one of the original mysterious White Ladies of Brittany, and in consequence of a certain freakish action of hers was placed without the pale of the fairy sisterhood, and became an immortal who had to return to earth until three kisses should convert her to normal womanhood. That being so it is not surprising that the young aviator, forced to descend on a lonely French moor, found her serenely sleeping among the ghostly rocks; and—he being impressionable and she beautiful—it is not surprising that the first kiss happened. It was perhaps a little rash of Raffleton to give the lightly-clad young lady a lift in his aeroplane, and would assuredly have caused comment had he arrived at the aviation camp with so unconventional a passenger. But he was not quite rash enough to invite that comment. Faced by the problem of what to do with his fair (and fairy) companion he suddenly remembered his cousin, the Oxford Professor, who lived near a village that afforded a perfect landing place, and would be an ideal host for the living lady who yet belonged to ancient legend. Thus, in the early hours of the morning, the surprised professor was unceremoniously called from his bed to have this strange visitor thrust upon him; and thereafter strange things befell. It is true that, in taking his hasty departure, the young aviator planted a second kiss upon the lips of Malvina—but a third was necessary before the fairy was lost in the woman, and meanwhile there came calls for the exercise, in a modified form, of that power of changing people which had been Malvina's particular prerogative in times become legendary. The demands were not for the transforming of people into wild animals, but merely to alter their characters a bit to suit the wishes of their families. Mr. Arlington, for instance, who had taken to farming, was convinced that any lack of success was merely owing to his wife's constitutional laziness and inability therefore to fill the rôle of a farmer's wife. Well, Malvina soon changed that! Then, when an M.P. complained that his fluffy little wife took an insufficient interest in public affairs, Malvina was equal to that also. What was the result of these changes; how the inconsiderate aviator came and planted the third kiss before all the changes back could be made, must be read in Mr. Jerome's entertaining volume, which gives five shorter stories, tragical and humorous, as well as that which supplies a title to the collection.

BELGIAN VERSES AND ENGLISH VERSIONS.†

A recent writer on Verhaeren said that his love poems were "very sweet and graceful but it must be confessed not of extreme importance." Criticism of this remark might no doubt be parried by the retort that the importance of no poetry, except the very greatest, is extreme; but

* "Malvina of Brittany." By Jerome K. Jerome. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

† "The Love Poems of Emile Verhaeren." Translated by F. S. Flint. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"New Belgian Poems: Les Trois Rois et Autres Poèmes," Par Emile Cammaerts. English Translations by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

such a reply would not justify the writer's undeniably contemptuous tone in a matter where contempt is absolutely out of place. The primary importance of any work of art is conditioned by its artistic quality, and the hundred poems of "Les Heures Claires," "Les Heures d'Après-midi" and "Les Heures du Soir" have the grace and fragrance, the warmth and clear light, of the garden which is at once the setting and the symbol of the love they celebrate. But they have also a relative importance. They are an essential chapter in that spiritual autobiography to which everything that Verhaeren has written is in some degree a contribution. Without them, we could not perfectly trace his progress from the distresses of "Les Débâcles" and "Les Flambeaux Noirs" to the large calm of "Les Rhythmes Souverains."

"Ce chapiteau barbare, où des monstres se tordent,
Soudés entre eux, à coups de griffes et de dents,
En un tumulte fou de sang, de cris ardents,
De blessures et de gueules qui s'entre-mordent,
C'était moi-même, avant que tu fusses la mienne
O toi la neuve, ô toi l'ancienne!
Qui vins à moi, du fond de ton éternité
Avec, entre les mains, l'ardeur et la bonté."

And again:

"Au temps où longuement j'avais souffert,
Où les heures m'étaient des pièges,
Tu m'apparus l'accueillante lumière
Qui luit, aux fenêtres, l'hiver,
Au fond des soirs, sur de la neige"

There are two reasons, therefore—the artistic and the psychological—why these poems should be given to English readers as an example of the great Belgian poet's work. There is also a third, an accidental reason. Thanks to the limitations of Mr. Bithell's selection in his "Contemporary Belgian Poetry," Verhaeren is best known in this country—at least to those who have to be content with translations—by a phase of his work which, though assuredly there was nothing in it to be ashamed of, the poet has long outgrown in spirit and surpassed in craftsmanship. It is well, therefore, that another impression should be created; that it should be seen that he can be tenderly passionate as well as violently passionate.

Mr. Flint's renderings, however, are not altogether satisfying. Verhaeren is very difficult to translate. Like Hardy, he has the gift of producing an intensely poetic atmosphere by the use of language which, analytically inspected, seems to be harsh and angular and unsuited for poetry. This, of course, is a purely personal magic, and it can only be represented (not reproduced) in another language by the deliberate adoption of an idiom and rhythm fashioned to create the illusion of equivalence. Mr. Flint has been content with a merely verbal literalness and consequently falls very far short of equivalence. Nor is it easy to see why he has eschewed the use of rhythm and rhyme. The difficulty of rendering these poems adequately in prose—though prose perhaps would be the more suitable medium into which to translate other work of Verhaeren's—is probably insuperable. To turn them into verse of equal value would of course be just as difficult; but rhyme and rhythm flatter the ear, and such flattery is a perfectly legitimate aid in the creation of the required illusion. For example, Mr. Flint renders the latter part of "Heures d'Après-midi, XXII.," as follows:

"It was as though our happiness had suddenly become azure, and required the whole sky wherein to shine; through gentle openings all life entered our being, to expand it.

"And we were nothing but invocatory cries, and wild raptures, and vows and entreaties, and the need, suddenly, to recreate the gods, in order to believe."

The passage might be translated:

"It was as though
A happiness had suddenly turned to blue
And wanted, as room for its splendour, all the skies;
All life broke through
Tenderly into our being to make it grow.

And there was nought but invocations and cries,
Ecstasies, vows and prayers,
And the sudden need to make the gods anew
And to be their worshippers."

Take again No. III. of the same series:

"If other flowers adorn the house and the splendour of the countryside, the pure ponds still shine in the grass with the great eyes of water of their mobile face.

"Who can say from what far-off and unknown distances so many new birds have come with sun on their wings?

"In the garden, April has given way to July, and the blue tints to the great carnation tints; space is warm and the wind frail; a thousand insects glisten joyously in the air; and summer passes in her robe of diamonds and sparks."

Compare that with:

"If other flowers grace
The house and the splendid land,
Shining and pure in the grass the pools still stand,
Great eyes of water in a moving face.

From what enormous distances unknown
Have all these new birds flown
With the sun upon their wings?

April is gone from the garden, and July brings
Great crimson hues
Instead of April's blues.

The air is warm, and light the wind's caress;
A thousand insects glitter overhead
Joyous, and summer passes with her dress
Bediamonded."

The first four lines of this poem are the kind of thing which is the despair of the translator; they are untranslateable Verhaeren. But the user of verse has mechanical advantages in the effort to get an effect which there is no reason to despise. The versions here offered (which were made long before the appearance of Mr. Flint's) are almost as literal as those in prose; and Mr. Flint, being himself a poet, could have made them far better. It seems a pity that he did not do so.

M. Cammaerts is not a poet whom one can compare with Verhaeren, but no writer, except M. Paul Fort, has been so often moved by the war to utter his enthusiasm and indignation in verse; and he writes with a patriotism and love of beauty and simplicity which give his poems an undeniable charm. Mme. Cammaerts' translations are set opposite the originals, a method which has both its advantages and its inconveniences. She seems not always to have been quite sure whether she intended to write in verse or in prose, and she too often evades a difficulty by trite and colourless substitution.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE.*

Flight-Lieut. Harold Rosher was gazetted into the R.N.A.S. on August 18th, 1914, and was killed at Dover as the result of an accident on February 27th of this year. In the time intervening he had much experience of flying both at home and under the conditions of active service in France and Belgium. He was a fully-qualified and highly efficient pilot, and his death is attributable only to one of those strange strokes of ill-fortune from which no air service in the world can be immune. "If one goes on flying long enough," he says in one of his last letters, "one is bound to get huffed in the end." A cheerless statement, but probably a true one—and certainly true where the general run of aviators are concerned. The question of luck is, curiously, a very important factor in war-time flying—perhaps the most important of all. Here is an experience of Rosher's, when bombing the yards of Hoboken: "I was only 5,500 feet up, and they opened fire on me with shrapnel as soon as I got within range. It began getting a bit hot, so before I got quite round I shut off my petrol, and came down with a steep volplane until I was 2,500 feet, when I turned on my petrol again, and continued my descent at a rate of well over a hundred miles an hour. I passed over the yards at about 1,000 feet only, and loosed all my bombs over the place. The whole way down I was under fire, two anti-aircraft in the

* "In the Royal Naval Air Service: War Letters of the late Harold Rosher to his Family." With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett, and 22 Illustrations from Photographs. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

yard, guns from the forts on either side, rifle fire, mitrailleuse or machine-guns, and, most weird of all, great bunches (15 to 20) of what looked like green rockets, but I think they were flaming bullets." (Probably what the R.F.C. call "flaming onions." Horrible things!) "The excitement of the moment was terrific. I have never travelled so fast before in my life. My chief impressions were the great speed, the flaming bullets streaking by, the incessant rattle of the machine-gun and rifle fire"—(When you can hear machine-guns above the noise of your engine, the bullets are within three or four yards of you)—" and one or two shells bursting close by, knocking my machine all sideways, and pretty nearly deafening me." Yet, when he got down, he found that his machine had only been hit twice. "Rather wonderful," indeed. There are a few other passages equally as vivid as this, but one feels that it is wrong to take them out of their context. The book should be read straight through for the sake of its cumulative effect. One agrees with Mr Arnold Bennett's statement: "So far as my knowledge goes, no other such picture, so full and so convincing, of the air-fighters' existence has yet been offered to the public." Here, in these straightforward, unstudied little letters (unconsciously revealing a charming personality), one has the truth, far more surely than it could be revealed by the—perhaps more graceful—pen of the professional literary man. It is a book to buy and to read.



Illustration from the wrapper of "The Five-Barred Gate," by E. Temple Thurston (Hodder & Stoughton).

Novel Notes.

HONOURS OF WAR. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The war has already broken out in a good many novels, but usually only as a kind of afterthought towards the close, where it supplies a golden opportunity for disposing of undesirable characters, or gives the hero a chance to redeem a broken past and crown himself with glory. "Honours of War" is not like that—it is essentially a war novel; the war is the cause of all that happens in it from first to last. But for the war Harold Aimless would never have discovered that he was a coward; he would have married Joan Wallis, and settled down to a safe humdrum happiness, or to the conventional vicissitudes that overtake such a well-to-do man and his wife in normal years of peace. But the war tested him, and at first, found him wanting. He was among the slackers, till a sense of shame, and a change in Joan's view of the matter, drove him to qualify for a commission. After he is in khaki, he comes across a man of his own age who is in appearance the counterpart of himself—this man, Troy, had been an officer in the army but had come out of it in disgrace, and is keen to find another chance and make good. Harold offers him a tempting monetary reward if he will change identities with him, and go out to the front in his stead; their identities to be re-exchanged when the war ends and he returns. Troy gladly takes the offer, and goes, and Harold withdraws into obscurity. But the scheme breaks down through Troy not only bringing himself into fame by winning a V.C., but he is fatally wounded and dies, and Joan hastens out to be with him before the end. Harold is thus faced with the problem of bringing himself to life again and so explaining his conduct or atoning for it as to make himself seem other than contemptible in the eyes of the girl he loves. It is a situation full of possibilities, and Mr. Edgar makes the most of them with an ingenuity and effectiveness that result in a stirring and intensely interesting romance.

THE FIVE-BARRED GATE. By E. Temple Thurston. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Of Mr. Thurston's skill as novelist and dramatist, we have excellent proof in this story refashioned from a play. The nicely balanced groups of characters and the clean-cut episodes reveal its origin, but there can be no question of the dexterity with which Mr. Thurston has performed the delicate work of conversion—notoriously a more difficult one than the reverse process, as has been proved by abundant failures. The five-barred gate is the obstacle at which married lovers may arrive when romance seems to have fled at the approach of misunderstanding and suspicion. Beatrice and Jim Nairn are a commonplace couple but for the fact that they refuse to grow too old to be sentimental. "Farthings," the old house in the country, is to be the scene of their married romance, but as the years pass Jim is too busy in his study and Beatrice too idle in an empty nursery. The scene is laid for tragic happenings, but the arrival of two friends, brother and sister, provides the means of changing indifference to furious and well-grounded suspicion and jealousy, and brings husband and wife to their five-barred gate. At that gate also are to be found Mr. and Mrs. Beavers, the servants at "Farthings"; for all well conducted comedies have a sub-plot, and the Nairns have their faithful zanies below stairs. Both couples clear the five-barred gate successfully, and settle down to renewed enjoyment of romance and domestic adventure.

THE EXPLOITS OF CAPTAIN O'HAGAN. By Sax Rohmer. 3s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

The hatless captain, with his satin-lined mantle and his athletic powers, carries out six exploits in London, and it adds to the reader's enjoyment to find that he succeeds in them all. The worthy captain is a refined swash-buckler, a champion of dames, a mixture of impertinence and dignity. We are not surprised to learn that he earned the V.C. and the D.S.O. in the present war, although the author does not narrate the exploits that won him these distinctions. At the close of one chapter, Mr. Rohmer observes: "Captain Bernard O'Hagan's policy is, Do it hard and face the music. One sighs for a Ministry of O'Hagans." One does. A little of O'Hagan's policy would be a welcome novelty to people who suffer from a Coalition Ministry, which does almost everything either soft or too late. However, the humiliated Briton in these days may find relief in reading the romantic exploits of O'Hagan; they may help him to forget the blundering in real life.

MOONFLOWER. By Amy J. Baker. (Mrs. Maynard Crawford). 6s. (John Long.)

This is a book so full of promise, that the few very obvious defects are the more disappointing. It is so good, one wants it perfect. Mrs. Crawford's work breathes freshness and the purity of youth, and thus she forms a fine contrast to the majority of South African writers, who apparently imagine they have only to let passion run riot through their pages to produce a recognisably South African atmosphere. It is some four or five years since we read her first book, "I Too Have Known." It left a lasting impression. Even a certain amateurishness could not hide the imagination and the clear characterisation beneath. Since then, she has only published two books, and in face of the prolific annual output of other writers, we wish she had given us more. For she portrays South Africa with the hand of a lover—a lover who is not blinded, but who understands and loves his mistress in spite of her faults; and she gives us true pictures of life in the Union, where people are neither entirely good, nor wholly bad, but much as one finds them elsewhere. The story of "Moonflower" reminds us of some of De Vere Stacpoole's best work, with a good slice of worldly wisdom added. After an exciting and rather tragic childhood on the veldt, followed by a period of employment with a Johannesburg beauty-doctor, Moonflower, with a divine disregard of Mrs. Grundy, again treks out on to the veldt with the English boy who one day becomes her lover. In spite of the fact that the book is a trifle loosely woven and incomplete, we hope Mrs. Crawford will give us more of her work before long.

THE EXPLOITS OF JUVE. By Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Being grown up rather spoils one's enjoyment of this full-blooded detective story. A school-boy would appreciate the point, and with instinctive delicacy would shut the book hurriedly on the approach of his elders—to enjoy it all the more on their departure. For the feeling that a head master or a stern parent is hovering in the background must add enormously to the attraction of a story containing such inviting chapter headings as "A Woman's Corpse," "On the Slabs of the Deadhouse," and "The Bloody Signature." The adventures and misadventures of the French detective Juve in his ding-dong struggle with the arch-villain Fantômas, are as thrilling as any of the exploits of his American compeers. A typical adventure is that in which Juve and his journalist friend find themselves boxed up in a trick room housed in a cage-lift. The roof descends upon them and a stream of sand threatens to bury them alive when the floor collapses and they escape by the sewer. Thanks to his genius for disguising himself, Fantômas plays many parts in these exploits, and the authors, with an adroit eye on the future, have contrived a dramatic *dénouement* that gives both Juve and his quarry a further lease of life.

THE WEST WIND. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Constable.)

Katharine Tynan's delightful novels should not need any further recommendation than her name on the cover. "The West Wind" is quite one of the best she has written, and that is saying a great deal. The story deals with a subject that in the hands of another writer might have become sordid and depressing, but she treats it with a delicacy and understanding that converts it into a tale that is full of charm and altogether interesting. It is the story of an actress who divorces her husband, but who, in spite of his faithlessness, loves him with an unchanging intensity. She marries again for the sake of her invalid mother, to discover after years of disappointment and self-suppression, that she is a Roman Catholic, though she has been till then only half conscious of the fact, and she knows that as such she must accept the doctrine that pronounces divorce impossible. What happens when she has lost her first husband and decided to forsake her second readers must find out for themselves; they will know without being told if they have any acquaintance with Mrs. Hinkson's work, that the story, despite its realism, is neither drab nor gloomy; it delights you and wins your sympathies by its essential truth to what is good no less than to what is not so good in ordinary human nature.

HOUSE-ROOM. By Ida Wild. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

There is a note of originality in this story. The heroine is married to a young man who soon becomes a lunatic. Her heart is then touched for the first time by love, and her lover is a dentist. Her mother and her father-in-law both urge her to follow her instincts, and she is on the point of doing so when her nature rallies. This seems a simple plot. But in Miss Wild's hands it is worked out with pathos and humour, so crisply and freshly that one lays down the tale with gratitude to the authoress for a subtle piece of character-study. The heroine finds, just in time, that her lover has the nature of the philanderer, and that her own needs are too deep for him to satisfy. The glamour of passion fails to blur her vision, and she develops a strength and a penetration in her difficult position which save her from a false step. Miss Wild has set her story in a suggestive environment, and surrounded the heroine with figures who throw her character into relief. The earlier chapters, especially, are full of charming episodes, and the end exhibits a real reserve and strength.

THE MACHINE. By Hugh F. Spender. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Spender has written another of those novels, now numerous enough to be significant, in which a young journalist or politician (in this case the hero is both) finds it quite impossible to speak his mind honestly and earn a decent middle-class income. What is to become of such heroes? Some day, no doubt, there will be other novels beginning where these leave off. Rupert Egton goes to the war, and finds himself almost happy to do so. The war, indeed, with certain chapters of German intrigue preceding it, is what differentiates Mr. Spender's book from some others. For the rest, it handles political life with a good deal of inside knowledge, and is clearly and strongly written. Its sincerity may atone for the author's lack of humour. Serious men and women of the younger generation will admire the book as candid and arresting, even if they are by this time conscious that the war will change the face of social problems. But the characters are not very sharply drawn. One feels that the author's interest in them is rather that of a social reformer working out a thesis than that of a craftsman. This, however, he does with marked ability and insight, accomplishing a tract for the times.

LOVE'S LAW. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

This is a pleasingly told, but unconvincing, story. Personally we own to finding it rather difficult to believe in girls who go about the world longing indiscriminately

for babies, and have yet to meet the young woman of nineteen with so strong a mothering instinct that she would jump at the chance of adopting a day-old niece, as did Sally Blaise; while the way in which the authoress, growing tired of amusing her characters in a London suburb, invents reasons for transporting them *en bloc* to a remote Cornish village, leaves one slightly incredulous. Emmeline and Sally Blaise are the two orphan daughters of a well-connected officer in the Indian Army. Emmeline marries into a suburban family (by the way, Mrs. Horn is pretty severe on Suburbia!), and her sister Sally goes to live with her. The shock of the resurrection of an old "affair" in the early life of her husband kills Emmeline, and Sally is left as guardian to her infant niece. In Cornwall Sally and the baby find happiness, and the right man—who belongs of course to the Army and not to Suburbia. But a persistent if vulgar suitor follows Sally, and in his disappointment spreads scandal about her. For awhile we have tears and tragedy; but the book ends in a satisfactory and quite original love scene. The story is evidently written in an effort to maintain a belief in the universal motherhood of women for men, but Mrs. Horn's arguments are not convincing, for in "Love's Law" neither the children nor the husbands are startling successes.

APRIL FOLLY. By St. John Lucas. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

There is one great joy that no reader of a book by Mr. St. John Lucas will ever miss—the joy and the relish of good writing. He is one of the few living writers of English prose whom we trust absolutely never to offer us a slovenly sentence or a banal phrase. Mr. Lucas, like Swift, could write beautifully about a broom-stick; for, whatever his subject, the style would delight with its reflections of underlying scholarship and wit. Of such writing there is a liberal feast in "April Folly," but for ourselves we enjoy Mr. Lucas's gifts more when they are displayed on the smaller canvas of sketch or short-story. The scene of this novel is the Chelsea of a generation ago, and its theme the "emotional calamities" of Denis Yorke, a young musician of genius with a rather faint heart and a very robust egotism. The life of the studios and cheap restaurants is described with great humour and insight, and without the undue insistence on the seamy side that we have come to expect with dread in Chelsea fiction. There is Walding to be sure (we knew him by his name to be an obscene vocalist); but Walding and the other characters are but a shadowy chorus to Denis and Yvonne. These two are drawn with great subtlety and truth. Yvonne, the frail, rises step by step to the glory of renunciation, and Denis, the weak, is left lamenting the broken fragments of his romance. In Shakespeare, we are sure, his name would have been Claudio.

DEAD MEN'S GOLD. By Roy Bridges. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Dead Men's Gold" begins as all such good yarns should, with a wreck. And the same sea which drives the East India Company's vessel ashore on the rocky barrier surrounding the island home of Rick and his father washes up the sole survivor, Rick's wicked uncle, and a boy comrade to share his adventures. So you see, Mr. Bridges has given us just the right ingredients for the making of an adventure tale, and they are mixed with a sure hand. The dramatis personæ are Rick and Roddy, two fine lads; a hard unapproachable father whose early life contains a mysterious tragedy; an uncle with frilled ruffles and shocking vices, together with a cut-throat crew of free-booters, escaped convicts, and pirate sealers. Rick's and Roddy's finding the long-stranded Spanish galleon with her coffers full of gold, will keep every schoolboy—and also many of us who have left our childhood far behind—enthralled.

THE POTTER'S HOUSE. By Isabel C. Clarke. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Here is a fine book, written with a purpose. Both the purpose and the story are kept in their proper place, and the one is never allowed to overshadow the other. Gillian Driscoll has divorced her husband at his own request, in order that he may marry a woman who was once her friend. Gillian is young and beautiful, and the story turns on her right to re-marry. England holds her cousin Paul Pallant, who has loved her for years, but Gillian, wishing to taste her freedom, goes to Italy. There, knowing nothing of the attitude of the Roman Church towards divorce, she is carried off her feet by the whirl-wind love-making of a young Italian nobleman, Giacoma della Meldola, who believes her to be a widow. They become engaged, and Gillian and Giacoma enjoy a few days of idyllic happiness before her real position is discovered, and the views of his Church come between them. Deserted by Giacoma and bitterly ashamed, Gillian goes to Assisi, and there, for the first time, she feels the influence of the religion which has separated her from the man she thinks she loves. But Gillian is determined to have some measure of happiness at all costs, and she fights against this growing influence, returning at last in desperation to England and to Paul, whom she promises to marry a year after the decree is made absolute. But her soul is not at rest. In spite of the real love she has for him, Gillian feels that this marriage will be a sin. War comes; Paul goes abroad with his regiment; Gillian enters the Catholic faith, and thus gives up all hope of marrying him. Yet, in spite of all this tangle of events, the book ends in happiness, not tragedy. Among many novels written in a slap-dash style, depending solely on one dramatic scene, or stirring incident, we give "The Potter's House" a hearty welcome.

THE GATE OF HORN. By G. Frederic Turner. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

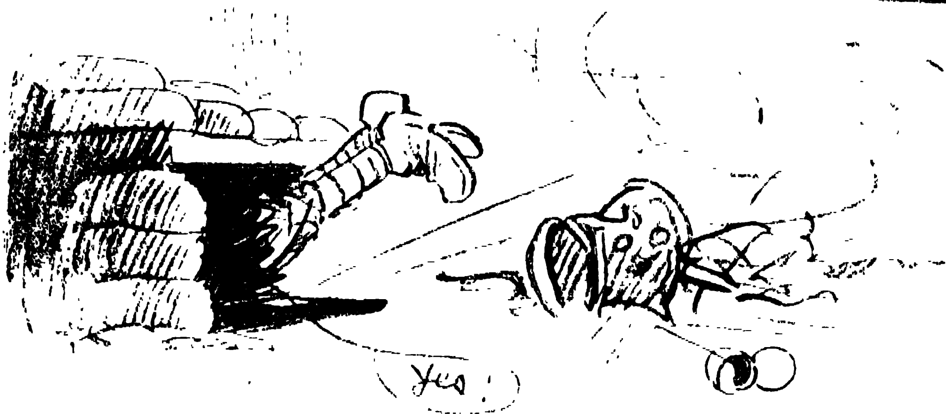
The true dream that visited Geoffrey Tressing through the Gate of Horn was the delight of finding in the flesh the ideal heroine of his own stories. The correspondence was so curiously exact as to be remarked by at least one reader of his books, and it was inevitable that love at first sight should follow. But Dorothy Galbraith was engaged to his dearest friend, the man who had saved him from the slough he had fallen into while cultivating the artistic temperament. Tressing was thus confronted, like the hero of a Restoration play, by the rival claims of Love and Honour. He chose Honour and disappeared, but not so adroitly as not to leave the lady suspicious of his motives and dangerously open to the seductive masterfulness of the fortune-hunting ruffian, Samovich. An epitome of the plot does little justice to the originality of the story. The characters are so excellently differentiated and convincingly drawn that the reader is in no mood to protest against the improbability of the central episode. There is a refreshing undercurrent of humour in the novel that finds its best expression in the creation of Major Tancock, the essence of the conventional, who finds himself alternately fascinated and horrified by the brilliant and wayward Tressing.

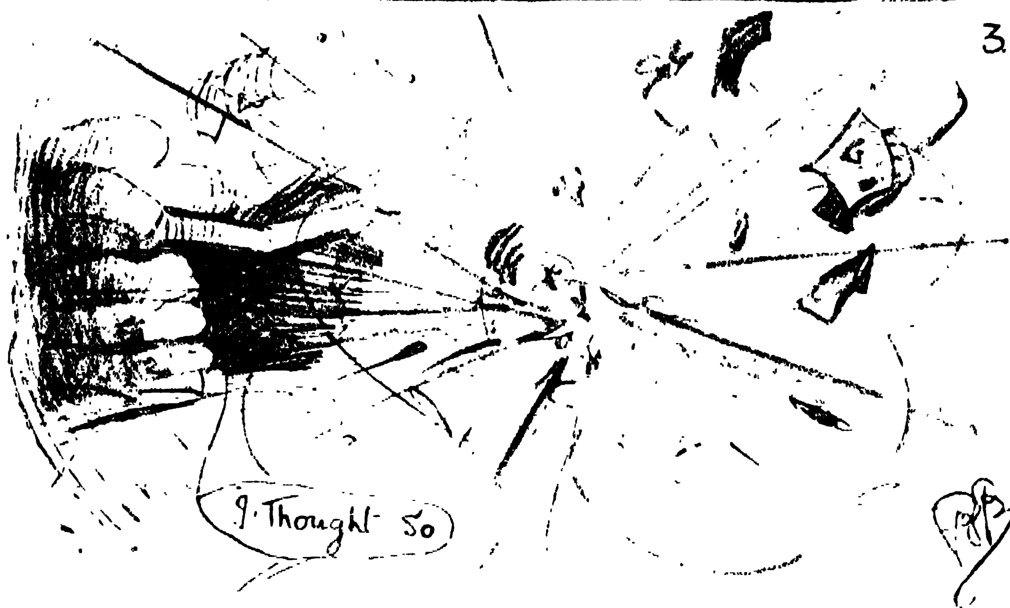
THE MAN WITH THE SQUARE FACE. By Dorothy Black. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There is something fresh and spontaneous about Miss Black's new novel, "The Man with the Square Face"; it is joyously eloquent of the spirit of youth. Its heroine, Grizelda, is a lively, attractive girl, utterly bored with the uneventfulness of life and yearning for something to happen, until an eccentric uncle arrives upon the scene and conveniently adopts her. This occurrence, though at first it seems to make her existence little less monotonous than before, proves to be the stepping-stone to adventures of a most astounding order, which commence with an officer possessed of a curiously square face being billeted upon them. After that, incident follows incident with

The Herald of the Dawn

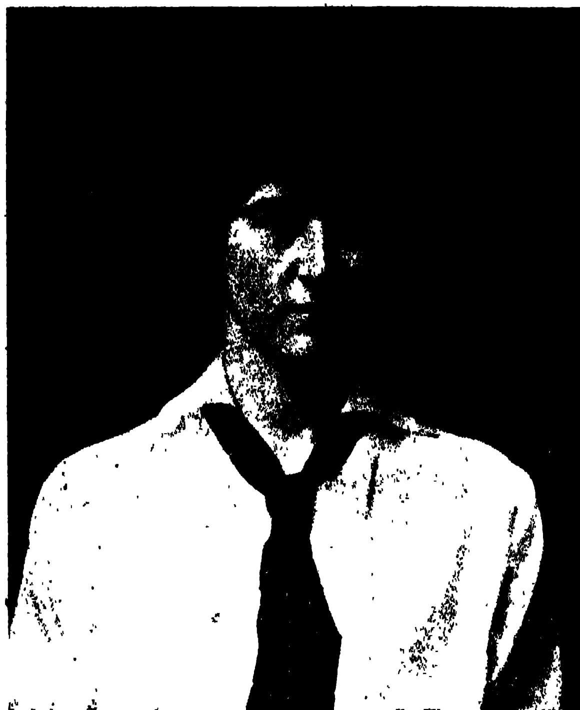






From "Bairnsfather, Fragments from his Life" (Hodder & Stoughton).

THE HERALD OF THE DAWN
Drawn by Bruce Bairnsfather.



Miss Dorothy Black.

breathless rapidity, and Grizelda, her fate entirely dominated by this remarkable personality, finds herself married and apparently widowed in a very brief space of time. She is placed in a series of unique situations, most of them decidedly uncomfortable, which, however, form a roadway to happiness at last. Written naturally, in a bright, engaging style, it is a fascinating story with an undercurrent of good fun, plenty of action, and no lack of dramatic circumstance. Those who derived pleasure from the author's previous book, "Her Lonely Soldier," will be glad to welcome another from her pen.

The Bookman's Table.

IN SEVEN LANDS. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

So long has Mr. Ernest Vizetelly been to the fore, so active has been his pen, and so varied is his record, that readers are apt to forget his youthfulness. Born in 1853, he is but just on the wrong side of sixty. A valiant lad of seventeen at the opening of the Franco-German war, he went to France as a special correspondent (the youngest who had ever entered that arduous and exciting service) and artist for three important London newspapers. He was all through the Commune. There is no absolutely faithful history of the Commune for the plain and painful reason that an absolutely faithful history would never get into print. If it did, it could be sold only under the rose. But Mr. Vizetelly's account of that Satanic carnival is veridical enough, and perhaps as realistic as the British public would stand. He knew Zola, who was directly but innocently the means of ruining Mr. Vizetelly's father. The Vizetellys set out to publish translations of some of Zola's novels; and our public, in one of those fits of morality so exquisitely ridiculed by Macaulay, got fairly wild over them. A prosecution followed, and the Vizetelly business went into liquidation. We recovered from that fit of morality, and received Zola here as a guest; and the greater number of his works can now be read in English. In matters of detail some of them are extremely ugly, lacking the reticence of the highest and most effective artistry; but it would be a puritanic conscience that at this day laid them under the moral ban. During some years Mr. Vizetelly has been engaged on his reminiscences, and this is the third volume. His "Seven Lands" are Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and the whole book is an entertaining and instructive commentary on the life of the period that it covers. Let us have another.

A CORNISH HAUL. By Bernard Moore. (Arthur H. Stockwell.)

In 1914 we called attention to Mr. Bernard Moore's volume, "Cornish Catches," which showed that he had a real understanding of Cornish folk, and a pride in the county. Most of the verses were in the Cornish vernacular, and had a strong local flavour as well as that special humour which belongs to simple folk all the world over. It is no contemptible ambition to set forth to the world the dwellers in a special locality, and we judged then that Mr. Moore's aim was to be the poetic spokesman for Cornwall. Amongst the first Cornish poems there were one or two of great beauty, which certainly deserve a place in any modern Anthology. In "A Cornish Haul" we have further studies of Cornish folk, and we find once more the charm that we remember in the first book. In this volume there are no general poems; but we are brought into contact with the world beyond by a few war poems, which are direct and sincere, and show how the war can rouse simple quiet country folk. Mr. Moore will not do badly if he confines his future work to his well-beloved county, but should he elect to wander further afield, we think that he will still prove himself a poet worth consideration.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, AS SEEN BY SWEDENBORG. By John Howard Spalding. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Mr. Spalding, who is known by other writings on the same subject, has done a useful and lucid piece of work, which presents the main teachings of Swedenborg—not alone on the Kingdom of Heaven but on the body general of doctrine which came to him in his psychic states, these having extended over a period of nearly thirty years. The celebrated "Appeal" of Noble is now rather antiquated, and though the "Compendium of Swedenborg's Theological Writings" seems likely to remain a standard work, the present less ambitious, less comprehensive, but much more manageable volume will furnish such an insight into the Swedish seer's system as will be sufficient for most persons. A study of the kind was wanted, and it is just as well—indeed, on the whole desirable—that it should be undertaken by one who accepts the revelation. Mr. Spalding seems to do so *en masse*, though he has written a temperate work. His chapter on the complex mind according to Swedenborg, is a good piece of expository writing. It must be added for the sake of personal sincerity that the reduction of his vast system into the present summary form leaves a very clear impression that the gospel according to Swedenborg is not a gospel for humanity, nor even for a considerable circle of elect, but only for a curious section who are drawn by a bizarre and yet highly conventional presentation of spiritual things. So it has been in the past, and so it will remain; but those who wish may set against this view the very respectful opinion entertained by Sir William Barrett, who seems to be taking the seer rather closely to his heart. The book, in any case, has helped at least one reader to realise more fully the deep gulf which intervenes between all psychics and the true mystics of the Christian centuries. The last chapter of Mr. Spalding's work, on the question of evidence for the doctrine, was, I suppose, inevitable, but is not less a mistake and by no means shows the apologist at his best. It is a little flimsy as reasoning and a little weak on the philosophical basis; but it is written for the general and unversed reader, and if the latter is disposed to accept what has preceded he will not be seriously put off by these last words on the subject.

GORSE BLOSSOMS FROM DARTMOOR. By Beatrice Chase. 1s. net. (Longmans.)

There is something singularly pleasant about this simple volume of verse. There is nothing very profound, nothing startlingly new in any of its pages, but even in these strenuous times it succeeds in bringing something of the peace of Dartmoor to weary souls. We fancy Miss Chase would desire no higher praise. To the author

solitude with nature brings God to mind, and she sees much for which to praise God and be thankful. For a short while by these verses we are taken right away from the practical working world to a region which is quite as real and perhaps as important. Although we are in this volume often in solitary places, and never amidst the inspiring activity or the fierce and cruel struggling of humanity, we are nevertheless made to feel much of a certain gracious kindliness which is so helpful in human intercourse.

WHITE SUNSET.

"The sun has wed with the moor, and shed
On her brow his silver rays,
And the tors, they swim on the hills' pale rim
In a sea of opal haze.

When white day dies in the placid skies
The wind will her wings unfurl,
And the round white moon will glitter soon
In a sky of mother-of-pearl."

POLYCLITUS AND OTHER POEMS. By Rowland Thirlmere. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Thirlmere gets a good deal of appropriate local colour into his study of life in ancient Greece. His title-poem is staged in the world of Pheidias: it is a monologue in the manner of Browning's "Men and Women," and really does succeed in recapturing something of the reality, as well as of the charm, of the old world it describes. We are all too apt to fancy that the giants of art Pheidias, Michaelangelo, Raphael and the rest– lived in a sphere substantially different from our own, wherein quarrels and jealousies, incompetent pretenders and exacting patrons were not. Mr. Thirlmere shows us our mistake; shows us the sculptor's studio thick with marble-dust; the sculptor himself, furious with ignorant critics and envious rivals; the glare of the summer streets and the cool of the mountain woods beyond. We feel, too, the charm of his wife Cleora, to whom the monologue is addressed, and the peace and beauty of the hillside home to which he is about to carry her off from the city heat and dust. Some of the other poems have equal merit: notably "The Nightingale," "Bullfinches," and "Thoughts of Love" (we should certainly add "Old Vessels" but for its inadequate and over-violent climax). "The Submarine" is a fine sonnet, in workmanship as in literary feeling; but Mr. Thirlmere is probably at his best in "A Skylark in Battle." The "menacing host of guns" had spoken:

"Then half a silence touched the chasmed field
With its caress; the angry, purple sky
Grew luminous and suddenly revealed
A lark, that sang of peace in clear reply
To war's deep pæan: the stricken earth appealed
To heaven, and our spirits shivered at its cry."

MY BOOK OF BEAUTIFUL LEGENDS. Retold by Christine Chaundler and Eric Wood. Illustrated. 6s. (Cassell.)

A very welcome addition to the many books issued for children is this selection of old legends retold and arranged in a most attractive form by Miss Christine Chaundler and Mr. Eric Wood. All the favourites are here, as well as many of the lesser known legends of various nations, and the authors are to be highly congratulated on the excellence of their choice, for in every case the version of the legend recounted is the most beautiful which has been handed down to us through the centuries. The simple, forceful language employed to tell the delightful old stories, familiar and unfamiliar, makes them exceedingly effective and will serve to impress them deeply on the minds of the happy children who find this charming volume among their gifts this Christmas-time. Mr. A. C. Michael's coloured illustrations are exceptionally good, and the book is one that will be greatly treasured on account of its artistic merits as well as its other valuable qualities.

SELECTED POEMS OF THOMAS HARDY. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

There has not been for a long time a more welcome addition to the Golden Treasury series than this selection of Thomas Hardy's poems. He stands as distinctively apart from all contemporary poets as from all contemporary novelists. Certainly, as a novelist he has his disciples; but his poetry has inspired no imitators. It has the same stern qualities of realism, the same determinist philosophy and ironic outlook on life as you find in his novels, but it is even more idiosyncratic, more intimately personal, more peculiar to himself. There is nothing in it of the lyric spontaneity, the exquisite, elusive poetic feeling and utterance of Yeats; of the beautiful artistry of William Watson, nor of Kipling's passionate energy and magic of phrase. Mr. Hardy is more careful of the form of poetry than of its language. His poetry is in the thought, the idea, the emotion; the words in which he clothes it are the simple, homely words of every-day speech. But as you read on and come to understand him and are subdued to his moods, you grow to realise that in this very stark plainness of phrase lies half the vivid power and effectiveness of the stories he tells in his ballads, and the loves, regrets, losses, the human kindliness and ironic destinies he sings in his lyrics. He will not shackle himself with poetical conventions but seems to say what he has to say in the first words that come to him, talking his poetry as naturally as other men talk prose. The selection in this volume is a good and a thoroughly representative one. It takes in the best of Mr. Hardy's lyrical, narrative and reflective verse, including the finest of his war poems and the songs from "The Dynasts," one of which, "The Night of Trafalgar":

"In the wild October night-time, when the wind raved round the land,
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our doors were blocked with sand"—

will always rank with the few great war-lyrics that English poets have written.

WAR BOOKS.

THE DEEPER CAUSES OF THE WAR. By Emile Hovelaque. Translated by the Author. With a Preface by Sir Walter Raleigh. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

M. Hovelaque is no headlong Germanophobe. He has made a close and dispassionate study of Germany's past, and traces the growth of those influences that have led to the present tragedy. You are impressed both by the reasoning, the imaginative sympathy and the scrupulous fairness of the book. It is, as Professor Raleigh declares, "the truest and most illuminating statement anywhere to be found of the causes which have unchained this tempest of war."

THE WAR AND THE SOUL. By the Rev. R. J. Campbell. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

With two or three exceptions these are reprints of the popular articles Mr. Campbell has for some time past been contributing to the *Sunday Herald*. They deal with various spiritual, social, human aspects of the war forcefully and suggestively, and "represent a serious attempt to give help and encouragement and a certain measure of enlightenment to persons who, at present, feel their need of these owing to the abnormal conditions which prevail."

ODD SHOTS. By One of the Jocks. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A series of vivid war sketches and verses, evidently written by one who has seen and experienced what he describes. There is shrewd observation and humour in such character studies as that of Bill, "An Officer's Man," who before the war was a surfaceman on the Midland Railway; and "Piet," the French draper turned soldier and attached to a British force as interpreter; and the pictures of life at the front are some of the cleverest, most entertaining things of the kind we have ever read.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT



ART POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES



From The Year 1916, Illustrated (*Headley*).

"THE MORNING COMETH."



From The Study and Criticism of Italian Art (*Bell*). THE "BENOIS MADONNA."

THE PATH OF THE MODERN RUSSIAN STAGE, AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By ALEXANDER BAKSHY. 7s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)

M. Bakshy's work (uncommonly well-printed, with an unattractive cover) is an extremely stimulating series of essays dealing for the most part with the development of modern dramatic art in Russia. Russia is about the only country in Europe with a theatre other than a conventional parody, and it was very well worth while for M. Bakshy to give a short retrospect of the Russian drama from the seventeenth century onwards. So elaborated a dramatic art obviously has a long period of experimentation behind it. Still, nothing much happened besides imitation of English interludes and German burlesques until the eighteenth century, when Fyodor Volkov and Ivan Amitrevsky acclimatised the classical French drama. Then came Griboyedev, Gogol and Ostrovsky to found a national theatre in the early nineteenth century. M. Bakshy deals at length with the famous Moscow Art Theatre, founded by Constantine Alexeyev and Nemirovich-Danchenko in 1897. It adopted naturalism as a reaction against provincial crudity. Naturalism is, on the whole, a false artistic theory (you go to Rome to get local colour for Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," which is really Elizabethan England, for instance). Evereinov's "monodrama" (subjective illusionism) and Meyerhold's statuesque effects were a reaction against the naturalism of the Moscow Art Theatre. M. Bakshy indeed gives us an excellent perspective of these conflicting art canons. Another essay is an appreciation of the poet-philosopher Veacleslav Ivanov, little known to English readers. Then follows one on "Living Space and The Theatre" and a sympathetic criticism of Mr. Gordon Craig. Lastly, an apology for the cinema as a combination of dramatic and pictorial impression in rhythmically moving form and colour. M. Bakshy's style is a little stiff and over-decorative, but he writes with fine intellectual eagerness and knowledge.

THE FLOWERS I LOVE.

Twenty-four Drawings in Colour by KATHARINE CAMERON, with an Anthology of Flower Poems selected by EDWARD THOMAS. 10s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

For the text of this beautiful volume Mr. Edward Thomas has drawn upon many modern poets in addition to the anthologist's usual stand-by—the non-copyright texts of the older masters. Thus we find Mr. W. H. Davies, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Bridges, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, and Mr. Newbolt side by side with Herrick, Tennyson, Landor, and Blake. Its charm as an anthology, indeed, is that it makes no pretensions to completeness. It is obviously a selection of the flower poems which please Mr. Thomas, no one of which is unworthy of a place in the select company in which it finds itself. Miss Cameron's drawings, each in a style suitable to its subject, are the *raison d'être* of the book—a charming reminder to winter-bound book-buyers of the glories and beauties of the more favoured seasons. "The Flowers I Love" ought to be one of the first favourites among the Christmas gift-books.

From The Dweller in the Innermost (*Headley*). From the painting by Watts.



From London Revisited (*Methuen*).

CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.
Relief by J. Flaxman at University College.
Reproduced from the original in the Flaxman Gallery, University College, London, by permission of the University College Committee.

RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN.

By ROBERT W. SERVICE. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

There is a virility, a robust humour, a picturesqueness of phrase and a catchy, lilting metrical swing about the verses of Mr. Robert W. Service that justify whoever was responsible for labelling him "The Canadian Kipling." There is both humour and the grimmest of realism in "The Odyssey of 'Erbert 'Iggins"; and realism, with a touch of farce, in "The Haggis of Private McPhee." There is a finer depth of feeling in other of the ballads—in such, for example, as "The Fool," which tells of how a man with fame and fortune in his grasp, joins up and "chucks it away to die in the dark," but

"'A fool! Ah, no! He was more than wise.
His was the proudest part.
He died with the glory of faith in his eyes,
And the glory of love in his heart.
And though there's never a grave to tell,
Nor a cross to mark his fall,
Thank God, we know that he 'batted well'
In the last great Game of all."

One of the best things in the book, perhaps, is "The Song of the Pacifist," with its passionate cry at the close:

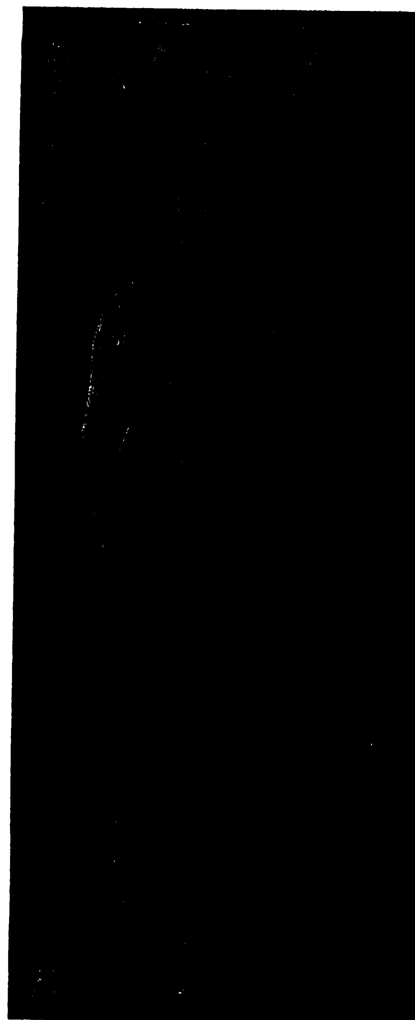
"Glory! Ay, when from blackest loss shall be born most radiant gain;
When over the gory fields shall rise a star that never shall wane:
Then, and then only, our Dead shall know that they have not fall'n in vain.
When our children's children shall talk of war as a madness that may not be,
When we thank our God for our grief to-day, and blazon from sea to sea
In the name of the Dead the banner of Peace . . . *that will be Victory.*"

It is the great merit of Mr. Service's verses that they are literally alive with the stress and joy and agony and hardship that make up life out in the battle zone. He has never written better than in this book, and that is saying a great deal.

WALTERS' CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

A Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Mythology. By H. B. WALTERS, M.A., F.S.A. 21s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This portly tome, which runs to over 1,100 pages, is, we are told, based to a certain extent on the "Companions to Greek and Latin Studies" recently issued by the Cambridge University Press, the syndics having placed the text and illustrations of these two volumes at the disposal of the editor as a convenient basis for the articles relating to the various branches of Greek and Roman antiquities. Among the chief works of reference consulted are the great French "*Dictionnaire des Antiquités*" the various dictionaries of Sir William Smith, and standard German works on the same subject. The articles concerned with Greek and Roman constitutional matters are the work of Mr. S. W. Gnose, late scholar of Christ's. Greek and Roman Law are treated respectively by Mr. F. E. Adcock, Fellow of King's and by Mr. P. C. Sands, formerly scholar of St. John's. That well-known expert Mr. Norman Gardiner of Epsom College writes the entries on Athletics; and Mr. Jerome Farrell, formerly scholar of Jesus and now of the Royal Artillery, has contributed many notices of mythology and of religion. The editor himself is responsible for the text of most of the articles dealing with proper names and for many of those relating to Antiquities. Judged by the entries we have consulted, Mr. Walters' Dictionary should be of very great value to University men and to Public School boys. The journalist will also find it a very convenient book of reference.



From Walters' Classical Dictionary (*Cambridge University Press*).

CARYATIA (Brit. Mus.)

FRUIT GATHERING.

By Rabindranath Tagore. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

HUNGRY STONES AND OTHER STORIES.

By Rabindranath Tagore. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

" Make me thy poet, O Night, veiled Night! There are some who have sat speechless for ages in thy shadow ; let me utter their songs," says Rabindranath Tagore. And when he sings of Night, or Death, or Fire, or the Pain of Love, it is as an Eastern brother of Whitman.

If the Indian poet's " Fruit Gathering " reads sometimes like a translation, it is as a translation from the book of Life, of Eastern thought into Western language. Ideas and imagery, the light and shadow of beauty, cannot achieve all without the sinew of technique. The poems of Tagore have much of the roll and rhythm of Whitman. Yet, being in free verse, their strength is simplicity, and their weakness monotony.

To read them rapidly in succession would be as foolish as to eat a whole basket of fruit, or to drink wine like a barbarian. But read these brief narratives, or lyrics, singly, and they charm or move to reflection. Sometimes they do more. The lover of poetry need not fear Rabindranath Tagore's ominous and immediate popularity. What causes excitement in Suburbia sometimes echoes around Olympus.

The burden of these rhythms is the yearning for unity with God, for annihilation of " the torchlight revelry of pride," and the " blossoming in flowers of the morning." This is far from the unity of democracy, of man with his fellows :

" My Master has bid me, while I stand at the roadside, to sing the Song of Defeat, for that is the bride that He woos in secret."

But let it not be thought that this rhythmic philosophy is that of a comfortable man who sees the beauty of defeat and suffering in the rough world, from which he is sheltered. In previous volumes poems and phrases may have suggested that suspicion. But " The Oarsman," one of the longer poems in the new volume, comes very near to the thunder of our own troubled days.

" Like a ripe pod, let the tempest break its heart into pieces,
scattering thunders.
Stop your bluster of dispraise and of self-praise,
And with the calm of silent prayer on your foreheads sail to
that unknown shore."

To turn from the poems of Tagore to his stories is to descend from the mountain, with its shadow of Infinity and its peak of solitude, to the valleys and habitations of men.



From The Cross in Modern Art (*Duckworth*).

Beata Beatrix,
By D. G. Rossetti.
(By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer).

" Hungry Stones," which gives its name to the volume, has its touch of horror—a hint of the quality of De Quincey when he gave his mind to make our flesh creep. But there is something far finer in " The Victory," which is translated by the author himself. The subject is the old tournament of song, common to Provence, to Tannhaüser's Germany, and to the Eistedfoddau of modern Wales. These bardic contests were known also to the Indian Court of King Narayan, where Shekkar, the troubadour, is defeated by Pundarik, the rhetorician and " best-seller." And Shekkar dies without realising that the King's daughter had been his for the asking, had honest self-confidence taken the place of pride. Perhaps this is not quite the author's moral. But the art of Tagore has more than one dimension, and truth has more facets than moralising fiction, which lies on the surface.

The deeper one goes into the book the nearer one comes to the human and the everyday. One feels that, had Tagore been an Englishman, he would have given us social novels as sure in their touch as those of Jane Austen. In translation, which by the way is done into excellent English, one does not get quite the consistent intimacy of a stylist, but the general effect is good, and the variety of range amazing.

" The Kingdom of Cards," for instance, is a fantastic tale of a human pack of playing cards. It is ironic, and " amusing " in the sense that Matthew Arnold would have used that term. " The Babus of Nayanjore," however, is almost farcical in its picture of an Indian snob and a cruel trick that was played upon him. " Once there was a King " is a child's story, with just that touch of tenderness that makes it a grown-up's as well.

" Living or Dead ? " is the strange tale of an Indian woman, who has been laid out for dead, but, having come to herself, runs away, but regards herself afterwards as a being apart from her fellows. The result again is ironical. Irony and playful humour are of the author's armoury. He has read widely among modern writers, and probably would appear as Western to an Indian, as he seems Eastern and especially Indian to us.

Perhaps the finest and most individual story in the book is that called " Vision," in which a young wife is blinded by the stupidity of her affectionate doctor-husband. Her dependence draws her nearer to him, while he gradually becomes alienated. Psychologically the narrative has great qualities ; and the other woman who nearly becomes the second wife is drawn with a master hand. In reading " Vision " one is not in doubt as to the true originality of the author. At times, throughout the book, one makes

comparisons and criticisms. Here they are stilled, and the authentic spirit stands vindicated. Again in "The Devotee" one is confronted with a character so peculiar to Western minds that one can but accept it. To attempt description would be to arouse laughter, which is very far from the effect produced by reading the whole.

Then "The Cabulliwallah," the tale of a hillman pedlar and a little girl, is tender and full of that "charm," which for want of a better word may be said to describe both these books.

There is another side to criticism, namely the suggestion of suitability. While the poems will be welcomed by a far larger group than usually turns to verse, the stories should appeal to the reader of thoughtful fiction, a far larger body than generally is believed to exist.

Rabindranath Tagore has many gifts of the novelist, and a few of those of the "contist." Whatever those who first rhapsodised about his genius may think, these volumes should prove to a wider circle that he can speak to his fellows in their own tongue, albeit through the medium of translation.

REGINALD R. BUCKLEY.



From London Revisited (*Methuen*).

PRINCESS MARY AS DIANA.
From a painting by Sir Peter Lely at Hampton Court.

SOME BRITISH PAINTERS.

A Little Gallery of Great Masters. By JAMES BAIKIE, F.R.A.S. 2s. 6d. net. (Black.)

The little gallery is intended for the delectation of little people more especially, and Mr. Baikie is their very good guide, firstly, in his light sketch of the period to which Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney and Raeburn belonged; secondly, in the brief biographical notices; and, thirdly, in his description of the pictures represented in his volume. It is confined to these great masters and gives two examples of each. They are familiar to the eyes of all, and no eye can grow weary. The reproductions in colour are excellent. The Lord Heathfield of Reynolds deserves its place as a frontispiece, and Gainsborough's Mrs. Graham is printed with exceeding care. Romney's Lady Hamilton is beautiful as ever, notwithstanding the "stuffed goat," as Mr. Baikie terms it. Taken altogether, the slender volume is a marvel at its price and a salient testimony that in these days it is possible for art-books to be both cheap and good.

LONDON REVISITED.

By E. V. LUCAS. 6s. net. (Methuen).

This is a supplement and companion to the "Wanderer in London." Places and objects of interest unencompassed in the original survey are here described in the happy manner that is Mr. Lucas's enviable secret. For example, we have a really excellent account of Wren's many churches, with a delightful digression to Pepys' description of the Great Fire that gave Wren his chance. We go round to all the open-air statues of London and pay calls at all the "tableted" houses. By the way, Mr. Lucas, in his reference to statue-decorated buildings, is out of date in calling that adorned edifice in Burlington Gardens, next to the Arcade, the "London University." It has long ceased to be that. It is the Civil Service Commission, the University now living more spaciously at the Imperial Institute. Holland House and the London Museum have chapters to themselves, and so have Gough Square and the Adelphi. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Lucas takes us to Lord's and the Oval, and then treats us to a day at the Zoo. He extends his London so far as to include Hampton Court; but no one will protest. It is a book that will delight all Londoners and all non-Londoners alike. Its photographs of pictures and its topographical sketches by Mr. H. M. Livens are added attractions.



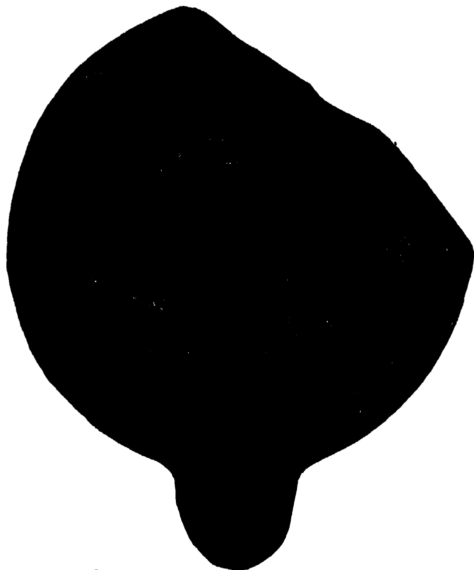
From Some British Painters (*Black*).

BOY WITH RABBIT (Raeburn.)

SUMMER HOLIDAYS IN THE ALPS.

By W. E. DURHAM. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This pleasant addition to the literature of mountaineering should attract "fireside travellers" as well as climbers, for it is neither too technical nor too terrifying. Prebendary Durham never wants to make our flesh creep, nor does he try to intimate hints of his own courage and daring. The purpose of his volume is much more amiable. He has spent many happy summer holidays climbing in the Alps, and he is glad to talk about them in a hearty, cheerful manner. He does not, like so many of the craft, regard the Alps as a private annexe of 23, Savile Row, and he never indulges himself with the usual lofty contempt for "tourists" and "trippers." Indeed, in one page, he actually pays a tribute to the excellent manners and considerate behaviour of a Polytechnic party of young men whom he encountered at the Mountet hut. Prebendary Durham's scrambles range from the Graians to the Engadine, and include most of the "star" climbs. The modest and friendly style of his narratives is neither frigid, nor gushing, nor jocular, like certain other examples of mountaineering literature one could name. The frank chambermaid of his story may be astonished that "quite an old gentleman" should climb, but his happy volume shows that he is young enough in heart to enjoy the glory of the hills and to communicate his enjoyment with gusto.



From **Walters' Classical Dictionary** (*Cambridge University Press*).

Retiarius. From a lamp in Brit. Mus.

FIGHTING MEN.

By C. Fox-Smith. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

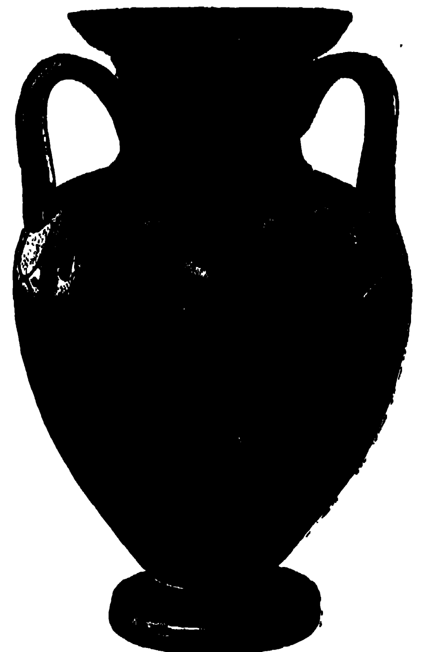
An author who acknowledges permission to reprint from *Punch* shakes hands with his reader already upon the fly-leaf, for some at least of the papers that follow will be familiar to most, and not unwelcome. It is, therefore, without surprise that we find old friends among the twenty odd poems in Mr. C. Fox Smith's "Fighting Men," and not the least of these old friends is the author himself, whose sincerity, humour, and fine breezy way with metre are unforgettable things. Needless to say that the author of "Songs in Sail" knows "the way of a ship in the great waters where the flying fishes are," and for salt-water atmosphere it would be hard to better such verses as "The Rhyme of the 'Inisfail'":

> "For she lies deep, the 'Inisfail'—ay, deep she lies an' drowned,
> Deeper 'n ever a wave 'll stir, deeper'n a lead can sound,
> Fifty mile from Fastnet Light, an' homeward bound."

But it would appear that also he is not ignorant of the way of an army in some at least of its aspects as humorously pictured in "Mules," "The Route March" and others, nor of the mind of the British countryman who had actually travelled further south than Southampton, finding among "towns as white as washing-day" that foreigners are not altogether a savage race apart. Of the more serious poems grouped towards the end of the volume, one at least, "The Yeoman's Son," rouses a wish that this were still the day when war inspired more poetry of the ballad kind than hymns of hate and khaki epics.

THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE HOLY LAND.

By P. S. P. Handcock, M.A. With Coloured Frontispiece, 25 Plates, 109 Figures in text, and 2 Folding Plans. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)



From **Walters' Classical Dictionary** (*Cambridge University Press*).

Attic Black-Figured Vase (Brit. Mus).

Mr. Handcock is known to scholarship by a work on Mesopotamian archæology, and as a lecturer under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund. His present volume is therefore of authority within its own measures. As explained in the preface, it is an "account of the arts, crafts, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of Palestine from the earliest times down to the Roman period." Here it is possible to speak of it only as it may appeal to the unversed reader, who will probably be looking for light cast by the record on Biblical history. Such light there is, but it is slender and occasional, as the work covers a long period — Palæolithic, Neolithic, Megalithic and early Servile, as well as later epochs. Among chief points of Biblical interest are the account of the palace of Ahab at Samaria, the results of excavation at Jericho, especially in respect of its walls and their silent commentary on the miracle in Joshua iv. 20, where it is said that "the walls fell down flat." The history of Gezer traced through various periods and its discovered remains are also of the first interest. The plans, plates and figures in the text are invaluable helps to any reader, who—so fortified and encouraged by a very clear style of writing—needs no special knowledge on his own part to follow Mr. Handcock through the pages of his latest and most important work.



From **The Archæology of the Holy Land** (*Fisher Unwin*).

Libation Vase from Bethshemesh.

THE ANTIQUE GREEK DANCE.

By MAURICE EMMANUEL. 15s. net. (John Lane.)

This book which contains over 600 illustrations of the attitudes and poses of the dancers of ancient Greece, is a translation from the French by Harriet Jean Beauley, and the author (a Doctor of Letters and Laureate of the Conservatoire) acknowledges his indebtedness to several eminent French antiquaries and archivists, authorities on the history of music and dancing. The book, then, may be regarded as reliable on the subject of which it treats. In the course of its 300 pages it gives an immense amount of information on every phase of the Grecian dance whether ritual, symbolic, social, martial or purely artistic. It is generally recognised that all Greek poses, whether in dance or general deportment, were founded on the natural instinctive movements of the human form. In that respect it was the antithesis of that modern "deportment" typified by the immortal Mr. Turveydrop, which was nothing if not studied and artificial. The Greek dance, we gather, is dead, with much else that belonged to Greek art. All that we get to-day in the way of "Greek" dances are imitations, not necessarily base, but lacking in natural inspiration. Every kind of unusual movement was avoided by the Greeks, and their system was the outcome of an all-round training of the body which fitted it to become an agent of natural expression. The book is a monument of patient study and research, and much of its practical value lies in its comparisons of modern and ancient dancing which are not all to the disadvantage of the former, for if the Greek dance was a model of grace and rhythm it was somewhat lacking in precision.



From The Antique Greek Dance (*John Lane*).

A GREEK VASE OF THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. IN THE MUSEUM AT THE LOUVRE.



From Collecting Old Lustre Ware (*Heinemann*).

COLLECTING OLD LUSTRE WARE.

By W. BOSANKO. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

We are told that this is the first volume published on English Lustre Ware. And yet lustre ware is very attractive to the collector, many specimens are genuinely artistic and would make a really decorative addition to any room. Like all the volumes in Heinemann's well-known "Collectors' Pocket Series," it is eminently practical, the illustrations carefully selected, with the descriptive letterpress, give a complete idea of the different specimens. A few opening pages of general history and definition are sufficient to make clear what follows. One advantage to the humble collector of lustre ware is that there are practically no outstanding masterpieces which would dwarf his collection to insignificance, he is not so tempted towards that envy which is the shadow on so many collectors. It must be admitted that our English lustre ware makes no claim to rival the beauty and magnificence of the work that comes from Persia, Spain or Italy, nevertheless, as is well shown by the book before us, it is very varied, with distinct characteristics. As in so much English work the *form* will be found very satisfactory, though we may miss that "riot" or magnificence of colour which is so often found even in the common and simplest foreign articles.

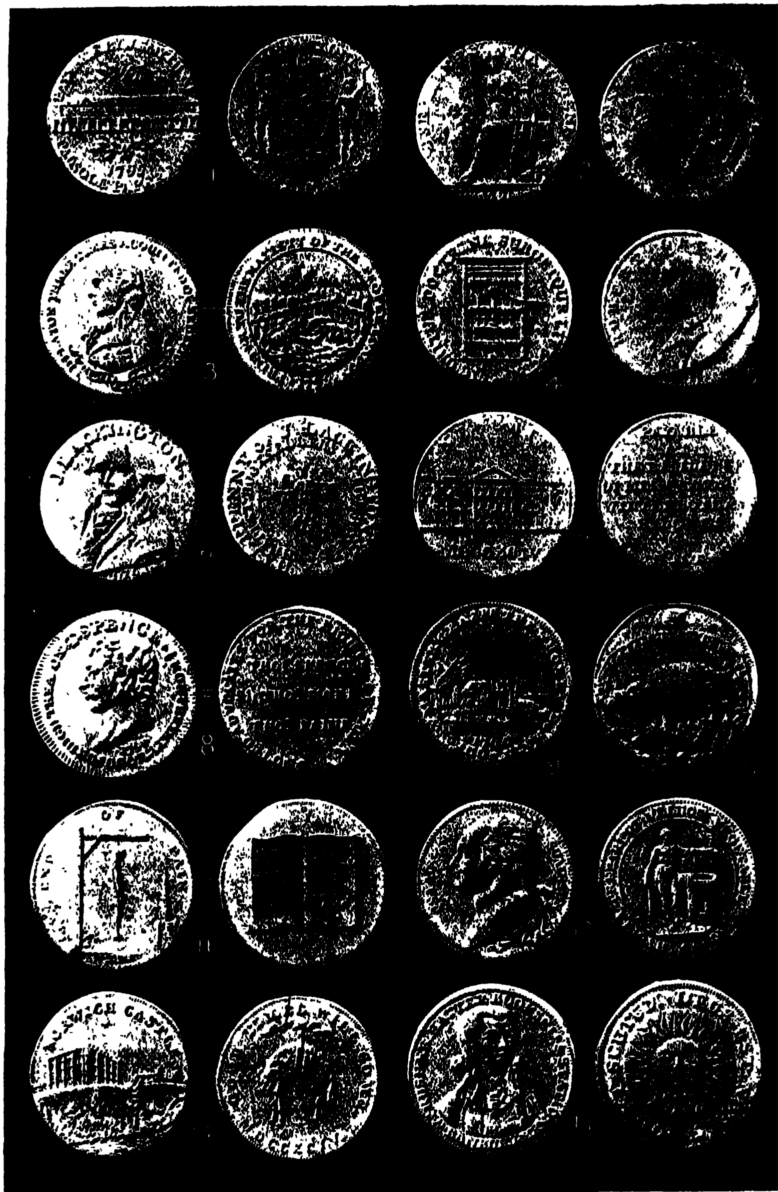


From Collecting Old Lustre Ware (*Heinemann*).

TOKENS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By W. LONGMAN. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Longmans.)

The tokens dealt with by Mr. W. Longman in this curiously interesting volume are those that were issued in the eighteenth century by authors, booksellers, publishers, librarians, engravers, printers and others connected with bookselling and allied trades. The tokens of the period can be divided, he says, into four groups: medals or coins struck by tradesmen with a view to helping trade; pieces struck for sale to collectors; pieces struck by collectors; and pieces bearing neither name of issue nor town that were "issued in large numbers and were sold at a good profit to anyone who would buy and put them in circulation." The legal copper coinage of the country had fallen into such a debased and unsatisfactory state by 1787 and the inconveniences resulting from this were so great that "the trading section of the public took the matter into their own hands" and issued millions of copper tokens, pennies and halfpennies that bore the name and address of the issuer as a guarantee of good faith and were commonly accepted as small change. Mr. Longman's record of the tokens so issued by booksellers and bookmakers and others connected with those industries should be invaluable to the collector. The genuine reader who is not a collector will be greatly taken with the biographies in little of some of the men who issued these tokens, such as that of the enterprising second-hand bookseller, James Lackington, who crowned a successful career by opening his huge shop, described as "one of the curiosities of the metropolis," the Temple of the Muses, as he named it, in Finsbury Square; or that of James Bissett, who wrote poems and compiled a directory and conducted a successful "Museum and Fancy Picture Manufactory" at Birmingham; or that of John Murray's predecessor, the bookseller Thomas Miller; or that of Thomas Spence, the Chancery Lane bookseller who was imprisoned for high treason, "without doubt," as Mr. Longman remarks, "the most remarkable of all the token issuers who come under notice in this work." Though this is a book primarily intended for the collector, it will delight also all good book lovers who enjoy wandering in the byways of literature. The volume is admirably illustrated with many specimens of the tokens and with protraits and other reproductions from old prints.



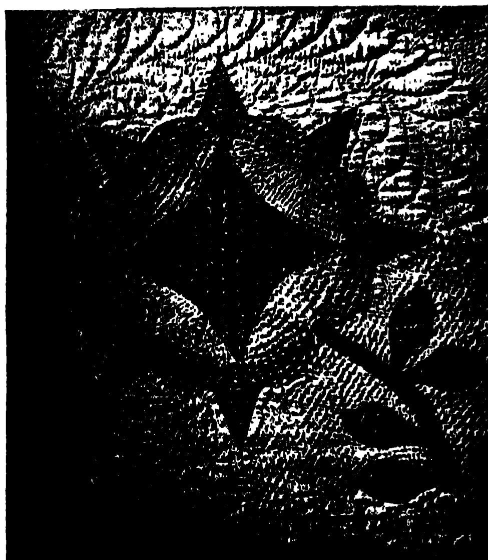
From **Tokens of the Eighteenth Century connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers** *(Longmans).*

TOKENS (Slightly Reduced).

QUILTS.

Their Story and How To Make Them. By MARIE D. WEBSTER. 10s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

There is more quilt-making in America than ever before; not only in rural districts, but in the great cities. It is an ancient art, for the sister of Tubal Cain is said to have invented both spinning and weaving. Embroidery and quilting appear to be based artistically on the work of the painter, while patchwork is the textile equivalent of mosaic. Numerous coloured illustrations show how historically interesting, and how generally beautiful, such work may be. And if we cannot agree with the author's judgment of Egyptian painting as "crude," and as the possible parent of patchwork, one is inclined to believe that Sister Susie has in quilting an interesting successor to the art of stitching shirts for soldiers. The Bedtime Quilt is given in colour, and Morning Glory is another of real beauty.



From **Quilts: Their Story, and How to Make Them** *(Batsford).*

DETAIL OF HARRISON ROSE, SHOWING QUILTING.

MADE IN THE TRENCHES.

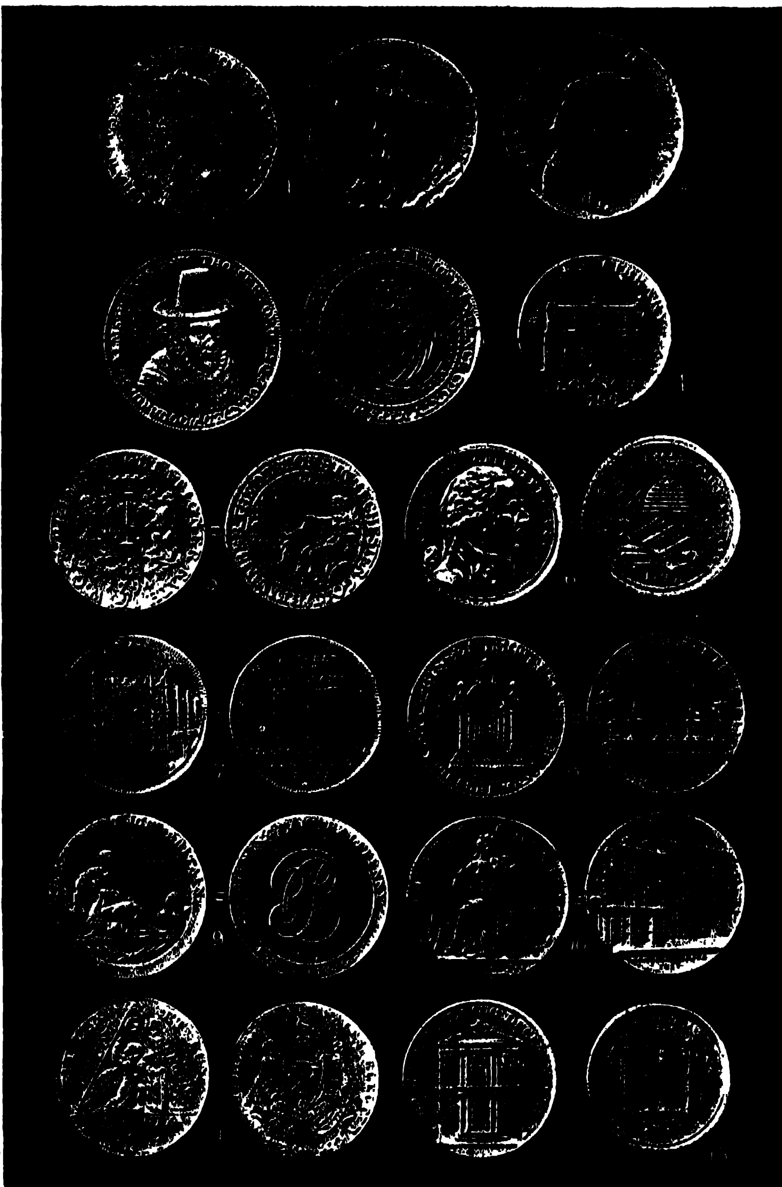
Edited by SIR FREDERICK TREVES, BART., and GEORGE GOODCHILD, 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin).

This is an entertaining miscellany of stories, articles, verses and drawings written and made by soldiers, and the profits from it are to be devoted to the "Star and Garter" Fund in Aid of Totally Disabled Soldiers and Sailors. The pictures in colour and black-and-white, starting with a frontispiece by Bairnsfather, and the lively and varied letterpress do, as Mr. Goodchild claims, "give a really representative idea of the life and thought of the Army as a whole." The book is well worth buying for its own sake, apart from the cause it serves.

MEDALS OF OUR FIGHTING MEN.

By STANLEY C. JOHNSON. 3s. 6d. net. (Black.)

This is a timely book, well compiled and excellently illustrated. Civilians are frequently puzzled to identify ribbons and medals of even recent origin, and how few have any knowledge of the hundreds of awards for service and gallantry, modern and historical, which exist in connection with the two Services. By means of Mr. Johnson's compact volume they can learn all that a reasonably well-informed reader need know about these matters. They will gain at the same time a desirable and interesting amount of information regarding the historical significance of many of the decorations, from the period of the fine Armada medal of "good Queen Bess," who originated the custom of bestowing medals for naval and military services, down to the latest decorations which have been instituted in connection with the present great war. It is interesting to note that the famous Victoria Cross had its forerunner (if not actually its origin) in the "Forlorn Hope Medal" of Charles I., which was "awarded to soldiers who distinguished themselves in the presence of the enemy." Each medal is adequately, though briefly, described, and very many are illustrated, and much interesting historical matter is to be gleaned from the author's pages. Most people will be glad to possess the volume, and for older boys it will prove an excellent gift book.



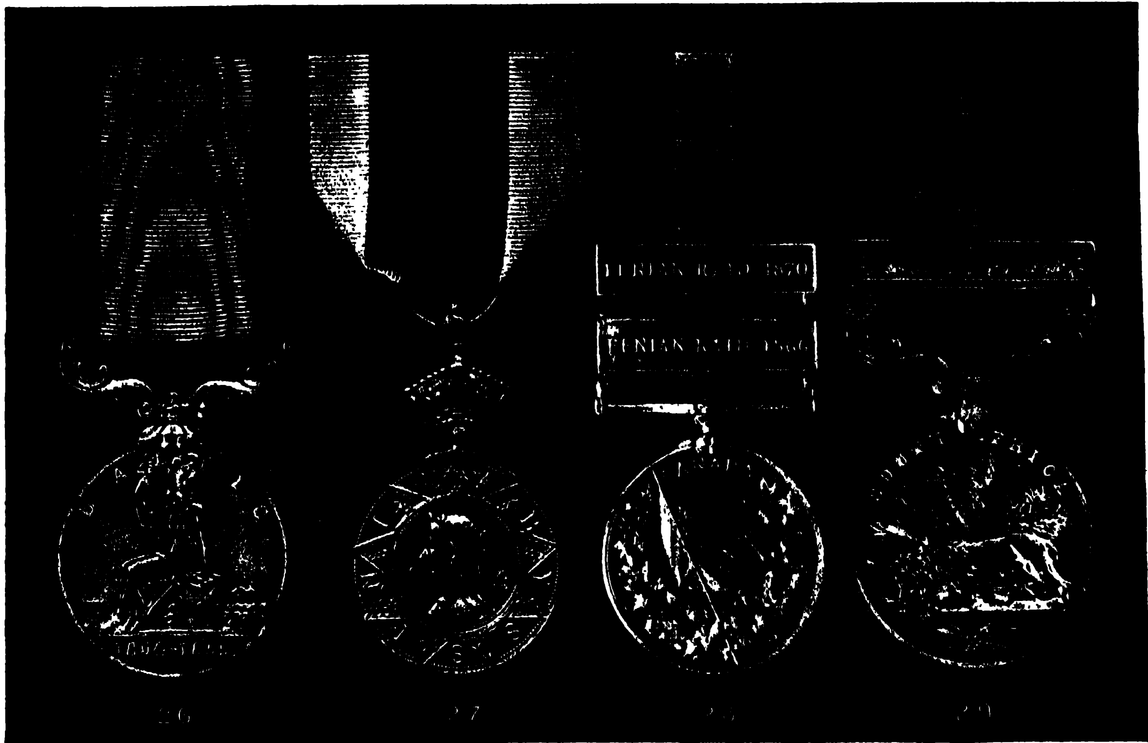
From Tokens of the Eighteenth Century connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers (*Longmans*).

TOKENS.
(Slightly Reduced).

THE VIOLET UNDER THE SNOW.

By DENNIS CLEUGH. 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Founded on an old idea, this little Christmas play is fragrant of hope — expressive of the violet hidden under the snow. The scene is the interior of a shepherd's hut on Christmas Eve, and an old shepherd and a young shepherd are deploring the life-sorrow of their master,



From Medals of Our Fighting Men (*Black*).

BALTIC. AFRICA, AND CANADA MEDALS.
26. Baltic. 28. Canada (Fenian Raid).
27. Abyssinia, 1867-8. 29. South Africa, 1877-9.

caused by the death of his young wife and infant child. In his hut is stored a chest which guards a secret he shares with nobody, and the superstitious peasants fancy some evil spirit lurks beneath the heavy lid. Uel and Colin, eager to help their master, even at the risk of sacrificing their own souls, decide to learn what awful mystery the chest contains, and are on the point of investigating when the shepherd appears, and angry at what he takes to be their curiosity, dismisses them from his service instantly. They are pleading and protesting when a stranger comes in from the snow-covered world outside, and claims to be an old friend of the master-shepherd's, though the man soul. It is a poetical conception, breathing forth the spirit of Christmas. The full-page coloured illustrations by C. Hargrave Martin are beautifully executed.

INTERNATIONAL CARTOONS OF THE WAR.

Selected, with an Introduction, by H. Pearl Adam. 1s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is an excellent collection of war cartoons by the principal cartoonists of the world. They include some of



From International Cartoons of the War (*Chatto & Windus*).

THE BEAR: GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN, KAISER. I FEEL BETTER MYSELF.
(Cartoon by Robert Carter. From the *New York Evening Sun.*)

fails to recognise him. He brings about a reconciliation between the master and his servants, and the master, remorseful for his hastiness, shows them the contents of the box—just treasured mementos of his lost dear ones. The play concludes with his being brought to a realisation that God and love are synonymous terms, and leaves him on his knees transfigured by the joyfulness of an awakened the most memorable work of Raemaekers, Steinlin, Will Dyson, Haselden, Bakst, Heath Robinson, Ibels, Leandre, F. H. Townsend, and famous black-and-white satirists of Italy, Japan, America, Russia, Germany, and other nations. The drawings are excellently reproduced, and at so small a price such a book by such artists carries its own recommendation with it.

THE MAKING OF MICKY McGHEE

And Other Stories in Verse By R. W. Campbell. Illustrated by H. K. Elcock. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

If you measure these verses by the accepted standards of poetry, you will certainly find them wanting, but if you went over them carefully and made them conform to those standards you would probably spoil them altogether. They do not trouble overmuch about metrical niceties; sometimes a line is a foot short or a foot too long; but their rough-and-ready, free-and-easy jog trot is half their charm. They are written by a soldier who was much keener on getting his story told in the strongest, most effective vernacular than on flattering the sensitive ear of the scholarly student of verse—they are stories of ordinary, unacademic men for men of the same kind or who are in sympathy with such, and in their own way they are uncommonly and delightfully good. There is imagination and human feeling in them—especially in "The Making of Micky McGhee," in "The New Tommy," "The Merchant's Son," "The Lowland Fuzzies," "The Border Breed," and one or two others—that is of the very stuff of poetry and makes the trick of writing accurate verse a matter of minor importance by comparison. "These are simple soldier rhymes," writes the author in a preface, ". . . written during the recruiting and other crises"; and he hopes they will be judged not by the standards of great poetry, but "for the spirit they exhale." That is how they should be judged, and so judged they are first rate. One hazards a guess that they will find no more enthusiastic readers than the men they are written about.



From Made in the Trenches.
(Edited by Sir Frederick Treves and George Goodchild).
Allen & Unwin.

MEN'S WEAR.
August. February
Dress does make a difference



From The Making of Micky McGhee (*Allen & Unwin*).

". . . . A TERRIBLE BLOW WHICH KNOCKED THE LOVER OF CLARA THROUGH THE GLASS OF A WINE BUREAU."



From The Making of Micky McGhee (*Allen & Unwin*).

". . . THE BEARER WHO QUIETLY BRAVES
WOUNDS, DEATH, MURDER OR CAPTURE, TO BANDAGE THE MOANING AND MAIMED
AND CARRYING THE WEARY AND DYING TO THE HAVEN THAT LISTER HAS FRAMED."

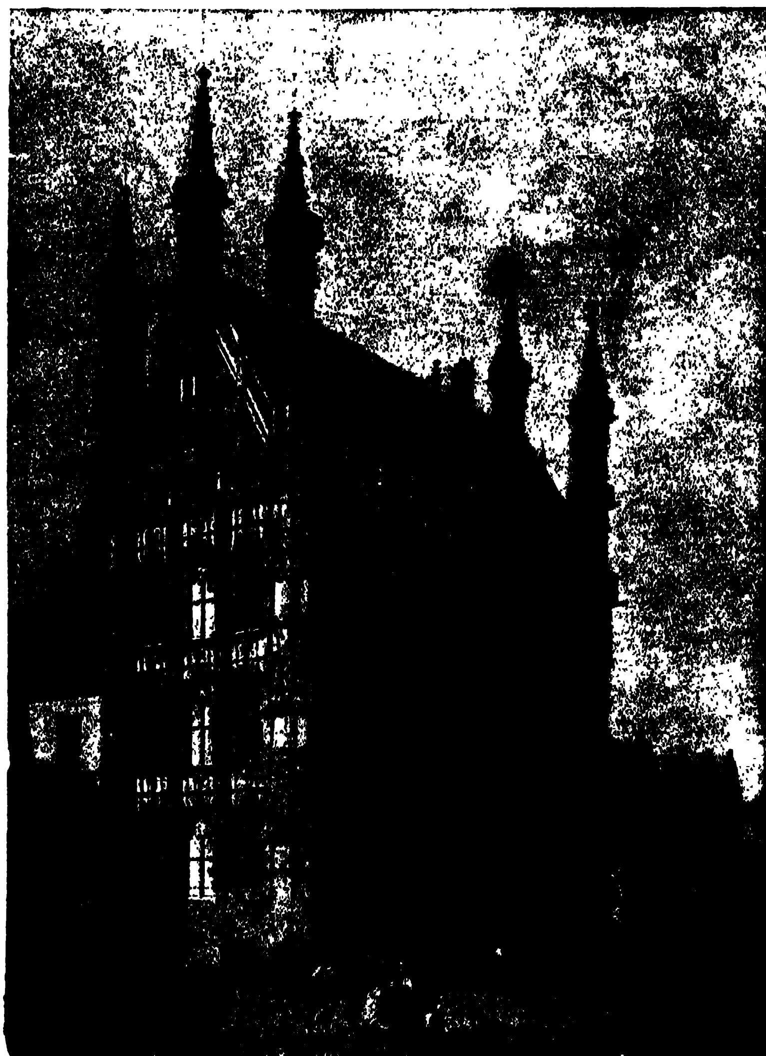
FROM HARBOUR TO HARBOUR.

By Mrs. ARTHUR G. BELL. With Colour Plates after Paintings by ARTHUR G. BELL, R.I. 10s. 6d. net. (Bell)



From From Harbour to Harbour (*Bell*). THE QUAY, POOLE HARBOUR.

In a sub-title Mrs. Bell describes her volume as "the story of Christchurch, Bournemouth and Poole from the earliest time to the present day"; to those who know that stretch of coast at all intimately it will be little surprise that she has found a wealth of interesting materials to set forth, and to those who are familiar with her earlier books it will be no surprise that she has set forth those materials in an interesting and even fascinating fashion. No side of the subject is neglected, from the geological and archæological to that of association, and Mrs. Bell makes us realise how favoured is that Hants and Dorset stretch "from harbour to harbour," in the matter of its "story" not less than in its physical attractions of hill and shore. The dozen paintings of scenery along that stretch, which Mr Arthur Bell has made, are beautiful indeed, and are reproduced in a notably successful manner, and their revelation of the country as it may be seen to-day form a delightful accompaniment to the pleasant and informing text.



From Beautiful Buildings in France and Belgium (*Fisher Unwin*). LOUVAIN: HOTEL DE VILLE.

BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

Reproductions in Colour and Monochrome from rare old Prints and Drawings. With Descriptive Notes by C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, F.R.I.B.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

This beautiful book is a memorial as well as an art treasury, for several of the buildings represented are more or less lost to us by German savagery—the Hotel de Ville, Arras; the Cathedral of Malines; that of Rheims; and the Cloth-Hall and Cathedral of Ypres. The volume is doubly precious on this account. The fifty-two plates are reproductions of sketches and drawings by T. S. Boys, Prout, Stanfield, Coney, and other artists. Of the first there are fourteen characteristic examples, and our thanks are due to the editor who has thus furnished a comprehensive view of Boys' admirable work as an architectural draughtsman. One is glad also to see in a Church Interior at Dieppe one fine specimen of David Roberts, so neglected in these days. The reproductions of Prout—perhaps especially Malines Cathedral, seen from the Grand Place—are good things to have and hold in remembrance. The printing of the plates seems to us worthy of all praise, and so is that of the letterpress. Altogether, it is no book for a mere season or a Christmas gift, but one of permanent value. Mr. Townsend's descriptions enlist our sympathy, and his occasional criticisms command agreement in nearly every case.



From The Book of Italy (*Fisher Unwin*).

PONTE NECCHIO, FLORENCE.

THE BOOK OF ITALY.

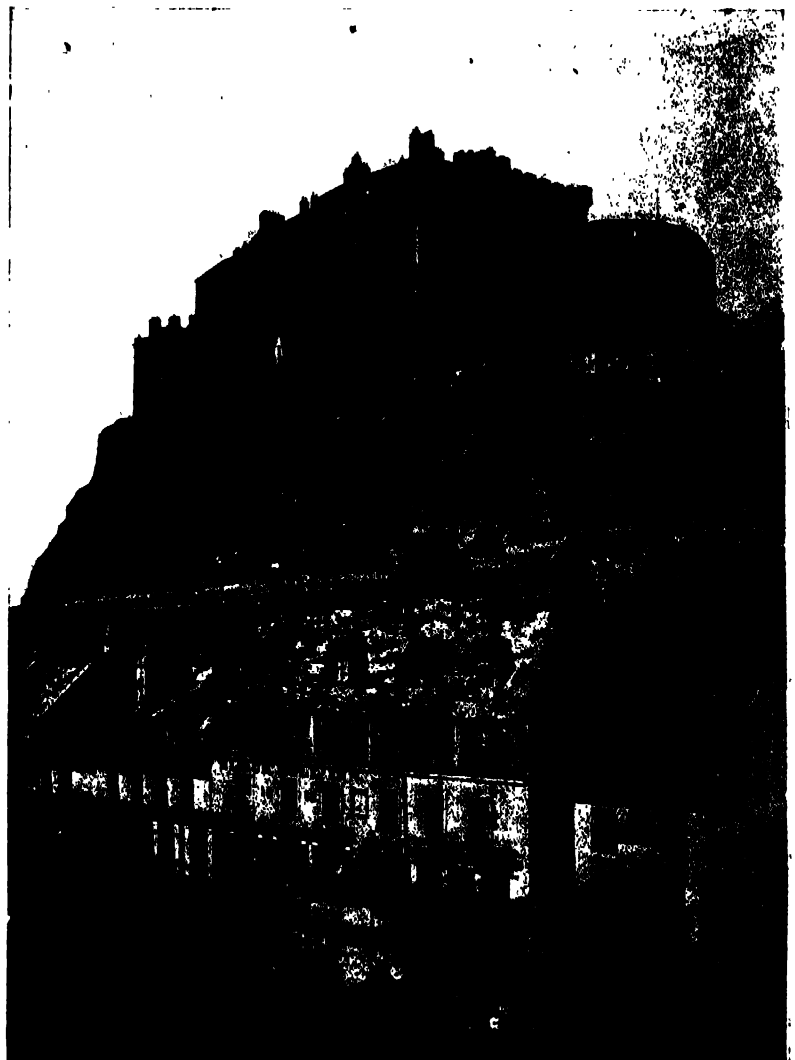
Issued under the auspices of HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY. Edited by DR. RAFFAELLO PICCOLI, with an Introduction by VISCOUNT BRYCE. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is a " war book," in aid of the Italian Soldiers' and Sailors' Families in the United Kingdom and of the Italian Red Cross which, quite apart from the nature of its contents, possesses exceptional interest as a memorial of these tragic times. But the book in itself is well worthy of the occasion. It consists of messages from leading statesmen, Italian and English, essays, sketches and poems by some of the most distinguished writers of the two countries (and one French writer) in English, French and Italian (the foreign languages having translations attached). There are also pages of music by English and Italian composers. Moreover, the volume is abundantly illustrated by the work of the best artists of both countries. In this way the volume is made memorable as an international symposium of literature, art and music, and can appeal to the public on its own merits. Naturally, the note of war and patriotism is conspicuous in the various contributions, but it is not made obtrusive; there are quiet interludes as in the sketch " Shakespeare and the Italian Novel," by Sir Sidney Lee, and from many of the illustrations and musical pieces the war note is missing, a tribute to the artistic sense of the compilers of the work. Many a work of less intrinsic interest and importance has been published at three times the price.

SECRET SHAKESPEAREAN SEALS.

By FRATRES ROSEÆ CRUCIS. 8s. 9d. net. (Nottingham: Jenkins.)

Within the reasonable limits of book production, a volume which gives us seventy-three fascimile reproductions in quarto of titles, prologues, and so forth, of original editions of great Elizabethan and some later writers, should not be without claims to consideration at the moderate, if mysterious, price mentioned above. But these Brethren of the Rosy Cross deal in a mystery of numbers as well as of prices, and it appears thereby that in addition to the now familiar charge of being responsible for the bulk of English literature, from Shakespeare to Robinson Crusoe, Francis Bacon was also founder of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. What is more—though we do not pretend to understand how the calculations exhibit either this or anything else in the contentions—there must be a secret tradition on the subject perpetuated to this day, for when Mr. A. E. Waite published his " Real History of the Rosicrucians " in 1887, his title-page and preface contained, immanent within



From Edinburgh (*Williams & Norgate*).

EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

them and here produced therefrom, the revealing numbers of the secret. Setting him aside, as one who can speak at will, we are acquainted with many maniacal books on the Baconian question, but it seems to us that this is the crown of all.



In the Clouds.

From New Cartoons by Charles Dana Gibson (John Lane).

NEW CARTOONS

By Charles Dana Gibson. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Everybody has heard of the "Gibson girl," and everybody who is at all interested in such matters knows Mr. Dana Gibson's work as a humorous artist. This handsome portfolio of some few dozen of his new drawings will, therefore, find its public waiting for it, and will confirm them again in their admiration of the art of one of the greatest of modern cartoonists. The satire and humour of Gibson may be subtle and mordant or joyous and whimsical, but it never runs into mere extravagance; he makes his characters and situations laughable without burlesquing them; he clothes his comedies in grace and beauty, and never has to resort to the cheap expedient of making the faces of his men and women ugly or their figures deformed or grotesque in order to get the fun of his jest into his picture. These drawings of his are a sheer delight to the eye; they reconcile laughter and loveliness, and reveal the spirit of mirth as a spirit that is also exquisite and urbane.

THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

5 vols. (International Library.) 2s. 6d. net per vol. (Jarrold.)

Dr. Greenough, of Harvard University, writes a brief introduction to this reprint and enumerates certain points which distinguish Poe's work from that of some other American writers. He is aloof, sinister, unbending, while they are frank, friendly, companionable; he belongs nowhere, while they are local or—at the broadest—of their own country and continent. The finding is a little indiscriminate, though it has a side of truth so far as Poe is concerned. We note further that, in Dr. Greenough's opinion, "The Gold Bug," "Purloined Letter," "Murders in the Rue Morgue," etc., are to be preferred before the "Fall of the House of Usher" and "Domain of Arnheim"—that is to say, the tales of ratiocination before those of high imagining, the inventions before things of creative genius. The first group has begotten a great host of imitators, but no one dares to borrow from that other store, which sent out things like "The Masque of the Red Death," "Berenice," and "Ligeri." This edition includes the preface to that of 1849, the remarks of N. P. Willis, published in the *Home Journal* on the Saturday after the death of Poe, and the memoir by Rufus Griswold. These things belong to history, and for the collection otherwise it embodies the result of strenuous research after everything written by Poe, so far as this had been rewarded at the date of the original which it follows. But Poe in a collected form offers a melancholy pageant. There is nothing quite like his greatness as an imaginative artist in his moments of real greatness; there is nothing quite like his littleness as a writer of forced comicalities, of mostly indifferent reviews, of jottings and marginalia—things which fill volumes here. "William Wilson" is the unapproachable transcendence of imagination in creative prose, and the lyric "To Helen" is the consummate perfection of verse. Speaking generally, there is not much of Poe's poetry which the lover of art in literature would seek to remove from memory; but of his prose remains a great deal that calls to be forgotten, and will pass into its proper limbo when the mania for indiscriminate collection has finally worn itself out. It remains that a "complete edition" is a dishonour to that which is immortal in Poe. Of the present one it has to be remembered that it is cheap, but it might have been prepared with a little more ordinary solicitude, so that we might have known where it comes from and why after immaterial portraits, like those of Lever and Lowell, we have to wait till the end for an indifferent reproduction of a picture of Poe himself. The text is presumably drawn from an American edition in ten volumes, the pagination of which it follows.



From Hunlikely
By W. Heath Robinson.
(*Duckworth*).

FOR THE WAR INVENTIONS BOARD: THE PROTECTED MINE-FINDER, FOR USE IN SOUNDING FOR ENEMY MINES.

DELIGHT.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. 3s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)

Mr. Phillpotts is a novelist who has gained the respect, and in many cases the affection, of his readers. Like most authors, he at times amuses himself by writing verse, and he is always a skilled writer, who because he respects himself and his public is never careless or frivolous. His admirers will welcome this small volume, because of its gracefulness,



From Delight, and Other Poems (*Cecil Palmer & Hayward*). "... GATHERED HER SON IN HER ARMS."

and because it reveals him in an unfamiliar light. The verse has an attractiveness which almost amounts to charm, the drawings by Miss Elliott really illustrate the text, and are not merely pretty pictures added to the book. Most of the volume is quite light reading with an under-current of whimsical seriousness. In the poem " The Gift," Mr. Phillpotts is entirely serious and reaches a real dignity :

" Never a burn that from the wild hills cried,
With their own ruby dyed,
Kissed by a setting sun,
Nor yet the huddle of the fallen brake
Knew how to win and take
The splendour thou hast won.

There is no mountain in whose secret heart
Harbours a counterpart
Of thy deep-tinctured bliss ;
No opal, from the mother's bosom torn,
Or bloodstone dark hath worn
A livery like this."

The opening poem " Delight " has a gentle ironical pathos, which will rather puzzle the serious reader, but will please many. A similar tale has been told several times, but it relates a conflict which will probably often be renewed, as long as there are differences of opinion in this world, and love is born in human hearts careless of personal convenience.

The following verses will show the manner in which the tale is told :

" For Delight sank and dwindled in grief and in gloom
At her good father's house hard by Tabitha's tomb ;
While Shadad grew strange and eccentric in manner
At his rooms, near the dwelling of Simon the tanner.

Kind Isaac, the Jew, strove to make them see sense,
And the pains and the trouble he took were immense ;
But, in truth, nothing hopeful could really be done
While Nuyhat worshipped three gods and Shadad but one."

The most serious note in the volume is struck in the following lines :

" War's red knife hisses home to the haft—
Mourn, old stars, the world runs daft.
* * * * *
Liberty ! Liberty ! Liberty !
Shout, old stars, the world is free."

A. H. J.

THE GOLDEN APPLE.

By LADY GREGORY. Illustrated by MARGARET GREGORY. 5s. net. (Murray.)

This play " for Kiltartan children " is in the Kiltartan dialect which was once somewhat unkindly christened the Gregorian sing-song — an artificial speech which is at times charming, because of Lady Gregory's skill in handling the English language and its resources in vocabulary, at times glossing over dullness by a quaint arrangement of words that gives an appearance of newness to banality, at times positively ugly. It is breaking a butterfly on the wheel, however, to criticise the employment of this dialect in the present case. Here the theme is a little fairy or folk tale of how the King of Ireland lay at death's door, and there was no healing for him in the art or the artfulness of physician or any attendant. But a word was said of the Golden Apple of Healing that grew in the garden of the Hag of Slaughter, in the Garden at the World's End, and forthwith Rury, the King's gallant son, must needs go out upon the search, promising to come back with the golden apple within a year and a day. Now, the witch knows " there is an order that we cannot meddle with the royal blood of Ireland, that is protected since the time of the Danes : unless it will come into our power through fear or through tasting our food." Courtesy almost undoes the prince, but he is saved by Pampogue, the witch's daughter, who falls in love with him, though she is too foul a thing to win him. But in the garden is the daughter of the King of Spain, watching over her five



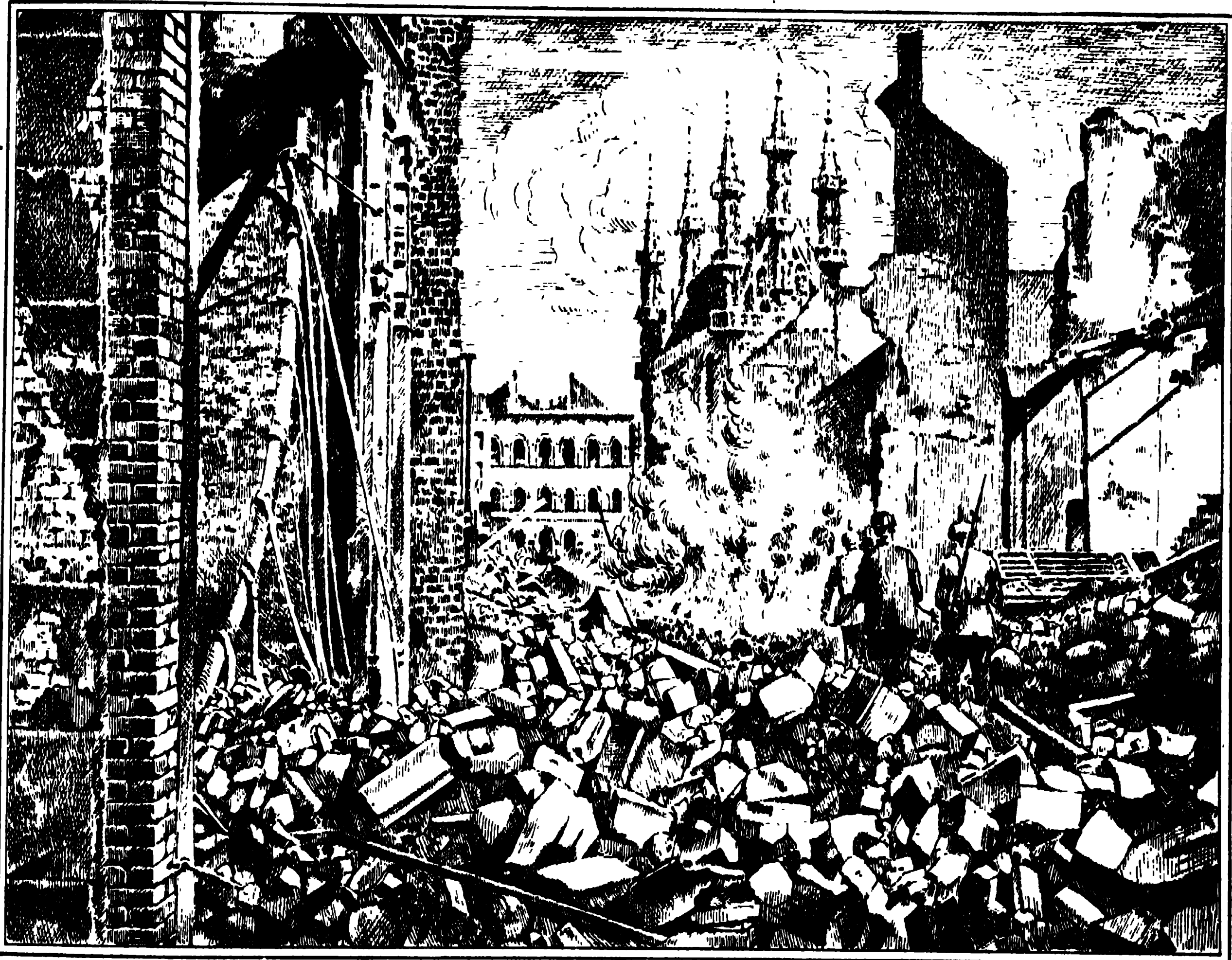
From Delight, and Other Poems (*Cecil Palmer & Hayward.* DELIGHT.

brothers, now little fishes in the witch's pond, and of course in her the prince finds a bride. The golden apple is brought to the court, the prince triumphs over every danger, deceit and treachery, and all is happy, ending with that apotheosis of so many Irish folk tales, the marriage of the hero to the King of Spain's daughter. The illustrations in colour are exceedingly well suited to the text.

PICTURES OF RUINED BELGIUM.

Seventy-two Pen and Ink Sketches drawn by LOUIS BERDEN. Text by GEORGES VERDAVAINE. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Monsieur Louis Berden is a Brussels architect. Almost immediately after the Germans had swept through Belgium, putting its helpless civilians to the sword and destroying, burning, pillaging their villages and towns, he resolved to go on a sketching tour through all those places in order to preserve tangible proof of what had been done and produce it to refute the lies and slanders with which the Huns soon began to try to cover up their iniquities. For eighteen months in face of constant dangers and difficulties he pursued his purpose, once he was arrested with his drawings in his possession, and stood a fair chance of being shot, but was luckily able to bribe his jailer and escape. His seventy-two drawings are starkly, almost photographically realistic; they bring before us, as his editor justly says, impressively and with strict regard for accuracy, the tragic spectacle of Belgian towns laid low in ruins, sacked and pillaged, while the delicacy and finish by which they are distinguished lend them a high value as works of art. This book is a terrible and a conclusive answer to such pro-German apologists as Miss Hobhouse. It gives you in plain words the evidence of eye-witnesses to the unspeakable barbarities of the Hun soldiery, and that evidence is as plainly confirmed by Mr. Berden's vivid pen-and-ink sketches. The French text of Georges Verdavaine, which is translated by J. Lewis May, is founded on the official reports of these outrages.



From Pictures of Ruined Belgium (*John Lane*). A STREET IN LOU

THE HARVESTING.

By W. FOTHERGILL ROBINSON. 1s. and 2s. 6d. (Erskine Macdonald.)

We must confess that Professor Selwyn Image's prefatory note to Mr. W. Fothergill Robinson's book of verse, "The Harvesting," raised our hopes to a level that is hardly justified by the bulk of the poems themselves. It is not to be denied that there is among them what is "beautiful in expression . . . just, healthy and helpful in thought," but there is also a certain proportion, too large to be altogether ignored, that has none of these virtues. Professor Image need scarcely have told us that the author is still a young man; no one else could have imagined the singularly cruel little poem, "Old Men," nor given tongue to the rather cheap, unnecessary scorn of "A Sleepless Night," in which we learn, not without amazement, the utter worthlessness of the man who does not suffer from insomnia. Though his work is declared to be "original and fascinating in musical cadence," we find it most musical when it is least original, so that he is more pleasing in the familiar bondage of sonnet-form than in verse that is "free" without the grace of liberty and whose rhymes are as scanty as currants in the poor man's pudding. But there are many things in the book that atone, and much may be forgiven Mr. Robinson because of the poem that gives its name to the collection:

"Awhile of the life which gave from a boundless store
We chose what seemed were the easier creeds to hold;
We looked for the cheaper things of life to adore
And then? Could we blame the world that our hearts were cold?"

This is the scorn that is justified of its existence, and detracts nothing in dignity or honour from the poet's name.

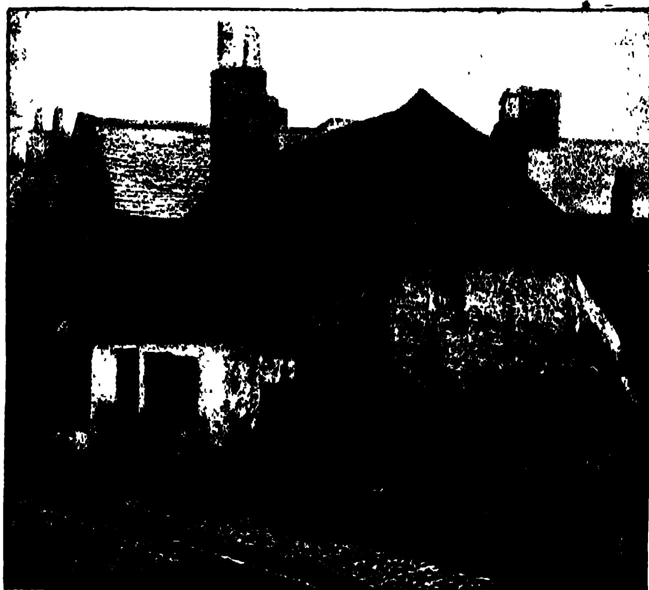
ROBERT ADAM AND HIS BROTHERS.

Their Lives' Work and Influence on English Architecture, Decoration and Furniture. By JOHN SWARBRICK. £2 2s. net. (Batsford.)

Even those of us who are a long way from being experts in architectural matters have come to have some acquaintance with the "Adam style"—we can detect here and there about London the beautiful doorways, mantelpieces, ceilings that are stamped with the exquisite grace and distinction peculiarly characteristic of the work of Robert Adam and his brothers. Their work, as Mr. Swarbrick remarks, "has such individual charm that it has always evoked interest and admiration, and has exercised a definite and, of late, an increasing influence in the trend of English architectural art." In this ample and handsomely produced volume he gives us far and away the fullest account we have yet had of the lives and works of the four brothers. He has not been satisfied with studying engravings of the buildings and decorations they designed, but has visited the many examples of their work that survive in and about London, in the provinces, in Scotland and Ireland, and has made pilgrimages to Continental places where Robert and James Adam stayed when they were engaged on study and research, and has carefully traced the various influences that went to the development of their art. The Architectural Renaissance in England had its beginnings in Inigo Jones, early in the seventeenth century; it was renewed under Sir Christopher Wren, and there is an admirable preliminary sketch of the achievements of these men and of lesser architects of Wren's day, and to these the Adam brothers succeeded—"in spite of the markedly individual aspect of their design, it came as a natural, if entirely fresh, development from what had preceded." Few men at any time have had a happier or more permanent influence on the architecture, furniture and decorative arts of this country, and it is no light praise to say that Mr. Swarbrick has written a book—at once well-informed, scholarly, finely critical and entirely interesting—that is every way worthy of his subject. The two hundred and twenty-four engravings, which cover every variety of the Adam brothers' work, examples of the work of their predecessors and many portraits, are excellently reproduced.



From **Robert Adam and his Brothers** *(Batsford).* THE BOUDOIR, KEDLESTON.



From **The Development of British Building and Construction** *(Cambridge University Press).*

COTTAGE AT HAWARDEN. BUILT ON CRUCKS.
The roof is thatched and the gables are partly hipped back.

PILGRIMAGE AND BATTLE.

By EDITH ANNE STEWART. 3s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

No poet, to be sure, is altogether consistent in literary quality, but seldom have we seen such a book of contrasts as Edith Anne Stewart's "Pilgrimage and Battle." If the volume had contained nothing but the "Santa Clara" sequence, "The Beholding Angel," and less than a dozen others, we should have declared that without doubt Miss Stewart was a poet; if it had been made up of such things as "Hard Forgiveness," "Ecce Rex Vester," or "Nemesis," we should have said with equal conviction that she was no poet at all. How it comes that the same hand can have made anything so delicately beautiful as "The Beholding Angel"—which it would spoil to quote in part—and such artless nonsense as "Lent, 1915":

> "On Calvary Truth was so strong,
> It triumphed over every wrong,
> Now we have a better way—
> We have our bayonets to-day,"

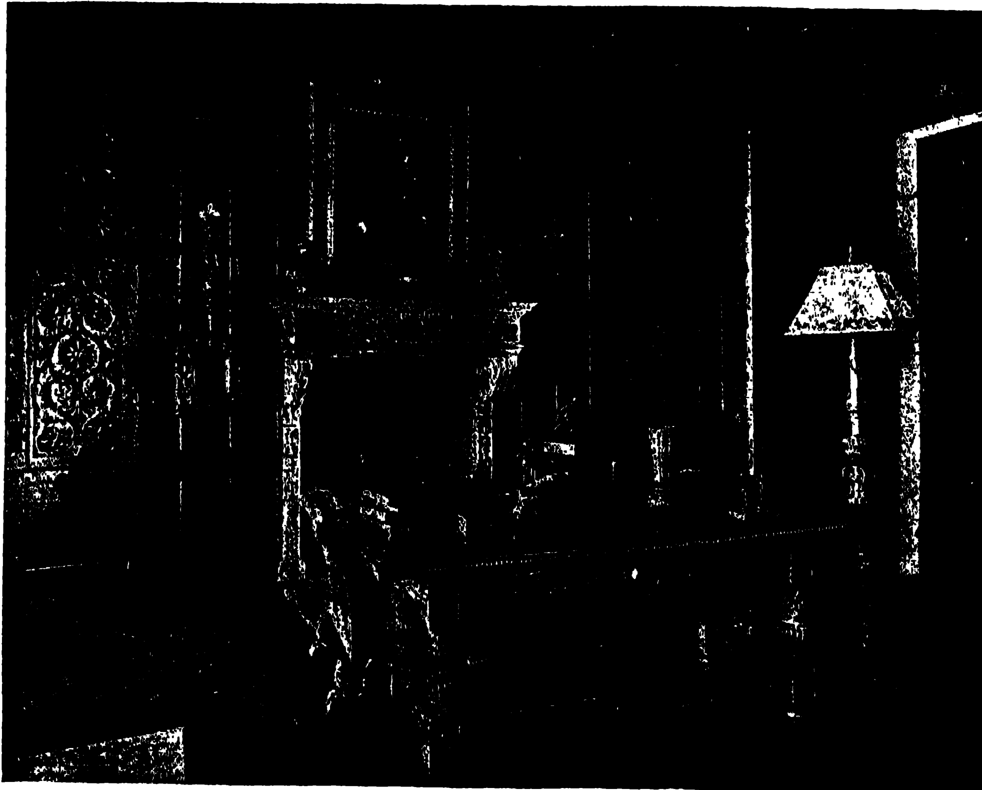
is a literary puzzle. At her best Miss Stewart is sometimes reminiscent of Coventry Patmore; at her worst, and it can be very bad, she combines the blandness of a tract with the prosody of the "Cautionary Tales." But the poems are worth reading, if only for the pleasure of finding, among so much small change, pieces of gold like:

> 'And then I knew myself at peace with Him:
> As some poor ship-wrecked mariner, who clings
> Long, hungry nights and days to a frail craft,
> Hears, through the dark, the even monotone
> Of waves that die on low-sands quietly."

INTERIOR DECORATION.

By Frank Alvah Parsons. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Batsford.)

The author of this monumental work asks us to think of the house, not only as a place to live in, but as a possible expression of our individuality. The principles and practice of interior decoration are lucidly unfolded by Mr. F. A. Parsons in his valuable and instructive book, which raises furnishing into a fine art; and when Britishers have money to spare again for the expensive amenities of life, it is to this book they must turn, when a new house is taken, or an old one refurnished. The author's instruction ranges from precise information about such masters as Sheraton and Chippendale, to the motive and arrangement which should govern the setting out of my lady's chamber, or the appropriate setting for a library. In the nature of things, more attention is paid to the picture frame, and the position of the picture on the walls. than to the picture itself. One is also a little at a loss to understand what the author means when he alludes to a "sincere" effect in the furnishing of a room. But this criticism only means to say that Mr. Parsons has ridden his interesting subject a little too hard, and asked decorative effect to do more than can be reasonably expected of it.



From Interior Decorations (*Batsford*).

LIVING ROOM, ILLUSTRATING A PARTICULARLY FINE SENSE OF SCALE RELATIONS IN DECORATIVE MOTIFS.

THE RETREAT FROM MONS.

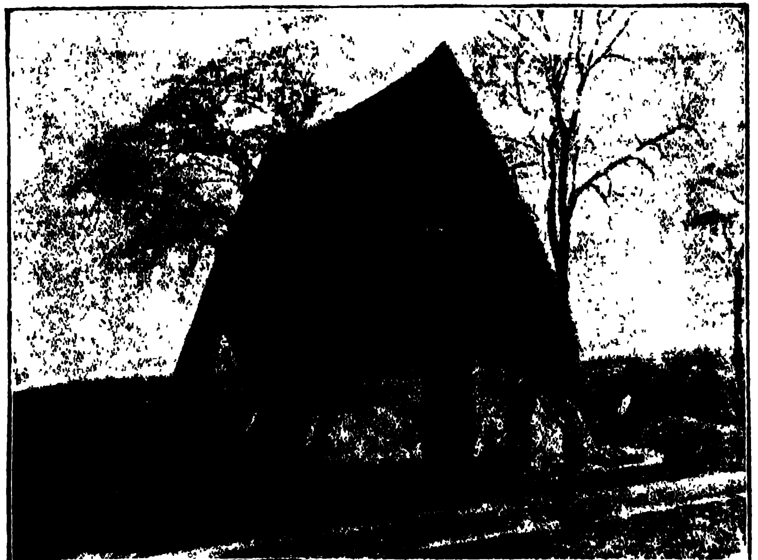
By One Who Shared in it (Major A. Corbett-Smith). Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

No story of the war has so captured the imagination of our people as the story of the fighting retreat of the "Old Contemptibles" from Mons almost to the walls of Paris, where they turned at last and struck home and joined with the French to drive the Germans back to the Marne and stop their advance for good. It is a real epic story, and it has never been told with more gusto or with sounder knowledge than by Major Corbett-Smith in this book. He played his part in that thrilling drama, and in his fifteen chapters unfolds it in all its thrilling details. It is a great tale, and he tells it with such spirit and dramatic effectiveness as carries the reader with him, and grips his interest in it all from the first page to the last.

A COMPANION TO BIBLICAL STUDIES.

Edited by W. Emery Barnes, D.D. 15s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The "Cambridge Companion to the Bible" needs no introduction to students of Holy Scripture, and the present volume is described in its sub-title as a revised and re-written edition of that work. The prefatory words explain further that it is a new book, covering most of the old ground, with certain important additions, for two of which the general editor is responsible. The first of these is on early non-Christian references to Jesus Christ, and contains a defence of the much-debated passage in Josephus, Bk. 18. The second is on sacred literature of the Gentiles, which is a little misleading in its title, as it deals only with sacred books in Babylon, Egypt and Persia, being countries in communication with Israel. Dr. Westcott's article on "Sacred Books of Other Faiths," in the earlier editions, covered a wider field, but has been omitted on the ground that "only the hand of the writer could have adapted it successfully to modern days." Considerations of space have naturally made several desirable things impossible; but in Dr. Stanton's short study of the Messianic hope one misses allusion to the history of that hope during the greater exile of Jewry, through the Christian centuries, as exhibited in Zoharic literature and its connections. Moreover, one cannot help thinking that Talmudic literature should not have been neglected utterly, even had it been remembered at the expense of Mr. Houghton's zoology and botany of the Bible—not to speak of Dr. Watson's "Concordance," which is long enough to occupy nearly one hundred pages, but much too short to serve any practical purpose, more especially as any person who is concerned even with the fringe of Biblical studies is likely to possess a Cruden. There is, however, a fatal facility about suggestions of this kind, and they are apt to represent



From The Development of British Building and Construction (*Cambridge University Press*).

HOUSE AT SCRIVELSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.
The roof rests directly on the ground and the ridge tree is carried by pairs of inclined straight principals or crucks, two in each gable.

personal needs, or perhaps personal predilections and interests. The book as a whole is admirable, an indispensable handbook of reference and initial study, embodying the work of scholars acquainted with the speculations and findings of various schools of criticism. Dr. Barnes, tasto and skill. There were many thousand examples to choose from, and Mr. Batsford's aim has been, as far as possible, to choose those that are typical. One special intention has been to provide craftsmen and architects with examples full of the best inspiration for designs.



From **Wild Birds of Britain** (*Jack*). **Little Geese.**

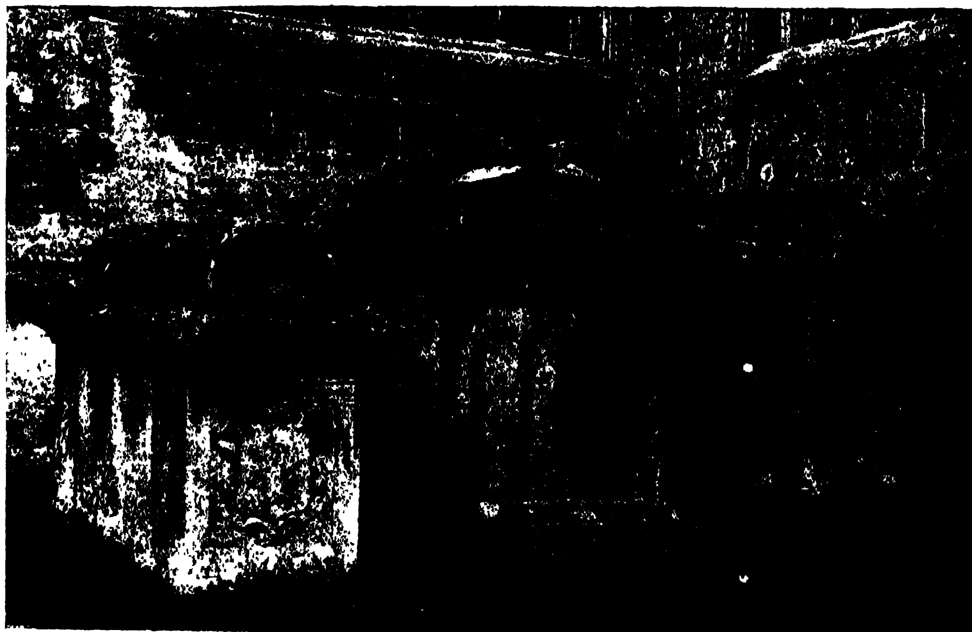
who is Hulsean Professor of Divinity, is to be congratulated on the successful performance of an anxious and a laborious task. There are several excellent maps and a few photographic illustrations.

ENGLISH MURAL MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES.

By Herbert Batsford. 12s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

This very beautiful volume is a collection of eighty-four large photographic plates of wall tablets, table tombs and headstones of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, specially chosen by Mr. Herbert Batsford as representative examples of the beautiful and traditional types in the English parish churches and churchyards, and the selection has been made with extraordinary knowledge and

Mr. Batsford claims that the most agreeable and at the same time the most practical form for a commemorative stone in a church is the wall tablet, especially in the shape of an inscription panel, of which there are fifty examples given, arranged and classified in four groups according to the treatment. He reminds us that in the mural tablet the inscription is the essence of the matter, and that it must be treated not merely as conveying the purport of the memorial, but also as the artistic basis of the design and hence the shape of the tablet and the form and style of the lettering are of the first importance, as well as the architectural features of the framework for the inscription tablet itself. The illustrations give a most sumptuous and charming idea of the wealth of such lovely work as may be found throughout England, and while many examples are taken from London churches, there are three times as many drawn from the country parishes



From **English Mural Monuments and Tombstones** (*Batsford*). **Fairford, Gloucestershire.**

ESCAPE, AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By A. C. BENSON. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

It is by no means easy to detect the thread running through these discourses. They were written at various times, and apparently with no connected purpose. Yet we may be sure that an original thinker, of the calibre of Mr. Benson, was consciously or unconsciously possessed by one dominating idea when he wrote these essays, and that the trouble spent in searching for it will bring an ample reward.

The first snare to be avoided in our search is the suggestion that the title contains the secret. And here we may say boldly that never did an author of any repute adopt a worse title. The essay on "Escape" which gives its title to the whole collection, is by far the weakest in the book. It is strained: it does violence to common sense, in asserting, for example, that the suicide's main idea is to escape from this life to another one. Worse still, this essay contradicts itself and all the rest of the book. Life as a conquest is one of the root ideas of the author, cropping up even in this very essay, but to justify its title he enunciates the opposite doctrine that life must be trying to escape.



From Wild Flowers of Britain (*Jack*).   VALERIAN.

The second difficulty that meets us in our search arises from the fact, freely acknowledged and even paraded by Mr. Benson himself, that his main impulse in writing is the joy of artistic expression, not the joy of conveying his ideas to others, influencing them and persuading them. As a natural result, his argument is never quite clear.

So far as we can discover it, this is his argument, his thesis: Man must first of all obey that "stern lawgiver," Duty, must follow after righteousness. But secondly, and this is even more important, man must not go through life dully or mechanically, but put himself with all diligence *en rapport* with its riches, of which it is full: *en rapport* with its "fire and music, great, free and wonderful": he must throw himself "eagerly and freely into present conditions, use experience, enjoy, grieve, dislike": must realise that toil and pain and danger are necessary, if life is to be interesting. Even the humiliation of public neglect, of the failure, for example, of Mr.



From English Mural Monuments and Tombstones (*Batsford*).   WITNEY, OXON



From Made in the Trenches (*Allen & Unwin*).

THE "BLUES."




From The Eve Book. (*Constable*). EVE AND TOU-TOU.

Benson's own essay "Herb, Holy and Heartsease" is found by him to be "enchanting." Everything in life is real, and therefore interesting, except our fears. They are the only unreal things, "because we are of the indomitable essence of light and movement, and we cannot be overcome."

The greater includes the less. Seizing upon every experience of life with interest and joy, we naturally yield ourselves up to the "charm" of it, the lesser simple delights of external nature, the mystery, for instance, of an unknown town passed in the train at sunset, the beauty of the cloud shadow racing over a hill. Many such pictures Mr. Benson draws delightfully with his accomplished pen.

But we must conquer our tendency to grow sentimental over the disappearance of this charm. "The triumph is" to realise that the Giver of the charm has greater things in store. And a far greater thing is the charm not of external, but of internal Nature, of man as a thinking, joying, grieving creature. By sympathy and imagination we must bridge the gulf and grasp the environment of every fellow creature we meet, realise as far as possible their doubts and fears, the hardships that plough those furrows in their faces. This, says Mr. Benson, is the special virtue of Walt Whitman, that he does bridge the gulf, and offer himself in his entirety to the gaze, to the sympathy of his fellow men. In his entirety, because to him nothing is common or unclean: all experience is rich, large and splendid, a doctrine agreeing in the main with Mr. Benson's.

This perceptive imaginative life Mr. Benson terms "artistic," not a very happy term, perhaps; but he regards "art" as something wider than religion. Surely though, it is of the essence of religion that its community of belief brings us most closely *en rapport* with our fellow men. However, Mr. Benson thinks otherwise, and from this fellowship with other men's lives, which makes every old village with all its memories a sacred thing for him, he passes on to the possibility of fellowship with the Mysterious Personality which must be behind our life.

Several side issues are touched upon, all however more or less related to the richness of the "artistic" life. Strange stories are told of telepathy, that mysterious interlacing of lives. Even the history of his own boyhood and its development into something infinitely richer and more complex serves to illustrate the main argument.

W. A. F.



From Splinters (*Duckworth*). By Lawson Wood.

THE QUEST FOR DEAN BRIDGMAN CONNOR.

By Anthony J. Philpott.
6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Dean Bridgman Connor was a young American who died, or was reported to have died, in Mexico. Later, his father in Vermont had a vivid dream in which the son assured him he was alive and being held for ransom. The famous medium, Mrs. Piper, in a state of trance, and under the auspices of Dr. Richard E. Hodgson, the secretary of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research, confirmed the dream revelation. Two attempts were made, by sending people to Mexico, to investigate the matter, but in vain, and finally Mr. Philpott was despatched by the *Boston Globe* to solve the mystery if possible. Well, the result was entirely to disprove the dream and the statements made by Mrs. Piper in her trances. Mr. Philpott proved that Connor had been taken ill with typhoid fever, and then removed to the American hospital in Mexico City, where he died, and was buried in the American cemetery. But the quest was of paramount interest, and its record is of the utmost importance in the annals of psychical research. For the original investigations were carried on in a devout and enthusiastic and even reverent faith in the spirit revelation through Mrs. Piper, who conveyed messages and directions from the other world to guide the search. If these directions had been correct and the search successful—and never was a fairer opportunity offered for such a test—there would have been definitely established the fact of communication between the life beyond and the life that is in us in this world. Whatever explanations or excuses may be found, the fact remains that Mrs. Piper's failure was complete. The world remained in the same ignorance as before. And yet the phenomena observed were passionately interesting. For all the indications given by Mrs. Piper of places and landmarks she had never seen, were contained in the experience and memory of various people connected with the search. The sensitive reaction of Mrs. Piper's trance state to the minds of other people was fully and beautifully displayed, but nothing more was established. Clear and unbiassed, the book is a most important record. The writer began his search with the fullest belief in Mrs. Piper, and hence the value of his narrative and conclusions is vastly enhanced. It is emphatically a book to add to the psychic corner of one's shelves.



From Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism (*Harrap*).

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By C. H. Whitby.
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Mr. Whitby's two former booklets, both of religious verse, have won considerable praise from several of the critics. In the present "oblation in verse," as its author calls it, they will probably find the same qualities which pleased them in the earlier collections. These verses, too, have a gentle, unaffected piety, a genuine earnestness of feeling and, occasionally, a degree of literary charm and accomplishment, which together lift them above the mere banalities of rhyme without thought or feeling. Even of hackneyed



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themes like "Spring's Farewell" and "The Daisy" Mr. Whitby writes sincerely, spontaneously, and therefore with something of freshness and grace; and in "The Castle" he attempts, not unsuccessfully, a loftier flight into the regions of pure religious mysticism. "Bought With a Price" is good, in spite of one line which fails to scan; "Looking Back and Looking On" better still; "Refugees," probably, the best of all. And we like these lines, "On the Reported Ill-Treatment of certain Conscientious Objectors":

"Theirs was no cheap and easy
  choice
To serve the inly-speaking Voice:
If cowardice, it was a kind
Britons have always kept in mind.

* * * * *

Oh, this was not the Britain we
Had learned to love and thrilled
  to see!"



From Bees in Amber (*Methuen*). "FRIEND, THERE IS NO DEATH. I AM AMONG THE LIVING, NOT THE DEAD."

BEES IN AMBER.
ALL'S WELL.

By JOHN OXENHAM. With Illustrations in Colour by MARY BREDALL. 3s. 6d. net each. (Methuen.)

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"Not a man shall missing be
From the past and present fighting strength
Of that great company."

Mr. Oxenham's poems will, we feel sure, be chosen often in the coming season as a gift to those who are suffering anxiety or bereavement. This new edition is a charming form in which to possess his solacing, heartening words.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND LITERARY CULTURE IN ANCIENT ROME.

By CLARENCE EUGENE BOYD. 4s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This small volume will appeal to all librarians because it shows that in ancient times their profession was held in very high esteem, and particularly that Rome and its most prominent Emperors did have a serious regard for culture. The subject is confined to the first four centuries of the Empire. It contains a great mass of information with very numerous references and notes, which indeed take up more than half the book; in fact the volume is more in the nature of a note book than a treatise, the author being rather regardless of form. He or another man could easily out of the material here collected write a most attractive essay. We learn that at Rome were many important libraries, which were readily accessible to the public, arranged so as to be really useful, while their dignity was enhanced by careful and elaborate ornamentation. Books were let out on loan. It is claimed that Aristotle was the first scholar known to have been thoroughly versed in the art of book-collecting and library management. These libraries were useful in the main to lawyers, politicians, and of course military men, but pure literature was by no means neglected, and the poets were fairly represented.

THE ANCIENT CROSS SHAFTS AT BEWCASTLE AND RUTHWELL.

By REV. G. F. BROWNE, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This book is enlarged from the Rede lecture delivered in 1916 before the University of Cambridge. The marvellous crosses at Bewcastle and Ruthwell are among the finest sculptured stones in existence, and they have exercised all the skill of archæologists to assign their true date and origin. An American Yale professor, Professor Cook, and the eminent Italian authority, Commendatore Rivoira, ascribe the erection of the two monuments to one and the same man, David Prince of Cumbria in 1107, and King David I. of Scotland from 1124 to 1153. Dr. Browne assigns them to the latter half of the seventh century, and supports his contention with elaborate and convincing examination of all the details of the sculpture and the inscriptions, comparing them with existing monuments of known date. Professor Cook frequently declares that such and such decorative ideas were never met with until certain late epochs, but Dr. Browne is able to show that they were well known at the time he assigns to the erection of these monuments. Beautifully printed and illustrated, the book is a fine contribution to English archæology.



From All's Well (*Methuen*). "THEY DIED THAT WE MIGHT LIVE. HAIL—AND FAREWELL."



From The Romance of a Raphael (*Grafton*). VITTORIA COLONNA.

A ROMANCE OF A RAPHAEL.

By A. E. RAVINA. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Grafton.)

A year or two ago there was discovered a portrait that the happy finder at once recognised as the work of Raphael. A very noble painting of a very beautiful woman, fair, with large brown musing serene eyes, and a blue ribbon drawn across her forehead and twined gracefully among the soft, golden curls that hang about her face. The identification of the portrait, and the grounds for ascribing it to Raphael, are the subject of this most interesting monograph. It is well known that Baldassare Castiglione, Raphael's bosom friend, one of the most distinguished figures of his day, cherished a hopeless passion for a great lady who has been generally considered to be Elizabetta, Duchess of Urbino, at whose court Baldassare spent ten happy years, and immortalised it in his great work "*Il Cortegiano*." But she was his master's wife, and seven years his senior, and there seems much inherent improbability in the story. Thirty years after his death, a fine large mirror that had belonged to him was opened, and a "portrait of a very beautiful and most illustrious lady by the hand of Raphael Sanzio de Urbino" was found behind it, with two sonnets of a sublime and passionate devotion. Now Mr. Ravina considered this story of the hidden portrait, and noting that the sonnets describe most aptly the newly-found Raphael, began to ask if this was not the portrait once concealed by Castiglione behind his mirror. Then follows the romance. For the Raphael is a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, one of the most famous women of Italy for beauty, breeding, goodness and wit. The monograph carefully traces out all the details and

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This is an unusual book—a book of sketches of everyday gypsy life: drawn from the actual experiences of the writer, one feels, without any touching up or adding to what she has really seen and heard. The manners and customs of gypsy life are set forth in these interesting sketches, and many a vivid piece of character portrayal, and skilful description of heath and woodland scenery, goes to the making of this successful little book. The author and her brother, we learn, actually took to the open road and tried genuine caravan life among the gypsies. The sketches are many and varied, dealing with gypsy weddings and funerals, and gypsy witches and charms, and many another phase of gypsy life. There is one particularly weird tale of a witch who mesmerised the author: and another good tale called "Kit Candlesticks." This is the description of Kit:

"A luminous mist lay over the moor. It shifted and lifted, and floated away down to the Grey Bog, leaving behind it a strange glimmer, a tongue of flame, that flickered back and forward on the heath . . . this dancing light in the well of darkness of the wild moor, where the forest ponies were galloping and snorting and rattling through the black stumps. Kit Candlesticks. That is what the farmers call it. 'Tis an old man's face in the middle of it, as keeps on laughing at yer!' That is what some of the forest gypsies say. 'And old Matty, him as makes the "buy-a-brooms" he were pret' nigh led away by one in a pond round by Dibben over Hythe way. Ah, and would a drowned 'im' too, only 'is son held him back.' . . . Coronation Fête Day is over. The Romany Ring of dancers has broken up long since, and the dancers dispersed to their homes: but Kit Candlesticks dances the rest of the short midsummer night away over the Grey Bog."

There is only one addition we would like to see made to the book, and that is a glossary of the Romany words and phrases used throughout its pages. Although a few are explained there are many words which leave the reader puzzled.



From Gypsies of the Heath (*Elkin Mathews*). A ROMANY RAKLI.

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"To see above the Severn plain
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The blue high blade of Cotswold lie;
The giant clouds go royally
By jagged Malvern with a train
Of shadows."

Every word that he writes of home rings with a love that has more of patriotism than all the banners and processions in the world could show. He has without doubt the poet's eye, taking delight in the subtle things of vision, and the poet's ear, that, like the celebrated lady of Banbury Cross, makes music wherever it goes; one need only study the metre of "The Orchard, the Sea, and the Guns," and the chiming couplets of the "Song of Health" to be sure that his prosody is sound. Nor is he at all lacking in humour, and more than one poem is written in that laughter that is born of discomforts and a cheerful heart. We feel that the book would have been more complete if the last thirteen pages had been omitted; "prose-poems" are such vague, ambiguous things that they seem a little foreign to Mr. Harvey's open-air style. But all the same "A Gloucestershire Lad" is a most recommendable volume and that rare thing in all this welter of war-books, a book for the warring.

something also of the same convention, so that it is without surprise that we find ourselves often reminded of the work of Dürer and his school. The book contains only three poems, of which the second is the least convincing, and that rather by reason of the subject than its treatment; it would be hard for any writer, wrote he with the pen of angels, to carry conviction with the tale of a German host, landing on English soil, stirred to peaceful and brotherly emotions by the sound of a peal of bells. Nevertheless, the subject is treated in a manner worthy of a better cause than the apotheosis of the conscientious objector. "Cain" is a singularly dramatic and dignified conception of the branded and remorseful spirit, while the third poem, "Timothy," is a still more remarkable piece of work, imagining the effect upon humanity of the reported finding of the dead Christ. Here we find the Düreresque touch at its best in lines like :

"So he fled.
And ever and anon to right and left
Cast looks as of a hunted beast, and saw
In every wayside hedge rude crowns of thorn;
And every tree that rose against the sky
Threw out its limbs and stood in cruciform.
. . . Till as he fled the dumb o'erhanging night
Fell on him as a snare and bore him down
Prone to the earth."



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GENERAL PICHEGRU'S TREASON.

By SIR JOHN HALL, Bart. 12s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Sir John Hall was right in assuming that the present war has increased our interest in secret service. We have been perhaps inclined to overrate the efficiency of the German Secret Service and, being ignorant of the working of our own, have not done justice to it. The author has given us, in " General Pichegru's Treason," an excellent account of it at work at the end of the eighteenth century. But it is not necessary to put this forward as an excuse for the appearance of the book; General Pichegru has never been dealt with before in English. A bibliography of works dealing with him in French would present a formidable list and in the last fifteen years at least three have appeared; but the subject of Pichegru's treason is involved in the history of British secret service and the French writers have not, to any extent, consulted the sources available in this country. In view of the importance of the part played by the British Government at that time, this has proved a serious defect and the present writer has effectually remedied it. He has consulted in particular the Fortescue Papers and a certain rough diary kept by Windham in which the degree of connivance of the British Government in Pichegru's defection from the Republic is set forth. Sir John Hall's masterly treatment of his subject has produced a book which is a valuable contribution to the history of the revolutionary period.



From Christ in Hades (*John Lane*). "AS OUT OF SOME GREAT BATTLE."



From Quilts: Their Story, and How to Make Them (*Batsford*)

OHIO ROSE.
This "Rose' quilt was made in Ohio about 80 years ago. Colours: red, pink, and two shades of green.

CHRIST IN HADES.

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. With 15 Illustrations by STELLA LANGDALE. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

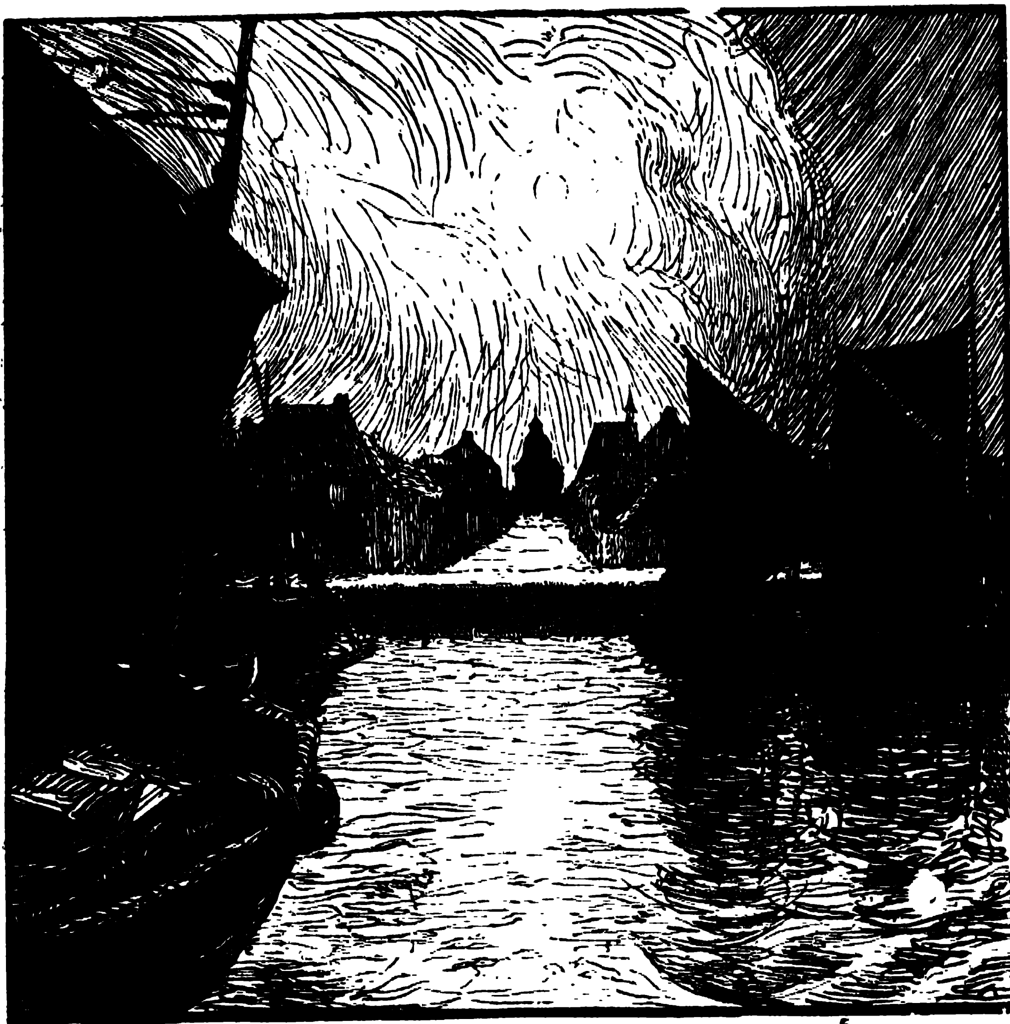
Probably of all Stephen Phillips's verse the best known and most widely loved is the poem "Christ in Hades," and while many folk have no desire to allow illustrations to come between their own images and their delight, many others love to possess editions of their favourite books embellished and made sumptuous by artistic presentation. For these is meant this issue of "Christ in Hades" with drawings by Miss Stella Langdale. It is difficult at once to bring oneself into the mood of appreciation for these drawings; at their best they are full of poetic feeling and imagination. Perhaps the medium of reproduction was not the happiest, but the least agreeable are those in which human figures are most prominent; where she offers a landscape which grimly dwarfs all human shapes she is better, and best where one or two heavy, almost solid, bars of construction weigh upon and dominate the drawing, as in the manner of some of Mr. Gordon Craig's etchings. A hint of Doré is visible elsewhere, and indeed could hardly be missed. As a volume this is a pleasant gift book.

MY TABLECLOTHS.

By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The genesis of this volume is a genial and cordial one, and the title suggests its scope without satisfying curiosity. Mrs. Tweedie, whose name is widely known for many activities, has a large circle of friends, wisely and assiduously cultivated. These friends naturally find a frequent place at her dinner-parties, and she conceived the pleasant idea of getting them to adorn the linen that supported their plates, with autograph signatures or drawings or the like. Now a quarter of a century of continual entertaining has resulted in a marvellous embroidery of distinguished and interesting mementoes of interesting and distinguished people. Mrs. Tweedie, in order to preserve her trophies, worked over signatures and sketches with red cotton. As much care and art has gone to keeping the linen intact from the ravages of the laundry as ever went to the original stitching, but Mrs. Tweedie's energy and undauntedness in good causes are notorious, and she has been successful. The book is a compilation of anecdotes and stories and notes about the people who have left their mark on the famous tablecloths even as they have left their mark, most of them, on the wide world. Any one who likes gossip about people whose names are known will find this volume rich in chatty details. It would be wrong to expect more from it; it is very personal, so personal that it cannot offer much variety, though the monotony of finding so many people described as "dear old So-and-So" is perhaps unnecessary. And friends of Walter Crane and his wife may not think it wholly descriptive to find them summed up as a "quaint little couple." . . . And a little editing would have been useful in avoiding a good deal of slipshod writing and not very relevant matter. But taking it as a whole, the book gives fairly entertaining glimpses of a great many people who figure in contemporary politics, art, letters and social life, and while, in a sense, it is only to be adjudged smallish beer in such chronicles, still like Prince Henry, we all at times "do remember that poor creature, small beer," and with kindness.

☞ FOR CONTINUATION OF LOW'S LIST SEE PAGE 141.



From The Little Towns of Flanders (*Chatto & Windus*). NIEUPORT.

around and over many of them in an obliterating and destructive flood will welcome this little volume with its charming and memory-awakening woodcuts, and brief and poetic descriptions. We are told that many of the drawings on wood are from sketches and notes made in happier days. And it is not without reason that M. Emile Verhaeren writes to the artist " you are ignorant as to whether the beauty you are graving is already dead or still living." Alas! that this should be so. But the fact gives an added value to M. Delastanche's work. Those who have loved Belgium and its inestimable treasures of architecture and art will earnestly pray that some at least of the glory of Belgium may be left when the tide of war has ebbed across her, and the land is once more free from the pollution of a German occupation. Particularly charming of the twelve drawings are "Le Quai Vert" (Bruges), " La Place du Musée " (Ypres), " Le Quai aux Herbes " (Ghent), and " Flanders in the Snow."

THE BOOK OF THE EPIC.

The World's Great Epics Told in Story. By H. A. GUERBER. With 32 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Mr. Guerber is known by volumes on mythology recast in narrative form and by his treatment of certain cycles of legend belonging to the Middle Ages. His present production fulfils its intent excellently. One admonition concerning epics affirms that they should have " the breadth and volume of a river," and this, their summary at large, is itself epical in range. It compasses East and West, with the Iliad as a point of departure, and the American Hiawatha as a term. We have been particularly interested in Mr. Guerber's analysis of the Indian Mahabharata, which is done with considerable care. The legend of the Holy Graal, given in the German section, rather confuses the issues of an exceedingly complex cycle. Galahad is represented as healing Amfortas, the wounded King of Wolfram's poem, and as failing to ask the momentous " question " of the Perceval sequence. But these things will trouble the student only, and the collection appeals on the whole to the younger class of readers. It is one of its advantages that it will be interesting and informing to all, even if a correction can be suggested here and there. The illustrations are good, especially " The Cid and the Lion," by Willy Pogany, and " Parsival at the Court of Arthur," by Evelyn Paul.

THE LITTLE TOWNS OF FLANDERS.

By ALBERT DELSTANCHE. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto.)

Those of us who have wandered in the delectable towns of Flanders before the tide of war had surged



From The Book of the Epic (*Harrap*). ULYSSES AND POLYPHEMUS.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA.

By Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I. With eight plates in colour by Evelyn Paul and thirty-two other illustrations. 8s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

"To our fathers, well nigh a century ago, Babylon was no more than a mighty name—a gigantic skeleton whose ribs protruded here and there from the sands of Syria in colossal ruin of tower and temple. But now the grey shroud which hid from view the remains of the glow and glitter of her ancient splendour has to some extent been withdrawn." And in this handsomely produced volume Mr. Lewis Spence has ably and very interestingly unfolded the story of what has been discovered of the great past of Babylon and Assyria—their religions and mythology, and the romance of their histories—by the patient toil of scholars and explorers. Lucidly and attractively written —essentially popular in style, this is a book that will appeal to the general reader who loves the romance of antiquity. Miss Evelyn Paul's colour plates have all the grace and delicacy of finish we have come to associate with her work—they are full of the glamour and strangeness of the ancient civilisation they interpret. The many other pictures in half-tone from famous paintings and ancient memorials are well chosen and excellently reproduced.



The Rev. W. Tudor Jones, D.Phil.
Author of "The Spiritual Ascent of Man," which (with an Introduction written by the present Master of Balliol College, Oxford), the University of London Press are publishing immediately.



Mr. Harley Matthews.
An Anzac poet whose attractive book of verse, "Under the Open Sky," Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing.

OLD GLASS AND HOW TO COLLECT IT.

By J. Sydney Lewis. With 75 illustrations. 15s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Following an introductory chapter on the origin of glass, and ancient and modern processes of manufacture, Mr. Sydney Lewis devotes successive chapters of his book to "Early English Glass," "Eighteenth Century Glass," "Memorial Glasses," "Bristol and Nailsea Glass," "Irish Glass," "Curious and Freak Glasses," "Frauds and Imitations," and concludes with some useful hints to collectors and a catalogue of prices of principal pieces of glass. It is an ably written, well-informed volume, and should prove an invaluable guide, philosopher and friend to all collectors—to the amateur collector in particular.



Capt. R. W. Campbell.
Author of "Private Spud Tamson," whose new book of stories, "The Mixed Division," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson.



From Rip Van Winkle
(Heinemann).

"THE KAATSKILL MOUNTAINS HAD ALWAYS BEEN HAUNTED BY STRANGE BEINGS."

THE ALLIES' FAIRY BOOK.

Edited, with an Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., LL.D. Illustrations by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

It is impossible to keep the war out of our Christmas books and, when it comes into them in such a pleasant fashion as it does here, it would be undesirable even if it were possible. For here you have a selection of the characteristic fairy-tales of England and her Allies, a selection that has the approval of so fine a judge of such literature as Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose introductory essay on the nature and history of fairies and the genesis and development of the fairy-tale is full of out-of-the-way lore and has all the easy charm of style that belongs to everything he writes. England is represented by "Jack the Giant Killer"; Scotland by "The Battle of the Birds"; Wales by "Lludd and Llevelys"; Ireland by "Guleesh"; France by "The Sleeping Beauty"; and Italy, Portugal, Japan (with three delightfully quaint fantasies), Russia, Serbia and Belgium by fairy-stories beloved of the little ones of those nations, and sure to win the affections of the little ones of ours. Rumania did not become one of our Allies until after the book had gone to press, but a foot-note promises to add one of her tales in a future edition. Withal, nothing in the volume is more attractive than the exquisite colour pictures of Mr. Arthur Rackham. The fancy, the delicacy, the beauty and grotesquerie of all these stories is most sensitively caught and reflected in his drawings. Into his smaller black-and-white sketches, no less than into his twelve paintings, he gets the very light and atmosphere and eerie feeling which of right belong to the world his giants, of one or two heads, his witches, and princes, kings' daughters, and delightful little peasant people inhabit. You do not know whether to admire most his tricksy sense of humour, or his sense of the beauty of even the quaintest and queerest of living creatures and inanimate objects; it is enough that both are admirable. It is not necessary to say more than that this latest "Rackham book" will delight all lovers—and by now they are legion—of his unique art.

UNDER THE OPEN SKY.

By HARLEY MATTHEWS. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Mr. Harley Matthews is another of Mr. Erskine Macdonald's growing army of soldier-poets. He is an Australian who has been on active service in Egypt, in Gallipoli (where he was wounded), and in France, but you find no war echoes in most of the poems that make up this attractive little volume. There is one, a grim, imaginative ballad, "The Sleep of Death," written this year in France; and another, written last year in Gallipoli, a lyric of remembered love amid the dead and dying and the thunder of the guns, "The Quest of Love"; otherwise the poems are of the things that inspire all poets in the happier years of peace, such as the lines, dated "England, 1916," written "Before the Picture of an Australian Creek," or those that evidently belong to Australia, such as "A Bush Mood," and "The Breaking of the Drought." Altogether, this is a little book well worth getting; it should make many friends.



From The Allies' Fairy Book
(Heinemann).

"WHAT CAME OF PICKING FLOWERS."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT



HISTORY BIOGRAPHY & TRAVEL



From Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria (*Harrap*).

OUTLINES OF THE MOUNDS OF NIMRÛD.

THE MAID MARVELLOUS.

Jeanne D'Arc. By MAGDALENE HORSFALL. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

There is always room for a book with this title. Most thrilling of romantic dramas, most wonderful of fairy stories, most uplifting of sermons, the story of Joan of Arc comes down to us through the centuries a lonely, splendid, tragic monument. Considering the small compass of this book, one is filled with admiration for the skill with which the author has sifted her material so as to produce a story so seemingly full-bodied and rich in detail. It is good in these days to be reminded of the Duke of Alencon's regard for the military qualifications of his seventeen-year-old C.O.: "In all she does, save the affairs of war, she is a very simple young girl; but in war-like things most skilful, acting as prudently as a captain of thirty years' service. More especially she is marvellous when directing artillery." Good also to hear the author's righteous irony on the crowning at Rheims: "Five hours of a summer's morn it took, turning the Dauphin Charles into a king; if they had stopped to make a man of him, God knows they had been in Rheims Cathedral till this day." The Maid's story is set forth in these pages with a genuine fervour and poetic imagination, in keeping with the warm and glowing colours of the accompanying illustrations by Stephen Reid, R.B.A. It is a story to read and re-read for our pleasure and for our sins.



From The Maid Marvellous (*Duckworth*).

"AND BADE HER REQUIRE A BOON OF HIM."

THE TROPICS.

By C. R. ENOCK, F.R.G.S. 16s. (Grant Richards.)

It appears impossible in a brief notice to touch on more than one or two of the regions with which Mr. Enock deals in this very comprehensive work. The excellent map is sufficient to make us uneasy—how can we follow him over that enormous stretch of land—and, we cannot help thinking, how can Mr. Enock himself do justice in one volume to this large slice of the habitable globe? We may have our doubts as to the value of a book that leaps from continent to continent, describing country and country. For example, some eight pages are given to Togoland and Cameroon, which in this war the French and we have captured. It would therefore be useful for people in this country to have a great deal more than eight pages of information concerning them. And to polish off Indo-China, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, Cochin-China and Formosa in exactly ten pages does not leave much room for any fresh or striking information—the whole effect being too much like that of a tropical Whitaker's Almanac. Where we read with more pleasure is on the pages reserved for out-of-the-way places, such as the Seychelles Islands, since it is not easy for anyone to acquaint himself with such countries. Mr. Enock does appear to have visited a great many, but not all of these different places—thus, he says that the Roman Catholic cathedral at St. Louis, Mauritius "is described as of a pretentious but tawdry character." So, not sure that he has visited the island, we are left rather cold by his remark that "from the sea Mauritius spreads to the traveller, as it were, a bright green carpet, a peculiarly beautiful and striking aspect, due to the sugar-cane fields," etc., etc.—because we like descriptions of landscape to be first-hand. Such is the case when he comes to Mexico, on which he seems to have written two other books. In eight pages he manages to convey a large amount of quite accurate but not very novel information. "Into a description of the wide variety of plant life and luscious fruits of tropical Mexico," says he, "we cannot here enter." But he furnishes many other facts. A little lightness of touch, a little more originality, a little inspiration would have been agreeable; but Mr. Enock appears to be an enthusiastic globe-trotter who manages to see what other travellers have and some things they have not seen.

STORIED ITALY.

By MRS. HUGH FRASER. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

A book which bears so very unequivocal a title as Mrs. Hugh Fraser's new volume might be expected to give some account of the glories — historical, pictorial, and architectural — of the great Italian cities which its author knows so well. Readers, however, who pick up "Storied Italy" with such expectations will be disappointed; for it is a work which is marked by a strong and even bigoted bias towards the Roman Catholic religion, and which can be read without impatience by none save believers in that religion. Some of the chapters of which the book is composed—such as those which describe the church of Santa Suzanna, Rome, the election and character of Pope Benedict XV., and the religious ceremonies of a Roman Christmas—are picturesquely written, and will interest the ordinary person, steeped though they are in theological prejudice. But when Mrs. Fraser proceeds to devote four chapters to recording the miraculous events of Santa Francesca's life, and another to an account of the alleged appearances of the Archangel Raphael to Antoine Martin in 1816, she is merely inviting controversy. The book is not for all readers, but it will appeal strongly, no doubt, to that section of the public for which it is intended.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

By J. E. MORRIS, B.A. With 32 Illustrations, 2 Maps and 4 Plans. (The Little Guides Series.) 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Northumberland is a delightful county, fascinating and romantic both for its natural features and by reason of its history. As a border county it partakes in some degree of the scenic characteristics of both England and Scotland, while historically it embraces the scenes of much of the passionate half-barbaric hard-fought quarrellings, national and local, whose memories still stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet. For here is Otterburn, where Chevy Chase was fought, and Flodden Field, where the high-minded, chivalrous Scots King fell with much of Scotland's highest nobility. There are many and many an ancient abbey and holy place, including Lindisfarne, the true cradle of Christianity in Great Britain, itself a scion of the Celtic Church of Ireland; and the castles are numerous and important, such as the Percy hold of Alnwick and the wonderful Bamborough. Earliest of all, and in many ways the most interesting, are the Roman remains, especially the Great Wall, still traceable, still controversial, still a wonderful monument of the people of Cæsar. Mr. Morris tells of what he has himself seen and examined and investigated, and the book is a most worthy addition to a very handy, compact, and trustworthy series.

JEAN JAURÉS, SOCIALIST AND HUMANITARIAN.

By MARGARET PEASE. 5s. net. (Headley.)

Mrs. Pease writes with a glow of enthusiasm, but though enthusiastic one has hints that she does not always agree with her hero. But she is scrupulously fair in representing his opinions, her own criticism is well in the background. The volume makes no pretence to tell anything new of the work and life of M. Jaurés, but it draws an attractive picture which has elements of permanent value. The author acknowledges indebtedness to the volumes of M. Charles Rappoport and M. L. Levy-Bruhl, and has quoted very freely from the books and speeches of Jean Jaurés himself. The different chapters cover briefly the varied interests and activities of Jean Jaurés. There is a certain irony that one who was a great apostle of Peace should be best known by his volume "L'Armée Nouvelle," which is fully analysed in Chapter IV.; this chapter should be read by all, particularly those who associate Jaurés with extreme pacifism and its alleged concomitant anti-patriotism. Jaurés contended that for a nation to work out its own salvation it is vital to be safe from attack from without; he therefore advocated a citizen army in which all Frenchmen should be compelled to serve from the ages of twenty-one to forty-five, but he was equally insistent that the soldiers should not be shut up in barracks, but should always be kept in close contact with actual life. The Swiss Army was his model.



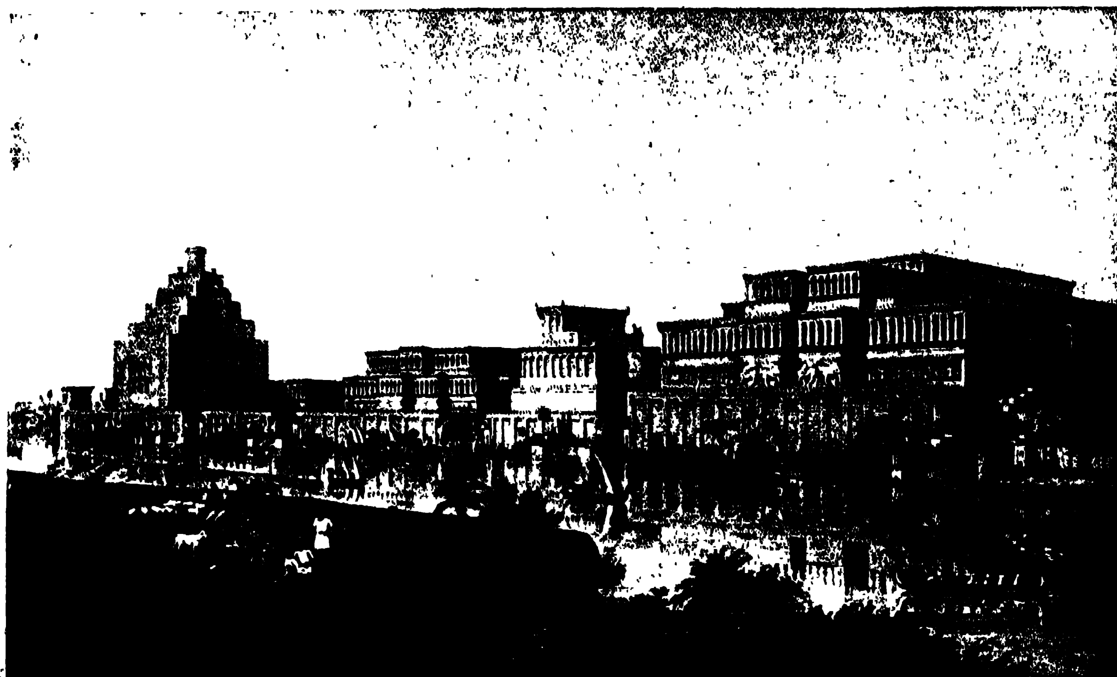
From Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners (*Williams & Norgate*).

IVAN THE TERRIBLE
(From a painting by V. K. Vaznetsov in the Tretyakof Gallery, Moscow).

WOMEN IN WAR.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

This book is a very interesting compilation relative to women's exploits in war; and contains a number of anecdotes of members of "the gentler sex" who from the far-off days of Deborah and Boadicea have borne arms or have had intimate connection with warlike operations. It is not so well arranged as one could wish, and the author appears to have exercised little real method in the "grouping" of the excellent material that he has gleaned from very varied sources. For example, one hears quite a lot of the heroines of the Napoleonic retreat from Moscow, of the *vivandières* of the French Army, of the brave women of the Franco-Prussian War of '70, before one is told of the exploits of Boadicea, Frédegondé, Jeanne de Montfort and others of remote periods. The author gives a particularly good and vivid account of Jeanne D'Arc and her age; and the brave and martial women of the times of Condé and of Turenne provide some romantic and fascinating episodes. Although the Duchesse de Berry must be a familiar figure to most readers who have a liking for historical romance and biography, Mr. Gribble's account of her war-like activities in La Vendée, where she endeavoured to start an insurrection in favour of the Comte de Chambord, and her adventures as a fugitive will be welcome as presenting a vivid picture of this remarkable woman in a small space. One may not quite agree with the author's views regarding the responsibility of the Empress Eugenie for the disastrous Franco-Prussian War, but one cannot accuse him of partisanship, and his account of the flight from Paris is touched in surely. A very unpleasant and horrible picture is painted of the treatment of women generally and of women hostages in particular during the Civil (Carlist) War in Spain. The accounts of massacre and ill-treatment from which the author quotes seem rather to belong to the time of the invasion of Belgium and to the policy of frightfulness pursued by the modern Huns than to the Carlist period. The Epilogue was doubtless added to bring the book up to date, but the general conclusions at which the author has arrived are open to question. Mr. Gribble writes well, but a subject and name index would add materially to the value of any subsequent edition of the book.



From Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria (*Harrap*).

THE PALACES OF NIMRÛD (RESTORED).
These were discovered on the removal of the mounds shown in drawing on page 43.

from it for the edification and enlightenment of the English student of Russian. But we hope that we have already said enough to procure many a reader for this delightfully informing brochure.

SOLDIER SONGS.

By PATRICK MACGILL. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

In a dedicatory note to his publisher, Mr. MacGill writes very interestingly on the songs the Tommy really loves and loves to sing. His own "Soldier Songs" do not come in that category (for the things the soldier likes for singing purposes are of the rough-and-ready kind that lose their fascination in print); but they do reproduce with a vivid and forceful realism the life that the soldiers are living—for he has lived it himself—out on the shell-swept, devastated fields of Flanders. There is a song of the man on listening-patrol, of the man off duty, of the trench and the dug-out, the humdrum dreariness of the everyday of war, and of the thrill and fearful joy of being under fire. Now and then the verse is a little laboured or a little hurried, but one can expect no other in verse that was jotted down in odd times and in the thick of the hurly-burly as this seems to have been. It is its direct simplicity, its bald truthfulness and occasionally apparent casualness that heightens its effects. You cannot read "The Guns," or "In the Morning," or "On Active Service" without knowing they were written by a man who was there; and "The Old Sweats" is a stirring tribute from a soldier of the new armies to the glorious "Old Contemptibles."

THE RUSSIANS AND THEIR LANGUAGE.

By MADAME N. JARINTZOV. 6s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

Madame Jarintzov's work is the most successful and amusing attempt to reveal the soul of the Russian people, or to employ language of less grandiloquence, to make the Russian people understood, that we have come across since the outbreak of the war. We English people really can get to know from this work largely what the Russians esteem the most valuable human qualities. The finest type of Russian, we are told, is *chièlki*, universally responsive, possessing, that is to say, extreme tact and genuine refinement of feeling. He is also *privètlivy*, spontaneously friendly and cordially sociable, and *làskory*, a good, kind, generous sort of fellow. Then—to speak of purely national characteristics—he must delight in *prostor*, the sense of large vistas, open spaces, broad rivers and far-reaching steppes, and in the spiritual sense he must also attain to *raz màh*, *i.e.*, he must let himself go, utter his opinions freely and be prepared to spend and be spent for them. We could easily fill a column with quotations showing how very carefully and how very ingeniously Madame Jarintzov takes a Russian root and builds up whole columns of words



From The Story of Godwana (*Pitman*).

RAMTEK—THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL.

AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA.

By Mrs. de Burgh Daly. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

The compleat angler in China uses a gong, with vocal accompaniment, to drive fish into his net, in strange contrast with the quiet stealth of the Westerner. Throughout Mrs. Daly's book one finds the stimulus of contrast, as well as a record of change and development. The author writes of the daily life of the Chinese, and of Europeans, engaged as missionaries, doctors, railway constructors, or in the services. She spent exciting days when the "Righteous Harmony Fists," or Boxers, developed their rebellion on a terrible scale, springing from motives as little understood generally as the wars in Manchuria. Though Dr. Morrison of *The Times* and other famous people pass through her pages, the author aims at a homely record, the historical and social value of which incidentally is considerable. She has seen a crowd of Chinese women praying to be reincarnated as men, and is able to testify that Chinese "foot-binding" like European "tight-lacing" is yielding to equality of education. Strangely, too, the soldier is despised in China, and placed with the chair coolie, and the Buddhist priest, as people that one does not know. There is reference to the Chinese gentleman's wine-parties, salted with polite conversation, and even the recitation of poetry. A sort of chess is played, and the more frivolous are given to "diavolo," with enormous tops. Children's toys and games are described, while plague and the Revolution are not forgotten.



From A Holiday in Umbria (*John Murray*). RIMINI. PORTA ROMANA.

THE HOLY WAR.

By Katharine Tynan. 3s 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

There are some things which can never appear holy under any conceivable circumstances, and the monstrous anachronism of war is surely one of them. But in the tender light of Mrs. Katharine Tynan's gracious verse the red glare is softened, sanctified even, as far as it may be; the Styx meets the River of God flowing between the banks of Eden. No other muse known to us in these dark days is so truly of the daughters of consolation; the Red Cross nurses of the spiritually, inwardly wounded. And the "bundle of woundwort" here gathered is offered, in a dedication appropriately beautiful, to that stricken company; who will go far to seek a sweeter, a more effectual balm. "The Wall Between" our dead and us is a barrier of crystal to this seer, and she calls widowed bride, sonless parent and brotherless sister to share her vision of the other side. As in "Flower of



From The Story of Godwana (*Pitman*). PATHANPURA GATE, CHANDA.



From In The Line of Battle (*Chapman & Hall*).

DEVASTATION IN BELGIUM: RUINS IN THE FLOODS OF YSER.

Youth," it is no conventional vision of a white-robed, star-crowned angel-throng. Mrs. Hinkson is too wise, too adept in the arts of spiritual healing, to be unaware that the sting of death is change to those left behind. Thus she shows us no army of alien splendours behind the wall, but the very boys we knew; a light-footed, light-hearted company, happy in starry games and goals, or entering, at twilight, the old home with the old smile. Best of all, she is sure—and makes us sure—that the old love lives on unchanged. Perhaps only one of war's tragedies, and that one the darkest, is left untouched by her tender anodynes. The mother who sees her daughter doomed to worse than death, " the little tender maidens reft of maidenhood," are not here. But here is the man " too old at fifty," vainly longing to redeem with some touch of heroism a stained and squalid past; the mourner of the " missing " who starts at every knock; with a score of others. Mrs. Hinkson knows that

" No angel ever knew
The way to love that mothers do."

And it is mother-comfort, as well as poet - wisdom, which she has given us in " The Holy War."

IN THE LINE OF BATTLE.

By WALTER W. WOOD. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is a companion volume to the same writer's "Soldier's Stories of the War," which deserved its very considerable success. The same method has been adopted. " there was a personal interview to get the teller's own tale; then the writing, the object being to act as the soldier's other self; and finally the submission to him of the typescript, so that he could revise and become responsible for the completed work." Few things can be imagined more interesting than the impression of the great war as seen by the men who wage it, and Mr. Wood's books are invaluable from this point of view. Even the slight sophistication that cannot be avoided helps to display the psychology of the soldier more fully. Among the eighteen chapters, some are more immediately and arrestingly interesting than others, and roughly speaking, the tale of Trooper Potts who won the V.C. for saving a comrade on Burnt Hill at Gallipoli, the story of the loss of the *Formidable*, and the narrative of the Irish Fusilier's ten months at the front rank among the best of the collection. Certain characteristics shine through all the tales, the modesty of the teller, his praise of his comrades, the alert, confident, dogged cheerfulness of everybody concerned, and the absence of hate for the enemy, coupled with a kind of sorrow for his inferior fighting ethics. Indeed, even a melancholy Jacques might from these stories suck not melancholy, but cheerfulness and pride, as a weasel sucks eggs. Every record of this kind is of inestimable worth to historian and student alike.



From A Naturalist in Borneo (*Fisher Unwin*).

UPPER SADONG RIVER AT FABEKANG.

THE DAYS OF ALKIBIADES.

By C. E. Robinson, B.A. Illustrated, 5s. net. (Edward Arnold.)

Mr. Robinson is an assistant master at Winchester, and doubtless his volume has not been written without an eye upon the enlightenment and instruction of the generation at school. There are, of course, works of fiction such as Becker's "Charicles" and "Gallus" that under the guise of a tale inflict much archæological detail upon the suffering reader—a pill disguised in sugar of lead, so to speak. Yet the portraying of an epoch in its habit as it lived is a most delightful and fascinating thing. Now, as Professor Oman points out, there are really only two periods in the history of the Elder World in which we can make for ourselves a detailed and lively picture of the daily life of one of the great men whose names are familiar to us in formal history. And one of those periods is the time of the Peloponnesian War, and such a figure is Alkibiades, the most freakish and fascinating of all the personalities of that wonderful age. In a series of sketches Mr. Robinson, wearing easily and lightly a panoply of knowledge and learning, reconstructs the manners, customs and general atmosphere of the time, taking Alkibiades as the central figure. We have a description of a naval battle from the mouth of one of the oarsmen, a glimpse of an Attic farmer and his farm, of Socrates and his troublesome ways that brought him into trouble in the end, as all know, of a wild feast, of a performance in the theatre, a sitting of the Ecclesia, a wedding, a trial by jury, etc., etc., etc. So good a book is worth being captious with, and a reviewer may confess a slight distaste for the author's making the Spartan King and ambassadors speak after the more imitable manner of Mr. S. R. Crockett. And Æsculapius is not *her*, and why should one take a medicine for *cholic*? But these are only flies in a very good ointment.



From The Days of Alkibiades (*Arnold*). THE SACRED WAY.



From The Days of Alkibiades (*Arnold*). TRIREME.

ITALY IN THE WAR.

By Sidney Low. With 32 Illustrations from Photographs, and 3 Maps. 6s. net. (Longmans.)

The part that Italy has played since she entered the war, the difficulties with which she has had to contend, and the sacrifices she has made, have been so little appreciated or understood in this country that Mr. Sidney Low's vivid pages will come as something of a shock to many of his readers. The fall of Gorizia and the success of the Italian "push" have, it is true, made us realise that Italy is fighting bravely and skilfully; but exactly how bravely or how skilfully few of us have any idea. In the first place, Austria possessed every geographical advantage. "The frontier," said an Italian officer to Mr. Low," is worth three victorious campaigns to Austria." At the outbreak of the war every position of strategical importance was in her hands. Every mountain-peak, all the upper slopes of the Alpine frontier were hers. "On that bastion, everywhere on its higher ramparts, Austria has sat in her armour,



From A Vagabond's Odyssey (*Grant Richards*). DART VALLEY, LAKE WAKATIPU, NEW ZEALAND.



From Italy in the War
(*Longmans*).

A COMMUNICATION TRENCH.

no way temporary or makeshift. "They will remain as a permanent memorial of the campaign and the spirit in which it was undertaken. The Italians are an economical people. . . . If they are spending a vast amount of money on this war they mean to get a good deal in return. And they understand that the work of the soldier and the road-maker goes hand in hand." The genius of the Italian engineer is proved further by the trenches and the gun-positions on this, "the most difficult front in the war." There are batteries of field guns at heights of over 9,000 feet, placed in apparently inaccessible positions by dint of

guarded and secure herself, always ready to surge down through the gates and passes and river valleys upon the hill country and lower slopes of Italy, and then into the rich cities and fertile fields of Lombardy and Venetia." To hold her enemy Italy has had to fight her way *up* to him everywhere except on the Isonzo front. Her task was made the more difficult by an almost complete lack of good roads and by a railway system designed for commercial and not strategical requirements. But the Italian engineers were equal to the occasion, and as labourers upon roads the Italian peasants are unequalled in Europe. The roads that are being made are in

sheer skill and hard work. And at these dizzy heights there is hand-to-hand fighting. It is the apotheosis of the Italian soldier. Time and again he has captured positions which the Austrians thought impregnable, taking them by surprise, scaling slopes which the enemy thought so inaccessible that it was a waste of men to guard them. His valour and determination brighten Mr. Low's memorable pages. "Italy in the War" is one of the best of war books, a great subject worthily treated by its writer. And the photographs with which it is illustrated are no less remarkable than the achievements they picture.



From Deeds that Thrill the Empire
(*Hutchinson*).

DRIVER R. E. MASON, R.F.A., DRIVING A CART CONTAINING WATER ALONG A SHELL-SWEPT ROAD.



From The Russian Arts (*Jenkins*).

AFTER PRINCE IGOR'S DEFEAT.
(After a painting by Vasnietsov, V.M., in the Tretyakof Gallery, Moscow.)

HALF-HOURS AT HELLES.

By A. P. HERBERT. 1s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

Mr. Herbert is one of Mr. Punch's young men, and most of the verses in this volume have already seen the light in the pages of our only comic paper. That is, in itself, a guarantee of their quality. They are deft, high-spirited, humorous, and deal wi h the things that happened in the daily lives of the men who fought the Turks at the Dardanelles. We warmly recommend them as some of the best and most whimsical of the lighter verse the war has occasioned.

SOME RUSSIAN HEROES SAINTS AND SINNERS.

By SONIA E. HOWE. 7s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Williams & Norgate.)

This book aims at an elaboration of some of the portraits of Russian heroes which the author has already given us in her admirable "Thousand Years of Russian History," and also, as she says, "at filling in other, secondary, figures which give fulness to the general effect, and life to the picture." Russia is too rich in legendary and historical heroes for any one volume to embrace them all, but the series included in these pages are historic personages who were typical of their generation and prototypes of the Russians of to-day. It is a book that should help towards a larger understanding of the Russia of to-day—"the bravery of the fighting men, the patient endurance of hardship by the masses, the deep religious feeling of the people, no less than the moral courage and strength of conviction displayed by those who have suffered in the cause of liberty." The illustrations from pictures by modern Russian artists, from ancient Russian MSS. and contemporary works on Russia add greatly to the value and interest of a valuable and an exceptionally interesting book.



MR. HARRY COLLINGWOOD,
whose new story "Under the Ensign of the Rising Sun," has just been published by Messrs. Sampson Low.



From The House of Lyme
By The Lady Newton.
(*Heinemann.*)



2nd Lieut. Donald Hankey
(Warwickshire Regt)
Killed in action on the Somme 12th Oct, 1916 Author of "A Student in Arms," a sixth edition of which Mr Andrew Melrose is publishing this month.

THE CHEQUERED CRUISE.

By Ralph Stock. Illustrated (Grant Richards.)

This is a "true and intimate record of how Freckles the Spinster and the Nut went on some strenuous voyaging— setting forth on a crowded emigrant ship and after they had thankfully landed in Australia, buying a yacht of their own and going on a joyous cruise about the South Pacific It is one of the liveliest and most amusing of travel books, and as unconventional in its style and manner as were the three members of "the firm" who organised the trip and carried it out. "We have no business to regret—anything," the Spinster announces at the end, and the reader has none either. It is one of the best cures for the blues that anyone could wish to have The many illustrations from photographs are excellent

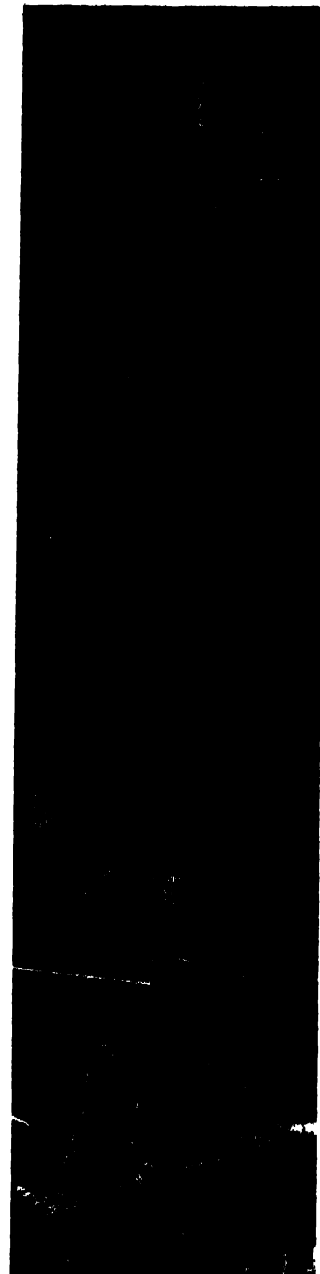


Christmas Card
(published by The Medici Society)

THE LIFE OF NELSON.

By Robert Southey With an Introduction by Henry Newbolt Illustrated by A D McCormick 10s 6d. net (Nelson)

If Southey had been told that less than a century after his death all his ponderous epics would be sleeping unread and it would be left to his Letters and his Life of Nelson to keep his memory green, he never could have believed it But it is so, and, after all, he should be contented that his fame rests on such a good base Here is yet another new edition of his Nelson, finely illustrated and with an Introduction by Sir Henry Newbolt, who justly says of it, Southey's is the best life of Nelson, it is a really good book besides being, by reason of its subject, one of the most interesting in the world Byron thought it beautiful as a piece of English prose. Macaulay said it was beyond all doubt the most perfect of the works of Southey'" One could certainly have no better life of Nelson for a first reading, it keeps to a clear, concise, spirited narrative of the great Admiral's splendid story, and Sir Henry Newbolt's Introduction is an admirable commentary on and complement of it His little histories of Nelson's various ships, and notes on some of the officers with whom he served, are models of what such notes ought to be. Well edited and well produced, this is the best edition of the best Life we have of the great British sailor whose spirit animates and inspires our Fleet to this day.

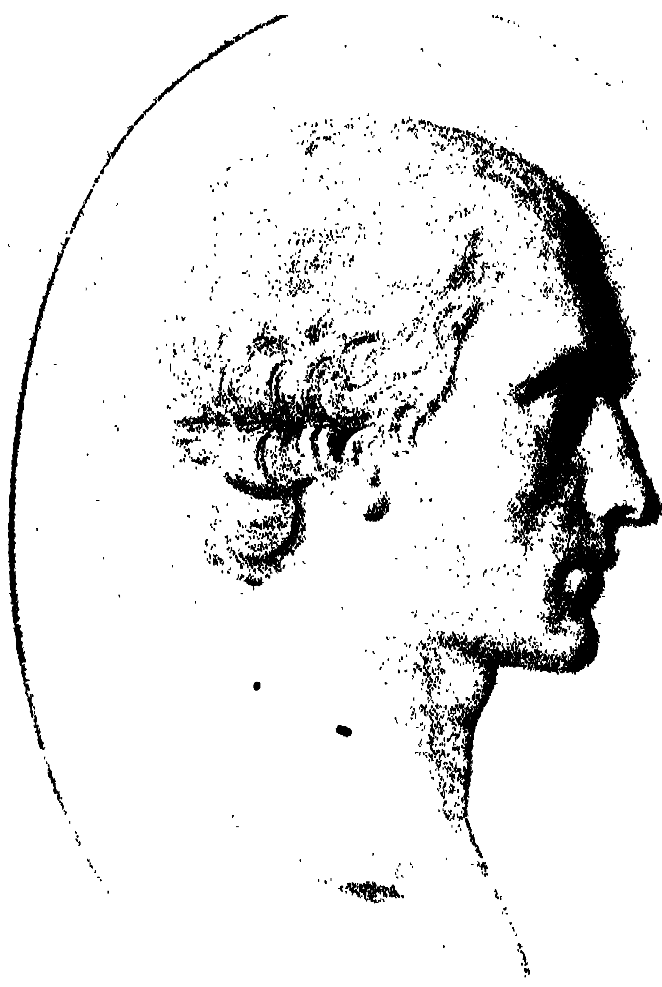


The Ruthwell Cross
From The Ancient Cross Shafts at Bewcastle and Ruthwell
(*Cambridge University Press*)



From Ancient Stories of the Dardanelles
(*Melrose*).

Byzantine Ivory Chest.



From Robert Adam and His Brothers. (*Batsford*)

IVORY BAS RELIEF OF ROBERT ADAM

THE CROSS IN MODERN ART:

Descriptive Studies of some Pre-Raphaelite Paintings. By Rev. John Linton, M.A. (Duckworth.)

In the pre-Edwardian days when the works of the pre-Raphaelites were all the rage, it was the fashion to write about them and their work with a kind of bated breath which was half morality and half idolatry; and it was perhaps this vein of unearthly obsession concerning their purpose and achievements which has tended to the slump prevailing to-day whenever their works come into the market. It may be the egotism of a period but we verily believe we are in the better way, for while auction prices have dropped to a level which stands a better chance of maintenance, we still draw upon the work of Millais and Holman Hunt and Rossetti to point a moral or adorn a homily, with a full realisation that this touch of picturesqueness by allusion means more to the reader than any remoter reference to the Italians or the Greeks. But this clear perception of things makes it possible to enjoy all the more a return to the older attitude of superlative appreciation



THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.
(A Christmas Card published by the Medici Society.)

when it takes a form like Mr. Linton's book. Here the Scriptural basis of the group and their attitude to life is frankly recognised, and though the author's tone of hyperbole and unvaried admiration may pall on the critical taste, there is many a reader who will be grateful for what he has to say. He analyses carefully more than a dozen representative masterpieces, and draws from them the last drop of didactic meaning. Sometimes he might have illuminated his text rather oftener with a biographical touch, and shown for instance how Ford Madox Brown failed in his strenuous endeavours because he not only painted "work" but worshipped it without reserve, and this complex absorption



From My Siberian Year (*Mills & Boon*). AN OLD SIBINATE WITH HIS PET BEAR.

in one aspect of the artist-life blinded him to the fact that other men had genius and an intuition he was himself denied. But this is a byway and unnecessary to the right verdict upon the book, which is one of praise unstintedly. We can conceive many a homilist taking one of these chapters and delivering it to a mixed audience, either directly or in paraphrase, and deriving a refreshing effect of variety from his ordinary round of text and truism, In this matter alone, therefore, Mr. Linton deserves our gratitude.

THE EVE BOOK.

(Constable.)

For a long time now the dainty and deliciously humorous drawings of "Eve" have been appearing in the *Tatler* week by week, chronicling the topical adventures of the frivolous Eve and her equally frivolous sisters, and illustrating the manner in which every modern craze and convention has affected them. Bound together and dedicated to "The Boys in Khaki and Blue," these fantastic sketches make a novel kind of picture-book for grown-up people who are not too solemn to see the funny side of their own follies and affectations. It is contemporary history that is none the less true for being amusing.



From Gallipoli: A Short History of the Dardanelles. (By John Masefield.) (*Heinemann*). AUSTRALIANS AT ANZAC.

Reviewed in a recent Number of THE BOOKMAN.

TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO.

By Harry A. Franck. 7s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Mexico and the so-called republics to the south of it would appear to be among the most unsuitable of countries for a pedestrian. Not only are the roads usually like that one, said to be very good for Andalusia, which takes the enterprising traveller from Seville to Dos Hermanas; but the climate and the natives and the emptiness of Mexico combine to make the walker's path a most unpleasant one. There are not sufficient parts of the country where it is neither too cold nor too hot, and although one agrees with Mr. Franck that a foreigner who has dwelt in such a region always yearns to go back to it, and that few if any portions of the world can offer such a delicious climate as say Cuernavaca or Guanajuato, yet that is on the understanding that one travels through them on anything rather than on foot. Not that, as a matter of fact, the author did actually tramp all the way—for instance, he penetrated from the border down to Dolores by rail, thus traversing the States of Coahuila (the ancestral and desolate home of Don Venustiano Carranza, the present President), Nuevo Leon and San Luis Potosi. Later on he proceeded, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horse-back (the most rational method), and sometimes by rail. Going on horse-back one has the advantage of being able at will to associate with any of the other wayfarers whom one meets, and to stop no longer than one desires at any wayside hamlet; the discomfort of sleeping at such a place is formidable, and a horse will take you to some sort of village. It is a little surprising that Mr. Franck does not make greater use of the enormous mass of picturesque detail which he must have collected; he evidently knows Spanish very well, and one is sorry that his admirable powers of observation do not produce something more akin to Borrow. It is true that the average Mexican is a less communicative person than, for example, the Galicians of "The Bible in Spain," but if Borrow had had Mr. Franck's opportunities, he would not have been hampered by any such little obstacle. Does not the born writer of travel-books tell us of the people as they ought to be, rather than as they are? It must not be supposed that the human interest is absent from Mr. Franck's chronicle: the whole account of his work at the Guanajuato mine is most interesting. The peons "showed no resentment whatever, even when a 'gringo' stopped to light a cigarette at their improvised altars," these latter being decorated by most unsavoury and obscene natives with beautiful wild flowers.



From The Year 1916, Illustrated (*Headley*).

Retreat of heroic British nurses from Serbia.

"Under no provocation whatever," we are told, "would the peons fight underground, but lay for their enemies only outside. A shift boss in a neighbouring mine remained seven weeks below, having his food sent down to him, and continued to work daily with miners who had sworn to kill him once they caught him on earth."

And if we have observed that Mr. Franck is not Borrow, that is to judge him by a very high standard, one that he deserves; for his book is really a most interesting one, his occasional descriptions of scenery are as vivid and beautiful as one could desire, and we are sorry to part from him at the end of his journey. Those parts of it which lay in Guatemala and Honduras make us feel all the time that he will never come out of it with a whole skin. The discomfort he faced must have been appalling, and we do not think anyone will ever, if they read his book, try to emulate his enterprise. His pictures of provincial Honduranean life must be read to be believed, and he makes us believe every word he writes. Apparently he has wandered through many other remote countries, such as Cochin China. We should like to have him for a fellow-traveller. The illustrations are very numerous, and some of them decidedly entertaining. Of at least one, that represents

a "Great Depth" in Honduras, it may be said that Mr. Franck is no mean artist. We should have liked to see a photograph of that elusive gentleman who "runs" Guatemala, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Franck will some day go for another expedition through that country and Salvador and Nicaragua. He will then have earned the right to stop for a time in the delights of Costa Rica.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

LANE'S ARABIAN NIGHTS.

4 Vols. 3s. each net. (Jarrold.)

These are the latest additions to a comparatively new undertaking called the International Library—a notable enterprise, even in these days of cheap issues. They are printed in bold type, and Mr. Dent has allowed the publishers to use certain copyright illustrations by Stanley L. Wood. For the rest, there is a brief introduction by Professor Neilson, of Harvard University, which is pleasant enough in its unpretentious manner and needs no further praise within the measures to which it is restricted. It is now nearly sixty years since the house of John Murray issued the original edition of this the first attempt to produce a version of the "Arabian Nights" which claimed fidelity to the original and was assisted by the notes of a scholar. The reprint is made, however, from the edition of Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, and embodies his "advertisement," as well as the preface of his father, who was responsible for an intermediate text, containing the final revision of Mr. Lane himself, he being the great-uncle of Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. We know in these days that Lane's "Arabian Nights" is not the last word in the rendering of the great collection, and how much was left to be done by John Payne, and above all by Burton, some of us also know. But their versions are beyond the scope of such as desire only an elementary acquaintance with those "characters and habits" of actors and spectators of the great pageant mentioned by Mr. Lane-Poole. For these the Lane translation is and will remain the standard available rendering. This notwithstanding, the French paraphrase of Galland will still appeal to the romance reader, who cares only for the bare stories. It has been the charm and delight of thousands, and supposing that in a day to come it should be possible for a greater Burton to arise, with a new version beyond all praise for scholarship, it is to be believed that Lane will continue to satisfy the moderately studious person, and that we shall still remember Galland, who gave us a first key to some of the treasures contained in this Araby the blessed of literature.

THE AUTHOR
(From a painting by H. V. Riviere).

From Further Pages of my Life.
By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon
(*Williams & Norgate*).

TWENTY YEARS AT COURT.

Edited by MRS. STEUART ERSKINE. From the Correspondence of the HON. ELEANOR STANLEY. 15s. net. (Nisbet.)

Miss Stanley was born in 1821, about two years later than Queen Victoria to whom she became Maid of Honour in 1842: in 1862 she resigned this post, but afterwards returned to Court as Extra Honorary Maid of Honour. Born, therefore, when George IV. was King, she lived to see the opening years of the reign of Edward VII., whom she knew as a child, and to whom there are so many allusions in her letters. She died in 1903, after a long and most interesting life. A highly-gifted woman, her personality rises vividly before us as we read her vivacious, interesting, and exceedingly well-turned letters, full of keen observation and a faculty for recording the essential intimate details and touches that help us to obtain a glimpse of a society that, to most of us, is receding as far away as the social world of Queen Anne of blessed memory, now a long time dead. As she grows older, she shows more interest in politics and public affairs, especially as knowing the individuals who were actually shaping the course of events. A new and very engaging picture of the Queen emerges from the correspondence, and the letters recounting the death of the Prince Consort in 1862 are most moving and poignant. The letters at the time of the Crimean War are of very great interest, both intrinsically and as recording incidents of a war when, like now, we had France as our ally. But the gossip, the trivial notes of daily life, the sidelights on character, the self-portrayal, make the book intensely interesting, and it is with a sense of sheer exasperation that the absence of an index must be noted with a black mark.



THE HON. ELEANOR STANLEY.
(From a miniature by Sir W. Ross.)
From Twenty Years at Court
(*Nisbet*).

A SOLDIER'S SKETCHES UNDER FIRE.

By HAROLD HARVEY. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Harold Harvey, who was a well-known artist before he enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers, has given us in this entertaining volume a very vivid account of his experiences out in the fighting line and illustrated it with a series of clever drawings made on the spot—in the base camp, in his dug-out and often when actually under fire. It is a delightfully interesting and amusing contribution to our literature of the war, and one that helps towards a realisation of the people and places among which our soldiers are campaigning. Emphatically a book to buy, and an ideal gift for anybody interested in the war—and who is not?

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE.

By R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A., Priest of St. Philip's Cathedral Church, Birmingham. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

A reviewer had better be frank, and I shall begin by saying that I think this book ought not to have been written; at least, that it ought not to have been published at present. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent. When Mr. Campbell left the City Temple and entered the Church of England, he wisely refused to make any public statement. But he has been induced to open his lips. The Congregationalists thought and said that he owed them an explanation, and with characteristic candour he has set himself down to write for them and for others the story of his religious experience. For his own sake he should have refrained. Not that the book is controversial. It is not written to make a splash in the pool of the religious world. Mr. Campbell has had his fill of ecclesiastical controversy, and he feels that in this time of war religious disputes would be irrelevant and impertinent. Ulster and Kikuyu have been snowed under. Why not minor controversies also?

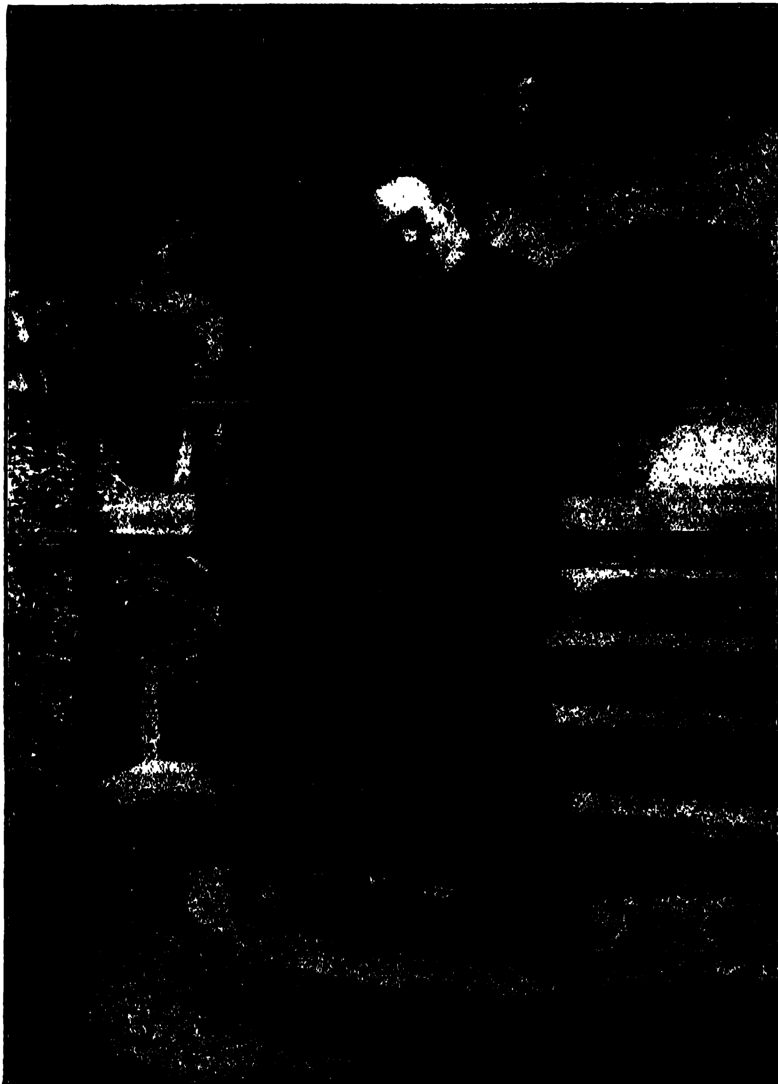


REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.
From "A Spiritual Pilgrimage."
(Williams & Norgate.)

> "In this hour of national trial and danger it is surely desirable to allow personal matters to sink out of sight; even the most important of them are trivial indeed in contrast with the mighty issues at stake on the battlefields of Europe."

Rightly said. But surely this rules out the publication of the present volume. To talk of oneself, even uncontroversially, is obtrusive; at any rate, it will seem so to many, and one should avoid the very appearance of that evil. Besides, in Mr. Campbell's case, it is not effective. The story of his religious experience is a record or analysis of the religious affections or intuitions, and intellectual explanations of doctrine are a subordinate factor. Some men are born "Catholic," as they are born Platonists. Mr. Campbell was one of these, though he did not realise it till he came to be minister of a Temple which had no altar. A passion for liberal freedom brought him at Oxford outside the English Church. For twenty years his mind worked away at a liberal reinterpretation of theology, during his ministries at Brighton and in London. But it was the mind of an amateur; he never had any training in philosophy or in theological study, and the "New Theology," which he now deplores, was the "undeveloped negative" produced by a mind which had deeper, positive instincts. Gradually, these instincts re-asserted themselves, as some of his Anglican friends had predicted, and he is now a liberal priest with a Catholic outlook in the Church of England, where his remarkable gifts ought to be employed to the full. But the strength and source of this change are not in the doctrinal reasons which he gives; they lie in his temperament, and they are the imperfect expression of that mystical temperament, which he modestly suggests rather than defines. It is an easy thing for the expert to pick holes in Mr. Campbell's argument about the historic episcopate and the sacraments. Members of his own Church have done that more drastically than any outsider could do. But this criticism would be ungenerous and off the mark; it would leave the sincerity and impetus of his move unexplained, and it is because the book does not and could not adequately bring out the latter, that again I regret its publication.

It is never easy to talk about onself for over three hundred pages without becoming egotistical; still less easy to explain why you have left one society for another, without giving offence to your former associates. All books of this kind are apt to suggest the complacent motto of Anatole France's sun-dial: *me lumen, vos umbra regit*. Mr. Campbell has been kept from the former blunder, by his transparent goodness; no one, I think, can lay down this book without being sensible that the writer is far more interested in the Christian religion than in himself. There is not a syllable of self-advertisement in its pages. The second peril has not been shunned quite so effectively. Mr. Campbell had to give pain, if he was to speak the truth to his ex-allies among the Nonconformists, and some of his criticisms, however painful, are wholesome. But the New Theology controversy has evidently left a rankling antipathy in his mind, and he has said one or two unguarded things about Nonconformists which are regrettable. He does not seem even yet to realise that the errors which he now deplores were detected long ago by his fellow-ministers.



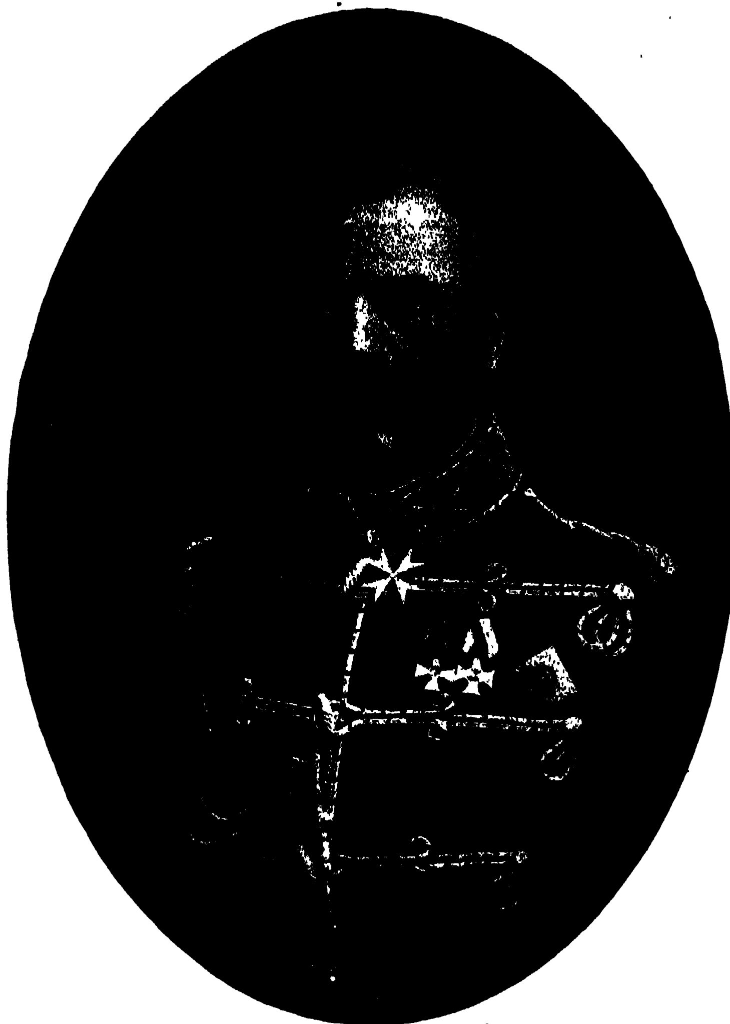
From Alfred Lyttleton (*Longmans*).

ALFRED AND FISO ON THE STOEP AT GREAT COLLEGE STREET.

The human interest of the autobiography lies in the descriptions of his upbringing in Ulster Presbyterianism, his Oxford career, his experiences as minister of the City Temple, and his relations with Labour. Here there is much to amuse and entertain the reader. The dreary bits are the

extracts from the sermons and books on the "New Theology." But, dreary or delightful, the pages of this confession exhibit a soul with the instinct of what is called "catholic saintship," slowly realising itself in an imperfect environment, loyally making the most of its opportunities, uneasily tossing on an ecclesiastical bed too narrow for its bulk, and finally breaking through to a desired haven in Anglicanism. The qualities of devoutness and moral courage are to be felt; also, that indefinable gift which makes a man a great preacher; but pre-eminently something else. Mr. Campbell tells us that fourteen years ago he said to the Bishop of London that what he missed most in Nonconformity as compared with the Church of England was "the altar." That is a remark which may be misunderstood in some quarters, but it is a significant clue to his change of Church. There is a tale told of Coillard, the distinguished French missionary to South Africa, which seems to illustrate it. Coillard was once talking in Paris to another friend, who like himself belonged to the steady, unadvertised stream of emigrants from the Roman Church, and asked him if he ever regretted the change. His friend firmly said, "Never." "But," the candid Frenchman added, "I must confess there is one thing in Catholicism which I miss in our Reformation Churches, and that is adoration." "I miss it too!" said M. Coillard honestly. Mr. Campbell's experience is not unique; it might be phrased differently, but it answers to what Coillard and his friend felt about French Protestantism, and it is intelligible to anyone who knows the inside of some Nonconformist chapels. What makes it the more telling is the testimony which Mr. Campbell pays to the sterling qualities of Nonconformist piety, its earnestness, its manliness, and its nerve. May he find all these and more in his new Church. He deserves to.

JAMES MOFFATT.



From Europe in the Nineteenth Century (*Black*).

ALEXANDER II. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (1855-1881).



From Theodore Roosevelt (*Heinemann*).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 3RD.

THE BOMB-SHELL (1914).

By MAURICE LEBLANC. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

When Paul Delroze, the hero of "The Bomb-Shell," was still a boy he went for a walking tour with his father in Alsace. One afternoon they crossed the French frontier at a secluded spot—and, a few miles further on, came face to face with the present Emperor of Germany in company with a mysterious woman. After the Kaiser's hasty departure an altercation arose with the woman and a male attendant, in the course of which the elder Delroze was stabbed to death by the woman, while the boy was stunned. All subsequent attempts to trace the identity of the murderess failed, but Paul has sworn to track her down and exact revenge. This is the story which he tells his charming and rather colourless wife Elisabeth on their wedding night, while she, on her part, shows Paul the portrait of the woman she believes to be her mother. It is the likeness of the murderess of Paul's father —and moreover the château in which the couple have taken up their abode is the scene of the deed. Here is a tangle indeed for the unfortunate Paul! But luckily for him the war breaks out a couple of days later and he seeks oblivion in action. He doesn't find it; instead he gains revenge, honour, love and happiness—all with the war as a terrific background.

IN THE YPRES SALIENT.

By BECKLES WILLSON. Illustrated. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

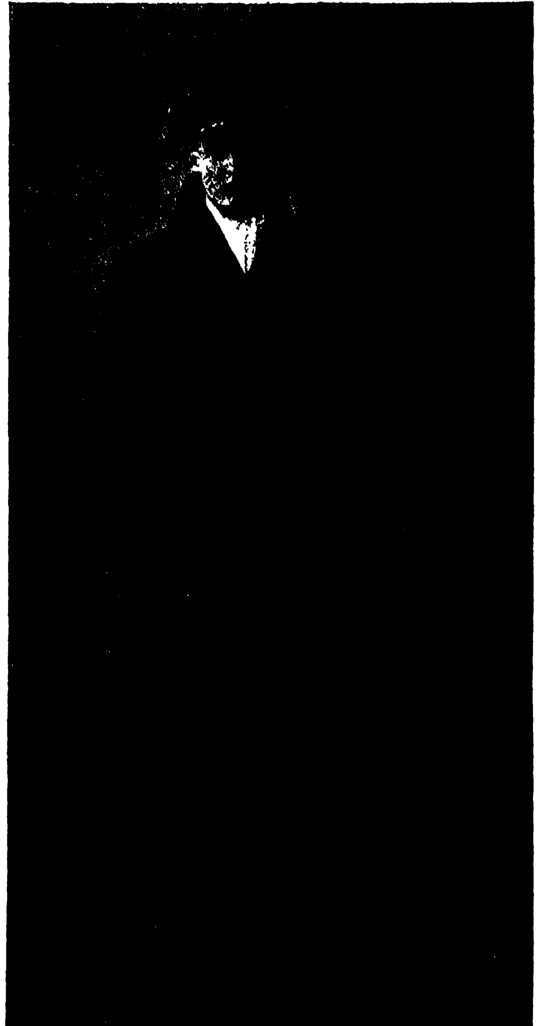
This is the story of the fortnight, from June 2nd to 26th last, when the Canadian troops heroically stemmed the German advance at Ypres. It is a magnificent story, and when you have read it you will know what moved one of the Guards to say, when his regiment came to relieve the battered but unbeaten defenders, "The Canadians . . . . By God, sir, we take off our hats to them! They're Men! They saved the salient."

SERBIA, SIBERIA, RUSSIA.

With the Russian Wounded. By TATIANA ALEXINSKY. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)
The False Dmitri: A Russian Romance and Tragedy. By MRS. SONIA HOWE. 6s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)
Through the Serbian Campaign. By GORDON GORDON-SMITH. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)
Experiences of a Woman Doctor in Serbia. By DR. CAROLINE MATTHEWS. 5s. net. (Mills & Boon.)
My Siberian Year. By M. A. CZAPLICKA. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Mrs. Sonia Howe is no mean authority on Russia and Russian history, and the volume she has in preparation "Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners" will be looked for with interest. During her work for this volume she came across some interesting narratives written by British residents in Moscow during the stormy yet glittering episode of the appearance, brief reign and tragical passing of the gallant and mysterious Pretender Dmitri. These narratives she has put together and reprinted, the whole forming a vivid and illuminating glimpse of Russia, Poland, Sweden, and their relations with one another in the first years of the seventeenth century.

Interesting as they are, it is an easy confession that they cannot at the moment compare with the account given by Madame Alexinsky of her services as a Red Cross Sister on a Russian hospital train. She is a doctor, and a socialist, the wife of an ex-Deputy also a socialist, and her experiences and observation taught her that the Russian peasant is heart-whole and determined to fight against the foreigner until the bitter end, and that there is no doubt in his mind what that end is to be. She jotted down in notebooks what she saw and heard and did, and though they were never meant for publication they make a wise and restrained and touching book. Hating war, she realised that in this war there can be no doubt as to taking a share, it is inevitable and right. Human, tender, wise, well balanced, the book gives vivid pictures of Russian



From In The Royal Naval Air Service (*Chatto & Windus*). FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT HAROLD ROSHER, R.N.



From A Woman Doctor in Serbia (*Mills & Boon*). CAROLINE MATHEWS, M.B., CH.B.

life, of the sufferings, so nobly endured and with such fortitude, of the peasants and artisans that are now soldiers, and of the devotion and tenderness of the Russian women who bring solace in such terrible suffering. It is curious to note that in all the volume there is no single word of England or the English part in the struggle, but that is wholesome and instructive, since no publication was intended and no deliberate survey of the war in any aspect. England is, however, well to the fore in Dr. Caroline Matthews' vivacious story of her adventures in Serbia, a brave, personal volume, lacking perhaps the urbanity and world-wide universality of mind so full of charm in Madame Alexinsky, but showing a shrewd, practical, indomitable turn of character that amuses a little while it makes the tale interesting. Both have much to tell of the fortitude of their wounded patients, the Serbian story shows the terrible lack of help and medical necessaries that hampered the work. Dr. Matthews' narrative of her capture and treatment by Austrian and German troops is excellent, and her adventures are sufficiently thrilling. But to set off against Madame Alexinsky's silence about England, let me quote Dr. Matthews' experience. She was being carried to Vienna as a spy. On the march they came upon some Russian prisoners, with one of which she talked for a moment. Then she moved on with her escort up the hill. They stopped to breathe the horses and looked down where the Russian prisoners had gathered together. Up from below came a mighty shout, "Vive English! Brave Lady! Vive la Russie!"

The terrible ordeal of Serbia in October and November is the theme of Mr. Gordon-Smith's excellent volume, which carries a preface written by the Serbian Minister in London. He describes very clearly and briefly just what Serbia's position was in the Balkans before the

war, her splendid success against Austria in the early phase of the struggle, and the exact position of affairs when Germany, Austria and Bulgaria fell upon her with irresistible force. Very poignant is the story of vain though almost superhuman heroism, when outnumbered, overwhelmed by massed artillery, hampered by lack of munitions and by a civilian population, the gallant Serbian Army was gradually forced back from its frontier and finally from the native soil it had so gloriously defended. His somewhat quiet manner of narration is so much the more weighty and effective, and maps and illustrations add value to a valuable record. It is a pity, though perhaps the temptation was too great to resist, that he should join the number of those who, with insufficient knowledge, criticise the action of the Entente Powers, practically blaming them for the misfortunes of Serbia. These questions cannot be settled now, they belong to the wider realms of history. But the mere record of the campaign is lucid and convincing.



From A Woman in the Balkans (*Hutchinson*). ROUMANIAN MILKMAID (Photo by Bellu).

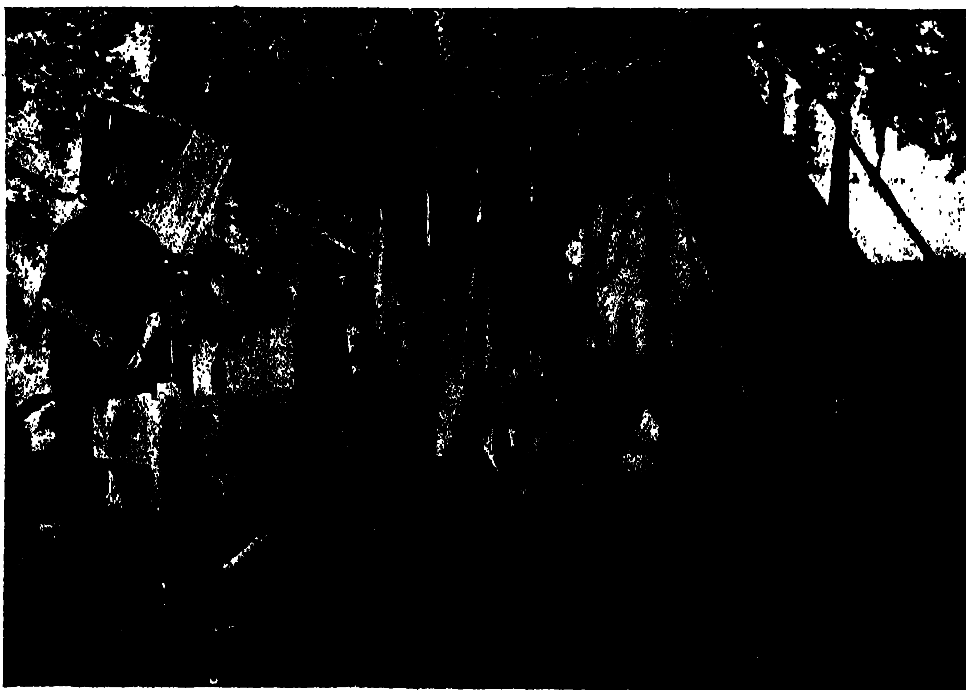
Miss M. A. Czaplicka has made a really delightful book of her Siberian year. We have of late begun to realise that Siberia is not merely a waste of horror and ice and snow, where Russian prisoners are sent to die. A country as big as Europe and Canada put together, with splendid varieties of climate, flora, fauna, with immense possibilities in the development of natural wealth, is a goodly theme, but a year's stay is nothing. However, Miss Czaplicka's mission was to study the little known aboriginal peoples that held Siberia before the Russians ever came there, the Samoyedes, Tungus, Yahut and other tribes, in North Central and North-West Siberia. She gives us particular accounts of their ways and manners and customs, religion, learning, etc., and manages to be interesting all the way whether she describes her own adventures in the frozen tundras, the friends she made, or the primitive wickednesses of the inhabitants. The book is too short for the subject, and only whets our appetite for more, much more. For example, we are immensely intrigued by her account of the native medicine man, the shaman. Did she not consult one, and did he not foretell things that seem to have come true later? And then she says no more about him, just when we were becoming all on fire with curiosity. We must really have another and much longer work from Miss Czaplicka. Oxford sent her forth and we may hope that it was not for the last time.

F. M. A.

CAMP CRAFT.

By WARREN H. MILLER. 7s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

English campers can be happy in an Army tent, with more or less cumbrous baggage, and with that most excellent of cooking ranges, the Aldershot kitchen. And the teaching of the Scout enables one to sleep out with no reasonable fear of rheumatism. But in America things are done more elaborately, and Mr. Miller's book adds another to the roll of those that are based on Red Indian experience, and modern ingenuity. His instructions vary from those necessary to the light camper to the man who goes in for a permanent camp. He has a leaning to the shack or bungalow, as a sort of substitute for our cottage in Surrey. Nor is he above the kerosene lamp, for the camper knows how the back is apt to ache if one should rely entirely upon the results of fuel chopping. These civilised precautions may deflect from the primitive joys of the ideal camp life. But for those who need rest, and above all for those who take the family to camp, the ideas of an imaginative and ingenious American may come in handy. The chapter on camp cookery is good, both in its suggestions of material and in hints for utensils which preferably should be of aluminium. Like Stevenson, he has a good word to say of sleeping-sacks.



From Camp Craft (*Batsford*). A CAMP FOR THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS.

SOME THERE ARE ——.

By GERTRUDE PAGE. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Miss Gertrude Page is to be congratulated. Her last book shows vast improvement on her earlier work. "Some There Are——" breathes a true sense of humour, and contains much real beauty of description, an exceptional appreciation of nature, and a fine high ideal. When the Alastair, who possesses an old French title and wide lands, is jilted by the woman he loves, he gives his estates to the next heir, and retires to lead a hermit's life in an old house on a far-away headland of Cornwall. In her description of this place Miss Page pictures paradise. There, in the solitude of cliff and sea, waited on by his man Albert (a character who conducts a highly original love affair), Alastair finds peace and contentment. Yet he does not enjoy his hardly-earned calm for long. By an odd chance Doris Strangeways, a woman with a roving soul and the true wander-longing, becomes his guest. From this woman, offered early upon the matrimonial altar of family need, who, when her freedom came, enjoyed seeing strange people and new countries, sniffing the "winds of all the world"; from Doreen, who waited always for the dream-man who would teach her to love as her mother loved her father with an affection which could make even perpetual insolvency endurable, Alastair learnt that the seeking, or even the finding of peace and contentment is not all of a man's life. For this story the war makes an effective background, and towards the end we have a fine adventure with a German submarine, in which Doreen proves herself a heroine. Frankly, the present reviewer has not been one of Miss Page's many admirers. Hitherto her books have seemed too evidently machine-made, turned out to order, and bearing no evidences of a loving handicraft; but it is not so with "Some There Are——." Despite the fact that it is too drawn-out, and that the style sometimes grows slangy in a manner reminiscent of "Eve's Letters,"—and one can have too much of Eve—this is a book to read and to applaud. For the mind which created it has brought to us the breadth and space of Rhodesia, and shown us that it is the bigness of ideas rather than of places which matters most of all.



From A Woman in the Balkans (*Hutchinson*).

H M. QUEEN MARIE IN ROUMANIAN DRESS
(Photo by F. Mandy, Bucharest).

THE STRICKEN LAND.

Serbia as We Saw It. By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The sympathies of most of us are very limited, and it is, perhaps, only natural that the sufferings of Belgium and France should have been enough to fill the heart of the average Englishman to its utmost capacity. If, however, we are to realise the deepest tragedy of the present war, we must look further afield, to Serbia. Mr. and Mrs. Askew were among a little group of men and women who, in the earlier days of the war, heard the far call of that typhus-stricken



From The Stricken Land (*Eveleigh Nash*).

SERBIAN WOMEN AT PRIZREN.

country that was soon to endure the more unspeakable horrors of the long and terrible retreat. The authors witnessed the first part of that retreat; and, abandoning all effort after literary effect, they have set down their impressions and experiences in a free and easy manner that is painfully direct and vivid. "History does not hold in its annals any record of a Golgotha so bitter," wrote a Serbian General, and, in the light of these pages, there was no exaggeration in the remark. This is not a book to enjoy; but it helps to drive home to the imagination the real meaning of war as few other books are calculated to do.



From England's First Great War Minister (*Bell*).

Portrait of Wolsey, about the age of forty.

ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT WAR MINISTER.

By Ernest Law. 6s. net. (Bell.)

Mr. Ernest Law is, as everybody knows, the laureate of Hampton Court. He is therefore a very appropriate person to give us a volume on the first great English War Minister, Cardinal Wolsey. Possibly he could have made his book a pleasant study of a great statesman; but he has chosen not to. He has been fascinated by certain resemblances between the war of 1512-1513 and the present struggle, and he insists on making likeness and unlikeness as complete as possible. So the book is that not unfamiliar kind of volume that is written about one person and written at certain others—its purpose is not merely to belaud Wolsey but to belittle contemporary statesmen. This is the kind of thing readers must prepare to encounter. "Occasionally there were meetings of the Council—a cabinet of some half-dozen members. For, benighted as people were supposed to have been in those days, they were not quite so benighted as to entrust for two years the supreme direction of their affairs in a great war to a heterogeneous body of some twenty-three wrangling members." Those who like this sort of thing will like this very much; possibly others may feel that, while Mr. Law's personal opinion of the present Government and their conduct of the war is a matter of considerable importance, the place for an expression of it is not a volume ostensibly devoted to Wolsey.



From A Great Emperor (*Stanley Paul*).

The Emperor Charles V. (Portrait by Titian.)

A GREAT EMPEROR, CHARLES V.

By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul).

Born in 1500, Charles V. belonged to a very magnificent and most important moment in the world's history and development. A Hapsburg, the grandson of the Emperor Maximilian and Marie of Burgundy, he inherited the possessions of Charles the Bold in Burgundy, the Netherlands and elsewhere, as well as the Hapsburg dominions. During his reign Mexico and Peru were added to his realms, and the new world of rich America opened up to contribute to the wealth and power of Spain. As a soldier he was supremely fortunate; his armies, made up of material almost incomparable at that time, won new fame and lustre for his name and for Spain. Mr. Hare gives a light, swift, readable narrative of the great Emperor's life and public transactions, but while it is good reading, it can hardly be commended as a serious, critical study. The old proverb, "no man is a hero to his valet," is certainly topsy-turvy, and it is quite certain that for this kind of compiled history we might almost assert that "every man is a hero to his biographer." Mr. Hare accepts at all points Charles as a wise, tolerant, noble, kind-hearted, admirable creature, the model of all the virtues as ruler and as man. The picture is in too bright a light, the shades, and they were many and often deep in tone, are necessary to make a sure and lasting portrait. It is not easy to accept this as a true and satisfying reading of Charles V., and such a portraying would be no light or easy task.



Christmas Card.
(The Medici Society.)

NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN.

By Frank H. Spearman. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

WHISPERING SMITH.

By Frank H. Spearman. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

These are two stories of the "wild and woolly West"—of the kind that the cinema show has made familiar to us. If they were no more than that they would hardly be worth consideration. But they are more. They are written with a spirit and a vividness that convince us that Mr. Spearman is drawing a truthful picture of a life in which he himself has played a part. This is not to say that they are written without imagination. In the invention of incident and the planning of exciting situations the author is never at a loss, and in the drawing of simple and straightforward characters he is distinctly clever. In fact, "Whispering Smith" and "Nan of Music Mountain" are those comparative rarities—novels of action which are not merely exciting, but are a pleasure to read. Of the two, "Nan of Music Mountain" is the better book and possibly the more exciting—this in spite of the fact that the love interest is so well developed as to weaken the claim that it is "The 'Lorna Doone' of the West." "Whispering Smith," if planned throughout on more familiar lines, fully lives up to its advertising caption of "Something happening all the time." A capital pair. In Mr. Spearman we hail the most dangerous rival of Rex Beach that has yet arisen.



From Shakespeare's England (*Oxford University Press*).

QUEEN ELIZABETH. (From a painting by William Rogers.)

A FRENCHWOMAN'S NOTES ON THE WAR.

By Claire de Pratz. 6s. (Constable.)

The second part of this book is more interesting than the first. It contains a serious presentation of the problems which at the outbreak of the war confronted the French Government. In the first part of the book we are told of the manner in which the news was received by the various inhabitants, permanent and temporary, of a small Breton village by the sea. It is mostly a record of very small beer, not revealing any particularly acute observations. Those who have looked askance at the multifarious uniforms worn by the women of London will be glad to hear that the Breton women who undertook men's jobs did not change their usual costumes, except to discard all things of gaiety and garishness. The village population received the tidings just as one would expect it of the protagonists in Loti's Breton studies, and the varied emotions of the more educated people do really not vastly thrill us. They are precisely what our own emotions were, and the analysis of them would have been done differently by Paul Bourget, not to speak of a good many other fellow-countrymen of Mademoiselle de Pratz. However, the second part of the book is worth reading, although it does not bring us any revelations and is far from being written with that sparkle that we look for in our Allies. Mademoiselle de Pratz is not enamoured of Republican institutions. She appears to be very much in sympathy with the rather jejune efforts of the *Camelots du Roy*, an association of enthusiastic royalists whose aspirations may be all that is most noble and patriotic, but whose deeds seem to consist in the embroidering of banners and attempts to pull Republican officers from their horses. All this, however, happened in the days before the war, and we agree with the author in her description of the splendid unanimity with which every kind of Frenchman has thrown himself into this conflict. I am writing these lines among the snow-clad mountains of eastern France, where I have had the good fortune to be stationed—there and in the vicinity—for some time. It is magnificent to observe the spirit of these people. In one disagreeable spot on the summit of a certain hill which is liable to be shelled from three sides there is in the hospital—and not even as the chief doctor—one of the most eminent physicians of Paris, an elderly man. We who go about the country on the cars of the British Ambulance Committee have the opportunity of coming into contact with all manner of belligerent Frenchmen—their calm confidence is as wonderful as their shedding of ante-war convictions, and the self-offering of that Parisian doctor is typical of thousands of cases. We find a duke, the possessor of four great estates, who is serving his country not ornamentally on the Headquarters Staff, but in a humble and laborious capacity. We find the regimental chaplains, bearded heroes of the



From In Luxemburg in War Time (*Headley*).

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBURG.

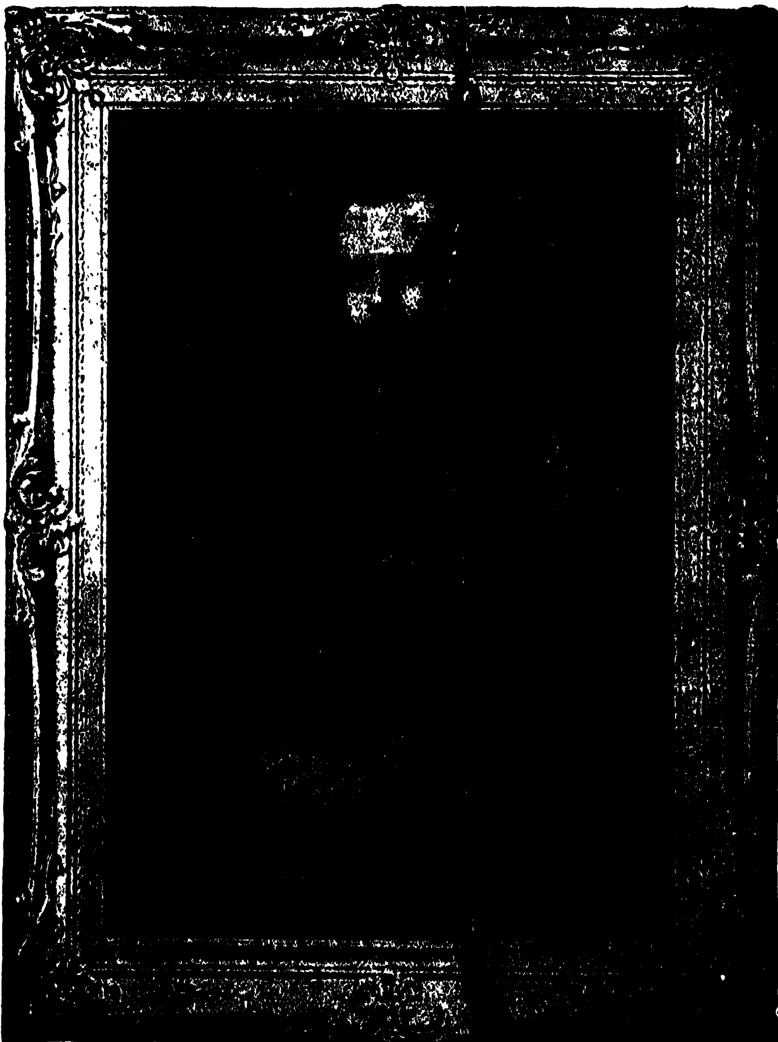
trenches and of the ground beyond the first line of trenches—and yet the Republic is not any weaker. Those who were well acquainted with France before the war can realise the enormous changes that have come over this country. When one hears an officer calling his men, perhaps men much older than himself *mes enfants*, when one hears the matron of a hospital calling them *mes petits*—these are not the innovations of the war. They are words which not one of the horde of German spies sent back to Germany; so much the worse for the Fatherland. With this ancient spirit and with the new spirit of imperturbability the shoddy German Empire is going to be overthrown.

H. B.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.

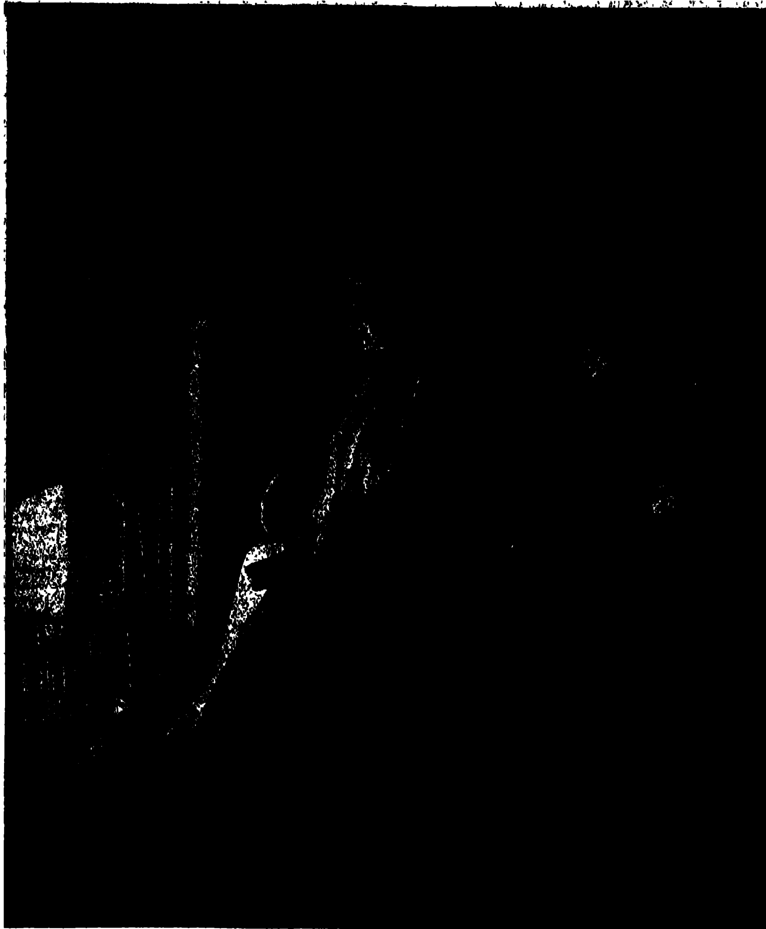
Edited by HAMIL GRANT. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

People who come to this book with the idea that they are to be let into any particular secrets of the Austrian Court and Habsburg dynasty will be disappointed. That is to say unless they have read little or nothing upon the subject before. The writer states in the introductory chapter that he was the "intimate personal secretary of His Highness," and one is thereby encouraged to look forward to some thrills, and perhaps injudicious revelations regarding the former heir to the throne of Francis Josef. They are few and far between, however; and the reader will not gain much personal matter from the author's pages. Perhaps it is because the vagaries, tragedies, and follies of the Habsburgs have been so much in the limelight for many years past that these chapters, by one who must have nevertheless known the unhappy Archduke Rudolph very intimately, somehow fail to grip. The censor may, of course, have heavily blue pencilled the original MS. One cannot say. There is one thing, however, which stands out more clearly from the pages of this volume than from any other similar one with which the reviewer is acquainted, and that is the network of intrigue which Bismarck and the Kaiser have successively sought to weave about the Austrian Court with the object of the eventual absorption of Austro-Hungary within the confines of the new to-be German Empire. The Archduke Rudolph was of a very independent character, and well aware of the price of the Kaiser's friendship as well as of the machinations of the wily Bismarck. It was essential to the ultimate success of the intrigues emanating from Berlin that either the Archduke should "accept the situation of vassal of the Kaiser" or be removed. The mystery surrounding the death of Prince Rudolph and his mistress, the beautiful Marie Vetsera, at Meyerling has never been satisfactorily cleared up. We heard several more or less circumstantial and "authentic" accounts when in Vienna shortly after the tragedy; but, although one at least had the elements of truth in it, the mystery remains. All that can be said is that the official account was obviously concocted and incorrect. In the pages of the book which M. Hamil Grant edits, there is more than a hint that Berlin was responsible for the end of Prince Rudolph, just as there are many who know the inner intrigues of the Berlin Foreign Office who have more than a suspicion that the diabolical assassination of that other ill-fated Archduke at Serajevo was known in the Wilhelmstrasse before it happened. If the author of this book makes no definite charge of this kind, in his last pages he does nothing to remove the impression created. Those who wish for gossip of Courts, politics, intrigues, and scandal of a not too delicate kind will find entertainment here.



From The Last Days of the Archduke Rudolph (*Grant Richards*).

THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH, AGED 30, IN 1888.



From A Woman and the War (*Chapman & Hall*). THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

A WOMAN AND THE WAR.

By the COUNTESS OF WARWICK. With Portrait. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Nearly thirty chapters on subjects arising from, or suggested by, the war, make up this volume; and the first chapter strikes the key-note, so to speak. It is called "King Edward and the Kaiser," and declares the untruthfulness of those persons and papers which have stated that King Edward "deliberately sought to compass the destruction of the German Empire." "Having heard from his own lips scores of times his attitude towards Germany and the Germans," says Lady Warwick, "it seems to be a duty to set out the plain truth." Then follows a most interesting, short account of King Edward's feelings and actions in relation to the German Court, the conclusions being drawn from general observation and personal knowledge. "Far from seeking to bring war about," Lady Warwick writes, "it is with me an article of faith that had he been living in July, 1914, there would have been no war . . . there is not among the rulers of Europe one who would not have listened when he spoke." With words sympathetic, or critical, or scathing, or protesting, the writer goes on to speak of "War and Marriage," "Woman's War Work on the Land," "Lessons of the Picture Theatre," "Lord Haldane," "Lord French," "Nursing in War Time," "Race Suicide," and kindred subjects. Her style is clear, concise and "personal"; her leaning towards social democracy is avowed, and whether we agree with her or whether we disapprove of her expressed opinions, we shall certainly find much to interest and much to make us think.

LEATHERFACE.

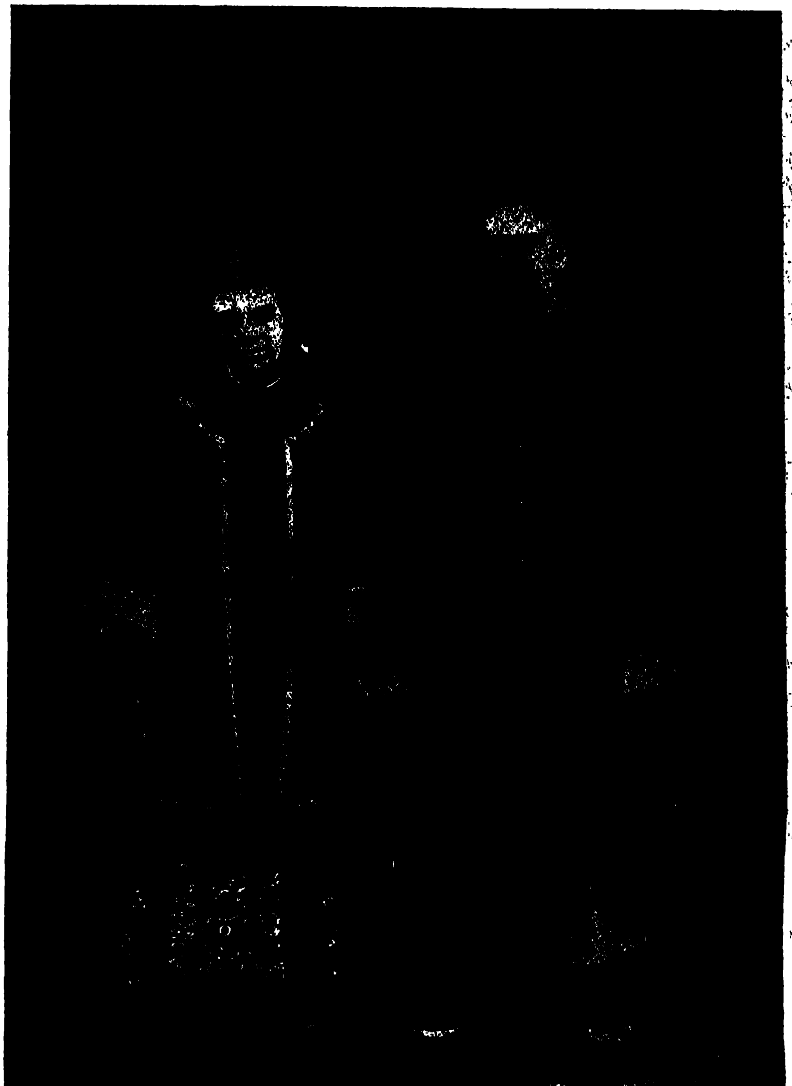
By BARONESS ORCZY. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This story of Belgium three hundred and forty odd years ago, when the little country was trodden under the heel of the Spaniard, and its inhabitants suffered brutal oppression, will undoubtedly rank among the author's best work. Leonora de Vargas is the daughter of the man who invented "new forms of tyranny, new fetters for the curbing of stiff-necked Flemish and Dutch burghers, new methods for wringing rivers of gold out of a living stream of tears and blood," whose brain devised the torture



From Seven Years in Vienna. (*Constable*). THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA DRIVING IN VIENNA IN 1908.

and butchering that Alberic del Rio's hand accomplished; and it is decided that to weaken the rebels, she is to marry into the family of one of their leaders and to become the wife of Laurence van Rycke. But at the last moment Laurence revolts against the union; he runs away, and his younger brother, to avert the danger, takes his place. Whether the marriage serves the purpose it was intended to, or whether love grows out of it, and who the mysterious Leatherface proves to be, the many admirers of Baroness Orczy's writings will not be slow to find out for themselves.



From Forty-five Years in China (*Fisher Unwin*). MR. AND MRS. RICHARD IN 1884.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE SAINT SIMON.

Abridged translation by FRANCIS ARKWRIGHT. Vol. IV. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

This, the fourth volume of Saint Simon's memoirs in this very excellent and now noted edition covers the years 1710 to 1714, not the least interesting moment of a great period. Among other things, it includes the last campaign in Flanders in which Marlborough took the field, and Villars was the French general in command. Villars receives justice without mercy at the hands of Saint Simon. The year 1712 saw the mysterious death of both the Dauphiness and the Dauphin, that had such serious and far-reaching consequences. The same year noted the treaty of peace with England, the murder of the Duke of Hamilton, who had just been appointed Ambassador to Paris, by Mohun's second in a duel, and the appointment of Shrewsbury instead. But the events of these important years are less to us now than the manner of these wonderful memoirs. For they are told with such an easy mastery of affairs, by a man who was principal in most of the affairs of France, with so much shrewd wit, wisdom, knowledge, and freedom from illusions of any kind, that they rank with Pepys' diary in fascination, and we come to know the persons who appear and reappear through the volumes as if they came to dinner twice a week at our table. So well known are the memoirs that there is no need to offer any analysis of the contents of the volume before us. It is enough to say that it is a very worthy version in English of a very great work. Perhaps we might have been glad of an index in each volume, since they appear only at intervals, but there is something to be said for leaving it to the end, although it is sadly missed in the meantime.



From Eclipse or Empire (*Nisbet*).

PROGRESS FAST BOUND BY PREJUDICE.

A BALKAN FREEBOOTER.

By JAN GORDON. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

A most remarkable book is this story of the daring exploits of Petko Moritch, a Serbian outlaw and comitaj, who, though assaulting a political opponent and getting thrown into prison for it, is driven by the brutality and trickery of the law to adopt a bandit's life, securing an existence by pillage and robbery. All the romance of a Robin Hood, and the prison-breaking genius of a Jack Sheppard seemed to be combined in the



From The Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon (*Stanley Paul*).

VIEW OF MONS.

character of the courageous young Serb, who broke out of durance again and again, facing danger and even death with almost incredible recklessness; his dauntless mind ever contriving fresh enterprises, his sharp tongue ever ready with an impudent jibe for enemy and captor. The fact that the narrative is true, and related to the author by Petko himself, increases its interest a thousandfold, and evokes unstinted admiration for the man who sought adventure and uttered no complaint when called upon to pay the price of his daring. The book is illustrated with many pen-and-ink sketches by the author, and a frontispiece of Petko, drawn from life.



From A Balkan Freebooter (*Smith, Elder*).

PETKO AND CHRISTICH ON THE MARCH.

THE MEMOIRS OF ADMIRAL LORD BERESFORD.

Written by HIMSELF. Fourth edition. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The publication in one volume of this most excellent record of a breezy (the inevitable word), almost stormy, rollicking, hard-working, hard-hitting, publicly useful career was certain, and as certain to be highly appreciated. Lord Charles Beresford represents an ancient and noble stock on both sides, tracing his descent from Counts and Kings of Brittany and the sixth century A.D. as well as from the still nobler strain of Brian Boru and the Irish royal races running back nobly into the pre-Christian and holy pagan eras. He entered the Navy when he was twelve, and served first on sailing vessels, with the men Nelson had trained, then on the transition ships when canvas grudgingly accepted the help of steam, and oak submitted to the overlaid armour of iron, and so down to the most modern beauties of our present fleet. His varied career is not unfamiliar, indeed already almost a tradition while it is still developing, and as man, seaman and politician he was and will always be conspicuous. His youth was very properly frolicsome and notorious, and if the child is father of the man the following may without malice stand as a tale in his own words that might carry allegorical weight. He was flag-lieutenant at Plymouth; the members of the Board of Admiralty came down to witness the autumn military manœuvres.


From The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Beresford (*Methuen*).

From an Original Drawing by Phil May.

"I offered to drive them all in my coach; and they were settled in their places—Mr. Goschen the First Lord, Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, the Earl of Camperdown, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre—when out of the house came Rear-Admiral Seymour.

"'Get down!' he shouted. 'Gentlemen, you must get down.'

"They asked him why.

"'You don't know that boy,' said Seymour. 'He's not safe. He'll upset you on purpose, just to say he's upset the whole Board of Admiralty!'

"And he actually ordered my guests off my coach, so that they had to go in barouches."

If there is any fault to be found with the book, it is that certain parts are not written by Lord Charles himself. But as they are scrupulously indicated the fault is less.


From Russia in Arms (*Nisbet*).

THE COSSACK: A STUDY.

RUSSIA IN ARMS.

By LT.-COL. ROUSTAM BEK. 2s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

As military expert of the *Daily Express*, the author will be known to a wide circle, his work since the war began having made him a large number of friends. Of the Russian Army he is naturally able to speak with authority. Destined for the Navy, he served six years, and was due for promotion to midshipman. But his career in that direction was cut short by his acting as second in a duel. Degraded to the rank of private soldier he served in Turkestan and Pamir and regained his position as an officer. In 1897 he was military

correspondent with the Turkish Army, served through the Boxer rising, went to Afghanistan as agent of the Russian Government, was captured and imprisoned, fought in the Macedonian campaign of 1903, and went through the Russo-Japanese War where his experiences included the siege of Port Arthur and being a prisoner of war in Japan. This book touches lightly upon the history of the Russian Army; it tells of its composition to-day, the training and quality of officers and men, and their deeds against the enemy. How magnificent that education is, how splendid the material, how whole-hearted the effort now being made on behalf of the Allies are subjects to which the talented author does full justice.



From Lady Login's Recollections (*Smith, Elder*).

GROUP OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT OSBORNE.

before the Mutiny. Intimate glimpses we get of the Lawrences; and of the Maharajah Duleep Singh, his marriage and later years. But the volume is by no means a personal narrative of India only; for we have as lively an account of the Court of St. James's as of the Court of Oude. It is impossible in a short review to do justice to the book in detail, but as a chronicle of official and private life in that great period — the Victorian era, it is thoroughly attractive. Lady Login passed away three years later than her beloved mistress, Queen Victoria, at the age of eighty-four. Her daughter deserves warm praise for her achievement, the result of a self-effacing use of good material.

LADY LOGIN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

By E. DALHOUSIE LOGIN. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"Possibly few of her neighbours in later years, who saw her immersed in her garden, poultry-yard, and live-stock, clad in the oldest and shabbiest of garments, tending her bees . . . and with her own hands doing odd jobs of rough carpentry, ever dreamt that in other days she had been equally at home, and happy, in the atmosphere of courts, and the daily duties of official life." In these words Lady Login is spoken of by her daughter and biographer; but in the pages which follow, the biographer has skilfully formed her material into an autobiography, and the charm is complete. We see Lena Campbell, the little girl running about with her brothers and sisters in the old Scottish home; we see her as a young lady travelling to India to stay with her brother, General Charles Campbell; we see her as a bride at Lucknow, where her husband twice held the post of Residency - Surgeon, and was Court Physician to two successive Kings of Oude; and with anecdote and description we have a vivid and extraordinarily interesting picture of life in India

MEMORIES OF THE FATHERLAND.

By ANNE TOPHAM. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

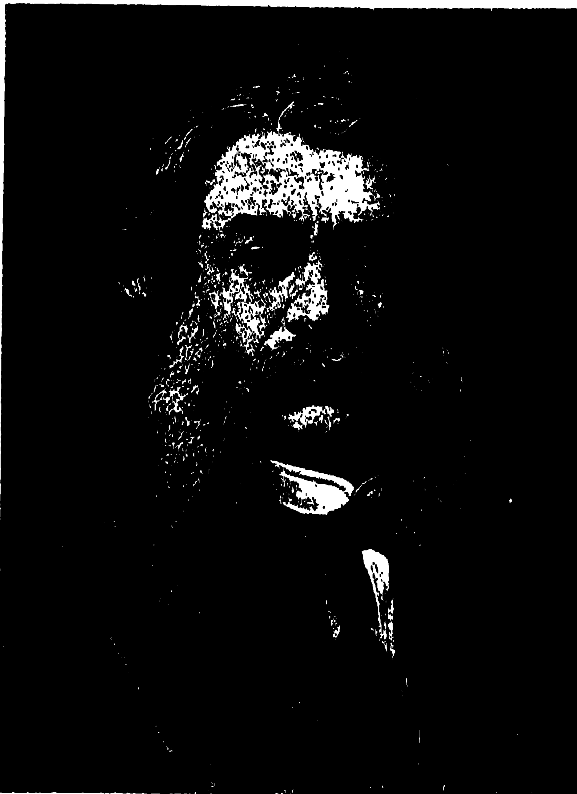
"The picture of Germany as it appeared before the war to those of us who have lived there, has been one on which we have fixed our gaze with a desperate hope that, after all, it was not a travesty of the real thing, that the German people were, as we had believed, a simple-hearted, kindly, industrious, and highly-cultivated people, living up to the same standard of honour as ourselves . . . but day by day the outlines of this picture have become blurred by the horrors and agonies of a warfare of such ruthless type as the modern world has never known." Miss Topham's "Memories" are, however, of the days before the picture had become so blurred, and her long connection with the Imperial Court enables her to write with first-hand knowledge which convinces as well as interests. There is no narrowness in Miss Topham's estimate of the German people of the different classes; good and bad characteristics are discussed; but in every class we seem to find a roughness (mistaken for virility) and a dogged clinging to national



From Memories of the Fatherland (*Methuen*).

WILLIAM II. IN CORFU, SHOWING COUNT BÜLOW THE REMAINS OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED ANCIENT GREEK TEMPLE.

prejudices. One of these prejudices is the German officers' detestation of France and the French people. It seems to increase with time (speaking of the years before 1914), and "conciliation seems to find no foothold in German schemes of statesmanship. They appear to consider it synonymous with weakness." The figure of the German Emperor stands out very clearly. Miss Topham was for eight years the English governess in the Imperial school room, and had frequent opportunities of noticing and talking to William II. "It was very rarely indeed that any actual criticism of the Emperor's acts was heard in the Palace itself: but one gentleman once said to me," says Miss Topham, "'He is just like a child with a handful of squibs. He throws them about, and likes to hear the noise they make. Some day one of them will fall into a powder-magazine and then he will be dreadfully surprised at the mess he has caused.'"



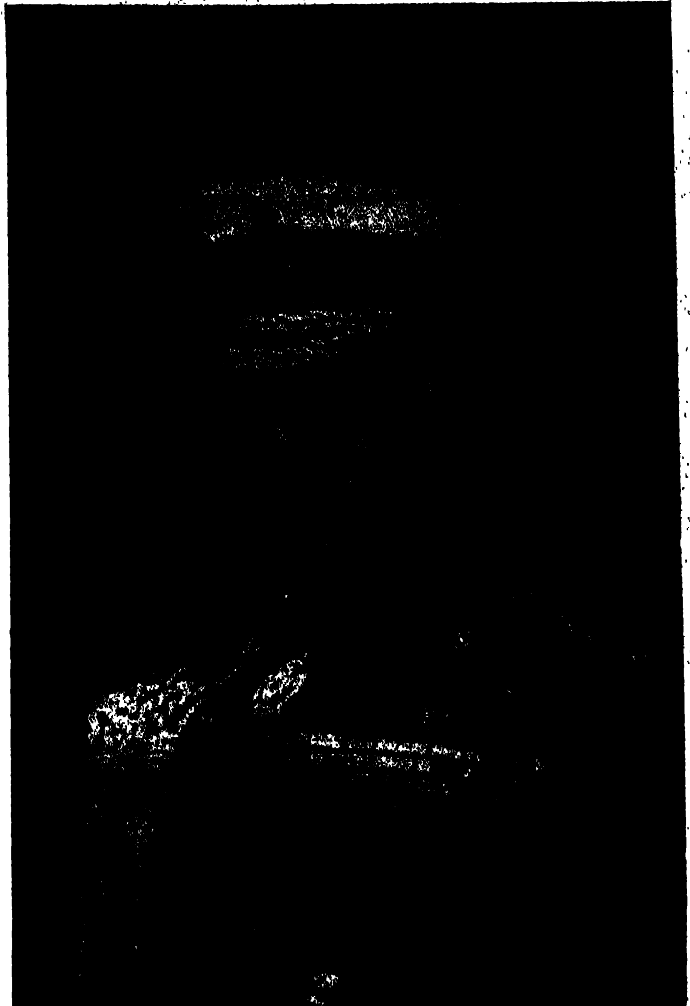
Dimitry Gregorovitsh.

Author of "The Fisherman," which Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing.

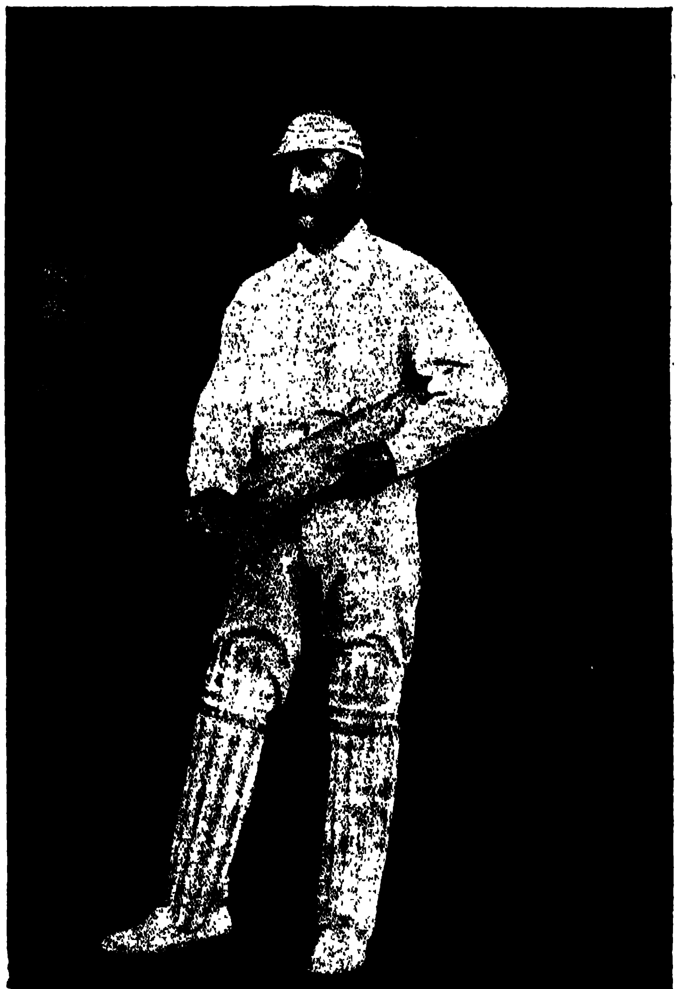
LORD KITCHENER.

By ERNEST PROTHERO. 2s. net (cloth); 1s. (paper). (Charles H. Kelly.)

This is a concise but fairly complete history of the life of "K. of K." and should have a particular interest for youthful readers. Thus there is a lesson to the younger generation in the story which tells how the boy Kitchener, dreamy and somewhat taciturn, with a leaning towards studiousness, nevertheless managed to "come a cropper" and fail to pass an examination of the private school he attended, so that his father placed him, much to his humiliation, in a local dame school. That experience, however, instead of souring his nature, acted as an incentive to effort and achievement in after-life. That Kitchener was aloof, austere, in fact something of an enigma, is well known. That he had little patience when dealing with effeminate men is also true. The book is garnished with anecdotes—some of them pretty well known—which throw light on these and other traits of his character. The portrait in colours, given as a frontispiece, is a telling likeness of the hero, and there are two other illustrations. Character studies and other literature dealing analytically with the man and his work will doubtless make their appearance after the war. In the meantime this is a useful descriptive record.



From Lord Kitchener (*Kelly*). LORD KITCHENER



From Edward Mills Grace: Cricketer (*Chatto & Windus*). DR. GRACE AT THE AGE OF 51.

EDWARD MILLS GRACE, CRICKETER.

By F. S. Ashley-Cooper. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

" A thorough cricketer in every sense of the word," as Lillywhite's Guide described him, at one time Dr. Grace was regarded as the finest player in England or the whole world. When he was thirteen years of age he played for West Gloucestershire against All England, and his career as an active cricketer covered a period of sixty years in all, from 1851 to 1910. When he died in 1911, practically every newspaper in the Empire announced his death, and most gave some sketch of his life and career as a cricketer. But in the case of so veritable a king of the great game something more than this seemed necessary, and this volume has accordingly been written, with the knowledge and sanction of his family. Dr. W. G. Grace himself helped the author with his well-stored memory, and had promised to write an introduction, when his own illness prevented him from proceeding further in the matter. The author of the memoir, of course, devotes most of his volume to Dr. E. M. Grace's life and work in the realm of cricket, giving accounts of his principal tours and triumphs, and his influence on the development of the game. But there are also sufficient personal reminiscences to give us the man as an individual character, from his cousin's naive statement: " He had a strong, affectionate nature, and was a staunch friend. At one stage of his life he would propose to any girl almost at a moment's notice," to the chapter in which Mr. P. M. Thornton, Mr. Sydney H. Pardon, Mr. R. E. Bush, Mr. A. C. M. Croome, and Mr. C. E. Horner give their own personal memories of Dr. E. M. Grace. There are many pleasant and good stories and traits recounted, and the book is likely to prove essential to the cricketing shelf of every honest sportsman.



From **A Little Guide to Northumberland** (*Methuen*). **Barbican, Prudhoe Castle.**

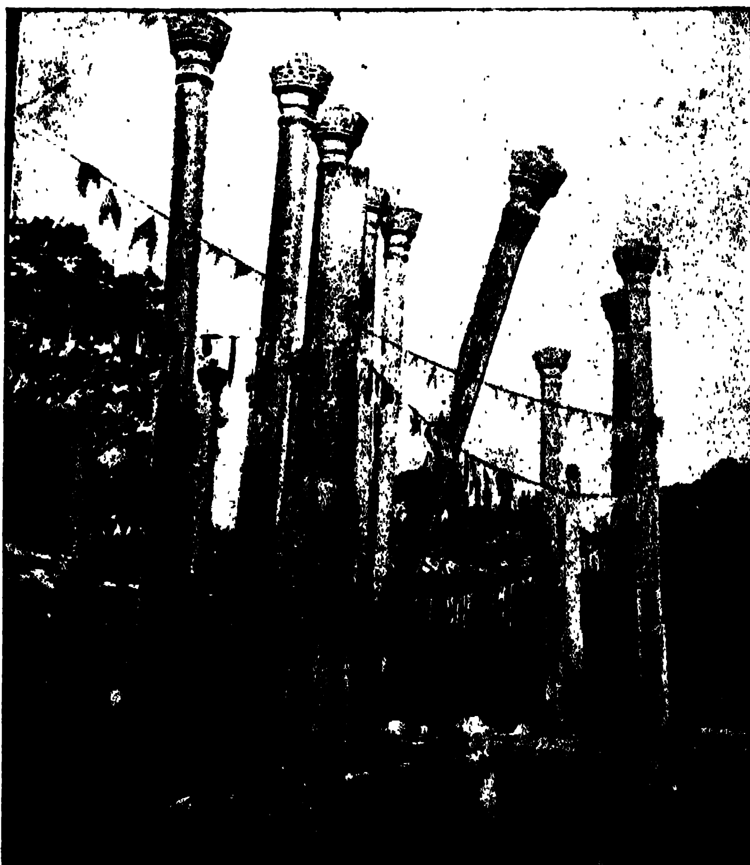


From **From The Gulf to Ararat** (*Blackwood*). **Mendeli.**

THE LOST CITIES OF CEYLON.

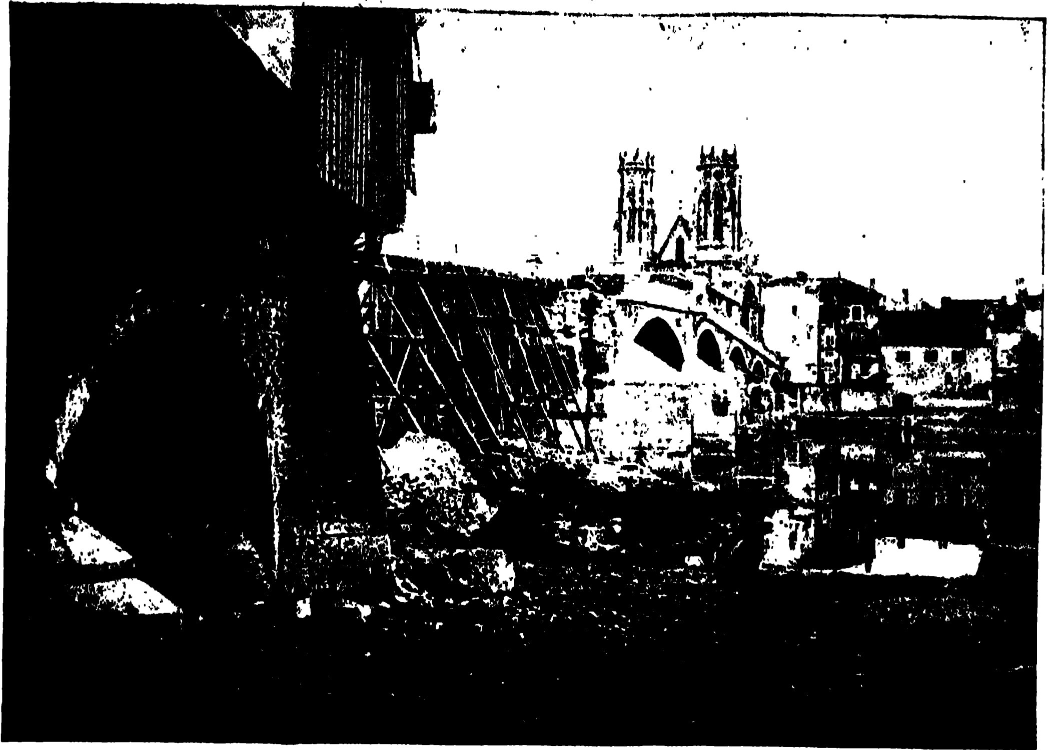
By G. E. Mitton. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Miss Mitton, whom we remember very pleasantly as the author of " A Bachelor Girl in London," one of the earliest novels depicting the life of " *la femme seule*," has in this volume given an admirably lucid and picturesque account of the beautiful and grotesque examples of carving and architecture which have been unearthed during the last century in the two ancient capitals of Ceylon, Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa, cities that date back to periods anterior to the Christian era. In the brief space at our command it is only possible to say that the photographs she has succeeded in taking manage to give a very clear idea of the high state of preservation in which many of these Sinhalese columns, sculptures and " moon-stones " have been found, and that the prefatory sketch of Sinhalese religion and history which she makes is at once unbiassed and informing. That over-worked epithet wonderful is



From **The Lost Cities of Ceylon** (*Murray*). **The Pillars of Thuparama.**

the only term that seems reasonably applicable to these relics of a vanished civilisation which Miss Mitton so charmingly pictures for the benefit of the stay-at-home reader. But we shall be very much surprised if, when the war is over, this delightful travel book of hers fails to set a fashion of making pilgrimages to Ceylon. "The Lost Cities of Ceylon" is a work which no reader of THE BOOKMAN ought to overlook.



From The Unbroken Line (*Smith, Elder*).

THE BRIDGE AT PONT-A-MOUSSON.

THE UNBROKEN LINE.

By H. WARNER ALLEN 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

As special correspondent of the British Press with the French Armies the author has had exceptional and unusual opportunities of witnessing almost every phase of the titanic fight being waged by our Allies in the long trench line extending from Switzerland to the North Sea. Of these opportunities he has made the best possible use, and those who have only read his often mutilated dispatches can form no conception of the brilliance of this splendid and inspiring volume. Mr. Allen deals at length with every section of the bulwark from the extreme right, Alsace, through the Vosges, Lorraine, Verdun, the Argonne, the Champagne Pouilleuse, Rheims to Compiègne, and Artois to the extreme left at Nieuport. Faring more fortunately than his colleagues, he has apparently been at liberty to wander where he listed, to see everything worth seeing, and to share the perils, privations, and excitements of the fighting men. His book forms a magnificent tribute to the stubborn valour of the French infantryman, the determination of the whole Army, and the skill with which the war is being conducted. We cannot praise Mr. Allen's book too highly; in default of space and more adequate treatment we can only recommend its purchase and perusal; it ranks amongst the best on the subject.

FROM THE GULF TO ARARAT:

An Expedition through Mesopotamia and Kurdistan. By G. E. HUBBARD. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

War is a great awakener of interest in geography. All the long story of Mesopotamia from the days of Adam and Eve in Eden, which we may reasonably take to represent as far back as the memory of man recalleth, through the epoch of the Caliphate and the glories of Baghdad, leave us cold compared with the poignancy of the thrust up the Tigris ending in Ctesiphon and Kut. Before the great European-Asiatic War broke out in 1914 there was a Commission busy on the task of delimiting the frontiers between Persian and Turkish territory, a matter of some 1,200 miles, and the source of illimitable fighting and squabbling for past centuries. Other Commissions had worked on the task with no real success, but in the end of 1913 British and Russian Commissioners were attached



From Lord William Beresford V.C. (*Jenkins*).

CURRAGHMORE.



From Trooper Bluegum at the Dardanelles (*Melrose*).

ANZAC COVE, GALLIPOLI.

countries through which the commissioners passed. He gives an excellent and proportioned picture of these places and peoples, handling them with a just appreciation both of their present position, their ancient glory and glamour, and their future possibilities, and all with no political preachment whatever. For the glory has departed, yet the new glory will come, while between the two there is a time of flatness, squalor and uncertainty. And yet to a lover of the olden time there is something heartening in his picture of the old Persian Chief at Ushun, preserving the noblest

to a Turko-Persian Commission for settling the frontiers, in the capacity of arbitrators. Mr. Hubbard was the Secretary to the British section, and his record is chiefly one of personal impressions of the tribes and qualities and traditions of his long Kurdish descent. The work of the commission ended on Mount Ararat; how long it is to stand unchanged is another affair, still on the knees of Fate. But Mr. Hubbard has made a good book of what he saw, and there are a number of very satisfactory photographs.



From A Ride through the Balkans (*Robert Scott*).

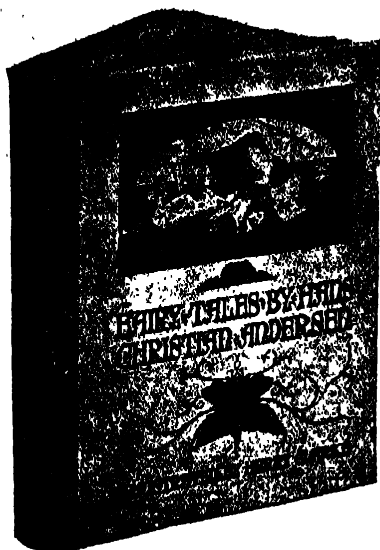
COLONEL PHILLIPS AND THE AUTHOR AT THE CASTLE OF SCUTARI.

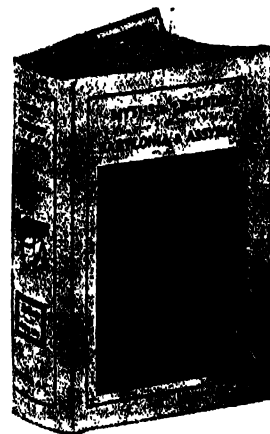
LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD.

• Some Memories. By MRS. STUART MENZIES. 12s. 6d. net. (Jenkins.)

One hardly knows what to say about a book of this kind. These joyous sporting and military Nabobs of fortune -how remote they are from not only the "humble shepherd in his cot," but from nearly everybody two miles outside their charmed circle! These brilliant figures, shooting, coaching, commanding armies, winning and losing thousands of pounds in a horse race, risking their necks in flood and field for a silver cup—they are not reality, but a phantasmagoria. Putting aside for the moment all critical preoccupations, one feels like a maid-of-all-work gazing at "Rupert of Hentzau," or some other cloudy symbol of romance, on a cinematograph film. Everything is taken for granted—their expensive shop-window must be displaying genuine commodities, because the gazer in the street outside has no possibility of testing them. But to our muttons. After a career of learning at Eton, Lord William Beresford joined the 9th Lancers in Dublin. In this regiment, before leaving for India, he performed numbers of surprising feats, joking, racing, steeple-chasing, coach-driving, playing polo, paying calls and so forth. In India, he joined the Viceroy's (the late Lord Ripon) staff and was appointed A.D.C. to Lord Lytton. More racing, cup-winning and sportiveness brought to a dazzling climax by the Delhi Durbar of 1887. Then the Jowaki expedition and more racing, dancing and flirting. "And why not?" says the author. "A little gentle flirtation is good for everyone's self-respect and keeps them young. After all, what are a few little silken insincerities?" In the Zulu War, Lord William obtained the Victoria Cross. After that, more fashionable gaieties, and some famous bets. Then a career as military secretary, Lord William coping with his difficulties in his usual dazzling way. Follows more racing, more repartees with the "Fair Sex," more gymkhanas, tent-clubs,

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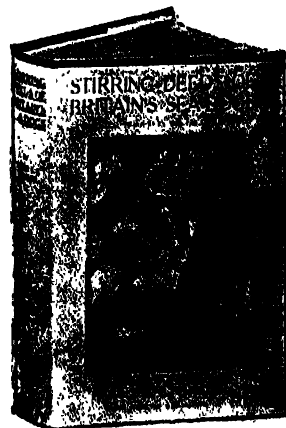
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quadrilles, fancy dress balls and pig-sticking. The next Viceroy was Lord Dufferin, and when there was trouble in Burmah, Lord William accompanied him there. Then more racing and driving experiences, and the tremendous successes on the Turf between 1888 and 1894. A farewell dinner follows (there seems to be a good many of them) and Lord William gets married. This escapade seems to have had a certain chastening effect upon his " irrepressibility " (is not that the word ?), for it is recorded that Lord William " Tells a Story Against Himself." The last chapter but one relates with great enthusiasm how he brought Tod Sloan to England and what happened to Tod Sloan in England. But even the liveliest career must have an end, and Lord William Beresford died in 1900. The volume is plentifully and excellently illustrated.

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By OLIVER HOGUE. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net (Melrose.)

Mr. Hogue is a journalist who gave up his position on the staff of the *Sydney Morning Herald* to enlist as a trooper. He went with his regiment to Egypt and thence to the Dardanelles, and wrote descriptions of it all, from his training for the Australian Light Horse, at Sydney, to the night and early morning when he with his comrades evacuated Anzac before the Turks knew they had gone. There is some brilliant work in the book; we have had no more powerfully realistic descriptions of the more desperate fighting at Gallipoli than are given in its pages, nor have the pluck and irrepressible gaiety of the Australian soldier in the trenches, in the peril and heat of attack, or anywhere under fire, ever been more blithely and convincingly presented. Ably and interestingly written, this is one of the best first-hand records we have had of the great part that the Anzacs have played in the great war.

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By SIR JAMES DOUIE, M.A., K.C.S.I. 6s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

A peculiar interest attaches to the section of Hindustan that forms the theme of this volume. It comprises a territory of a quarter of a million square miles, and through it was launched, necessarily, every invasion of India from the west from time immemorial. Alexander's, the Mongols, all must needs conquer the Punjab first and foremost. The contrary, however, held good for the English. Coming by sea, the great mountain barriers were nothing to them, and consequently the last part of India to be conquered was the valiant Punjab, a hard conquest. and leading to a triumph of administration which within a few years derived a source of military strength from the tough folk that had been so hard to overthrow. It is no small literary feat to present an accurate and well balanced sketch of so great a territory, so diversified from every point of view, race, tribes, flora, fauna, religions, and with so full a history, but Sir James Douie has been most successful in his task. It is true that he was pre-eminently qualified for the attempt, for he spent thirty-five years in the administration of this corner of India, going through all the ranks until finally he was Acting Lieutenant-Governor. He writes with intimate knowledge, clear sense of proportion, and above all with understanding and cordial affection, and the result is admirable. The hundred and fifty illustrations greatly enhance the value of a book whose mere usefulness ought not to be allowed to obscure its charm.



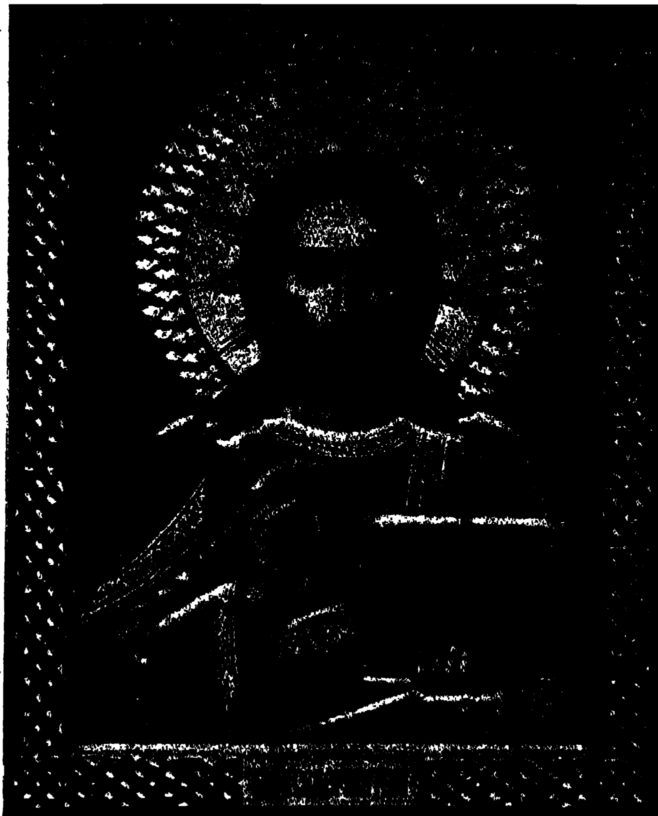
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Another book by the author of "Russian Life To-day" will be hailed with considerable pleasure. As Bishop Bury remarks in his preface, he has "met with such unusual and unexpected experiences and been into such close contact with so much that has been going on, not only in the war area itself, but in many of the countries affected by it, as probably no one else has been in quite the same way," that he ventures to give some account of them in book form. Last year, he informs us, in every one of the first seven months, he touched the war area at some point or other; and again this year he has been at the most important parts of our great bases. He has visited all his continental jurisdiction except that part occupied by Germany, and paid a particularly inspiring visit to Russia. In addition to this he has been to the camps for interned aliens and prisoners of war in this country and in the Isle of Man. It will be readily believed that the impressions gathered from such a vast area of experience prove intensely interesting, and the work is extensively illustrated from photographs. Bishop Bury's previous book reached its fifth edition, and there is every reason why this one should be equally successful.



From Here and There in the War Area (*Mowbray*).

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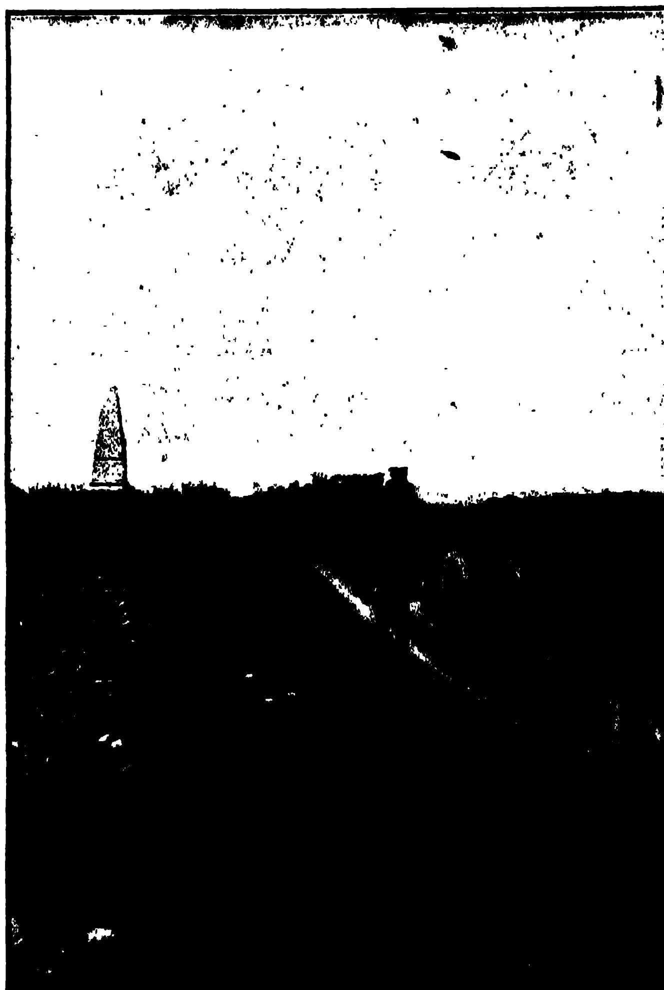
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From Australia in Arms (*Fisher Unwin*). The 29th Division on the Remleh Road, reviewed by General Hamilton and General D'Amade, on 6th April, 1916.



From Mons to Loos (*Blackwood*). Advance on Mons: British Troops passing the Battlefield and Monument of Malplaquet.

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From the Journals and Letters of the Baroness T'Serclaes and Mairi Chisholm. 6s. net. (Black.)

When the war is ended and all the tales are told, it is highly unlikely that any of them can surpass, or many match the story of Mrs. Knocker and Miss Chisholm, who joined the Belgian Army almost at the beginning of the fighting. At first they did mainly ambulance work, varying it by acting as chauffeurs when necessary, doing anything useful that came up. On one occasion Mrs. Knocker actually took single-handed charge of five able-bodied German prisoners and fetched them back to headquarters. Later they of themselves and unsupported established a post in the very fighting line, and there they received the wounded direct from the trenches, for the first help and dressing, they made cocoa and soup for the frozen and wearied soldiers who crowded in for it, they carried steaming cans of these hot drinks out to the trenches and outposts, they lived in every discomfort, they toiled against every disadvantage, they kept their individualities clear and distinct and cheerful through all, through superhuman toil, through incessant danger, through almost heartbreaking difficulties. And they had a little of their reward, though there is no real reward for souls like this. It was not the gratitude and love of the whole Belgian Army, the admiration and devotion of their own division, the honour paid them by the King of the Belgians who made them both Chevaliers of the Order of Leopold II. None of these things was their truest, proudest distinction; but when in March, 1915, a very stern decree was passed by the allied armies at Paris to the effect that no women should be allowed in the firing line, an exception was made expressly in favour of these two, mentioned by name. There was the greatest honour that could be paid them. This book, made from their letters and diaries, is beyond praise. It sings from beginning to end, a noble lyrical epic of courage, genius, hope, faith, joy, splendour. The tale is enchanting, the telling is noble. And all royalties go to supply funds for the work they are still carrying on.



From The Cellar House at Pervyse (*Black*). The Cellar House from the Back.



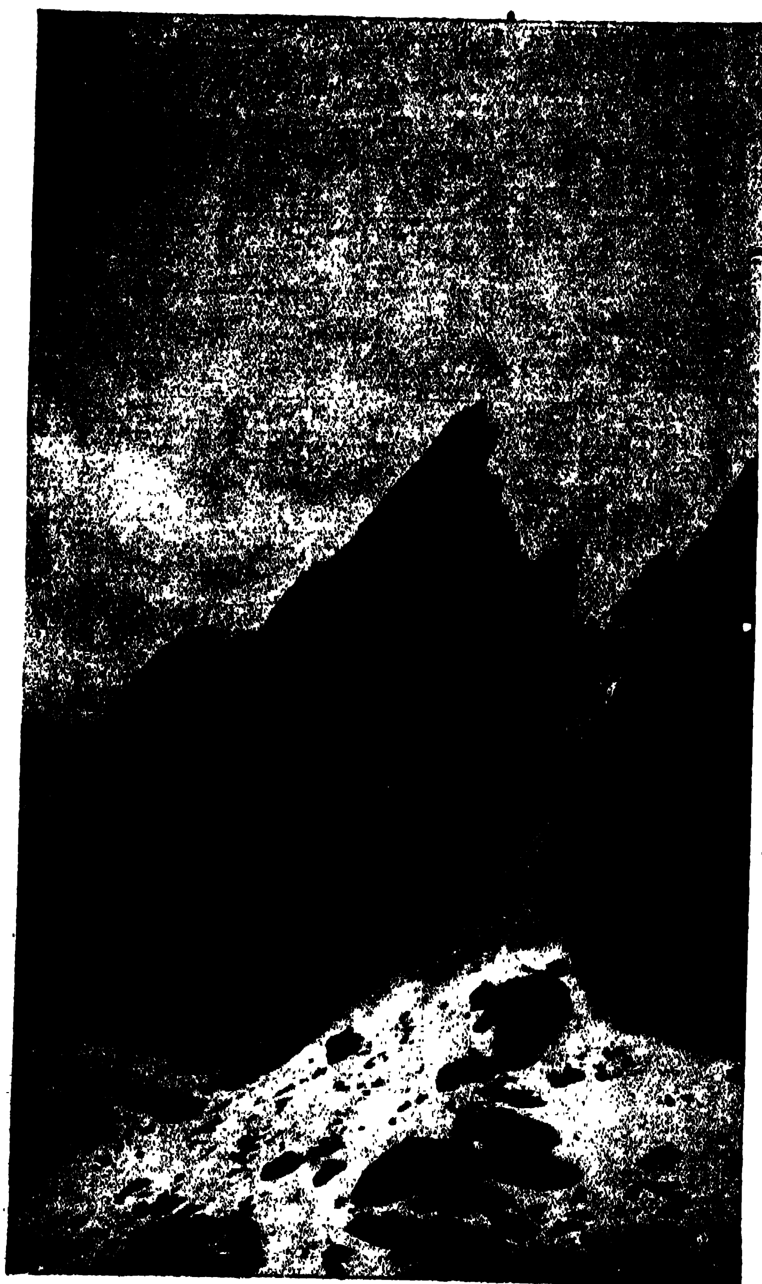
From Zoe Thomson of Bishopthorpe and Her Friends (*John Murray*).

ZOE THOMSON IN HER DRAWING ROOM AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

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By E. C. Rickards. With a Preface by Basil Thompson. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

"She was born to shine." In these few words is summed up the life of Zoe Thompson. Born in Athens in the early years of the last century, she was brought to England at the age of fifteen. She was sent to Oxford, and there fell in love with, and eventually married, William Thompson, who soon became Provost of Queen's College, and, later, Archbishop of York. A woman of singular beauty and distinction, she was full of a large charity; and her manifold attractions, allied with those of her husband, won favour with many of the leading men and women of the time in the political, literary and artistic worlds. Gladstone and Disraeli, Dickens and Thackeray, and a host of others hardly less famous, were among her friends; and if, in this sympathetic memoir, there is nothing particularly new about any of them, the volume makes very pleasant reading, and who will not be glad to escape from the turmoils of the present and to live for an hour or two in those "palmy" Victorian days about which now there seems to hover so strange a happiness and calm?



From By the Waters of Africa (*Robert Scott*).

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

BY THE WATERS OF AFRICA.

By Norma Lorimer. With Introduction by Douglas Sladen. 10s. 6d. net. (Scott.)

The successful issue of the war in East Africa has brought the country covered by Miss Lorimer's latest volume very much before the eyes of the public, and her vivid descriptions of this fascinating region hold the reader's attention from first to last.

THE CRIMSON GARDENIA.

By Rex Beach. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Romance under semi-tropical skies, strenuous adventures in the wild places of the earth, and rather more than a spice of lawlessness are always attractive when deftly handled. Few present-day writers can excel Mr. Rex Beach in making the most of such material, and in the eleven extremely clever short stories which are included in this volume his admirers will find such characteristic backgrounds as New Orleans during the gay *mardi gras* carnival, Hayti in revolution against the whites and half-breeds, and the gaunt, lone North-West. Master of his art Mr. Rex Beach causes our pulses to beat faster with excitement as we read the account of how Roland Van Dam found love and almost lost his life during the Creole festival, of how Floreal avenged himself upon General Laguerre, of how Captain Inocencio stole one of the women of San Blas, and of how McGill regained his wife and child. It may be captious to suggest that these stories suffer from the violence which dominates them, but surely in these days of gloom readers have a right to pleasant fare, to a glimpse of sunshine through the rifts in the dark clouds.



From The Grand Fleet (*Jenkins*). SUBMARINE E8.

THE HUMAN TRAGEDY.

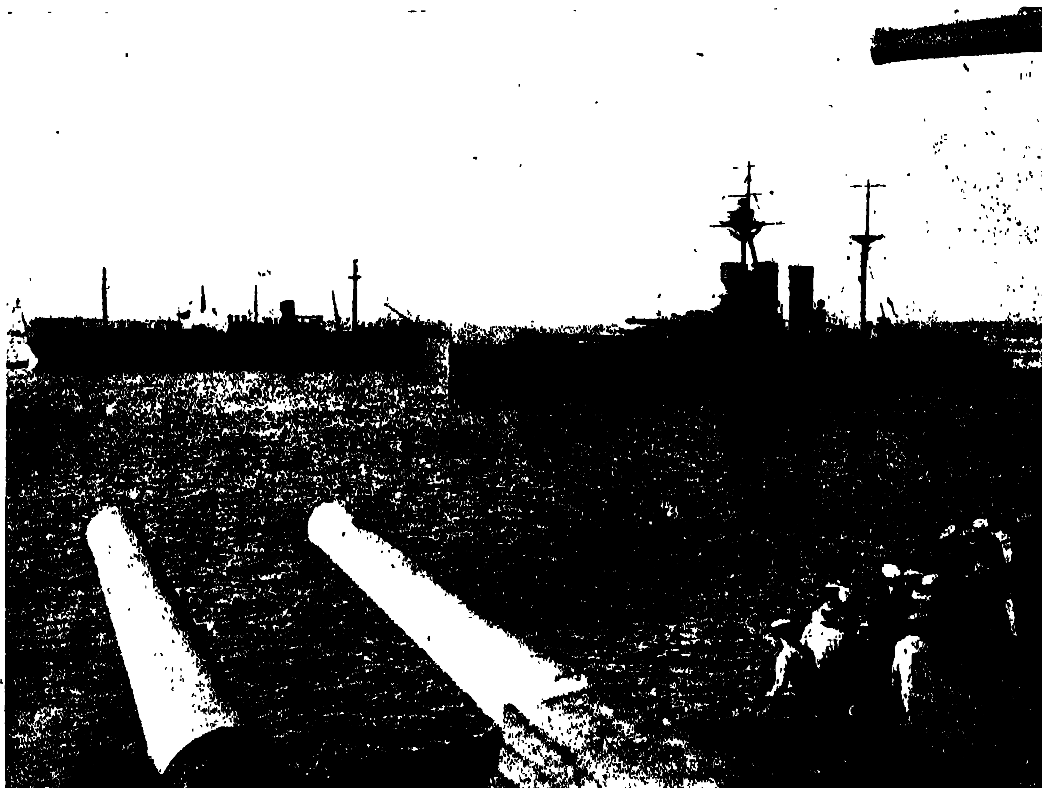
By ANATOLE FRANCE. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by MICHEL SEVIER. Crown 4to. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

This extraordinarily beautiful book is likely, for the truly discerning connoisseur, to prove the picture book of the season. The strange tale of the lowly, simple-minded Fra Giovanni, true disciple of St. Francis and of Jesus, so subtly told by Anatole France, has found a noble and harmonious interpretation and transfusing in the sixteen drawings of Mr. Sevier. At first sight the pictures do not immediately seize one with facile pleasure, they are arresting but not suddenly lovable, they make a demand upon eye and intellect alike. But that only means that they are not what is at once expected from a book of colour illustrations. They are full of that much miscalled quality and power, originality. Their austere beauty of design, the rhythm of composition, the pattering of colours restrained yet sumptuous, and both cool and bright are not to be comprehended all in a moment, one must discover in one's own mind what is meant, and bring oneself into touch and harmony with it, must accept what is given rather than find banality of prettiness. For this is beauty, beauty of intellect as well as sensuous beauty of colour and shaping. One specimen alone is not enough to judge by, the book is a unity, from the charming cover through the prose of Anatole France, to the sixteen grave, restful, illuminating drawings. They are not all equally good. For example, the Seraphic Doctor is infinitely beyond his fellow the Subtle Doctor. The life and diversity of the crowd in "The Friends of Order" is admirable, and the tenderness and delicacy of "The Truth," a girl descending a wide stair with six figures grouped on the top of it, are exquisite. The feeling for mediæval architecture is simpler and sweeter and more right than anything in Lalau, and Mr. Lane may be congratulated on adding another to his illustrious line of Bodley Head artists. The originals of these drawings must be exceedingly beautiful in colour, since the reproductions are so good for the most part: it is to be hoped that an opportunity may be had of seeing them on exhibition. Mr. Sevier's work is worth following.

THE GRAND FLEET.

By H. C. FERRABY. With 9 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Mr. Ferraby's little book is concerned with "what the Navy does and how it does it." It is not intended for the naval expert, but is a simple primer of naval knowledge, explaining in the easiest possible way the elementary facts concerning the ships that compose the Fleet, their duties in battle and out of it, and the respective "military significance" of each class. It should help the ordinary land-using citizen to understand these simple primary rudiments of knowledge about the fighting forces at sea, the difference between Dreadnought and pre-Dreadnought, why a battle-cruiser is what she is and not a battleship, what torpedo-boat destroyers do and can do, how the Navy lives, is manned and handled, what is meant by a squadron and a flotilla, what line ahead and line of bearing and columns of line ahead mean. Without some such simple knowledge a naval despatch is intricate, bewildering, meaningless, with it despatches such as Jellicoe's after the Battle of Jutland become intelligible. The book is worth buying if only to be a key to that masterly account of the greatest skirmish that ever befell on any sea.



From The Navy in Battle (*Chatto & Windus*). THE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT



FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE



Illustration on the wrapper of W. W. Jacob's new Novel "The Castaways" (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE CASTAWAYS.

THE GIRL WHO GOT OUT.

By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Stella Peniston is commissioned by her dying father to make a man out of a worm. Not an easy commission, for Stanley Everitt is a work-shy "waster" and philanderer of the most invertebraté order. However, Stella gives him a piece of her mind, and with it some excellent advice, albeit she talks more like an emigration pamphlet than a human being: "Go to Canada and get out of it. . . . I am told it is a large, beautiful, bountiful land where men must prove themselves to be men if they wish to make their way; a country of vast forests, great mountain ranges, the oldest in the world, rolling prairies and still-bosomed lakes where the cry of the loon makes weird music beneath the blue sky. You have been cramped and dwarfed here, have allowed yourself to be stunted by your environment, by the petty round of everyday useless things. . . ." And so on, with the result that not only does Stanley "get out and get on," but Stella, acting up to her preaching, does likewise. The path is made easier by those good-natured homely folk who are becoming Mr. Burgin's particular pets, and by a kindly millionaire who hovers like a beneficent fairy in the background. As a love story "The Girl Who Got Out" has puzzling moments. The reader will be piqued, perhaps irritated, certainly misled, by the spectacle in Chapter III. of a girl "giving her lips," without any encouragement, to the man whom we have just been told she so despises that she would never marry him even if he were the last man in the world. But you must read it and solve the mystery for yourself. For the rest, the story and the humour of it is typical Burgin at his best.



Illustration on the wrapper of "Sapper's" latest Book "Men, Women and Guns" (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE GIRL PHILIPPA.

By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Appleton.)

Mr. Robert W. Chambers can always be relied upon to give his readers an up-to-date and romantic story, and in "The Girl Philippa" he has, as usual, deftly blent the elements of romance and adventure. The characters are an English officer, an American artist, a Sister of Charity, and the very charming heroine, Philippa, a vivacious French girl, whose origin is wrapped in mystery. The English officer is engaged in secret service work at the outbreak of war, and, while in France, is aided by the American, to whom the centre of dramatic interest is shifted, and with whom the dramatic interest remains till the happy ending with Philippa. The story somewhat lacks grip, but perhaps this is because of the very facility with which the author handles Armaggedon, and his tendency to treat too easily the picturesque aspects of the opening acts of a world drama which has tumbled Europe into ruins, and revealed the white beauty of the soul of France.



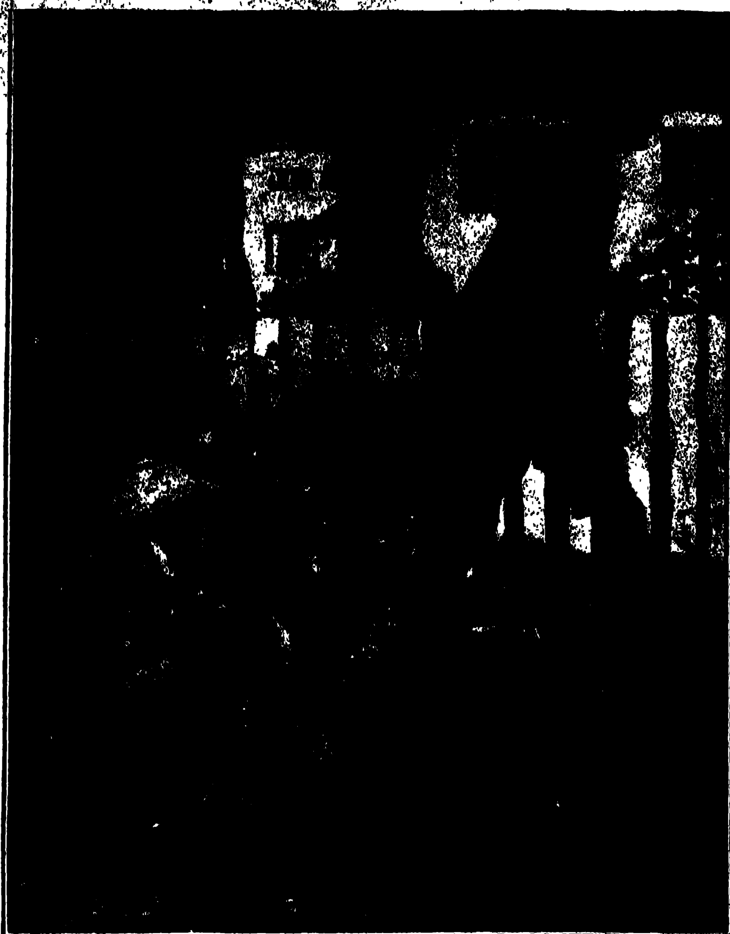
From The Girl Philippa (*Appleton*).

"'I CAN EMPLOY YOU AS A MODEL,' HE SAID."

THE GUN-RUNNERS.

By W. D. Fordyce. Illustrated in Colours. 3s. (Nelson.)

Percy Alden, the son of the British Resident in Penang, was very naturally sent home to an English school, and very naturally made good friends there, one of whom, Cecil Brinscombe, went out to Penang on leaving school to join the police force. In due time Percy also went East, and on the way chummed with a young gentleman of His Majesty's Royal Navy, by name Hollands. On board also was a sinister Dutchman, who turned out to be a notorious gun runner, and when Percy got to Penang, he found Richellmann skulking there, hand in glove with the De Souzas, the younger of whom had been at Felton with Percy and Cecil. Luck and sharp wits soon established a connection between the Dutchman and Eurasian and certain gun running to a rebel Sumatran tribe, and with no little trouble and some danger to Percy the matter came to a head, and plans were made to frustrate the gun runners. But Percy was kidnapped, and sent off to Sumatra in the rifle laden ship, to be a hostage for the Dutchman, for the Sumatran tribe would gladly torture the Resident's son to death if Richellmann was captured. But it is a cardinal maxim for the conduct of life for those who are likely to engage in adventure in the far corners of the earth: *make friends with a British middy.* For just in time Hollands' ship turned up and saved Percy, the guns were taken and so later was Richellmann, who thinking he was betrayed, in the moment of capture shot young De Souza dead. And so the way was clear for Percy—to get into another adventure, but we know nothing of it, for the story ends there.



From The Gun Runners (*Nelson*).

"The man stole forward and disappeared into the surrounding gloom."



From The Bright Eyes of Danger (*Chambers*).
Recently reviewed in The Bookman.

"His face turned slightly from me (trouble in his eyes, I thought)."

THE GRIZZLY.

By James Oliver Curwood. 6s. (Cassell.)

A man may have more than one hobby, but there are some hobbies that refuse to march in pairs. For example, it is not easy to imagine a boy dividing his spare time between plying an active catapult and feeding the gulls on the Embankment. And there would be something equally incongruous in the spectacle of a man killing bears for a hobby and at the same time writing sympathetic studies of bear life. By a frank and disarming confession in the preface to his new animal story, Mr. James Oliver Curwood escapes this incongruity and effectually dispels any suspicion of insincerity. Whatever joy it may once have yielded, killing for the excitement of killing he now regards as little less than murder, and this book is written in the hope that it may "make others feel that the greatest thrill of the hunt is not in killing but in letting live." One has only to read a few chapters in the life of Tyr, the giant grizzly and of Muskwa, the baby tan-faced cub, to know that this change of heart is real and not superficial. Much patient and affectionate observation has gone to the making of this book, and the result is a story that appeals to novel-reader and nature-lover alike.



Mr. Silas Hocking,
whose new novel "The Beautiful Alien" Messrs. Sampson Low [illegible] are publishing.



From The Girl Philippa (*Appleton*).

"ANYWHERE ALONE WITH YOU IN THE WORLD WOULD BE A SUFFICIENT PURPOSE IN LIFE FOR ME."

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. With 8 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In the wilds of Central Africa lies the country of M'Tela, a powerful chieftain who owes allegiance to none of the great European nations. His friendship is desired alike by the British and German Governments, the latter, it turns out, having a plan for attacking British territory by an advance through his country —for the time of the story is just previous to the war. Rival expeditions are sent out, the British being in the charge of one Culbertson, better known in Africa as Kingozi. He is unaware of the steps that the Germans are taking in the matter, or of the delay that has attended the fitting-out of their expedition. Accordingly he is unsuspecting of evil when he is overtaken by a mysterious and beautiful Hungarian baroness, whose duty it is to delay him in his march. The relations between Kingozi and the Leopard Woman afford the reader excitement, intrigue, and romance—for theirs is a pretty love-story of more than ordinary complications. "The Leopard Woman" is, in fact, an unusual and highly attractive variant on the usual novel of "international intrigue," and, written by an author who knows his business, it will afford interest and thrills even to the most *blasé* of readers.

THE BATHING-MAN.

By AGNES GWYNNE. 6s. (Lane.)

Jack Saxsonham is one of those unfortunate people who cannot pass examinations. This has brought him into trouble with his father, trouble by which his shady younger brother benefits, for, when the latter takes some money belonging to the old man, it is Jack who is thrown out of the house with contumely. Jack's one accomplishment comes in usefully now. He can speak Italian like a native, and when he elects to disappear and to become *bagnino* at a seaside resort on the Gulf of Genoa he becomes untraceable. His adventures in that capacity, and in those of waiter and — eventually—secretary to a Cardinal Archbishop are described by the author with sympathy and a gentle humour that is one of the main attractions of this novel. This, the Italian "atmosphere," and some clever character sketches, go to the making of a very pleasant and readable—if not particularly exciting—novel.

THE CORRECT THING.

By A. GOWANS WHYTE. 5s. net. (Grafton.)

"'A perfect pair!' sighed Mrs. Turnbull-Syms as they disappeared within the porch." This at the opening of the story. At the finish, the average reader, better informed than Mrs. Turnbull-Syms, will sigh, "How on earth did they come to get married!" For Dr Leonard Stephen and his beautiful bride Norah have hardly left the church before the first difference of opinion between the "perfect pair" arises and develops into a crisis — and a separation. The problem then resolves into this: Should a woman, separated from her husband and secretly in love with another man, expect her husband to remain faithful till death? How this problem is solved to the satisfaction of all parties is unfolded in a story which moves mostly in bohemian Chelsea, has many tense moments, and is distinguished by some clever characterisation.



From The Leopard Woman. By Stewart Edward White (*Hodder and Stoughton*).

From a painting by A. C. Michael.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

A Romance of the Great War.
By Louis Tracy. 3s. 6d. net.
(Chambers.)

Mr. Louis Tracy's new romance concerns the remarkable adventures of a British officer who left Berlin on August 3rd, 1914, and of the lady who, in strange fashion, became his travelling companion and sharer in his extraordinary perils. Again and again things seemed to be absolutely hopeless for Captain Dalroy, but again and again his courage and cool resourcefulness and the assistance of the Belgians and others got him out of the tightest of tight corners. Though he left Berlin under the highest auspices, he was denounced and arrested before reaching the Belgian frontier, but by a ready coup made good his escape and that of the fair Irene. But in Belgium, from the moment that they were flung from the corn wagon on which they were travelling, until they fell in with a small party of British soldiers and finally reached safety, they had a succession of thrilling adventures. Mr. Tracy gives some vivid pictures of the way in which "frightfulness" did its fell work in Belgium, by way of background to the personal adventures of his hero and heroine, and his story will be found full of living interest, and of well-devised hairbreadth escapes. It is a spirited narrative, and one in which the reader with a taste for thrilling episodes will find hearty—if sometimes grim—enjoyment.



From Day of Wrath (*Chambers*). COVER DESIGN.



From Pincher Martin, O.D. (*Chambers*). COVER DESIGN.

CRUCIFIXION.

By Newman Flower. 3s. 6d.
(Cassell.)

The story begins well, the reader being at once arrested by the personality of Guilda Lois, a beautiful and famous actress in the 'nineties. She is skilfully drawn, her queer temperament making the dramatic events that follow rapidly on each other's heels, in the first part of the story, seem vividly real. As the story proceeds it becomes melodramatic at times, and loses something of its reality, the War casting its shadow over the close. The story of Guilda is the ever-old, ever-new story of the heartless coquette, who, one day, falls desperately in love, and is willing to renounce the world, her career, and reputation—for love's sake. Guilda does this—and, in consequence, is crucified. The book is uncommonly interesting and ably written, despite its occasional melodrama.

THE AFFAIR ON THE ISLAND.

By H. B. Marriott Watson. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

Erico is an island in the upper reaches of the Amazon River, owned by an almost bankrupt British trading company. It is under the charge of Ackroyd and Haverford, an Englishman and an American respectively. To them come almost simultaneously the news of an outbreak of piracy on a neighbouring tributary, and a party of rich Americans on a pleasure yacht. The latter at once go in pursuit of the pirates, leaving behind them, thanks to the rather clumsy diplomacy of Ackroyd, the beautiful Yolande. It is as well that they did so, for they are attacked and held to ransom by the "pirates," whose rising has taken on the character of a revolution against the Brazilian Government. That is the beginning of a really stirring story of adventure and love, which, in the hands of so skilful and inventive a writer as Mr. Marriott Watson, never for an instant loses its hold upon the reader's imagination. "The Affair on the Island" is a most excellent book of its kind, and we very much doubt whether anything else as exciting will be published this Christmas. It is an ideal present for the men in the trenches.



From Jack and Tommy (*Grant Richards*). The Staff.

COUNT RAVEN.

By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

It comes rather as a surprise to find Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle writing a story about a German spy and his machinations before and during the first stages of the war. Count Raven, indeed, is not an unusual figure in the latest fiction — apparently a charming and polished man of the world, in reality a bully and a liar. But you can at least credit him with the ability to play his cards cleverly. Otherwise he would never have prevailed upon the beautiful Rose Mohun to marry him—however serious her misunderstanding with her rather thick-headed English lover, Lord Medmenham. And it is precisely this marriage which affords the authors an opportunity for the introduction of a swift and effective little drama, which makes an excellent foil to the vapourings of "smart" society and their more leisurely progress at the beginning of the book. "Count Raven," in fact, will give you pleasant amusement for an hour or two, and, while you may be a trifle disappointed to find Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle writing this sort of novel, you will not be surprised to find that they can do it quite as well as anybody else.

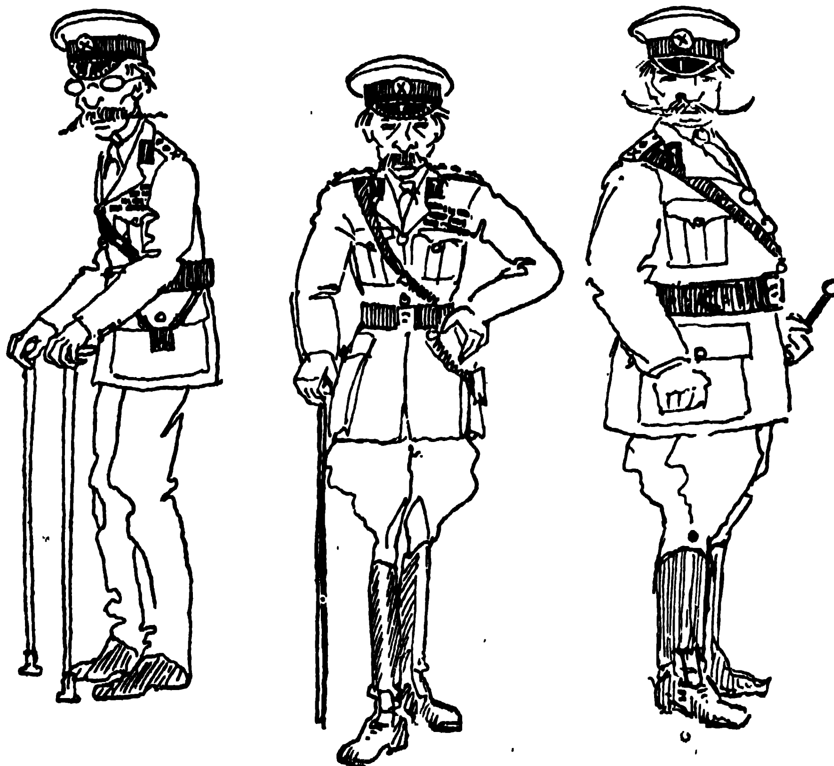
THE HUN HUNTERS.

2s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

These cautionary tales from the trenches have met with such favour that they are already in a third edition. The opening lines disarm the carping critic who might raise objections to verses of a jesting nature being written about those who are doing their "bit" at the front, by assuring all and sundry that the writers of the book themselves

> ". . . have been there too
> And learnt the rule they act upon:
> Laugh at yourself, and 'Carry On.'"

Both drawings and rhymes are delightfully droll from the melancholy story of Sergeant Tombs "who used to play about with bombs," and whose passion for experiment led him to destruction, to the "Happy Story to End Up with, which shows How Good Little Boys who are Polite to their Uncles get Staff Appointments, and Live to a Ripe old Age."



From The Hun Hunters: Cautionary Tales from the Trenches (*Grant Richards*).

"Generals are chosen, I am told, for being very, very old."

A DIARY OF THE GREAT WARR.

By Samuel Pepys, Junr., Illustrated by M. Watson Williams. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

It was a very happy idea, this, of recording the progress of the great war in the gossipy, unique style that has made Pepys' Diary one of the most delightful as well as one of the most historically valuable diaries ever kept; and the anonymous author of this book has carried out the idea with the most complete success. He affects to be a descendant of the great Pepys and would seem to have inherited along with the same peculiarities of literary expression the same weaknesses of character that distinguished his ancestor. He is much given to philandering, and has occasional trouble with his wife; he is insatiably curious, especially in the small things of everyday life; his vanity is irrepressible; he is careful over money and inclined to be niggardly except when he is spending it on himself, but even for himself if he can get a free seat at the theatre or a lunch at the cost of a friend he hugs himself joyously over the shillings saved. The whole character of the man grows upon you from the reports of his own doings and thinkings with an amazing vividness; his conceit, his meanness, his inquisitiveness and his delicious humour are all made to seem as unconscious as were Pepys' own, and it is its apparent unconsciousness that is half the fun of his humour. Beginning in July, 1914, he chatters of his home affairs, his friends, and the happenings in the world around him, and presently gives a full account of where he went and what he did, from being up betimes in the morning and having "plaguy trouble with our Ermyntrude," the servant, who was "in tears for fear of the warr" and wanted to go home to her mother, to his going to see Arnold Bennett's "Great Adventure" at "the Kingsway playhouse" in the evening, then coming out and passing through the crowds in Trafalgar Square to learn "at the Club news that the Germans will not have our terms, and their soldiers already in Belgium. So the warr is begun for us at last." Thereafter, in the same intimate, familiar fashion he follows its course, making the most of all the impossible rumours and of the stories of spies and squabbles of newspapers and politicians down to the end of December, 1915. But through it all runs the story of his own private life; his amours, his domestic troubles, his resolves to economise, which usually take the form of cutting down his wife's allowances and the luxuries of his servants; his visits to friends in the country, dinings with friends in town, and the talk that passes between them on current affairs. It is impossible in a review to convey any adequate idea of the fascination of the book. There is no other war book like it; one reads it with continual amusement, and only hopes it will be continued in a second volume and, if the war lasts long enough, in a third. It is one of those good things of which we cannot have too much.



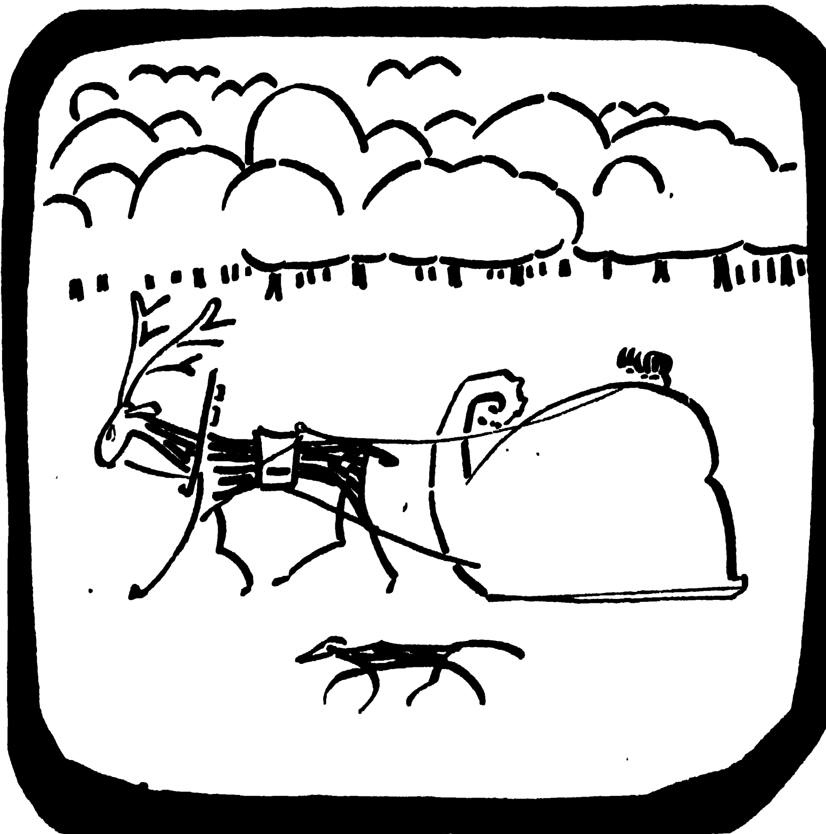
From A Diary of the Great Warr. By Saml. Pepys Junr. (*John Lane*).

"Cook being unbearably puffed up of her Lieutenant."

THE GREY SHEPHERD.

By J. E. Buckrose. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The sub-title is, "The Growth of a Legend," and the story is a Christmas idyll of country-life in England. It is not exactly like the earlier novels of this authoress; she has struck out a fresh path, but she makes it pleasant wayfaring for her readers, and it goes without saying that the book is daintily written. Wyman the shepherd is the central figure; his chivalrous love and his dogs fill most of the pages. Cicely was never to be his; she married, and went away from him and his flute. "Perhaps she would be an ambassadress some day; yet she would surely go through the great world with the fresh heart of a girl, because she had once loved a shepherd enough to give the world up for him. In this is the reward of all those who have known true love—that their hearts can never grow old." Wyman has his dog, however, and a dog is a great consolation to those who must live open-air lives. The authoress has written out of these slight materials a little tale which carries an appeal of its own. It is charged with emotion, but not too heavily charged; the pathos is not overdone, and although the end is not marriage-bells, the book leaves a serene impression on the reader's mind. Kindness, unselfishness, and a healthy delight in the fresh air, characterise the pages of this idyll; it is a seasonable volume, and alive with genuine feeling.



From Twelve Occupations (*Elkin Mathews*).

Sledges and Skates.

FLOWER OF THE GORSE.

By Louis Tracy. 6s. (Cassell.)

Nothing to do with war, this tale of Pont Aven and an intrigue which runs on well-oiled wheels along well-worn rutted roads. Hero and villain and beautiful maidens, principal and subordinate, a storm, a wreck, a rescue by a presumed widower of the wife who had long ago deserted him, leaving him with a baby girl now grown up into the heroine, Yvonne, set the tale going and keep it running. The absconding wife had divorced her husband by American law, then married a millionaire who was killed in the wreck leaving her his heiress. But there was a wicked nephew, and a wicked secretary, one dispossessed, the other ambitious. And the lady's divorce was purely American. Therefore the problem: was she still Mrs. Ingersoll, and was her marriage with Carmac the millionaire bigamous? If so, then the money must fall to the wicked nephew, and the lady was in peril of indictment for bigamy. And the wicked secretary embarked on blackmail. If Yvonne would marry him he would never split, and then the Carmac millions would devolve on Yvonne and so fall into his power. If not, well there you are. Of course evil was scotched, and all ended well. Skilfully constructed, without any strong character delineation, but enough distinctness and differentiation to keep the people of the tale from seeming puppet-like generalities, the story is quite a successful one of its entertaining kind.



From Papa, Mamma and Baby (*Grafton*). COVER DESIGN.



From Burlesques (*Duckworth*). "GARÇON."

BURLESQUES.

By H.M. Bateman. 2s. 6d. (Duckworth).

To Mr. Bateman men and women are a perpetual garden of delight, yielding endless vistas of side-splitting laughter. They are the funniest things that grow, and with a little intensive culture he makes them funnier still. He is an artist in types; he revels in types, and the Bateman type is the super-type. Evolution can go no further. Take for example his caricatures of Hotel Hogs. The potter-about-the-hall-all-day-and-watch-the-new-arrivals person is the last of his race, in other words, "the limit." So also his conception of the grumble-at-the-food-and-everything-else person. By no effort of the imagination could this terrible person be made more terrible in the eyes of the cringing waiter. Even the trials and terrors of the war seem things of little moment compared with Mr. Bateman's studies of a respectable middle-aged gentleman wearing a new vest for the first time. Revue artistes, platonic parsons, plumbers, dancers, barbers, musicians, country cousins, London clubmen—all, all are here, the old familiar faces, disporting their eccentricities for our delectation.

"CATS: NOT BY LOUIS WAIN."

2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth).

The sharp reservation in a title like "Cats: not by Louis Wain" is in itself a compliment and an admission that Mr. Wain has made his kingdom nearly all his own. But there is a pleasant audacity also in the title, and anonymity could hardly take a more individual or inviting form. As a matter of fact the book, though it has feline touches in plenty, only deals with the metaphoric variety, and is social and satirical in its nature. By the means of italics, quick and clever parentheses, a paragraphic and epigrammatic style, and a quick zigzag of fancy and allusion, the author gives the exact effect of piquant and rapid conversation; and though many readers may prefer a snack or two at a time, we have read the book through at a sitting and enjoyed every page with not only a complete absence of that nausea which too often attends a bout of cynicism like this, but with a positive enjoyment and appreciation. Here for instance, is a neat and typical mot: "If a man tells a woman she looks young, it is a compliment to her face. If a woman tells a man he looks young, it is an insult to his conversation." Here is another, exalting a mere pun into a clever point: "Many women who stare at their looking-glass have very little cause for reflection." We have a pretty shrewd supposition as to the author, but it does not matter. The play of wit is the thing, and here it is presented in a candid and inimitable form that should commend it everywhere.

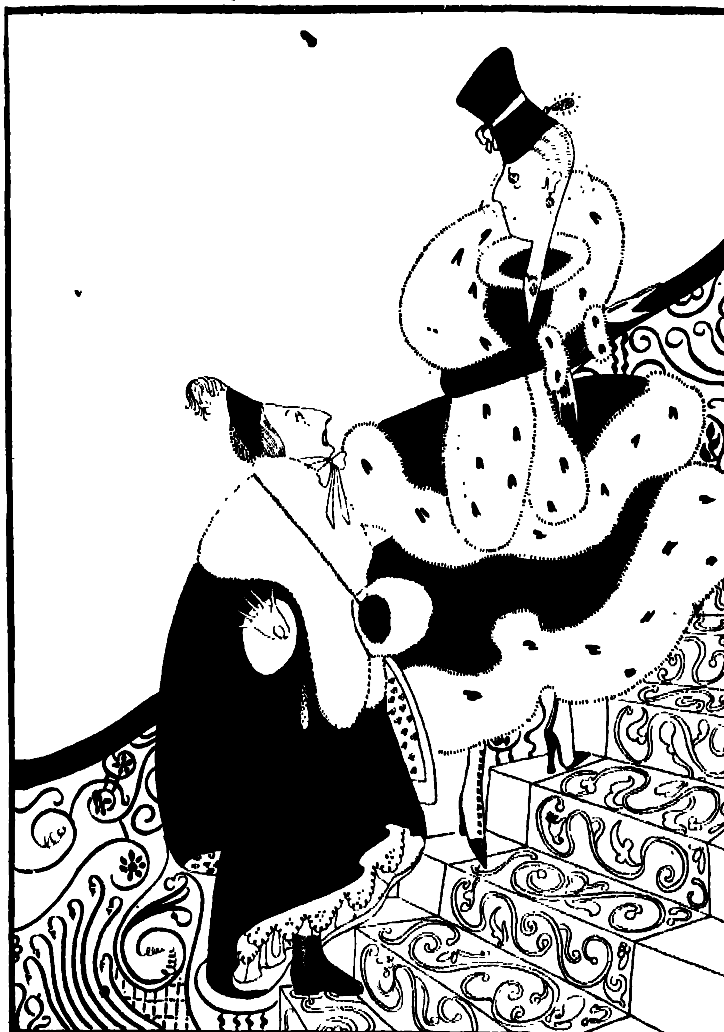


From Cats—not by Louis Wain (*Duckworth*).

WAR PHASES ACCORDING TO MARIA.

By Mrs. John Lane. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

What Mr. Dooley is, or was, among the middle and lower-class people of Archery Street, Maria is among the fashionable upper-middle classes of London's West End who are always hovering anxiously on the borders of the quite upper circles and struggling to make a way into them. Dooley is a philosopher, and Maria is not, but their comments on life and things in general are, in widely different styles, equally illuminating. Maria will utter an opinion, or record an incident frivolously, fatuously, and her comment or narration is the more bitingly true of some social folly, affectation or humbug of the passing hour because she utters it with no intention of being satirical. She is exactly the sort of fussy, fluffy, silly woman one meets in many drawing-rooms, but if all the others were as unconsciously witty and amusing as she is one would gladly go out of the way to meet them oftener. In "War Phases" you have her dealing with such matters as Zeppelin dangers, submarines, the new equality, the political outlook, war economy and "on doing something." She has a horrid surprise, for instance, on opening the paper one day to find in it the portrait of her rival for notoriety, Mrs. Dill-Binkie. She is posed in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse, but, "I know all about it," Maria added mysteriously. "I know she had to wait three months for her uniform, for Lucille was so rushed making uniforms for duchesses who simply wouldn't wait they were in such a tearing hurry to start nursing. But, as soon as she got her uniform, she did hurry up!" and Maria offered Mrs. Dill-Binkie the tribute of her admiration. "For she had to board out Mr. Dill-Binkie before she could turn her house into a rest-cure for convalescent officers, the kind that need the comforts of home and are well enough to play bridge. . . . I met her in Piccadilly and she told me now that her uniform was ready she



From War Phases According to Maria (*John Lane*).

MARIA AND THE DUCHESS.

was, and she'd already had one convalescent with golden curls but he was off in two days—cured. As if I didn't know better!" And Maria sniffed. She goes on to talk of the way the photographers were encouraged, of the jealousy of the amateur assistant nurses who were always photographed from left to right and never had the middle place because Mrs. Dill-Pinkie always took that, and always insisted on having the pick of the convalescents, so as to wash their faces and comb their hair. She even reports that the golden-haired one had run away in the night in his pyjamas leaving a note to say he was homesick for the trenches. There is no tonic like laughter for such days as these, and the sparkling, lively, irresponsible humour of "War Phases" is one of the best tonics of the kind to be had.



From The Way of an Eagle (*Fisher Unwin*).

"'CURSE YOU! DIE!' SHE HEARD HIM SAY, AND HIS VOICE SOUNDED LIKE THE SNARL OF A WILD BEAST."

ECHOES OF FLANDERS.

By CHARLES L. WARR. 5s. net. (Simpkin.)

Those who were fortunate enough to read that fine war book "The Unseen Host" will be glad of this new volume which comes from the same pen. Very few writers can bring so vividly before their audience the dirt and danger, the grime and glory of war as it is waged in our day. And certainly no one can make us realise better the heroism of the boys "whose sacrifice it was that they were never to know the full, rich joys of these careless, blessed years between eighteen and twenty-four, they were called straight from school to bow their young heads in mortal anguish, to face such terrors and agony and slaughter as make the hardest veteran quail in horror, which rendered them old before their time, or cut off their bright happy lives in the dawn of youth and radiant promise." All the stories are equal in literary merit, and if preference has to be given it must be to "In the Morning it Flourisheth," "Tom Thumb," "The Sausage," and "The Island Trench." Mr. Warr can change his style as "The Dream Piper" proves. After reading these realistic sketches, one is able to form a pretty accurate idea of life and death on our front in the West.

THE WAY OF AN EAGLE.

By ETHEL M. DELL. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is a very attractive new edition of the brilliant romance of Indian life that, immediately on publication, gave its author a place among the most popular novelists of the day. Well printed on good paper, in an artistic white cover, and with twelve beautiful illustrations in colour by Mr. Edmund Blampied, this favourite novel bids fair to prove a first favourite among Christmas gift-books.



From The Breath of the Dragon (*Putnams*).



From The More Excellent Man (*Putnams*).



From Star of the North (*Putnams*).



Miss Odette Tchernine, whose remarkable first book "Thou Shalt Not Fall" is published by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

SALADS, SANDWICHES, AND CHAFING DISH RECIPES.

By Marion H. Neil. 4s. net. (Chambers.)

The authoress, who is an authority upon the subject, has produced many cookery books, and encouraged by their popularity believes that this extremely useful manual will be found of great value to the experienced as well as to the young housekeeper. In her preface she remarks that she has taken every care to make it a reliable guide, that the tested recipes embodied in her pages are the outcome of a careful system of selection in operation over the long period of twenty years, and that she has endeavoured to be explicit in her directions, even at the risk of repeating them more than once. Beautifully illustrated from excellent photographs the contents include chafing dish recipes, sandwich recipes, salads and general information thereon, salad accessories and how to prepare dressings. Those who desire to learn, or those who are interested in, the art of preparing dainty dishes in a few minutes will find full instructions and an endless variety of fare here. The explanations are simple, the details not overdone, and Miss Neil's monograph is on this account likely to become the right hand, philosopher and friend of the presiding genius of very many households.



From **Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes** (*Chambers*).



Mrs. Patrick MacGill, whose novel, "The Rose of Glenconnel," has just been published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

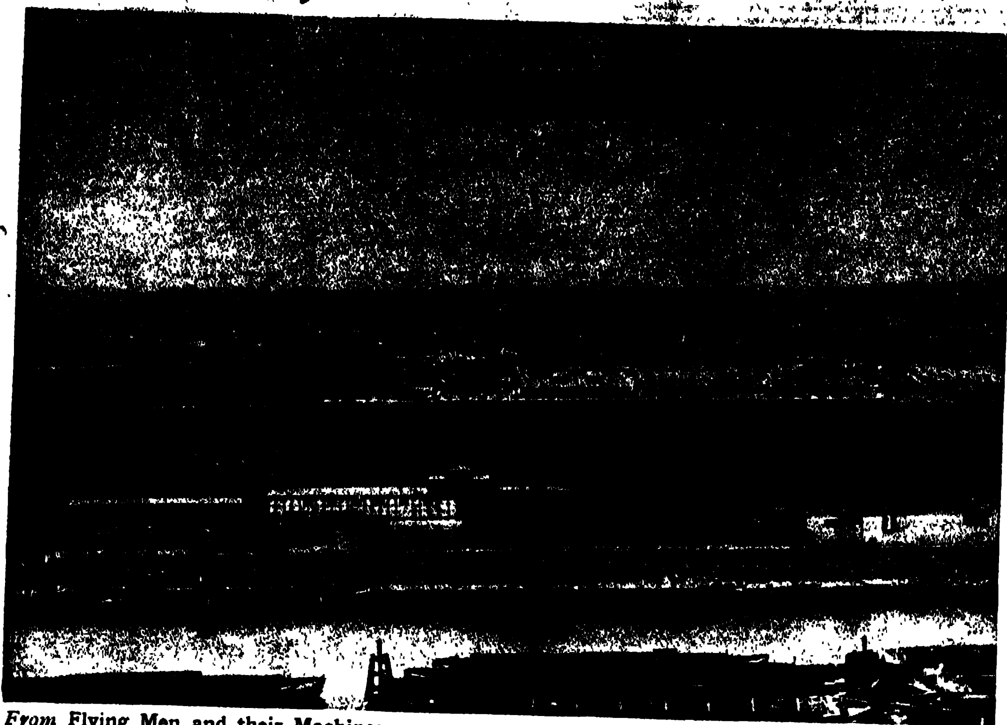
THE OLD BLOOD.

By Frederick Palmer. 5s. net. (Murray.)

In this skilfully-constructed novel, the War is used as the test, not only of a man's mettle and ancestry, but of the quality of a woman's love. The hero, a fine type of young American manhood, is loved in their own ways by two very differently gifted sisters. Henriette is beautiful and has a dowry, and the American falls an easy victim to her charms, leaving Helen, the ugly duckling, to find consolation in her crayons. Here, thinks Helen, is a way out. "It did not matter how plain she was. She might have a nose as big as a prize potato and yellow eyes and rat teeth. People were not going to look at her, but at her pictures. Her face need never hurt her again. She did not know that she had a face when she was drawing. She was young, with the long span of years stretching straight before her—straight, straight, like the great main roads of France! It was all clear—unless war came." But the war does come, and tears up all plans. Yielding to the call of "the old blood," the American plunges into the fiery furnace—to emerge a blind, deaf wreck, the result of shell-shock; and this unexpected turn of the plot leads, strangely enough, to a happy climax. The author's descriptive power is shown to advantage in the chapters—the most arresting and painful in the novel—recording the sensations of the blinded hero. With a plot that holds to the end and characters that interest consistently, "The Old Blood" deserves and is sure to be widely read.



Mr. Frederick Palmer.



From Flying Men and their Machines (*Dent*).

THE MAMMOTH ENEMY "SOMEWHERE" OVER GERMANY.



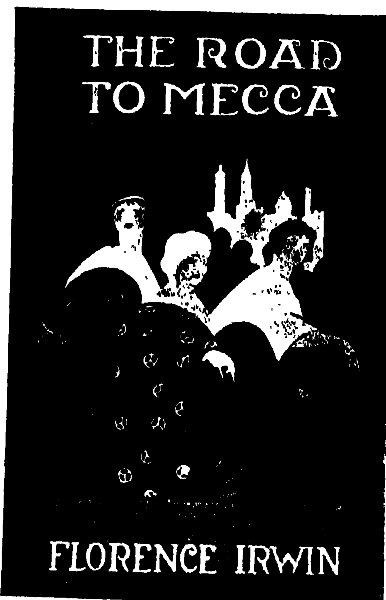
From The Quest of the Golden Valley (*Putnams*).

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FLYING MEN AND THEIR MACHINES.

By CLARENCE WINCHESTER. With 40 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Dent.)

If Mr. Winchester had had as much technical skill and knowledge in writing as in aeroplanes and airships, he would have made a more interesting thing of his book than he has done. As it is, copious, accurate and useful as his material is, he has not the remotest idea how to manage and arrange it. Everything goes down—plump. This is not as irrelevant a point as it might seem. For Mr. Winchester is addressing laymen, and a layman to the expert is as an uninstructed schoolboy to his master, and so Mr. Winchester's vagueness and looseness are apt to set us floundering. Still, he tells us some interesting things, and his book covers a large amount of ground. Most readers will be perhaps more alive to his accounts of the Zeppelins than to structural details about aeroplanes. Mr. Winchester does not underrate the danger of Zeppelin invasion, and emphasises the fact that an invasion is an invasion, whether it come from air, land or sea. Our immunity as an island has indeed, to some extent, been destroyed by means of the long-distant flight of "rigid dirigibles," and the author calls for an Air Board with a single and concentrated control over aeronautics. A good many of his suggestions have indeed been already carried out (*i.e.*, aeroplane flying by night), and his book does not cover the increased power of defence against Zeppelins manifested this autumn. For the rest, the book is occupied with the history of flying, the different kinds of machine, long-distance flights, bomb-dropping, and so forth. It would seem (and it does him much credit) that he is not altogether blind to the appalling consequences to humanity of the development of aircraft as engines of destruction in the future. Mr. Prevost Battersby indeed, foretells a time when they will reduce whole cities to ashes in a few minutes.



From The Road to Mecca (*Putnams*).

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From The Hygiene of School Life (*Methuen*).

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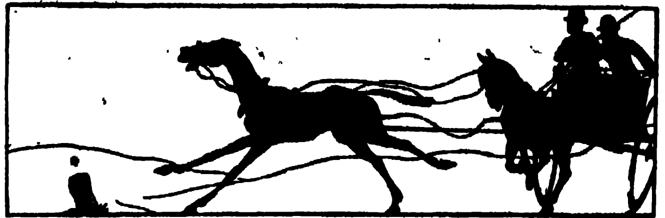
From Three Men and Troddles (*Newnes*). "'NO JOLLY FEAR,' REPLIED TRODDLES."

parents and all educationists. It is impossible to more than indicate its value or contents in the brief space at our command, but we would very warmly commend it to all whom it may concern as a *vade mecum* of health for scholars and young people, and as a remarkably interesting and able compilation of facts relating to the physical life of school children, and the advances that have been made in the study of hygiene as especially applied to them. The excellent tables, judicious illustrations, and clear exposition of the gospel of health make the book one that should be noted. One of the best chapters and most useful in the book is that upon the grouping and classification of school children. There is much wisdom in it, and it would profit most teachers to become intimately acquainted with the facts and suggestions it contains. The same thing may be said of the chapters upon the "Physical Condition of the Child," and "The School Building." The Appendices contain much useful information regarding Acts of Parliament dealing with education, circulars issued by the Board of Education, Reports, and other matter. A valuable and clearly expressed book upon an important subject.



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By FRANK HAMEL. 5s. net. (Grafton.)

Its vivid pictures of life not in the towns, but in the wilder parts of South Africa, and the story of a girl who goes out there to keep house for her brother and grows to love a man who is plausibly credited with possessing gruesome and uncanny powers of transforming himself into a wild animal make "Tiger-Wolves" an unusual and, in its eerie way, an unusually interesting story. "If we were in Ancient Egypt among the magicians," says the physician whom Grace Harrow consults as to the likelihood of the rumours concerning Ralph Anderson's grisly transformations, and as to how the weird "thing" identified as Ralph can be accounted for, "I should say it was an animal elemental, the concentrated thought-form projected by a powerful brain, but in the untutored, untrained mind of the savage or even of the elderly farmer—hardly." Hence, as the tiger-wolf, a human thing that runs on all fours, can be no emanation from the minds of those people among whom it was seen, he inclines to credit Ralph with the strange double personality, human and animal, that is said to belong to him, and urges Grace to return to England and see him no more. Even Ralph, believing the suspicions against himself and his family, and that this power is inherent in them and consciously or unconsciously exercised at times, insists that she should give him up, but her love and faith are not to be shaken, and in the end, after terrifying experiences, they are justified. The sort of tale that grips your imagination and keeps you reading. It is very well done.



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From The Food Garden
(*Headley*).

THE POTATO PATCH.

DARTMOOR DAYS WITH THE FOREST HUNT.

By J. H. W. KNIGHT-BRUCE. 6s. net. (Murray.)

In one of the chapters of this breezy, bracing, open-air story, Tom Withycombe, the huntsman, raises his glass to "Devon. The county that holds more hounds than any other." Whereat his convivial old Jan solemnly chimes in with "And none better than The Forest." Mr. Knight-Bruce has the same love and admiration for the famous hunt, and admirably does he reproduce the atmosphere and surroundings of the chase during many glorious runs over that wild portion of Dartmoor known by courtesy as The Forest. A perfect Master is James Argent, who sacrifices much to retain the family office, keen on his work, a great man with horses and hounds, and a diplomat when it comes to inducing the farmers to walk puppies. He stands out from the other characters a perfect representative of the best sporting type, a lover of nature rather than a slayer, one to whom the hard knocks and the risks are of more value than the mask. Unpretentious as regards plot, the slightness of the story is compensated for by the wealth of country character, by the descriptions of race meeting, horse dealing, and rugged scenery, by the variety of sporting lore, and in particular by all that pertains to the open and to the hunting of the fox.

THE FOOD GARDEN.

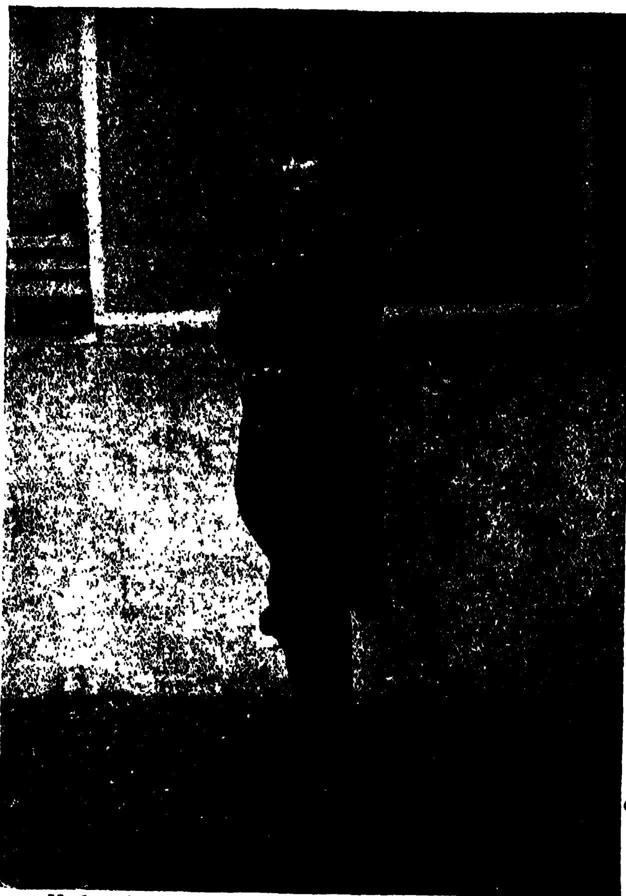
By W. F. ROWLES. 6s. net. (Headley.)

One outcome of the war has been to revive the soothing and profitable art of gardening, and the excellent results can be noted wherever there is space to rear a few vegetables. As Mr. Wilks remarks in a preface, the economic effects of the great struggle will be felt for years after peace is declared, and therefore a man can do no more valuable service to the State than to encourage and direct others how to increase the home-grown supply of food. This is the primary object which Mr. Rowles has kept in view, and always he remembers that he is writing for those who lack knowledge. In plain and non-technical language, he shows how to produce food in abundance from the small garden, how to organise the greenhouse and frame for food supply, and how to preserve food products from the garden. Each of these subjects is explained minutely, with the aid of diagrams, sketches, photographs, and infinite patience. No matter how ignorant the amateur may be, he will find it impossible to go wrong with this work before him. Handily got up, the indexing arrangements and the division of subjects make it possible for one to turn to any part in a second or two.



From Plants, Seeds, and Currents
(*Williams & Norgate*).

WEST INDIAN DRIFT SEEDS AND FRUITS OF THE KINDS BROUGHT BY THE CURRENTS TO THE SHORES OF EUROPE.



From Under the French Flag (*Robert Scott*). A BRITISH "POILU."

UNDER THE FRENCH FLAG.

A Britisher in the French Army. By M. MACDONALD. 3s. 6d. net. (Scott.)

The author of this book was resident in France when the war broke out, and promptly enlisted in a French battalion. His descriptions of life in the French Army are realistic and amusing.

DOING HIS "BIT."

A Story of the Present War. By TOM BEVAN. Illustrated in Colours. 3s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

Harold Kinglake was a young Englishman employed as mining engineer in the Andes, but when war was declared and the news reached him he started for England to take a man's part in the struggle. Quick as he was to answer the call his German chief had been a few days earlier, and left various traps for Kinglake on his journey across the continent. With the help of a Japanese foreman at the mine, Harold got safely through and reached London, where he made staunch friends in Major Bulmer and his pretty granddaughter. By the major's help he got a commission in a crack hussar regiment and in time found himself at the Western Front, where he had many exciting and useful experiences, among others finding his late chief, the German engineer, acting as a spy, with the proper sequel. He saw the battles for Ypres, and the first gas attack which the Canadians withstood so nobly. His life in the fighting line, and the adventures shared with his men are vividly told in a way that most clearly and powerfully presents the nature of to-day's fighting, and the book never travels outside almost historical accuracy of detail and incident.



From Tales of the Great War (*Longmans*). "BROUGHT BACK SOME PRISONERS."



From Doing his "Bit" (*Nelson*). HOLDING BY THE STIRRUP AND SPRINTING LIKE A DEER.

OBSTACLES.

By PARRY TRUSCOTT. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The heroine of "Obstacles" is a wealthy young lady who, in order to see whether she could live a life of comparative poverty (because the man she is in love with is poor), leaves her comfortable and luxurious home, gets a job in a munition factory, and takes lodgings — a cheap bed-sitting room. She is an only child, and her father, with whom she is great chums, meets her every Saturday afternoon, and they have tea and a talk in an A.B.C. shop. Her mother is hurt at her daughter's "fad" as she terms the munition work, and thinks she could be more useful working on committees and charities and such like, not knowing the girl's real reason for trying munition work. The girls she works with and the "characters" she comes across are skilfully portrayed. Though the story interests greatly it is not one of its author's best: there is a certain scrappiness—an unfinished air about the plot and its construction.



Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "Rosalind."
From a painting by John Lavery, A.R.A.
An illustration from "Half Hours" by J. M. Barrie
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

TALES OF THE GREAT WAR.

By HENRY NEWBOLT. 6s. net. (Longmans.)

In his introductory letter to the boy reader, Sir Henry Newbolt writes: "I have told you here of good work and courage and endurance, such as deserve all the loudest adjectives that I could have shouted at you; but I have not shouted, and I have used as few adjectives as possible. It is you, not I, that must make the stories come alive." Here then is material for the young imagination, a call to the finer feelings, an appeal to the heart as well as to the eye. These tales of the war on land and sea, told with meticulous accuracy and with a complete absence of verbal fireworks, are in reality a glowing sermon on the text "Be British." "They all reveal character; and the really important thing is what a man is, not what he does. He is not a hero because he does a fine thing; he does the fine thing because he is a hero, because he has trained himself to go on when all hell tells him to go back. And the fine thing is often not the showy thing, but just the steadiness that comes of long self-discipline." That is the teaching of these stories, and that is why the author delights to dwell on such men as Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and such incidents as that of the four wrecked men of the *Invincible* who, left to their fate as they were, cheered wildly as their Admiral swept past them into action. The contents of the book include the adventures of a subaltern at home and in the trenches, and sections on the naval battles of Coronel, the Falklands, and Jutland, the *Emden*, the War in the Air, and the fortunes of the British Army in France from the great retreat to the fight for Calais. The value and interest of the book, which is illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Norman Wilkinson and Christopher Clark, are enhanced by the fact that the actors themselves as far as possible do the telling, and that two great Admirals and one great General have taken a share in revising and amending the manuscript.

HACK'S BRAT.

By A. IAN MACLEOD. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A story of the wild Outback of Australia, where men are staking out claims and digging for gold: among them comes John MacLure, a good-looking young giant of twenty-three. He is looked upon as stand-offish because of his quiet reserve, and is not very popular. To his surprise, however, one of the men, "Old Hack," leaves him a legacy when he dies—a legacy in the shape of a "brat." This Brat, a little girl of eight years old, is a dirty, neglected little savage — wild, disobedient, and the user of terrible language. MacLure tries to cure her of swearing, but almost gives her up in despair, when he discovers that she has a wonderful singing voice. She is sent away to be trained, and when he meets her again, after many years, a great surprise awaits him. It is a virile and realistic story, told with great skill and ability.



From The Lady of the Camelias (*Stanley Paul*). ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

From Happy Tales for Happy Children (*Nelson*).

THE SHOE BOAT.

FAIRY TALES.

By Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by Harry Clarke. 20s. net. (Harrap.)

The genius of Hans Andersen stands alone in faerie. He belongs to himself and no other. The "Marsh King's Daughter," "Wild Swans," "Snow Queen" and "Nightingale" are comparable to nothing in folk-lore and nothing in modern invention, though queens of ice and frost, metamorphoses of swans and music of birds are familiar and beautiful enough in the old, old tales and the newest delightful devices. The selection in this gorgeous volume is about as perfect as any selection can be; and as the Danish seer is *sui generis*, so is the artist who here emblazons the text. Great names have preceded him, and one is not concerned with saying that his imaginative skill is better suited to the stories than that of some earlier hands. That is a matter of opinion and personal discernment. For ourselves we are content and delighted with the creations of Mr. Harry Clarke, because he is also himself and not a reflection. One knows of course that Beardsley has preceded, as the legend of the Swan Knight went before the "Wild Swan"; but neither work is derived. Of the forty page-illustrations the colouring of those which are coloured is a delight to heart and eye, while those in black-and-white are a decorative strangeness — for example, the "Sea Witch" and the "Hindu Maid." Messrs. Harrap have never produced a more splendid picture-volume.



From The Dickie Birdie Book
(*Nelson*).

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

By Lewis Carroll. With Illustrations by Gordon Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (C. H. Kelly.)

Those of us who knew and loved "Alice" in our childhood, have probably all continued in the conviction that Tenniel's "Alice" was the only one for us. But we, ourselves, hasten to confess that Mr. Gordon Robinson has triumphantly achieved such a compromise of old favourite and new friend that no violence is done to the affections of the Tenniel-lovers, and indeed a new pleasure is provided in this feast of colour and fun. This Alice, although not the little Victorian girl we first knew, is quite simple, natural, and well-fitted to the story. And Mr. Robinson has adhered so closely to the chosen scenes of the former artist that the pictures seem to be old friends as soon as we open the volume. Six gorgeous full-page illustrations in colour give us some of the main incidents of the story; and three times as many black-and-white sketches complete the charm of this edition. Every year there are, of course, scores of fresh children to be introduced to the immortal child of Lewis Carroll's brain, and for such we confidently recommend this edition.

THE DICKIE BIRDIE BOOK.

1s. (Nelson.)

These dainty verses about birds are beautifully illustrated with full-page colour-plates by Miss Anne Anderson; her work is wonderfully graceful and delicate, embodying youth and spring and all the sweet things of life. Every well-known bird has a poem and a picture to itself—the thrush, the robin, the tom-tit, the blackbird, and even the domesticated poll-parrot. The following rhyme about the noisy woodpecker will serve to give some idea of the nature of the book:

"Tap! Tap! goes his bill,
Busy little fellow!
See him pecking at the trees,
Green and red and yellow.

"Tap! Tap! all the day;
Never, never shirking.
Other birds may stop and play;
He's for ever working."



From Tales of Wonder
By Lord Dunsany.
(*Elkin Mathews*).

"THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK."

MORE CHUM CHATS.

By UNCLE REG. 1s. 6d. (Kelly.)

These stories for boys and girls are exactly suitable for reading round the fire at Christmas-time, for they are told in Uncle Reg's usual cheery, chatty manner, and overflow with geniality and good spirits. The tale of Dicky Growlem and his six wishes, and how he became a king, a bird, a snake, an elephant, a horse, and lastly a boy again; and the tale of Kitty Kissabox, describing the way in which a plain girl grew pretty, are both engrossingly interesting; while the little talks about famous and brilliant men who were shocking dunces at school, and considered by their masters very dull pupils indeed, will stimulate and encourage all young scholars who do not shine at their lessons. It is a book that is sure to add a swarm of new nieces and nephews to Uncle Reg's happy "family."

MUCH ADO ABOUT PETER.

By JEAN WEBSTER. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Peter is the Irish groom of a rich American family—an uncommon profession in fiction, but, as Miss Webster shows, one well worth writing about. As one has come to expect from the author of "Daddy-long-legs," the story is one of much freshness, sentiment, and humour. Perhaps the title is something of a misnomer, for Peter's adventures are of the mild kind that one associates with domestic service, and, being a well brought-up young man, he gives nobody any great trouble. But it is a very pleasant little book, of a kind that American lady writers—and Miss Jean Webster in particular—are adept in writing. Everybody will enjoy an hour or two with Peter.

PATSY IN WILLOW-PAT LAND.

By ROWLAND R. GIBSON. Illustrated by MAUD TINDAL ATKINSON. 3s. 6d. net (Duckworth.)

This fantasy originated firstly with a German bullet that sent the author into hospital for five months, and secondly, in a willow-pattern screen in that same hospital. But away dimly behind bullet and screen there was a young lady called Alice that wandered once into Wonderland. Patsy was six-and-a-half, and it was the three little quaint old Chinese gentlemen that woke her up one night and took her through the willow-pattern curtains into Willow-Pat Land beyond. And they were the philosopher, the poet, and the grave-digger to the Man in the Moon. And in that land she met the pixy Pym, the Lion Dog, the Rabbit who baked a nice cake every month, made a great bite in it, and hung it in the sky, and lo! the Moon! the Hippo-pot who was quite a nice bus, though he was never seen descending from one, *this* hippopotamus wasn't. The adventures of Patsy go on, though nothing in the book as described is quite so thrilling as her declaration: "Sunday is not quite a holiday. . . . I used to have to learn collects after breakfast, but now I have to read six columns of the *Observer* to my papa instead." (One marvels what she made of that jaborandic journalism, but perhaps Papa only cared for the authentic voice of Mr. Garvin.) On the whole, though Patsy makes us realise that there has only been one Alice, she is such a nice little girl and behaves so prettily, and has such odd adventures among such oddities, that small readers will love her for her own sake



From Patsy in Willow-Pat Land
(*Duckworth*).

"PATSY"

THE BLACK DWARF OF VIENNA.

By PRINCESS CATHARINE RADZIWILL (MADAME KOLB DANVERS). (Rider.)

This collection of weird stories is mostly concerned with traditions attached to old Continental families, or Continental castles haunted by uncanny spirits. The author herself has either visited the localities in question or has received the stories first-hand from members of the different families, and even in some cases has personally witnessed the occurrences narrated. These facts undoubtedly give an increased interest to the book and add to the mysteries surrounding the strange spectres whose appearances in most cases predict misfortune to the particular house on which they bestow their unwelcome attentions. The "Black Dwarf of Vienna" is an apparition that is supposed to warn the house of Hapsburg of impending doom in this way. According to the Princess Catharine Radziwill it was rumoured all over the capital of Austria that the Black Dwarf had been seen in the spring of 1914, and he is alleged to have been a daily visitor at the Hofburg ever since the outbreak of war. The legend of the Countess Gertrude of Orlamunde, the Headless Knight of Willigrad, the White Lady of the Robeck, and many others, will make the reader's blood run cold. Christmas is the period for ghost-stories, and several of these having a topical flavour will be exceptionally appropriate, even if they are not altogether convincing.



From The Wonder Book (*Ward, Lock*). THE CITY OF NOD.

LITTLE FOLKS.

3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

What an abundance of good things are to be found between the covers of the bound volume of "Little Folks." There is a veritable feast of enjoyment, stories and articles galore, and something to suit the taste of every boy or girl under the sun—two fine serials, one a romance of the days of King John, telling how a baron's son becomes an outlaw and throws in his lot with Robin Hood and his band of merry men; the other an exciting tale concerning a little, madcap boy named Guy; to say nothing of shorter stories about school-life and fairy happenings, and such a variety of things we have not space to catalogue them all. It is no such easy matter to cater for the very small children, but the editor of "Little Folks" has learnt the secret. Boys and girls of four are not too young, nor those of twelve too old to find something to interest and amuse them in these pages.

THE "MR." BOOKS.

By LAWSON WOOD. (Warne.)

Mr. Lawson Wood's "Mr." Books are among the most comical of publications for children. They are sold in two sizes, and in the larger size cost sixpence each; or for the same price the series of half-a-dozen can be purchased, much smaller and neatly packed in a little box. The pictures are joyously and cleverly drawn in colour; and everyone will admit that there never were more mirth-creating animals than mischievous Mr. Pup, Mr. Grunt, the naughty pig, Mr. Trunk, the playful elephant, Mr. Prickles, the hedgehog that lost itself, Mr. Quack, the duck who went to London, or sporting Mr. Fox, who went rat hunting on a wooden horse. The story surrounding each picture is given in a very few words, and the text is printed in big type, so that even quite tiny tots will be able to follow the merry tales.

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Strang's delightful Annual will be, as usual, among the most welcome books for children this Christmas. It is full of charming stories, lively poems, and artistic illustrations, including several very fine colour-plates. Miss May Byron, Miss Leslie Mary Oyler, Mrs. Thomas Hardy, and many others, whose names are guarantees of "something good" have contributed to make the volume a thoroughly attractive one. Every little boy and girl ought to have a copy, for the prose, verse and pictures all maintain an exceptionally high quality, and no child could look through the pages without finding something to its taste. No wonder our little folks wish Mrs. Strang's Annual came out six times a year instead of only once, or that Christmas occurred oftener, and brought with it this favourite book of theirs every time!



From Mrs. Strang's Annual for Children (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

TOMMY, THE DOG-SOLDIER.

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL.

Coloured paper boards, 3s.; Cloth boards, 4s. (Clarke.)

"The Rosebud Annual" always makes a very acceptable gift for the little ones. It is full of stories and verse, principally about birds and animals, printed in coloured type and illustrated with some two hundred pictures. Grotesque elephants, kangaroos, storks and squirrels, as well as the more homely pussy-cat and puppy-dog, are to be found performing some mischievous trick or engaged in some unusual and diverting occupation on almost every page. Kiddies will be immensely tickled by their strange antics and sayings, and will want the little tales and catchy rhymes read aloud to them over and over again.



From The Rosebud Annual (*Clarke*).

THE THREE PEARLS.

By HON. T. W. FORTESCUE. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

This is a fairy-tale possessing all the fascination of a story from Grimm or Hans Andersen. It is told vivaciously with touches of sparkling humour, and is just the kind of book to appeal to any imaginative boy or girl. Three pearls, which for generations have formed part of the adornment of the crowns of King Chen-Mala-Morus' predecessors, through the wilfulness of the Princess Moriskia, are left out of the new court crown. There is a legend attached to the pearls at which the spoilt princess scoffs; but the story shows how she is carried away by the Queen of the Sea and taught the significance of the despised jewels; that one stands for obedience, one for unselfishness, and the third, and most beautiful, for love. The magic and matter-of-fact are cleverly blended, and the learning of this lesson secures Moriskia a handsome husband and a lasting happiness in the dear old fairy-tale way, of which they never weary. The black-and-white drawings by Miss Alice B. Woodward add greatly to the attractiveness of the book.



From The Three Pearls (*Macmillan*).

"OH, SWEET MISTRESS, HOW I WISH I HAD LEGS INSTEAD OF A TAIL."

ANCIENT ASSYRIA.

Peeps at Many Lands.

By REV. JAMES BAIKIE, F.R.A.S. 1s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Not every instructive book is attractive reading, but this little work has something of the glamour of a fairy tale in spite of its solid facts, which do not pretend to be anything else. The story of Assyria and its life are calculated to arouse the ardour of the embryo explorer. The ancient legends inscribed on its tablets or bricks almost rival the wild imaginings of the "Arabian Nights." That the world does not in some respects change greatly in thousands of years is shown by a young man's letter written on the customary clay tablet. He is in his first situation away from home, and complains that his landlady does not give him enough to eat. He asks for fish and other provisions to be sent to him, but (this is hardly a modern touch) he sends home the money needed to pay for the purchases! The Assyrian parcels post no doubt did the rest. The book has sixteen full-page illustrations, those in colour being by Constance N. Baikie.



From The Russian Story Book (*Macmillan*).

HALF A LIE.

By LADY NAPIER OF MAGDALA. 5s. net. (Murray.)

A lie which is half the truth is particularly hard to fight, as Madge Harborough found to her cost. Viva Riversby, the voluptuous and indiscreet, on the eve of her betrothal to a millionaire, receives a blackmailing letter from a chauffeur with whom she had formerly carried on a dangerous flirtation. Madge is called upon to play the role of helpful friend, and in this capacity goes to meet the chauffeur and buy back Viva's letters and photograph. As she is interviewing the insolent but handsome villain, Mr. Glossop, her deadly enemy, passes by. Poor Madge subsequently finds herself unaccountably ostracised by the people with whom she had formerly been a warm favourite. The story of Viva's indiscretion, which has, of course, been tacked on to Madge, even reaches the ears of Sir Clive Delapré, and it looks as though Madge's life would be ruined. But the authoress is complete master of the critical situation, and the way out is skilfully and naturally managed. The scenes are laid in a hunting county, and the story deals with county Society, a pleasant set for the main part, though there are one or two disagreeable people like Mr. Glossop and Viva Riversby. The story is brightly retailed, and the hunting details are subordinate to the main theme.



From The Black Princess (*Simpkin, Marshall*).

THE KING CONTINUED TO BE A CAT.

PILOT, AND OTHER STORIES.

By Harry Plunkett Greene. With Illustrations by H. J. Ford. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

A little branch of literature which stands out clearly, and deserves its position, is that which tells of "The Dog" in prose, and in verse. Dog stories and poems are not extremely numerous, but quite often they are very good indeed; and "Pilot" is a dog-story which will stand high up in the list of "highly commended." Mr. Plunkett Greene tells here of the doings of a Labrador retriever—"the kindest dog that ever was seen, and he was always laughing." Pilot was a poacher, an incorrigible, and a humorist; and Mr. Greene has done him justice, and has avoided most admirably the usual pitfall in such stories—sentimentality. Humour, imagination and feeling lie in the other stories which bring the number up to half a dozen, but "Pilot" is first and, we think, best. The volume makes its own special appeal, and part of this appeal is due to the clever work of the artist, who has proved both in colour and in pen-and-ink that he has enjoyed the book and sees eye to eye with the author.



From Pilot, and Other Stories (*Macmillan*) Pilot and Damson.

THE PIRATES OF THE SKY.

By Stephen Gaillard. With 3 Illustrations by Leon D'Erno. 6s. (Harrap.)

An anarchistical Cossack has founded a world-wide Brotherhood with the millennium as its object. Meantime, however, the Cause is in need of funds, and as the Russian has also invented an aeroplane far more powerful and efficient than any the world has yet seen, the means of obtaining them are ready to his hand. He gathers round him a band of followers (mostly far less high-minded than himself), makes his base on an inaccessible Andean volcano, and starts to ravage and plunder the cities of North America. A pushful journalist and an intrepid aviator do their best to fight against him—and both find wedded happiness in the pursuit. But the eventual debacle is caused rather by internal dissension than by any of the efforts of Bogdan's enemies. The story is of the Jules Verne type, the author making up in spirit for what he lacks in his knowledge of aeroplanes—which, truth to tell, is a good deal. Not that that, however, is of any real moment in a book of this description, especially when its author has the narrative ability of Mr. Gaillard. "The Pirates of the Sky," in short, is a rattling good yarn of adventure.

COLLINS'S ADVENTURE ANNUAL.

Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White. 5s. net. (Collins.)

This is the second number of an excellent annual for boys, and it contains a well-chosen selection of stories and articles exactly suited to the very exacting public for which they are intended. The uppermost theme in every boy's mind just now is war, our war, and half the tales in the volume are concerned with the great struggle now raging in Europe. Besides the wholesome stories (in which it may be observed that a high appreciation of France is paramount, a French boy being the favourite hero, a circumstance that is instructive as regards English psychology at the moment), there are clear, detailed and satisfying articles on aircraft, big guns, explosives and the like, which convey a reasonable amount of useful and necessary information and may be read profitably by boys of a larger growth. There are so many annuals for younger readers nowadays, and they are all so good in their kind, that it is difficult to make a selection, but you will be safe with Collins's anyhow. Altogether, this publication deserves high commendation as just the thing an honest normal boy will appreciate and enjoy.

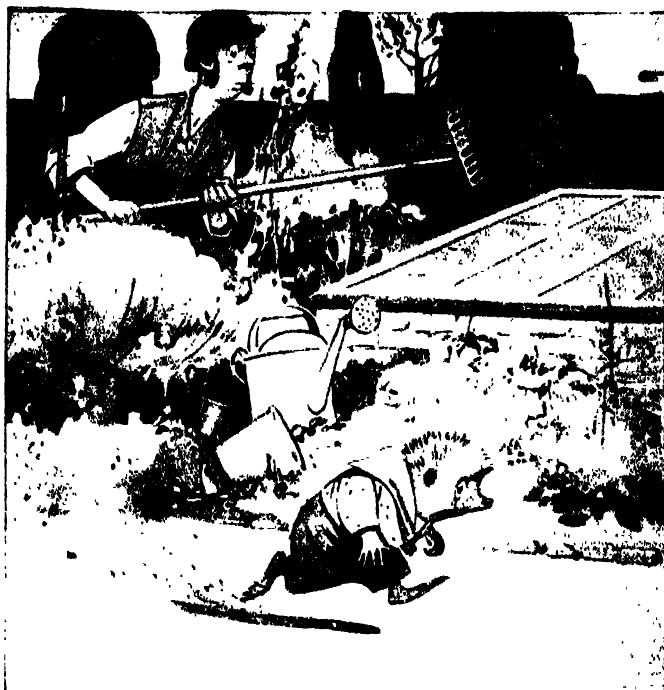


From Daring Deeds of Hunters and Trappers (*Seeley, Service*). An Infuriated Elephant.



From Mr. Fox: How He Went a Hunting. (*Warne.*)

HE RIDES OUT TO MEET THE OTHER HUNTSMEN.



From Mr. Prickles: How He Got Lost. (*Warne.*)

". . . . CHASES MR. PRICKLES WITH A RAKE."

THE ELEPHANT.

By Agnes Herbert. (Hutchinson.)

A book for all who love the lore of the jungle and prefer their natural history presented in vivid biographical glimpses rather than in dusty glass cases. As becomes an adequate biography, "our hero"—the expression is the author's—is introduced at the moment of his birth: "He lay a weakling, unable to stand upon his pillarlike legs. . . . Not more than thirty-five inches high, the little animal had bulky limbs and a soft, smooth, pinkish skin altogether dissimilar to his mother's uneven bark-like covering, which rasped the calf file-wise as her flexible trunk played over his body tenderly, touching him here and there." And so, with a wealth of detail that can only be gleaned by patient and courageous observation, the author traces the jungle-life of the baby African elephant through snares and perils, thrills and joys, to a lusty prime and a bad-tempered old age. Coming from the pen of so experienced a traveller, the book makes absorbing reading for the animal lover and incidentally corrects more than one natural history fable in its course. It is illustrated most effectively by Winifred Austin.

IN FAR NORTH-EAST SIBERIA.

By J. W. Shklovsky. Translated by L. Edwards and Z. Shklovsky. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The farthest north-east of the Kolyma region is officially described as "unsuitable for human habitation," and the unhappy exiles who are transported there are recruited from the worst criminals. Most readers of this volume will probably conclude that the same official description could truthfully be applied to most of the ground covered in these travels. The writer passes lightly over the hardships of his undertaking, but the unvarnished tale records a story of astonishing endurance and cheerfulness amid scenes of no less astonishing squalor and primitive bestiality. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the date of these travels, but they have not been supplanted and form a real contribution to the study of anthropology. The book is full of exciting incidents, and is a real accession to travel literature. The translation appears to be excellently done, and the book is equipped with a very good index and a large number of interesting and valuable illustrations.



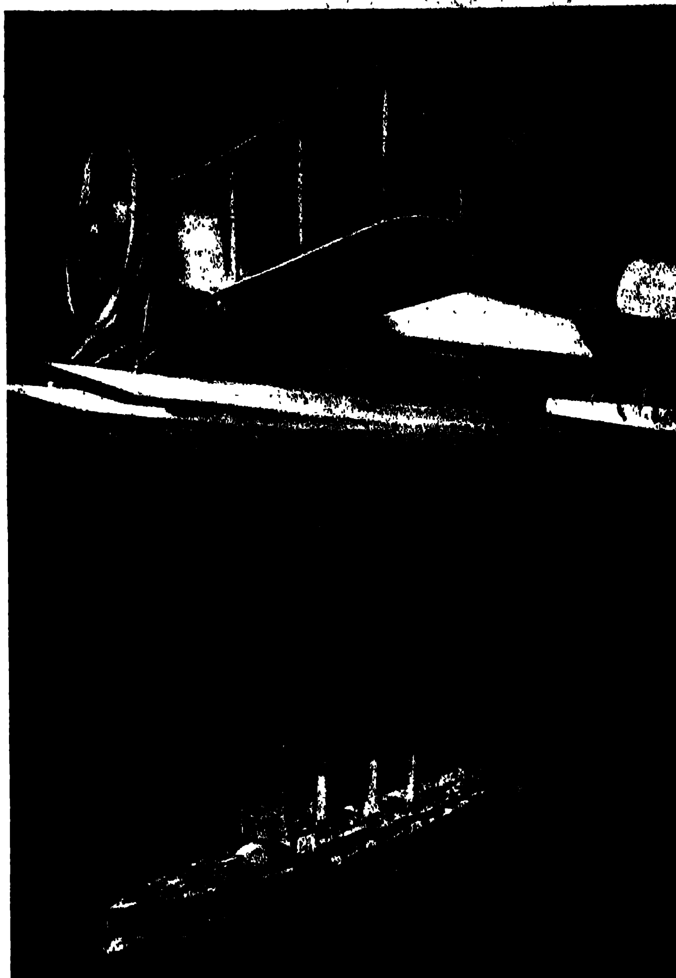
From The Elephant (*Hutchinson*).

"HE CAUGHT HIS ANTAGONIST WELL UNDER THE THROAT."

DREADNOUGHTS OF THE DOGGER.

By Robert Leighton. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Robert Leighton has justly been acclaimed as the successor to Henty. His stories for boys are always sure of a hearty reception, and his latest "Dreadnoughts of the Dogger"—a tale of the war on the North Sea—contains all the elements that make for popularity. Full of adventures of the most exciting type, it relates the experiences of a gallant young Sea Scout who plays a noble part in the world-war, running many risks and performing many heroic deeds. The thrilling events in which he and his friends participate will keep boy-readers intensely interested for hours, for Mr. Leighton knows how to tell exactly the kind of story boys like. The action is brisk and vigorous, and the plot is developed in a succession of thrilling and vividly described incidents. The adventure-loving boy whose mind is impressed with the glamour of war will wish for no better reading.



From Dreadnoughts of the Dogger (*Ward, Lock*).

"A HUGE AIRSHIP AND A NUMBER OF AEROPLANES CAME OUT FROM HELIGOLAND."

HEMPFIELD

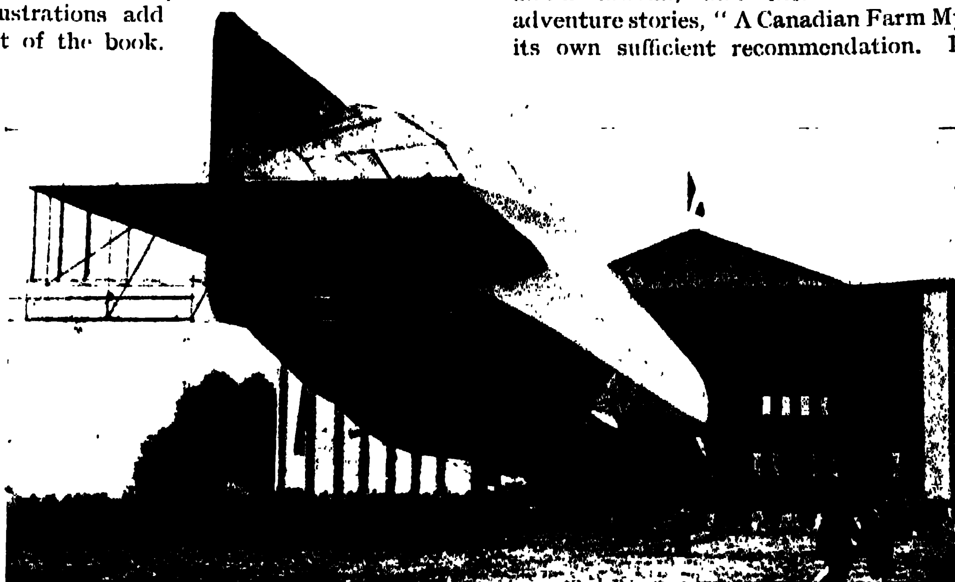
By David Grayson. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Another of Mr. Grayson's sketches of an American "Cranford." For America has its Cranfords. New York is no more equivalent to America than Paris is to France, and little villages like "Hempfield" have their human and quiet interest for the observant eye. In these days of bloodshed and international issues, it is refreshing to slip aside for an hour to enjoy the inner life of this little community, to read about a country newspaper and how it is printed, and to follow the pretty love-thread that runs through the story. Mr. Grayson can etch this sort of picture delicately, and his story has a modest charm of its own. The illustrations add to the enjoyment of the book. It is true that the reader on this side of the Atlantic gets a start on one page, a start which the author probably did not mean to give. "I think sometimes that we do not yet appreciate" he is writing primarily for Americans—"the influence of that great burst of idealism, which was the Civil War, upon the lives of the men of that generation, nor the part which Lincoln played in moulding the character of his time. Men who, even as boys, passed through the fire of that great time and learned to suffer with Lincoln could never again be quite small." Alas! Then and now! The European reader can hardly help reflecting, as he reads this passage, and wondering where that wave of idealism has spent its force. However, Mr. Grayson does not mean us to reflect at all in this way. He is out to interest us in the love-affairs of Anthy and Nort Carr, in the homely affairs of Hempfield, and in the atmosphere of village life. There is a quiet philosophy about the story which rests the mind, and the reader lays it down with a pleasant feeling of order and human interests. Even a country printing office can be made to yield romance. "One of the best ways to attract and interest other people is by going about one's own business as though it were the most wonderful and fascinating thing in the world. People soon begin to look on wistfully, begin to wonder what all this activity and triumphant joyousness is about, and are presently drawn to it as bees are drawn by a blooming clover field." This was how the office of what a rival called "The Weakly Star" began to be important and interesting for Hempfield. There is a dour Scotch compositor, there is also a Lincoln veteran, but the most vital figures are the woman in charge and the assistant, who play the eternal game of He and She.

A CANADIAN FARM MYSTERY, OR PAM THE PIONEER.

By Bessie Marchant. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo. (Blackie.)

To those who have read "The Unknown Island," "A Girl and a Caravan," and other of Miss Marchant's captivating adventure stories, "A Canadian Farm Mystery" comes with its own sufficient recommendation. From the moment when Pam has her happy inspiration, to the end, where the mystery is solved in the last chapter but one, the youthful reader will find herself involved in suspense and surprise enough to hold her literally absorbed. A capital story, well contrived and very brightly written.



From All About Inventions and Discoveries (*Cassell*).

GERMAN ZEPPELIN.

THE IVORY SNUFF-BOX.

By ARNOLD FREDERICKS. 6s. (Simpkin.)

On his wedding-night Duvall is haled from the side of his wife to undertake a case of international importance—the story is set in the pre-war time—which necessitates his immediate departure from Paris to London. For Duvall is a great American detective, employed at present by the French Secret Service. On arriving in London he finds that the French ambassador has lost an ivory snuff-box, containing—well, what it contains is, rather unnecessarily, made a mystery for the greater part of the story. The scene soon shifts from London to Brussels, whither Duvall's wife, Grace, has preceded him. Here is enacted a particularly tense little drama, in which the villainous Dr. Hartmann, whose nationality it is unnecessary to particularise, plays a leading part. Mr. Arnold Fredericks knows how to write a good detective yarn, and "The Ivory Snuff-Box" is a good deal above the average of its class. It is a genuinely exciting story, and, as its publishers point out, it has the advantage of a continuous love interest. As a railway-train novel, you will find it hard to beat "The Ivory Snuff-Box."



From The Marvels of Aviation (*Seeley, Service*).

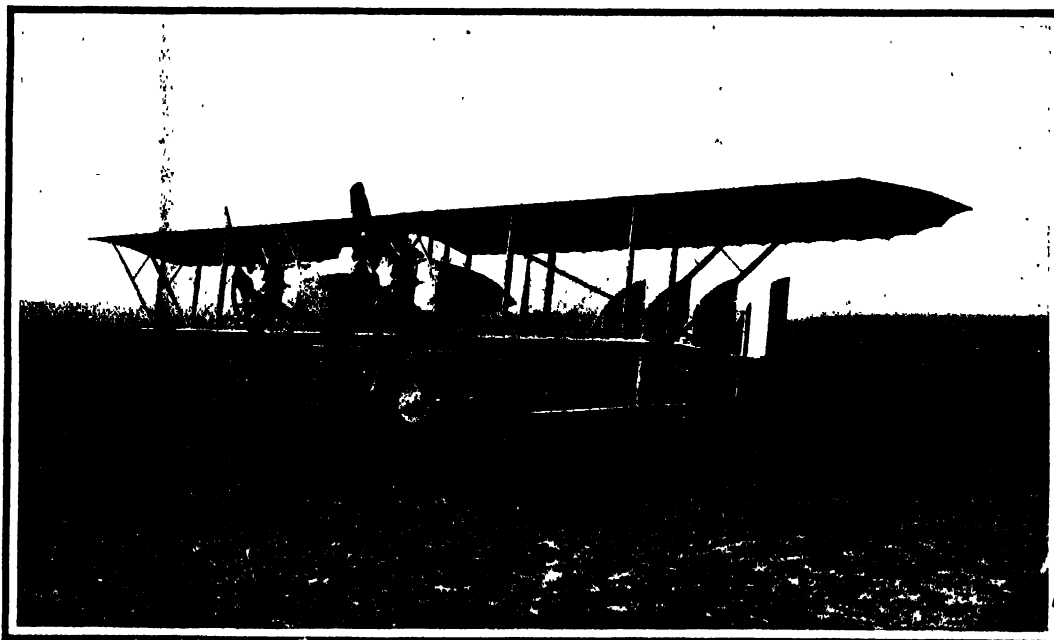
PAULHAN ON HIS HISTORIC FLIGHT FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER IN APRIL, 1910.

ROUNTREE'S RIDICULOUS RABBITS:

The Furlimbunnie Family and Fun in the Furlimbunnie Inglenook.

Illustrated in Colour and Black-and-White by HARRY ROUNTREE. 1s. each. (H. Stevenson and Co.)

Here are two delightfully amusing little books designed for young children. Both are very fully illustrated in Mr. Harry Rountree's most effective manner—and only those who have children themselves can know how much that means, how deeply the inhabitants of the nursery appreciate the funny animals and the absurd antics that the artist knows so well how to depict. The text of each volume is brief—rather too brief, for the nonsense verse in which it is presented is above the average in quality. You will make no mistake this Christmas in expending a couple of shillings on "Rountree's Ridiculous Rabbits."



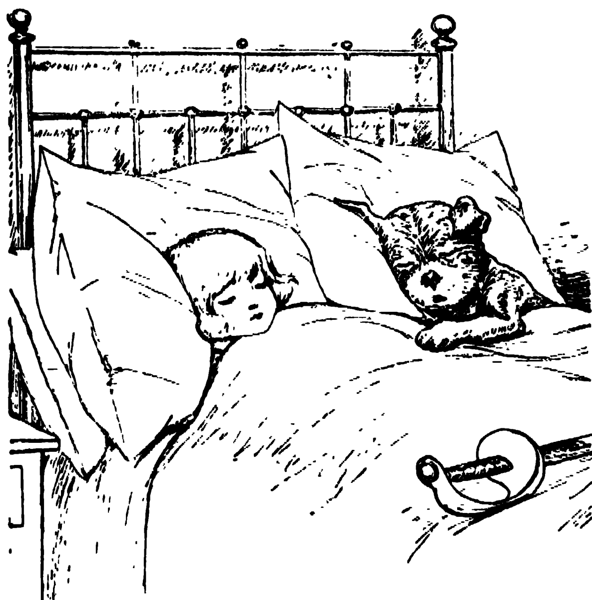
From Aircraft of To-day (*Seeley, Service*).

A "BRITISH CAUDRON" BIPLANE.

HEROINES OF THE WORLD WAR

By E. W. WALTERS. 2s. 6d. net. (Charles H. Kelly.)

This is a history of some of the women whose heroism and self-devotion in the great war have made their names illustrious. Nurse Edith Cavell, and "her valour, her tenderness, and her unmerited suffering," are portrayed in simple words. "I must have no hatred or bitterness to anyone." "The officer in charge shot her while she lay helpless." Simple words best fit the story of this great tragedy which supplies its own eloquence. Emilienne Moreau, heroine of Loos, whose silent courage amid experiences that drove weaker souls to madness and frenzy won for her the Croix de Guerre; Mabel Dearmer, reformer, heroine and martyr; Sister Myra Ivanovna, who, after ministering to the Russian sick and wounded, led a bayonet charge, and died, a frail girl of twenty, amidst her victorious soldiers; of Nurse Joan Martin-Nicholson, of Phyllis Campbell—of all these and others whose names on earth are dark, the book tells, and, after the war, the stories will remain amongst the imperishable records of our race. The chapter on "The Retreat in Serbia" is a story in itself, and the chapters on "Heroines All" and "Women Doctors" effectively round off a record of the heights to which human nature can rise as well (in the case of a brutish and blood-besotted people) of the depths to which it can sink. In no former war have women played a larger and in none have they played a more heroic part than they are playing in this.



From **Buster Brown and his Chum Tige** (*Chambers*).

CINDERELLA AT THE ZOO.

Verses by B. PARKER. Illustrated by N. PARKER. 6s. net. (Chambers.)

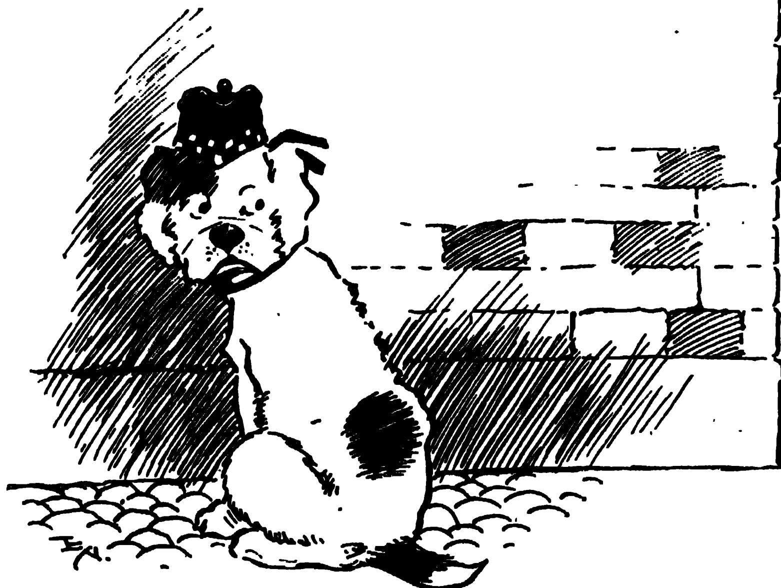
"I think for any girl or boy
There's not a place so full of joy
To visit as the London Zoo.
If you have been, you'll think so, too."

So sings Mr. B. Parker on his first page, but it would be even more full of joy if such things happened at the real Zoo as happen in these amusing pages. For here you have the animals, delightfully pictured in colour by Mr. N. Parker, all taking part in a grand pantomime of "Cinderella"—a dainty gazelle playing the heroine's part, a camel and a giraffe acting as the two proud sisters, a llama as Cinderella's step-mother, a hippopotamus as her father, the best brown bear as the Prince; and so on—all the story being unfolded in neat and clever verses and in sixteen large drawings in colour and more in line than the present reviewer has had time to count. It is a real children's book of the most delightful kind.

RAGS.

By ERNEST NOBLE. Illustrated. 3s. net. (Duckworth.)

This diary of a dog of war, told mainly in pictures, is thoroughly entertaining and one of the funniest books the war has produced. Rags, a comical rough-haired terrier, is disconsolate when his master joins up, and follows him to the barracks, where he becomes the mascot of the regiment. After making his presence felt by numerous pranks, cleverly depicted in Mr. Noble's pen-and-ink drawings, he stows himself away in a transport and is taken to France with the soldiers. Here he encounters more breathless adventures, finally receiving a "blighty" wound in the paw, going into hospital with his master, and being invalided home, safe and sound, the proud possessor of the V.C. The book will please youngsters immensely, and the soldier-dog Rags is undoubtedly destined to become a beloved inhabitant of the nursery.

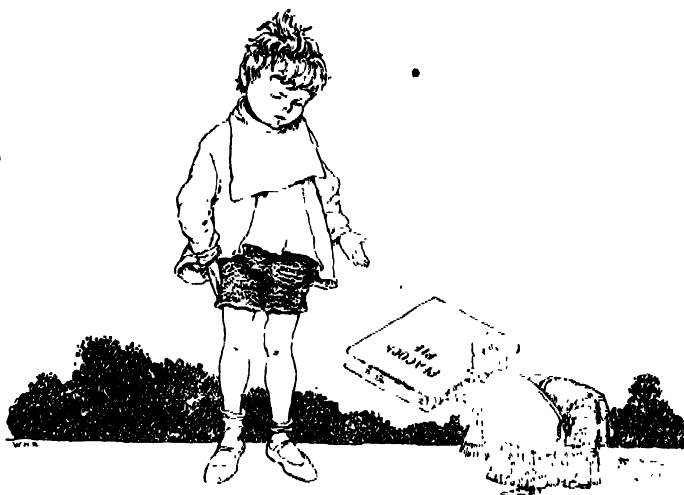


From **Rags** (*Duckworth*).

WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL.

By SUSAN COOLRIDGE. 1s. (Nelson.)

Published in the "Children's Bookshelf" series, this favourite old story comes up anew in a delightful picture-book form, profusely illustrated with full-page drawings in colour by Miss Elsie Anna Wood. A classic among girls' stories, "What Katy Did at School" holds its ground, despite all later comers, and in this edition is admirably suitable as a Christmas gift for girls of all ages with a taste for reading.



From **Peacock Pie.**
A new edition of Mr. Walter de la Mare's book of verse for children, with illustrations by W. Heath Robinson.
(*Constable*).

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By MRS. HOBART HAMPDEN. 3s. (Wells Gardner, Darton.)

Mrs. Hobart Hampden's Indian stories are always warmly appreciated by young readers, for they strike a new note in children's books and deal with surroundings which are not only wrapped in mystery to the average Britisher, but which lend themselves to all manner of unusual, thrilling situations. "The Secret Valley" is a charming tale about three little English children, camping with their parents in the heart of an Indian forest, and describes how they discover in a forest temple a man of their own race who is under the influence of an old priest, and is believed by the native worshippers to be a god. He is a strange, wild creature, like a big baby, and has made friends with the animals of the jungle—even with the savage, solitary elephant, Ganesh. In his company, the children have all kinds of weird and wonderful experiences, and go in search of the Secret Valley where it is alleged the elephants crawl away to die. Whether they ever find the valley, and how they rescue the human "god" and establish his real identity, the writer tells in her graphic, intensely interesting way. Originality is the keynote of the book; it breaks from hackneyed ideas, and provides novelty and wholesome excitement for boys and girls alike.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

There is one thing to be glad of at the outset, and this is that a rather indefinite young lady named Joan was born on an undisclosed date one Monday morning, for we are assured in a dedicatory verse that:

> "If little Joan had never been born,
> These songs would have never been sung,"

and that would have been real matter for regret. For they are dainty, catchy, whimsical, queer, quaint songs that you read with great enjoyment even when they are most frivolous and trivial. For instance, the references to such ancient places as Clifford's Inn and Clement's Inn, to King's Cross and Bishopsgate, to Battersea and Pimlico and other places are undeniably disrespectful, to say the least of them, but it is only their fun, after all, and capital fun too. They are nursery rhymes of a new and jolly sort, and the illustrations of Mr. Macdonald Gill catch the odd, tricksy spirit of them very happily.



From Nursery Rhymes of London Town (*Duckworth*). KING'S CROSS.

TEDDY TAIL IN FAIRYLAND.

By Charles Folkard. 1s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Here is another rollicking "Teddy Tail" book, brimful of merry adventures told in verse and illustrated with a quantity of clever drawings. Mr. Charles Folkard has ingeniously woven together the well-known fairy tales and the amazing experiences of the famous mouse, Teddy Tail. Teddy, through the unsolicited assistance of Jack Frost, finds himself transported to Fairyland, where he renders service to the Babes in the Wood, Red Riding Hood and her grandmother, falls in with Dick Whittington, rides to London on the Cat's back, and drives Cinderella to the ball. It is he and no other who puts to flight the Forty Thieves, finds the Sleeping Beauty, climbs Jack's beanstalk, and, after numerous contests with giants and dragons, seeks shelter at last in the house of the Three Bears. The whole production is a delightful picture-book which will give children untold amusement and will bring Teddy an even wider circle of admirers—for a more comical, more venturesome character than Teddy Tail it would be difficult to find.

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS.

By Richard Bird. 3s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

The popularity of the public school story never fluctuates among boys. Other types of story come and go, but the school story, with its capacity for all manner of adventure and accidents, holds a permanent place in every boy's heart. "The Rival Captains" is a rattling good yarn which will thoroughly appeal to the school-boy spirit. The rivalry between Colquhoun, the House Captain, and Watt, the Sports Captain of Dipcote School, forms the substance of an excellent story. How Watt is tempted to sacrifice the honour of Dipcote to his jealousy, and how Colquhoun, in spite of all opposition, at last succeeds in capturing the regard of the whole school, makes an absorbingly interesting tale in which there is a wealth of fun and excitement, thrilling "footer" matches, and a panorama of lively incidents.



From Teddy Tail in Fairy Land (*Black*).

"Inside the castle door so high
We heard an awful fuss.
A great two-headed giant then
Rushed out and made for us."

WITH JOFFRE AT VERDUN.

By CAPTAIN F. S. BRERETON. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

Two young Frenchmen, both of them enjoying the advantage of having been at an English public school, and of English tailoring, etc., are in Berlin at the outbreak of the present Great War. They find themselves promptly ensconced in Ruhleben, where they do not enjoy themselves, but after some time of dreary captivity, in company with an Englishman also held in Ruhleben they manage to escape from the camp, and after many humdrum and thrilling episodes and adventures, they arrive at Louvain, whence a Belgian patriot helps them by underground passage to get into Dutch territory. So to England, and then the three part, the Englishman to join Kitchener's army, the Frenchmen, who had both, of course, been through their military service, to join the colours, and to form part of the forces covering Verdun. There they were in February, 1916, when the German onslaught was launched against the fortress, and they shared in the grim unequal struggle first in the trenches, and then in Fort Douaumont, of whose capture by the Brandenburgers a vivid detailed and dramatic picture is given, while the heroes are responsible for many fine feats of daring and courage. Of course the book was written before the French Army wrote in blood and flame the most recent chapter in the true story of Verdun, the recapture of Douaumont and Vaux, but it gives the reader a stirring and noble picture of the terrific weight of the German attack and of the courage and fighting power of the French troops who resisted that irresistible blow, worried the attack till it slackened, and then suddenly stiffened up and swept the Germans back.



From With Joffre at Verdun (*Blackie*).

"THE SERGEANT OF HENRI'S PLATOON, ONE ARM DANGLING HELPLESS BY HIS SIDE, STRETCHED OUT A BRAWNY HAND AND GRIPPED OUR HERO'S."

HALF A GIPSY.

By CHRISTINE FIELD. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

Mr. Melrose has been in difficulties over the publication of "Half a Gipsy," for after sending in the MS. from a Russian address the author has been unfindable, and remains so. Accordingly a committee of three—Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. C. K. Shorter and Miss Smith Dampier—have consented to look after the author's interests, and have agreed to the publishing proposal put before them. It is hoped that the publication of the novel will lead to the discovery of the author. Meanwhile, "Half a Gipsy" is a pleasant and interesting story of the adventures of an English governess in Russia, with particular stress upon her love affair with a great singer, who supplies the book with its rather meaningless and unattractive title. "Christine Field" depicts life in the higher social circles of Russia vividly and with much skill. She is evidently a close observer. "Half a Gipsy," in fact, is a novel that is well worth reading, and if, as seems likely, it is a first attempt, it must be acknowledged that the author shows much promise for the future.



From Daring Deeds of Famous Pirates (*Seeley, Service*).

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF PIONEERS.

By ERIC WOOD. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

A glorious book this for the youngster with the spirit of adventure in his composition—and what youngster is without it nowadays?—containing, as it does, descriptions of the struggles and trials of the advance guard in a dozen different fields of human progress. Here are related in vivid, entrancing fashion the adventures and hairbreadth escapes of the trappers Radisson and Hearne; the discoveries of the scientists Simpson, Davy, and others; the travels of Mungo Park, and the work of Brooke of Sarawak; the missionary journeys of Livingstone; and the explorations of Speke, Grant, Baker, Cameron, and Stanley. Other chapters tell of the men who conquered the air, of the lady who gallantly attempted to unveil the mystery of Lhasa, of those who fought and suffered for liberty, of those who wrested the secrets from the heart of Australia, of those who tried to open up a trade route through the Land of the Yellow Man, and of those who carried the steel tracks through forests, over mountains, and across deserts. Special space is devoted to the story of Burke and Wills, the discovery of the Poles, and the search for El Dorado. Mr. Wood makes us proud of our record, for it is the Englishman who has led the van in most of these daring enterprises.


From Rounding up the Raider (*Blackie*).

A NAVAL VENTURE

By Fleet-Surgeon T. T. Jeans, R.N. With 6 Illustrations by Frank Gillett, R.I., and a Map. 6s. (Blackie.)

Fleet-Surgeon Jeans's books for boys are already well known; and they have been widely appreciated for their freshness and high spirits. But in "A Naval Venture" we have no hesitation in saying that he has beaten his previous best. Here, bound up with an interesting and attractive story, he presents us with a stirring account of the part played by the Navy in the ill-fated Gallipoli expedition. It is written with all the vigour and humour of his earlier work and it possesses also the carefulness in matters of detail which could only be given to it by one who has taken part in the adventures that he describes so vividly. "A Naval Venture," indeed, is a good deal more than a story designed for the entertainment of boys. It is history in its best and most attractive form, and we fully concur with its publishers' claim that it "gives a picture more realistic than any portrayed by special correspondents." We have every hope that as a literary venture this thrilling story will meet with the success it so fully deserves.

ROUNDING UP THE RAIDER.

By Percy F. Westerman. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

Young England, young Scotland, young Ireland in the persons of three young naval officers coming home from Singapore on a Japanese liner, make a very attractive trio of heroes for this naval yarn. The Japanese ship was unlucky enough to fall in with the *Pelikan*, a German commerce raider plying her furtive and dangerous job in the Southern Ocean, and while all the crew and passengers were sent off in the ship's boats, the three British officers were taken on board the German ship and held as prisoners. The luck and the brisk alert resourcefulness of the young British navy stand them in good stead, and one of them escapes, and finds his way to one of the cruisers that are in pursuit of the *Pelikan*. The German ship makes good her escape to the German East African coast, having first picked up an Argentine steamer laden with reservists and munitions meant for the defence of the German Colony. Again luck, daring and deftness help the British subs to discover the German plans: the *Pelikan* goes up a river for some miles, and landing guns and torpedo tubes, and disguising herself as a palm-clothed island, prepares to fight desperately before succumbing to the British forces closing in upon her. The two subs manage to get away and capture a canoe, in which they are picked up at sea by one of a monitor flotilla, and find it in command of the third of their trio. The end of all is of course the defeat of the German force and its capture. The tale is bright, adventurous, wholesome and the incidents have a kind of solid basis in the career of the *Moewe* and the fate of the *Koenigsberg*.


From A Naval Venture (*Blackie*). "Aim low, sonny! Aim low. You will see your bullet-splashes."


From The Boy's Book of Pioneers (*Cassell*). "The Whites put up a valiant fight."



From Wanted, An English Girl
(*Partridge*).



From The Tuck-Shop Girl
(*Chambers*).

"THEO HAD TAKEN THE FIRE IN HAND AND WAS COAXING IT TO BURN."

MRS. MANNING'S WARDS.

By MAY BALDWIN. 4s. (Chambers.)

Mrs. Manning lived at Bowcester, but she had no friends there. To everyone she was just a stiff, disagreeable, miserly, mean woman who would not permit acquaintances. And when it was known that she was to have two wards, a boy and a girl, there was much speculation, and definite prophecy of a miserable time for the wards. They arrived, Cuthbert and Jessica Standish, and while Mrs. Manning certainly was neither kind nor cordial, they made good friends in the rector and his wife. Life was not easy, for though Cuthbert was a fine, engaging young gentleman, Jessica was a very shy, fastidious girl, finding it impossible to express her affectionate feelings and equally impossible to conceal her shrinking from people of inferior manners and ethics. But in the end good breeding and true sweetness of character won through, and Mrs. Manning



From Mrs. Manning's Wards
(*Chambers*).

"WHAT DO YOU WANT? I HAVE NO MONEY."

was conquered. Then it appeared that the wards were really of a noble family, and Cuthbert the heir to his uncle, Lord Bentley, with only one life between him and the title. His father had been director of an unfortunate company which smashed, involving many people, but Lord Bentley finally paid all creditors, left Cuthbert much money in his will, and immediately got himself killed hunting, with the most satisfactory results for Mrs. Manning and her wards.

THE TUCK-SHOP GIRL.

A School Story of Girl Guides. By ELSIE JEANETTE OXENHAM. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

Miss Oxenham's new story is surely one that will be highly popular with all schoolgirls and more especially, perhaps, with those who belong to the Girl Guides, for while bright and fresh in manner it is charmingly natural

and attractive in matter. We see a small Scots girl who has been brought up to a more or less lonely life in the north who comes to a London suburb to stay with an uncle, that she may go to a school. Owing to the illness of her aunt at the time of her arrival, she and Jock are sent to lodge at a quaint cottage notable for the many pets that are kept there by "Mrs. Noah." They early make the acquaintance of Prue, the tuckshop girl, and Jinty, the impulsive little Scot, has already by unconventional methods learned a good deal about the school to which she is to be sent, and has even done considerable mischief there before she becomes a pupil. Her way of doing things on the spur of the moment, without any consideration, leads her again and again into trouble so that the word "jintyism" comes to be devised for her particular doings, and it is a formidable list of jintyisms that has been drawn up before the close. It is a pleasant and engaging story, and Prue will come to be regarded as a friend by many readers.



From Jim and Wally (*Ward, Lock*).

"'HOLD TIGHT TO THE RAIL,' JIM'S VOICE SAID IN NORAH'S EAR."

JIM AND WALLY.

By MARY GRANT BRUCE. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Jim and Wally are two plucky Australian soldiers who, being severely "gassed" in France, are invalided home to England, where Jim's father and sister are awaiting them in a state of feverish anxiety. The little party, happy at being reunited, take a trip over to Ireland, and after a restful holiday—far removed from the strife and bloodshed and the agonising strain of waiting for news—are instrumental in actively serving their King and Country, in that corner of the globe. How this comes to pass, bringing them a thrilling nocturnal experience, in which everybody concerned plays a valiant part, readers must discover for themselves; suffice it to say that this is a book which will be hugely enjoyed by girls and boys alike, and is one of the most striking war-stories for young people we have read this Christmas.



From Three Sailor Girls (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

"'OH YES, BUT I WISH YOU'D GO BELOW!'"



From The Fortune Face (*Nelson*).

"YES, SURE ENOUGH IT IS THE FORTUNE FACE! BEHOLD!"

CASSELL'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Cassell's Annual is as good as ever this year, with stories and verse by all the favourite writers for children, and illustrations in line and colour. Funny tales, mystery tales, tales about good children, and tales about naughty children throng its pages, and jostle with almost every other kind of tale imaginable. While as for the pictures—well, such names as Harry Rountree, Mabel Lucie Attwell, Arthur Rackham, C. E. Brock and others call forth anticipations, which a glance into the volume more than adequately justifies.

THREE SAILOR GIRLS.

By E. E. Cowper. Illustrated in Colour by N. Tenison. 3s. 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Many girl readers may have met before now the three sailor heroines of this thrilling story—the twins, Gillian and Jacqueline Armitage and their friend, Cecil Brand. Those who have actually made their acquaintance will come to this volume with all the excitement which greets a good sequel. But those who have never met these sailor girls before will be even better off, for they will be able to double their pleasure by going back to the earlier book. The first chapter of this new book finds the three girls in consultation. Cecil, the eldest, a really clever sailor, has proposed a cruise round the coast in a safe fishing lugger; the twins fear that their mother will not consent. Mrs. Armitage did consent, however, secretly comforted by the limits which the war regulations placed upon all boats, and on a glorious sunny, calm day the start was made. But before that start was actually made, the note of mystery in the story has been struck, and we feel sure that our three heroines are fated to meet with adventures. Well, with war on land and sea there is plenty



From Cassell's Children's Annual (*Cassell*). FAIRY-TAILORS.

of opportunity for sharp girls to see important and dangerous things, if important and dangerous things are happening, and the trip which began as a pleasure cruise became a serious matter before it came to an end ; and the sailor-girls had the great pride of feeling that they had helped their country in a valuable way, even though they had undergone some rather dreadful hours before they brought things to a successful close. It would not be fair to tell the story ; we will only heartily recommend it.



From The Masterpieces of La Fontaine
Illustrated by Van Quiller Allan
(*Blackwell*).

SCENES FROM SOME OF THE FABLES.

THE FORTUNE FACE.

By W. B. Cooke. 3s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

This is a story of the eighteenth century in which a young lad called Dick Raven, loitering on the Cornish coast with a fowling-piece on his shoulder and an alert eye for unwary rabbits, catches sight of a stranger in a lonely cove, reputed to be haunted, carving a curious inscription on a piece of rock. Little he guesses as he lies full length upon the turf watching the man's operations, that this incident is the forerunner to a series of exciting adventures, and that he is a to be a prime mover in them. When the stranger has gone, he takes an impression of the inscription on the rock, which is quite unintelligible to him, but which commences to disclose a secret his grandfather has been tracking down for years. The old scheme of a treasure island is worked out in an entirely fresh way, and the advent of two rival parties hunting for the treasure simultaneously, each a menace to the other, creates plenty of thrills. Dick has several narrow escape and shows himself on each occasion to be a noble, manly fellow possessed of fortitude and honour. It is a wholesome, spirited romance, written by one who knows to a detail the kind of book boys like to read.

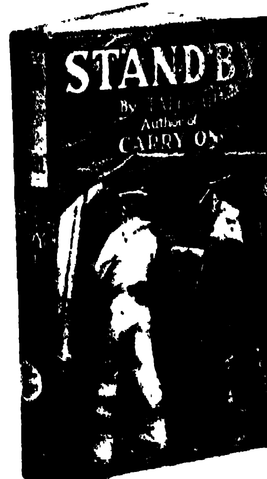


From **Dainty Work for Busy Fingers**
(*Partridge*).

THE MAGIC KISS.

By Christine Chaundler. 1s. net. (Cassell.)

This dainty story-book for children, contains all the charm and grace of a real old-fashioned fairy-tale, with enchanting illustrations by Miss Florence Mary Anderson. Little Pierrot loves the beautiful Princess Elva, but he is only a page in her father's court and may not play with her as the other fairies do. One day the wicked goblins cast a spell over her and take all her beauty away; she is distracted with grief, but Pierrot determines to break the spell and travels far and wide, daring all sorts of perils to try to discover an antidote. Just when he thinks he has succeeded in his quest, the stupid court alchemists spoil his recipe and Pierrot and the Princess are in despair. But after all the poor little page lights on the right cure, and everything ends up in the happy fairy-tale manner.



COVER DESIGN.
From **Stand By**
(*Pearsons*).



From A Young Lion of Flanders (*Headley*). "I WANTED TO BE A HERO; TELL THEM I DID NOT DIE A COWARD."

OLIVER HASTINGS, V.C.

A Realistic Story of the Great War By ESCOTT LYNN. Illustrated. 5s. (Chambers.)

In a previous story Mr. Escott Lynn has told of the earlier adventures in the Great War of Oliver Hastings and his close chum Vivian Drummond. In the new book he takes up the record of their experiences from the summer of 1915 when they were appointed to the Wessex battalion commanded by Oliver's father. Their new adventures begin from the very first day on which they reach their new training camp, and they are instrumental in saving a loaded troop train from destruction by the machinations of a German spy. That same spy turns up again and again until at last he is captured and shot. Before that time the reader has followed the adventures of the comrade-heroes in France and out to the East, and has had many vivid descriptions of fighting and of the episodes which attend those marked out for adventurous careers. Oliver and Vivian, after service in France, get sent East on a special mission, and have experiences at Salonika and Gallipoli before



From Oliver Hastings, V.C. (*Chambers*). "AS YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER, I COMMAND YOU, GO TO YOUR MEN, SIR."

they return to the Western front and knowledge of the new honours that have been awarded them. Their story is told in a bright and spirited fashion which will delight the youthful readers for whom it is designed.



From Dicky—Knight-Errant (*Ward, Lock*). "'I SHALL HAND YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES, OF COURSE,' ANSWERED DICKY, GRAVELY."

DICKY, KNIGHT-ERRANT.

By ISABEL M. PEACOCKE. With Illustrations by HAROLD COPPING. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Richard John Stanley, otherwise "Dicky," was nine years old and a Boy Scout; and being just that age he

was in far greater dread of losing his dignity than if he had been nineteen. He had, therefore, his trials when his mother called him "darling," or wanted to kiss him; and when other people, too, thought him a *little* boy. But Dicky was really a manly boy, and quite the right material for a Boy Scout. The story is told in eight chapters, and each chapter has as its motto one of the Scouts' Rules, beginning with "A Scout's duty is to help others"; and ending with "A Scout is prompt and resourceful." The amount of "helping" that Dicky managed was immense, and it included such important things as the bringing together of parted lovers, and even the securing of a German spy or two. Very exciting are some of the young Scout's doings, and we are happy and relieved to find that before we close the book, Dicky has become simultaneously a corporal and a hero. The story goes quickly, and is never mawkish; it is written with touches of humour, and yet with a distinct tenderness for the very youthful knight-errant; and if any Boy Scout happens to acquire the book as a Christmas gift, he might do very much worse than take hints from Richard John Stanley's code of honour.



From The Chummy Book (*Nelson*). "THE SALUTE."

THE WONDER BOOK OF SOLDIERS.

Edited by HARRY GOLDING. Illustrated. 3s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

This is not only a wonder book—it is also a wonderful book. That so little money can buy so much is among the surprises it gives you. It was first published just before the war, and ran through several large editions, and is here presented in a new and improved form with many fresh features based on the experience we have gained in warfare in the last two and a half years. Briefly, though it is intended for boys and girls, it is an up-to-date primer on all subjects of military interest. There are ten admirable colour plates by well-known military artists, and nearly three hundred photographs depicting almost every phase of Army life in peace and war. The writers of the many articles know how to convey information in a bright and attractive manner, and in its new and ampler form there can be no doubt that "The Wonder Book of Soldiers" will score a bigger success than ever.



From The Wonder Book of Soldiers (*Ward, Lock*). DINNER IN THE TRENCHES.

MORE ABOUT THE SQUIRRELS.

By ELEANOR TYRRELL. (Nelson.)

Responding to requests from unknown friends in all parts of the world, Miss

Eleanor Tyrrell has published another book about her squirrel pets which all animal-lovers will greatly appreciate. Fritz, a beautiful German squirrel, has enjoyed the liberty of her garden for four years, and of him and his various companions Miss Tyrrell writes with tender sympathy. "There came a day at the end of June," she tells us, "when Fritz brought a son and heir to the nuts on the stump. The stump, I must explain, was near the squirrel house in the back garden and was in full view of my window. The youngster was a lovely colour, almost orange, with a smart, bushy tail. Fritz at this time was changing his tail and was a lamentable object in that respect—his shiny little appendix had hardly a hair on it. I was amused at his elderly paterfamilias ways—'twizzling' his bald tail in mock anger and carefully hiding away several nuts for future occasions. And this reminds me that I never saw him bury his nuts as the Surrey squirrels did. He preferred to hide them in the forks of the trees, or in the ivy, or in deserted birds' nests." Some of the anecdotes are lively, while others are distinctly pathetic, but Miss Tyrrell's untiring interest in the ways and manners of her pets will be highly esteemed by those who understand and share her affection for all dumb creatures. Miss Honor Appleton's pen and brush have beautified the book with several delightful drawings.



From More About Squirrels (*Nelson*).

"LAURENCE HID HIMSELF IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE."

JUDY AND THE OTHERS.

By Violet Bradby. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Children who love a really natural story about children should find "Judy and the Others" much to their taste. It is a sympathetic study of an artistic family circle, in which Judy does her best to shoulder the duties of her dead mother. Judy is a high-spirited, unselfish girl, and though longing to continue her studies, she stifles her longing and keeps house for her father and brothers and sister. The chapter in which Judy engages a general servant, and the interview between her and Selina Smith are decidedly amusing. Judy's father is an architect, and the whole family are vegetarians, and wear "art" dresses and sandals: people look upon them as cranks, but they are far from being cranks, as the story shows: and the many friends and acquaintances they meet, as the plot develops, keep the reader highly entertained throughout. How Judy's "wishing-well" wish came true, and how an unexpected happening sets everything running smoothly and relieves Judy, is told ably and interestingly. The book has a number of delightful illustrations by H. M. Brock.

MOTHER MARY.

A Story for Girls By L. T. Meade. Illustrated by John Petts. 4s. (Chambers.)

There is perhaps something of a sameness about the stories of Mrs. L. T. Meade—a sameness of characterisation and of "situation," and readers of "Mother Mary" will find the story a variant of such imbroglios as she has dealt with many times. Here we have a highly successful Harley Street doctor whose wife has died a couple of years earlier, and who suddenly has it brought home to him that his twin daughters, aged sixteen, and their two brothers need more looking after than he can possibly give them. He promptly marries a young woman of four-and-twenty, and the development of the story is largely concerned with the relations of the rebellious twins to their stepmother. The two girls—very different in character—have formed a couple of friendships, Marjorie with the fine daughter of a big shopkeeper, and Rose with an unsatisfactory girl of a lower class. Out of the latter friendship develops all the trouble which makes misery in the Harley Street home, and sows distrust and suspicion among loving people. It is, perhaps, not precisely a convincing story, but its incidents are varied, and it will please those readers who have found entertainment in Mrs. Meade's earlier romances of girl-life.



From The Cradle Ship (*Cassell*). HIGH ABOVE THE TOWN.

STORIES FOR THE STORY HOUR.

By Ada M. Marzials. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap)

This is a hint for Father Xmas: "If you know a particularly nice grown-up person who tells fairy tales to small children, put a copy of this book in her (or his) stocking--and you will open up an entirely new world for the children *and* the story-teller." For here is a bookful of new and original fairy tales, told with "just the right touch," by Miss Ada M. Marzials: there is a quality of freshness and vivacity that makes the stories uncommonly attractive. It is hopeless to try and choose a favourite from among the tales they are all good; whether it is "The Cobbler," "The Twilight Fairy," "The Bowl of Mist," or the story of Hickamore and Hackamore, who (and this may be news to you) are "on the King's Kitchen Door." What happened to them, and how the gloomy King, failing to get them to come round to the front door, eventually managed to see them, is a story that will delight the heart of every child who hears it. How many children know who Hickamore and Hackamore are? You see them nearly every day of your life, only you don't know that these are their real names. Probably you call them—but it is hardly fair to tell. Miss Marzials is to be cordially thanked; and so will Father Xmas be, if he is wise enough to take a hint.

THE CRADLE-SHIP.

By Edith Howes. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

This charming story-book is in reality a guide to Babyland, and, besides being a thoroughly enjoyable fairy tale, contains a vast amount of instructive information told in an exceedingly attractive manner. Miss Howes reveals Nature's mysteries in the course of a pleasing and cleverly-written narrative which shows how two little children with their father and fairy-mother fly away to Babyland in a magic cradle-ship, and are initiated into the wonders of the animal-world. The four beautiful colour plates by Miss Florence Mary Anderson add considerably to the value of the book, which Miss Howes has written in the hope that it may be of permanent benefit to young people. We feel sure that parents will greatly appreciate the writer's object and will be glad to put such a helpful volume into their children's hands, so that they may learn of the wonders of life in the most agreeable way imaginable. "The Cradle Ship" fills a long-felt want in uniting common sense with idealism, and fact with fancy, on the world-old question of creation which so often puzzles the youthful mind.

THE MARVELS OF SCIENTIFIC INVENTION.

By Thomas W. Corbin. With 14 Illustrations from Photographs and 15 Diagrams. 3s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

The first volume of the Marvel Library makes an excellent start to that series. It is well printed, attractively produced and fully illustrated—and, above all, it is inexpensive. Mr. Corbin, too, is an admirable writer of popular science, and in the subject he has set himself he makes good use of his opportunities. His nineteen chapters, excellent descriptions of the difficulties with which inventors have had to contest, and of the methods of manufacture of—among other things—modern artillery, torpedoes, submarines, wireless telegraphy, and colour photography. Other chapters treat of mines, freezing, smelting, and kindred subjects. The book is written in a concise and simple manner, with a careful avoidance—so far as is possible—of any kind of technical language. "The Marvels of Scientific Invention" is a model of its kind.



From Stories for the Story Hour (*Harrap*). WHERE DO STORIES COME FROM?



From The Strand Fairy Book (*Newnes*). "WHILST HE THUS RESTED SHE PLACED ON HIM A SUIT OF GOLDEN ARMOUR."

CHRISTOPHER'S ADVENTURES IN GOBLIN LAND.

By JANET S. TRAILL. 1s. 3d. net. (Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.)

Christopher is a little boy who plays " pretend games " and indulges in " thinks." One day, wearying of amusing himself with his playthings, he curls up in an arm-chair and begins to " think "—and almost at once he becomes involved in the drollest and most surprising happenings you ever heard of. The clock on the mantel-piece commences to talk, and directs him to Goblinland, to which wonderful place he journeys in his toy train accompanied by his gollywog. Together they visit the Goblin nursery, are introduced to the Goblin King and are able to take a peep at Toyland, before the nursery clock sends Christopher a telegram telling him it is time to go home again. The Goblins are queer, deadly solemn little creatures, and Miss Traill ingeniously introduces many fantastic ideas, all manner of funny Goblin customs, and quaint adventures, which children will find uncommonly diverting. The book is cleverly illustrated by Leslie P. Hope.



From The Arabian Nights' Entertainments (*Seeley, Service*). "I PERCEIVED THAT HE WAS SITTING UPON A THRONE ADORNED WITH PEARLS AND JEWELS."

THE STRAND FAIRY BOOK.

(Newnes).

It is quite a mistaken idea that the modern child does not care about fairy-stories ; the host of fairy books every Christmas calls into existence is evidence to the contrary. As a matter of fact, the old " impossible " fairy-story never loses its allurement for fanciful young readers, and consequently the " Strand Fairy Book " with its collection of tales which are both new and entertaining, will meet with an eager reception from many quarters. The fortunate Wittysplinter, the King's favourite, who is cute enough to outwit giants, subdue fiery steeds, and baffle all his enemies ; who triumphs in every undertaking and is never once thwarted, deserves to rank among such gallants as Jack of Beanstalk fame, and the persevering Dick Whittington. The same can be said of Lillekort too, for Lillekort slays a monster with fifteen heads ; and of courageous Prince Azgid, and the many other heroes who figure through the pages. The stories grip the imagination and are every one of them well worth reading. They are profusely illustrated with line drawings and a handsome frontispiece in colour.



From The Strand Fairy Book (*Newnes*). "WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR THAT WHEEL?"

MADGE MOSTYN'S NIECES.

By L. T. MEADE. 5s. (Chambers.)

Miss Madge Mostyn, a quiet, middle-aged lady, through her own kind-heartedness and generosity, suddenly finds her house besieged by an army of nieces, separated from their parents for various reasons, and entrusted to her motherly care. She is obliged to secure governesses to attend to their education and upbringing, and obtains the services of a mysterious young person who passes by the name of Clotilda Mountjoy, but is in reality concealing her true identity. Coralie, one of the nieces, and the least lovable of them all, accidentally discovers this secret and uses it as a weapon against Clotilda, to blackmail her, so to speak, into obeying her wishes. The deception of

the unfortunate governess, and the dishonour and selfishness of Coralie, bring disaster to Miss Mostyn's unconventional little school; but peace and happiness are restored ultimately when repentant confessions are made, mysteries cleared up, and a spirit of love and sympathy established in the houseful of girls. The plot is well worked out, and girls who enjoy Mrs. L. T. Meade's stories will find this one comes fully up to their expectations.

ENGLISH NURSERY RHYMES.

Selected and Edited by L. Edna Walter, B.Sc., A.C.G.I. Harmonised by Lucy E. Broadwood. Illustrated by Dorothy M. Wheeler. Price 5s. net. (Black.)

Three ladies share the honour of producing one of the most charming of this year's Christmas books for children. One lady has selected and edited a number of our favourite old nursery rhymes, choosing the words and music from the most authentic sources. Another lady has harmonised these good old tunes, so that the lucky children who get this book can sing the rhymes—while someone plays the accompaniment on the piano. And the third lady (though she is mentioned last her share is far from being the least) has completed the work by adding a number of most beautiful and appropriate illustrations. In colour and design these pictures are delightful—each one so perfect that one wants to take it out and frame it, so as to have it always before one's eyes. The artist has been very generous with her gift, for there are thirty-two full page pictures in colour, besides decorative borders and about sixty headings and tailpieces. Altogether it is a book that is sure to be warmly welcomed by English children the world over.



From English Nursery Rhymes (*Black*). "Boys and Girls Come out to Play."

THE FAIRIES OF THE ELEMENTS.

By Gertrude E. Beetham. 1s. net. (Warne).

Quaint and picturesque fancies distinguish Miss Beetham's little book "The Fairies of the Elements." Her stories are woven around the fairies of Nature—water-sprites, air-sprites, flower-sprites, and other dream-creatures who have their home in the imagination of every happy child. The story of the little wandering stream of Cam Fell which runs down into the valley, bubbling with merriment, and ultimately develops into a staid river, surging into the mighty ocean to bear forward the powerful battleships and so take its share in its country's warfare, is a pretty idea and told in a simple style children will understand. "Ariel Wins," "The Flowers Put Their Heads Together," "The Quarrel of the Sprites" and "Billie and the Butterfly" are equally well written, and together make a book of attractive qualities. There is an elegant coloured frontispiece, and several choice little drawings in pen-and-



***From* Fairies of the Elements (*Warne*).** "Were not these the good fairies?"

MISS QUIXOTE.

By Violet M. Methley. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Ariel Falkiner deserves the half satiric, half affectionate, name of Miss Quixote, for surely there has never been either in real life or fiction a girl who so complicated things by her habit of self-sacrifice. In love with Andrew Carstairs, she disguises her own feelings, gives up her hospital post, and sets out on a voyage to Australia with the intention of looking after his sweetheart Daisy Alsager, a friendless girl, who has been ordered this long sea trip as a means of recuperation. The passage is exciting for Ariel, as she arouses the jealousy of a foreign pianist named Isolde Casanova, and the latter tries twice to murder her. On the boat acting as steward is a mysterious personage



From The Rosebud Annual (*Clarke*). THE ANGLER.

called Brown. He saves Ariel when she is flung overboard, and later is of great assistance to Daisy, Ariel, and Dr. Evans when they are cast away owing to the boat going down. Ariel and Brown fall in love with each other, but on their return to England she disappears, believing that he is the husband or lover of her friend Diva Tressilian. Of course the mystery is easily explained, and the end happy.

THE HONEST LAWYER.

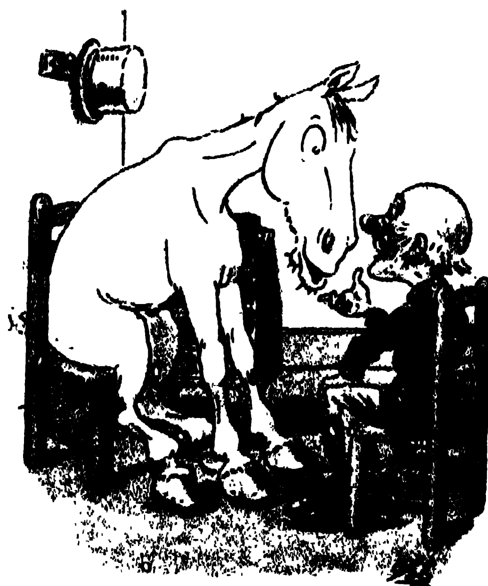
By G. V. McFadden. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

Greatly daring is any author, especially of the younger school, who lays the scenes of his story in Wessex, because of the comparison the reader is at once forced to make. Although a literary giant strides like a Colossus across that favoured land, Mr. McFadden fully justifies his right to make early nineteenth century Dorchester the venue of his excellent novel, which cannot be neglected by anyone who wants to keep abreast of the best fiction of the hour. The honest lawyer, who, under extraordinary circumstances, receives an offer of marriage from a charming lady of the manor, possesses an impressive individuality, and the duel which takes place between the two strongly-conceived characters grips the attention, and most readers will derive pleasure from the rustic chorus accompanying it. The intrusion of an aristocratic rogue, the infatuation of a country girl for the hero, and the complications arising out of a forged will, provide material for plenty of action. We think, however, the author would do well to consider more seriously the art of compression, his tendency being to talk too much about his characters. "The Honest Lawyer" has our hearty recommendation.

OLD NOT-TOO-BRIGHT AND LILY-WHITE.

By Harold Simpson. 1s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s Little Wonder Books are just the kind of books that bring an immeasurable amount of pleasure to children, and none of the series has fulfilled this function more thoroughly than does "Old Not-Too-Bright and Lily-White." Mr. G. E. Shepheard's amusing pictures, and Mr. Harold Simpson's entertaining verse combine to make a most fascinating little book; the humour is fresh and spontaneous, and the doings of the funny old man and his comical white horse cannot fail to provoke laughter. As a little Christmas gift for the small people nothing could be more acceptable.



From Old Not-too-Bright and Lily-White (*Ward, Lock*). "THE HORSE, A LITTLE CHARY, TOOK A CHAIR, AS HE WAS BID."

THE ADVENTURES OF TROOPER PEEK-A-BOO.

Told by MAY BRYON. Illustrated by CHLOE PRESTON. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Peek-a-Boos are an institution by now and always quite sure of a hearty welcome wherever they show their absurd chubby cheeks and goggle-eyes. An army without a Peek-a-Boo in it would, of course, be gravely behind the times, so it was quite in the nature of things for Timothy Peek-a-Boo to sell up his farm, mount his horse, and ride off to remedy this shortcoming in the British forces. Miss May Bryon recounts his amazing adventures with her usual whimsical humour, and Miss Chloe Preston's pictures are as amusing as ever. If there are any unfortunate children who have not yet made the acquaintance of the



From The Adventures of Trooper Peek-a-Boo (*Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton*).

DIBS PITCHED TROOPER PEEK-A-BOO OVER HIS HEAD.

Peek-a-Boos, it is to be hoped that through the generosity of their kind friends and relations they will be introduced to these quaint little people *this* Christmas, at all events. To give a child a Peek-a-Boo book is to give it a big helping of happiness.

THE WONDER BOOK.

Edited by HARRY GOLDING. Illustrated 3s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Harry Golding is to be congratulated on the high level of excellence his picture annual for boys and girls always attains. He has a happy gift for finding pictures and stories and verse of the right



From The Chunkies (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

kind to please the little people. This year he offers them another budget of good things twelve colour plates, a great number of clever drawings, a wealth of stories and pleasant verses—a rich feast for the small gods and goddesses of the nursery. There is only just enough about the war to keep you in mind of it--the charming frontispiece, " News from the Front," is of the coming of good news, for the mother and little daughter are smiling over the letter they are reading ; and there is the same spirit of happiness and the joy of life running all through the book. It is a wonder book, but a joyous wonder book, and one that in interest and amusement it would be difficult to excel.



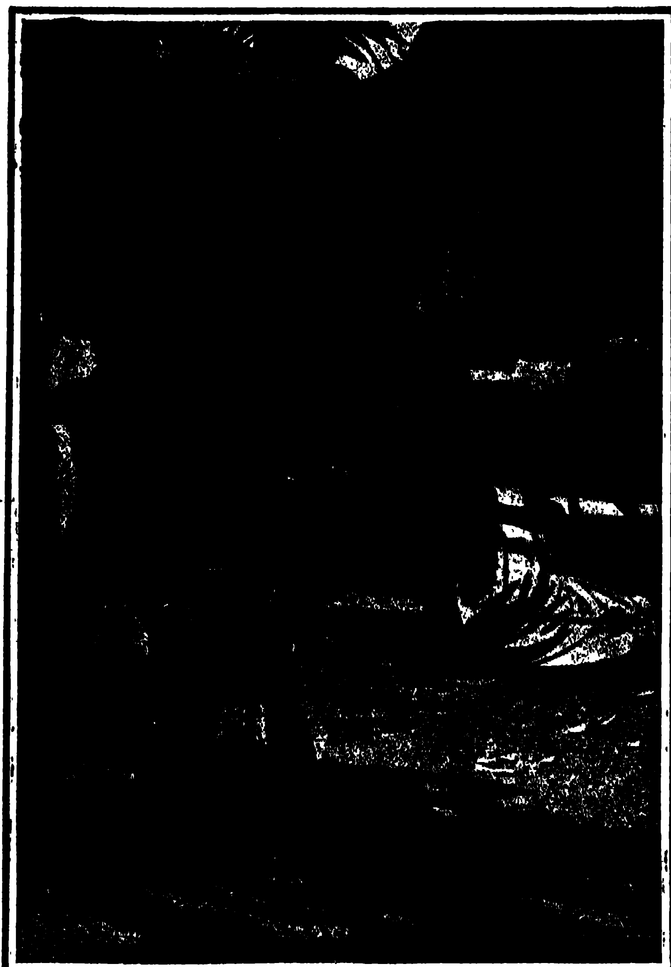
From The Wonder Book (*Ward, Lock*).

FIVE JOLLY SAILOR-MEN.

THREE MEN—AND TRODDLES.

By R. ANDOM. (Newnes.)

This well-known quartette ought to provide fun and cheerfulness wherever it goes. Time has in no wise detracted from the humour of the immortal Troddles and his three followers. His fortune, and how the others helped him to dispose of it; the Turkish-bath expedition ; the Fancy Dress Ball ; the Roller-skating craze ; the Boat-building enterprise, and the rest of their amusing exploits, will give the reader some of the jolliest laughter. Anybody suffering from a fit of the blues would do well to get this book.



From Missionary Heroines of the Cross (*Seeley, Service*).

PERSECUTIONS IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY.



From Stories of Great Sieges (*Seeley, Service*).

THE LAST OF AN ARMY. THE WHOLE OF THE CABUL ARMY BUT ONE MAN, DR. BRYDON, WAS DESTROYED.

HOLLYHOCK: A SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF.

By L. T. MEADE. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

A group of ten cousins, five boys belonging to Mrs. Constable, five girls belonging to her brother, the Hon. George Lennox, were ideal playmates and a little community in itself. The boys were named in church, but otherwise bore the names of precious stones, Jasper, Sapphire, Garnet, Opal, Emerald; while the girls were known as Jasmine, Gentian, Hollyhock, Rose of the Garden, and Delphinium, never by their Christian baptismal names. And Hollyhock was the mischievous heroine. Mrs. Meade is a skilful weaver of many stories, and she displays all



From Hollyhock: A Spirit of Mischief (*Chambers*).

THE CONSPIRACY.

her skill in weaving this, but it cannot be held that warp or woof is of fine material. There are charming folk, too ideally charming to be real, or even human, and the starting of the great school is almost farcical in its fairy wand-like swiftness and success. Still for those who can accept the impossibilities, the tale moves brightly on, how Hollyhock became the favourite at school, and immediately was the leader of seventy girls, all save one, the Lady Leucha, who hated her and was mean and jealous, and how Hollyhock by prank and frolic and rude shock and sweet nature and gentleness finally conquered her enemy; how Jasper being fifteen years of age went to this mixed school for a year to prepare him for going to Eton—at sixteen; how Hollyhock captivated the old Duke of Ardshiel, and in the last pages a wedding is foreshadowed between her and the gallant young heir to the dukedom—all this is set down trippingly enough, and makes a pleasant story.

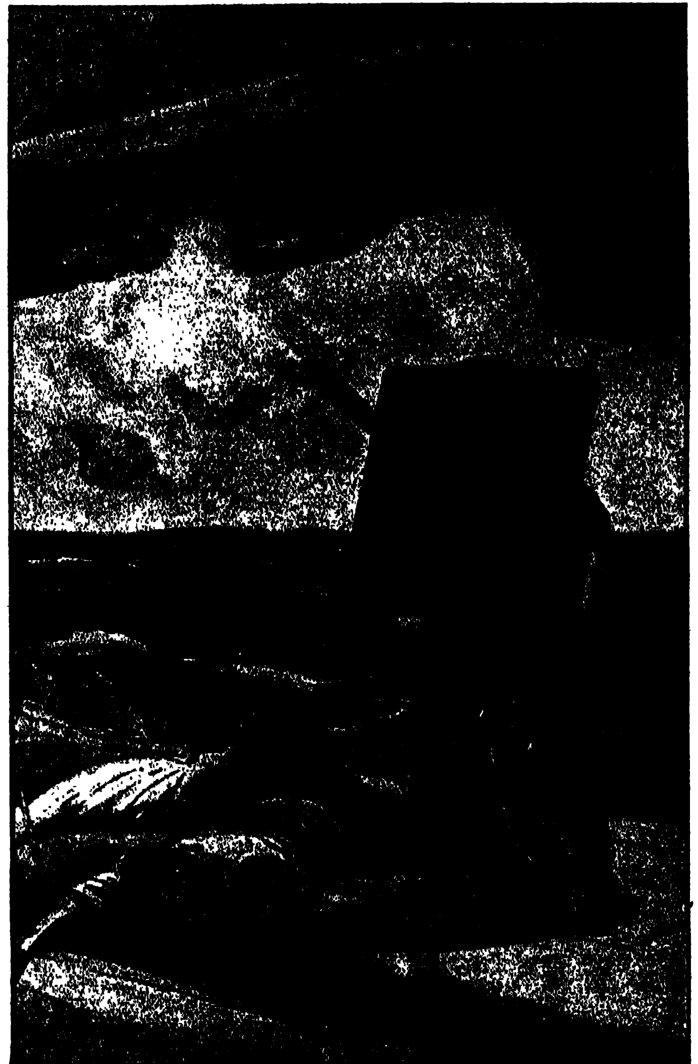
THE SPLENDID QUEST.

By Basil Mathews. With Illustrations by Ernest Prater. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

This interesting gift book is a welcome addition to the "Fascinated Child" series. It justifies its right to the general title as well as to its own, the latter borrowed from Mr. William Watson's fine line on the chivalry of old, "The splendid quest, the good fight ringing clear." The thirteen sketches chosen to illustrate "The Splendid Quest" are at first sight a little disconcerting by reason of their arrangement. Thus we pass from the story of Louis the Ninth to that of Abraham Lincoln, and proceed to that of "The Knight of His Sister," under which rather fanciful title we renew acquaintance with Charles Lamb. The studied neglect of chronology at least serves the excellent purpose of reminding us that chivalry is of no age or time, and the concluding chapter on "The Splendid Conquest" fitly ends a book of chivalrous lives with the birth of Chivalry at Calvary.



From The Splendid Quest (*Jarrold*). "Sir Galahad then let drive at them with his sword with such fury that they all fled."

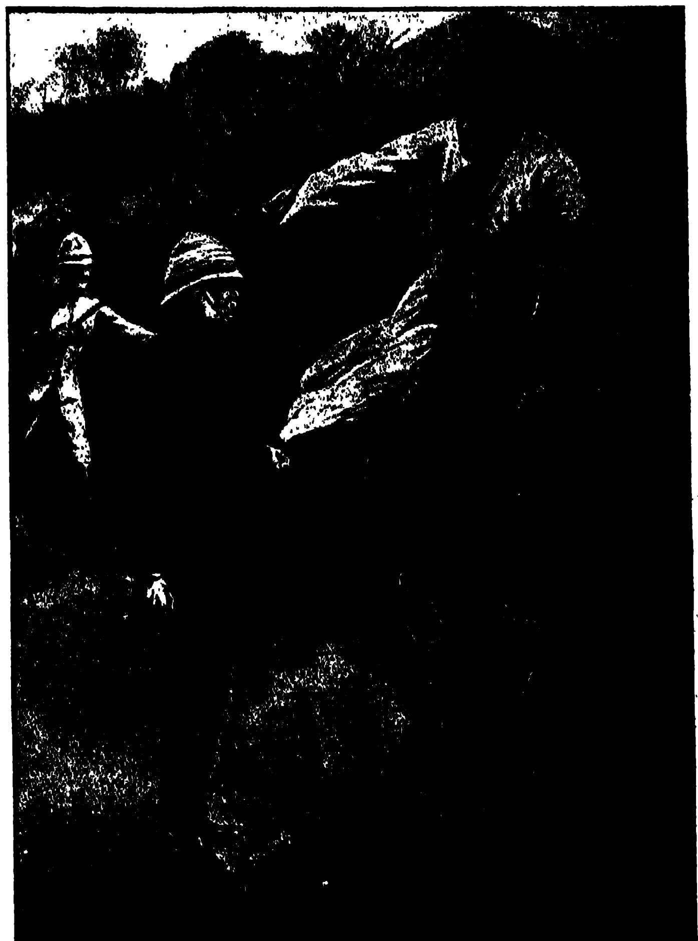


From Buckle, of Submarine V2 (*Partridge*).

ENGLAND HATH NEED OF THEE.

By Sydney C. Grier. With Illustrations by A. Pearse. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This fine story will rank with the best of Sydney Grier's novels of the Frontier. It is based on the kind of episode that has too often blotted the record of our Indian administration—the needless sacrifice of gallant lives caused by the treacheries and futilities of party government at home. Sir Robert Charteris had served his country well, and had been rewarded with apples of Sodom; but the call of duty found him ready to pocket his pride and start once more



From England Hath Need of Thee (*Blackwood*). "Brandishing about his head a gleaming sword."



From The Luckiest Girl in the School (*Blackie*).

"OH, GARNET, I AM SO SORRY! WILL THE DOCTOR LET YOU TAKE THE MATRIC. AT ALL?"

on a political mission to the frontier from which he was well aware no glory could be reaped. With him went his nephew, Arthur Gerrard, a brave and simple-minded soldier, and Lionel Grandier, a spoilt egotist, who, in Gerrard's eyes, was the embodiment of all the gifts that man could desire. In Pathar, where they soon found themselves to be only pawns in the game played between the Home and Indian Governments, they discovered a valuable ally in "Colonel" Brown, a descendant of a soldier of fortune with a prepossessing daughter. A charming love-story tells of Noel's engagement to Grandier and of her gradual awakening to the truer qualities and the splendid loyalty of his friend. When the crisis came, Grandier's egotism was cured, and he proved himself worthy to share the glorious death of Charteris and Brown, who died because a premier could not make up his mind to send the Expedition of relief in time. The story of their last stand is written with great power, and with the thrill that Sydney Grier can always convey. The plot is laid in the Victorian age, but the bravery and the patriotism are of all time.

THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE SCHOOL.

By ANGELA BRAZIL. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

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Surely Mr. Leslie Brooke has included in his collection of nursery rhymes nearly every song and ditty, rhyme and lullaby, tale and jingle ever invented to charm and amuse the minds of children. Some are so slightly known they will be quite fresh to most little readers, but the majority are old friends, and toddlers will derive huge enjoyment from the pictures of such familiar figures as "Miss Muffet," "My Son John," "Humpty Dumpty," and the many others reproduced both in line and colour. The "Nursery Rhymes" can be obtained in three separate sections at one shilling each, or together in one volume, artistically bound, for four-and-sixpence.



From 'Midst Shot and Shell in Flanders (*Collins*).

"Brave Canadian Signallers."



From Round Fairyland with Alice and the White Rabbit (*Wells Gardner*).

"THEY FETCHED OUT THE CAULDRON THAT CAN NEVER BE EMPTIED."

IAN HARDY: MIDSHIPMAN.

By Commander HAMILTON CURREY. 5s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Commander Hamilton Currey is an old hand at writing capital books about the Services, and few boy-heroes have had a more true career of popularity than his "Ian Hardy, Midshipman," and its sequel in his days as a senior. Those lads who have followed Ian's experiences between decks will rejoice, therefore, to find him reappearing in "Ian Hardy Fighting the Moors." This idea of carrying the same hero along through a series of time in four books is one that Kingston borrowed from the great Dumas, and although it offers many advantages to the reader, it entails uncommon difficulties upon an author. Commander Currey, however, has no lack of variety and invention, and he scours North Africa here with a splendid harvest of episodes and hairbreadth escapes. British intrepidity and patience find all their work cut out to match the guile and cunning of the nomad Moslems, and especially the unfathomable iniquities of Mahomed in Salaam; and the fact that this sheikh among sheikhs beat our hero and his comrades at the finish, though it may chafe the feelings of many a boy reader, brings compensations in the fact that we shall meet him again, doubtless, in a fifth volume which is on the stock. The fact that the author achieves so worthy a result in this book is good warrant for the next, and we congratulate all lads who are following the series through.



From The Redcaps' Annual (*Kelly*).

THE BRITISH BOY'S ANNUAL.

(Cassell.)

"The British Boy's Annual" is a lad's library in a way, for it assembles within the compass of an imposing and picturesque quarto with a most appealing and artistic cover, a good round score and a half of up-to-date stories of life and adventure under all sorts of forms and conditions, and all by eminent hands. Thus Sir Harry Johnstone tells the romance of modern exploration and fills it full of incidents. Commander Taprell deals with the alternating monotony and thrill experienced by the keepers of our lighthouses. Mr. Keble Chatterton describes in terse and telling style "The Making of a Seaman," Mr. John Mackie recounts a breathless life-chapter in "My First Lion," and Mr. Archibald Williams puts us in touch with the latest knowledge concerning volcanoes and their exploration. But these are only the informing and matter-of-fact part of a highly diversified volume, and vividly as they read, they need wholesome garnish of lively dialogue and character and fiction. This is supplied in profusion by popular writers like Captain Gilson, Captain Brereton, Percy Westerman, Eric Darling, "Cornstalk," Olaf Baker, Captain Frank Morris, Captain Frank Shaw, Hubert Holland and others. "Q" and others supply welcome verses, and Mr. D. H. Parry tells a seven-chapter story of Napoleonic days which is equal to the making of many a first-class book on its own account. The colour pictures and outfit and editing of the book are thoroughly well done, and will command success and admiration everywhere.

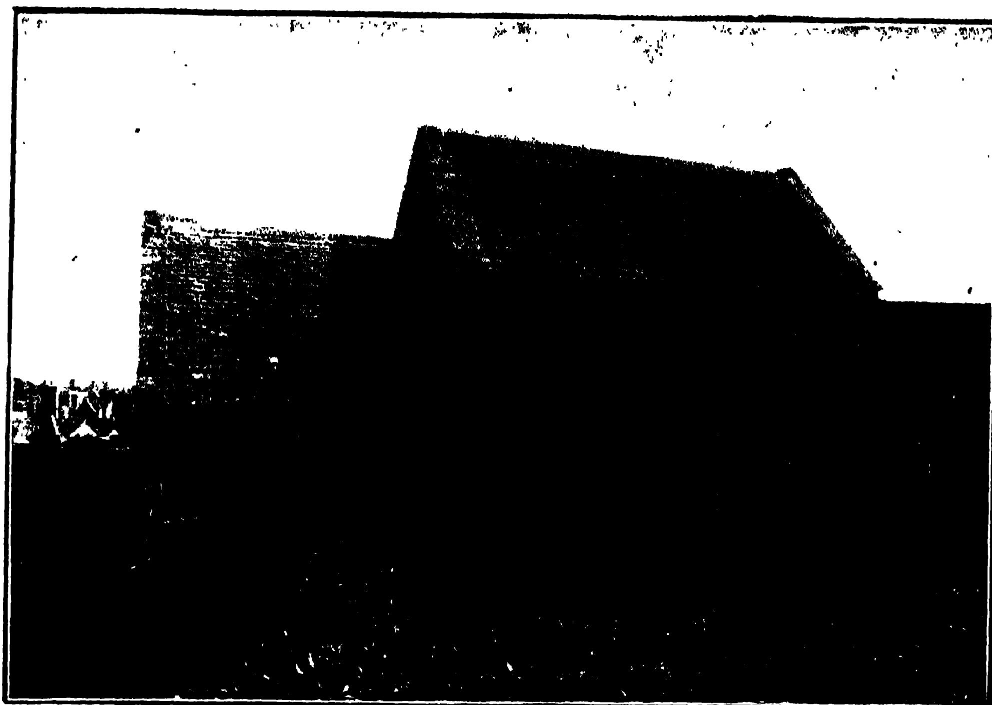


From Alice in Wonderland (*Kelly*).

"THERE COULD BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT; IT WAS NEITHER MORE NOR LESS THAN A PIG."



A FRIGHT

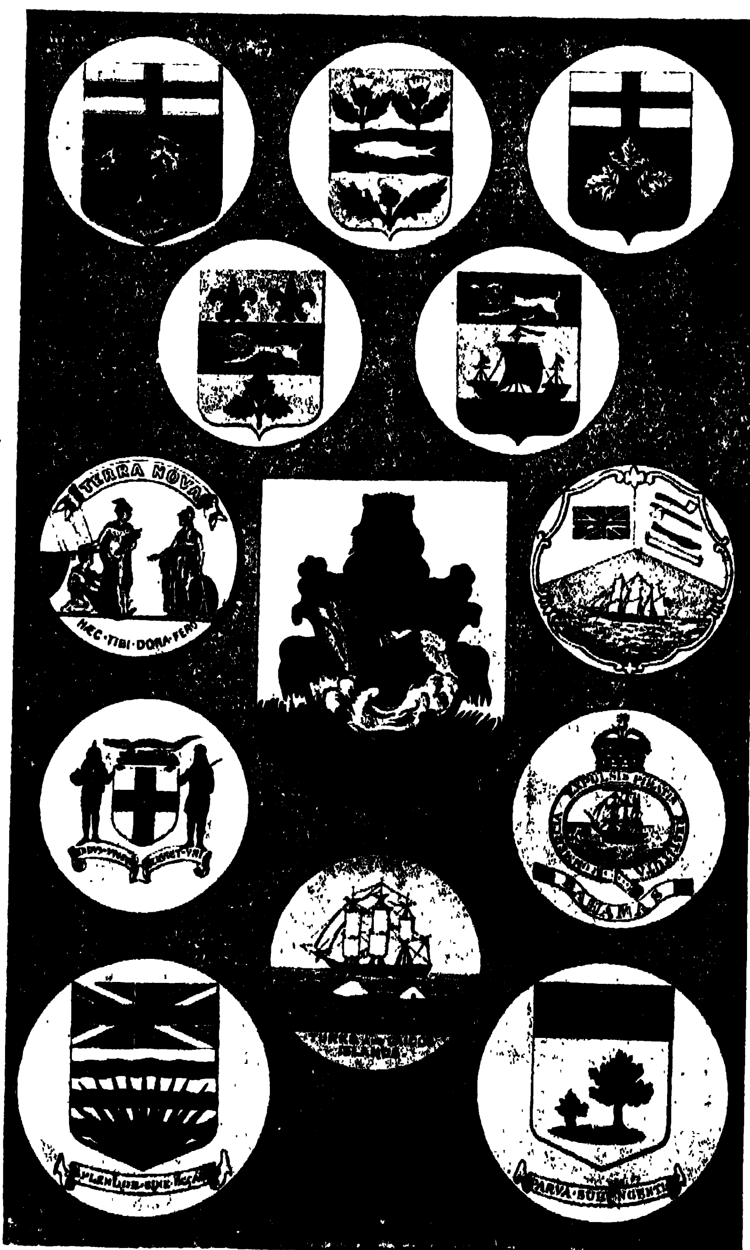


From Every Child's Book About the Church (*Mowbray*). VIEW OF OLD CHURCH.

EVERY CHILD'S BOOK ABOUT THE CHURCH.

By GERTRUDE HOLLIS. 2s. net. (Mowbray.)

Miss Gertrude Hollis contends, and rightly too, that there are few children who are not deeply interested in historical subjects. Her book about the Church, therefore, will bring gratification to all boys and girls, and particularly to those who are themselves members of the Church of England. They will be glad to learn something more about the ancient institution to which they belong, and Miss Hollis has made every attempt to deal as exhaustively as possible with a very large theme. She touches upon church architecture, clocks and bells, churchyards, towers, porches, fonts, altars, tombs, organs; upon the clergy, church officials, service books, and services, shrines and pilgrimages, miracle plays, church schools, and many other engrossing topics of a similar nature, taking, of course, the historical aspect in each case. It is a useful book, full of valuable information, and every church-going child should possess a copy.

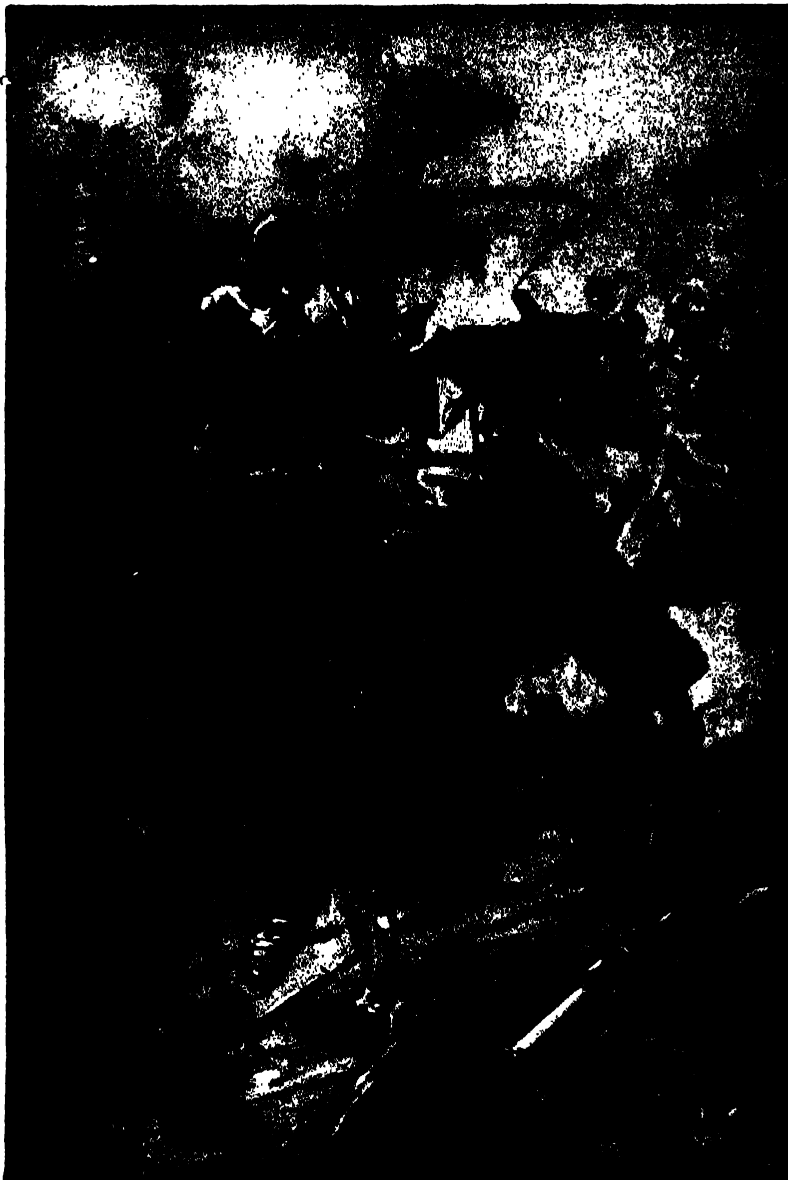


From Flags of the World (*Warne*).

THE BLACK PRINCESS, AND OTHER FAIRY TALES FROM BRAZIL.

Translated by CHRISTIE T. YOUNG. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

A certain King and Queen so longed for a daughter that they declared they would rather have a child as black as the night than go childless all the rest of their days. A fairy, overhearing their wish, granted it, and shortly afterwards a little princess the colour of coal was born. Of course the King and Queen were very sorry then that they had expressed the wish so lightly, but the fairy took pity on them and told them that if the princess could be kept within the confines of the castle grounds until her sixteenth birthday her skin would change to a lovely creamy whiteness. However the princess, like Eve of old, was tempted by a wicked serpent, and instead of obeying her fairy godmother's commands, she succumbed to the serpent's enticements, and escaped from the castle grounds to a terrifying place called the Palace of Death. But again the fairy godmother was moved with compassion to offer her one more chance of becoming white, and that was to marry a hideous monster named Urubucaru. The latter part of the narrative is something in the nature of a Portuguese version of the English "Beauty and the Beast," for Urubucaru proves to be an enchanted prince, and the marriage rescues both of them from their unhappy plight. That is the story of "The Black Princess," one of a collection of a dozen fairy tales ably translated from the Portuguese of "Chrysanthème," and beautifully illustrated by Miss Florence Mary Anderson. The translator has done good service in presenting us with such a fascinating book.


From The Book of Pirates (*Harrap*).

THE BOOK OF PIRATES.

By HENRY GILBERT. With 12 Illustrations of J. FINNEMORE, R.I., R.B.A. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

Mr. Henry Gilbert's survey of piracy extends from the days of Julius Cæsar to the beginning of the last century, and it includes the various species of the genus that Europe has produced. There are some stirring adventures here, and some great—and infamous—names: Rolf the Norman, Sidi ben Muza and Barbarossa, the Mediterranean corsairs, Blackbeard, Sir Henry Morgan, and Captain Kidd. The only pirates of note, indeed, who are not represented seem to be the Malays and Chinese. The volume is, however, more than a mere record of blood and rapine, for Mr. Gilbert's pleasant narrative style and his sense of character invests his theme with a literary interest which is unusual in work of this description. His brief historical summaries are also of considerable value, while Mr. Finnemore's spirited drawings add to the attractions of a finely produced volume.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL.

6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

For nine successive years Herbert Strang's popular Annual has appeared with the other good things of Christmas-time to delight the hearts of its large and ever multiplying circle of readers. This year, it is no exaggeration to say it is even better than on any previous occasion. The atmosphere of war permeates its pages; there are exciting battle stories; and a host of excellent articles concerning warfare on land and sea: articles about Zeppelins, submarines, mine-sweepers, trench-railways, the use of fire in warfare, the British Empire, and kindred subjects, all of which will prove absorbingly interesting, and are eminently instructive. Tales and articles on a wide variety of other themes abound, including the always enjoyable school-story, and a contribution by the Editor of the *Cinema* showing how the picture play is produced. In fact everything that will appeal to the young manhood of the nation has been thought of and provided, and the result is a book that will be a most acceptable Christmas gift for any boy, and a never-failing source of pleasure to the lucky possessor.


From Herbert Strang's Annual (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

A COFFERDAM BEING BUILT OVER THE FORE-END OF A PARTIALLY MERGED VESSEL.



From A Christmas Carol (*Kelly*). "STOOD ON TIPTOE TO EMBRACE HIM."



From Emdeé (*Macmillan*). "CAN EMDEÉ GUESS WHAT HE HAS COME FOR?"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By CHARLES DICKENS. 3s. 6d. net. (Chas. H. Kelly.)

Of the story itself there is nothing to say, except that its appearance testifies to the ever-green memory of the author and the extent to which his Christmas tales have become interwoven with the traditions of Yule-tide. For the rest it is excellently printed, and the numerous illustrations by Gordon Robinson, four of them being full-page plates in colour, are not unworthy of the book. After a long familiarity with Cruikshank, "Phiz" and Mahoney, one is always apprehensive of a new illustrator of Dickens. It is not that our visualising of a Dickens character has become stereotyped, but a certain rigid standard has grown up in the mind—the pictured figure must conform to certain delicate criteria. The artist must have the "Dickens touch." In this respect we are glad to find that Mr. Robinson does not disappoint us. Scrooge is not exactly the Scrooge in our minds, but still it *is* Scrooge, and Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim and the rest are much as our fancy paints them. The pen-and-ink sketches are really good work; the coloured illustrations we feel are just a trifle too vivid. A little more of the dim and



From Collins' Adventure Annual (*Collins*). "THEY MOVED ALONG THE ROCKY FLOOR."

mystic side of things in the ghost pictures, for instance, would have been welcome. The binding of the book, too, is rather lacking in distinction, the result perhaps of the dearth of labour and material. Nevertheless, it makes an excellent gift-book for the season.

EDMÉE.

A Tale of the French Revolution. By Mrs. Molesworth. With Illustrations by G. Demain Hammond. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)



From Irene to the Rescue (*Chambers*). "There is no real cause for suspicion against the family."



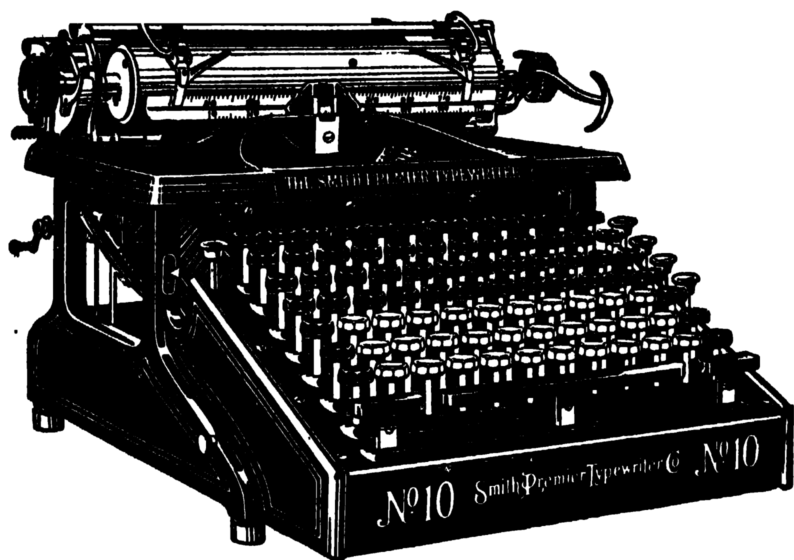
From John of Daunt (*Ward, Lock*). "'When you say wicked words,' said the little boy."

A story by Mrs. Molesworth is always a safe choice to make when Christmas is drawing near. And from those young readers who have not yet enjoyed the story of Edmée's portrait, this volume, with its charming illustrations to double its attractiveness, will receive a warm welcome. In the old farmhouse of Belle Prairie hung, in the best parlour, the portrait of a little girl; and the Marcel children had been promised by their mother that some day they should hear the story of it. So, on Madame Marcel's birthday, the promise is fulfilled, and with breathless interest the children listen and learn that the lovely little child of the picture is their own great-grandmother, Edmée de Valmont, who lived at the time of the terrible French Revolution; and they hear, too, of the joys and sorrows which befell her, and the great dangers from which she escaped by the help of her faithful and devoted foster-brother, Pierre. It is a touching story, and will help in a wise and thoroughly enjoyable way to teach without seeming to teach something of the history of that troubled period and of the causes which led to it.



From Me and Jake (*Kelly*). Uncle Richard's Fireside."

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Author and Journalist, Minister and Layman, they all find that a typewriter is an every-day necessity. And the Professional man, perhaps even more than the Business man, wants a machine which is quickly learned, easily manipulated, free from complications of mechanism that distract the mind, and quiet in operation.

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THE RUSSIAN STORY BOOK.

By RICHARD WILSON. With 16 Illustrations in Colour and 34 in Line by FRANK C. PAPÉ. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The fifteen stories which compose this exceedingly attractive volume have been retold by Mr. Richard Wilson mainly from the song-cycles of Kiev and Novgorod, and the book is "an endeavour to show by means of some of the early legends the ideals and point of view of the Russian nation while it was in the process of being made." This, however, is no more than a purpose which should invest with interest for others a book which is primarily intended for the entertainment of boys and girls in their early teens. And a splendid entertainment it is—a glittering pageant of colour and action. There are no fairy stories like the old ones, and here are some of the oldest and strangest and most beautiful, retold by a practised and skilful writer. For Mr. Papé's illustrations, whether in colour or line, scarcely any praise could be too high. They are altogether worthy of the stories which have inspired them.



From The Russian Story Book (*Macmillan*). FALCON THE HUNTER.

IRENE TO THE RESCUE.

The Story of an English Girl's Fight for the Right. By MAY BALDWIN. Illustrated by J. PETTS. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

It is the story of a plucky young Englishwoman that Miss May Baldwin tells in her new volume, and one that will surely please the youthful readers for whom it is written. The action for the most part takes place in France, where Irene and her mother are visiting that mother's sister—widow of a French landed proprietor—a few years before the outbreak of war. Irene has been brought up to believe that Maurice de Larney is her cousin and the son of her aunt, but chance makes known to her the truth that instead of being half-English, the youth is half-German. Then when the war breaks out Irene, comfortably in England, learns that Maurice and his aunts are prisoners, suspected of having assisted the enemy; she recalls her promise to her aunt and boldly goes to France and sets about establishing the innocence of the trio who have been denounced by panic-stricken villagers. By sheer pluck and pertinacity the girl goes on accumulating evidence, cheering the prisoners, and making herself famous by the indomitable courage with which she frankly confronts the authorities, and finally establishes her case, and demonstrates that she was right in her convictions despite the seeming weight of evidence. It is a bright and healthy romance.

JOHN OF DAUNT.

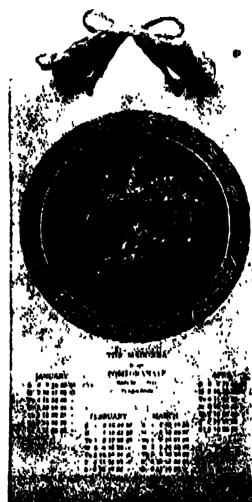
By ETHEL TURNER. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Ethel Turner's work is too well known in this country to need any preliminary remarks on her delightful style and able treatment of her subjects. It is sufficient to say that "John of Daunt" is told in a way that makes it a worthy successor to the many charming studies of Australian child life that have already issued from the pen of this gifted writer. This story concerning John is presented in a particularly skilful way—the time covered from first page to last being *one day*. And yet, as we close the book, we feel as if we have known John for years and years—for eight years, to be exact, for that is his age at the present time. Although we are only given a day's adventures, yet we get silhouette pictures of past happenings that build up a complete portrait of this entirely lovable and thoroughly boyish boy. But it is not all about John. Of course there is Dinky (his mother), and his father, and Dee, and many another: and what they all do on this day of adventures is well worth finding out. It is a book that will appeal to children and grown-ups alike; a delightful and realistic book that leaves many a pleasant memory in its wake.

ME AND JAKE.

By JOHN SALISBURY. 1s. 6d. net. (Kelly.)

Mr. John Salisbury retells in North-country dialect the experiences of some Durham miners and members of their families. His object is to make known the stories of their conversion, that by their example others may be led to abandon drinking and gambling and to accept the Christian faith. The confessions are quite genuine, the author assures us, correct names of persons and places being used, and photographs of "Harry" and "Jake" and "Uncle Richard" and their various companions are scattered through the pages, to give a final touch of reality to a very human and homely little book. It teaches in its simple fashion lessons in temperance and good living that help to make life happier for those who learn them. It will interest young and older readers alike.



A CALENDAR published by the Medici Society.

WANTED, AN ENGLISH GIRL.

By DOROTHEA MOORE. 6s. net. (Partridge.)

Answering an advertisement for an English girl to be a companion to a German schoolgirl during the holidays, Gillian Courtney finds herself, at the outbreak of war, stranded in Insterburg, a small, "buffer" state between Germany and France. Surrounded by unscrupulous enemies, she is yet able through her quick wits and dauntless courage, to frustrate their plans, and succeeds in rendering patriotic services both to her country and to friends who, like herself, are in the midst of danger. Miss Dorothea Moore has written a tale of topical interest, teeming with thrilling events and alive with excitement; it is admirably suitable for girls of twelve years old and upwards.



From Nursery Rhymes (*Warne*). "I HAD A LITTLE HEN, THE PRETTIEST EVER SEEN."

A MADCAP FAMILY.

By AMY LE FEUVRE. 2s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

Sybil Donaghvan, adopted by her grandmother at an early age, has never known the companionship of other children, and is consequently inclined to be spoilt and vain for she is a very clever little violinist. Quite suddenly to her dismay she is transported from her grandmother's luxurious home to the heart of her own unknown family, and finds herself lonely and desolate, surrounded by a band of merry, mischievous brothers and sisters whose madcap ways astonish, amuse and aggravate her alternately. It takes some time, and many tears of anger and mortification, before she grows accustomed to the new rough-and-tumble life, where, instead of being an only child, pampered and petted, she is merely one of several, not expected to be offended at teasing and ridicule, and forced to think of others as well as herself. But Miss Le Feuvre shows how Sybil grows to love this at last even better than the more sedate, egotistical existence at her grandmother's, and how she learns the true meaning of those lines:



From The Black Princess. (*Simpkin Marshall.*) "ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KING WHO LIVED IN A CASTLE."

> "And in me there dwells no greatness
> Save it be some far-off touch
> Of greatness to know well I am not great."

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

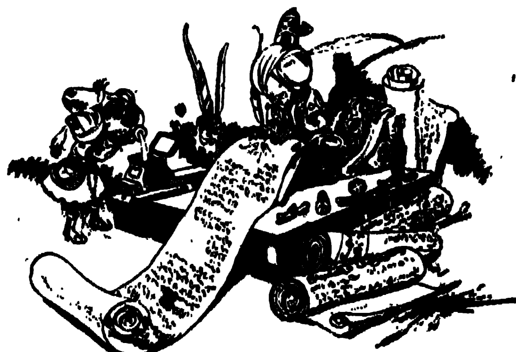
Illustrated by RENÉ BULL. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Ten pictures in colour and a hundred drawings in black-and-white beautify this sumptuous edition of "The Arabian Nights." The full-page plates are gems of art, every one worthy of a frame; the artist with a generous application of gold and red and subtle shades of blue, has contrived to capture the true Oriental splendour of glowing life and jewelled wealth and luxury. No less decorative are the pen-and-ink illustrations in the text, combining to give a renewed value to these ever-fascinating old fairy tales.

THE GIRLS AT HIS BILLET.

By BERTA RUCK (MRS. OLIVER ONIONS). 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is hard to write of "Berta Ruck's" latest essay in humour and high spirits in the usual stock phrases of the reviewer. "The Girls at His Billet" doesn't fit them. It is written in a bright, sparkling, schoolgirl English which is as far removed from the efforts of the ordinary novelist as Land's End from John o'Groats. No serious person would call it literature. But at the same time it is extraordinarily typical, and it serves admirably to depict as amusing a character as recent fiction offers. Elizabeth has a triple love-story to tell, that of herself and her two sisters. In these days of war there is nothing especially original about it or about any of the situations to which it gives rise. But there is something so jolly, so inconsequent about the whole thing that you are bound to be swept off your feet by it if you have the slightest sense of humour. Thank you, Mrs. Oliver Onions—a delightful story!



From The Arabian Nights. (*Constable*). ". . . ORDERED ONE OF HIS SECRETARIES TO WRITE THEM."